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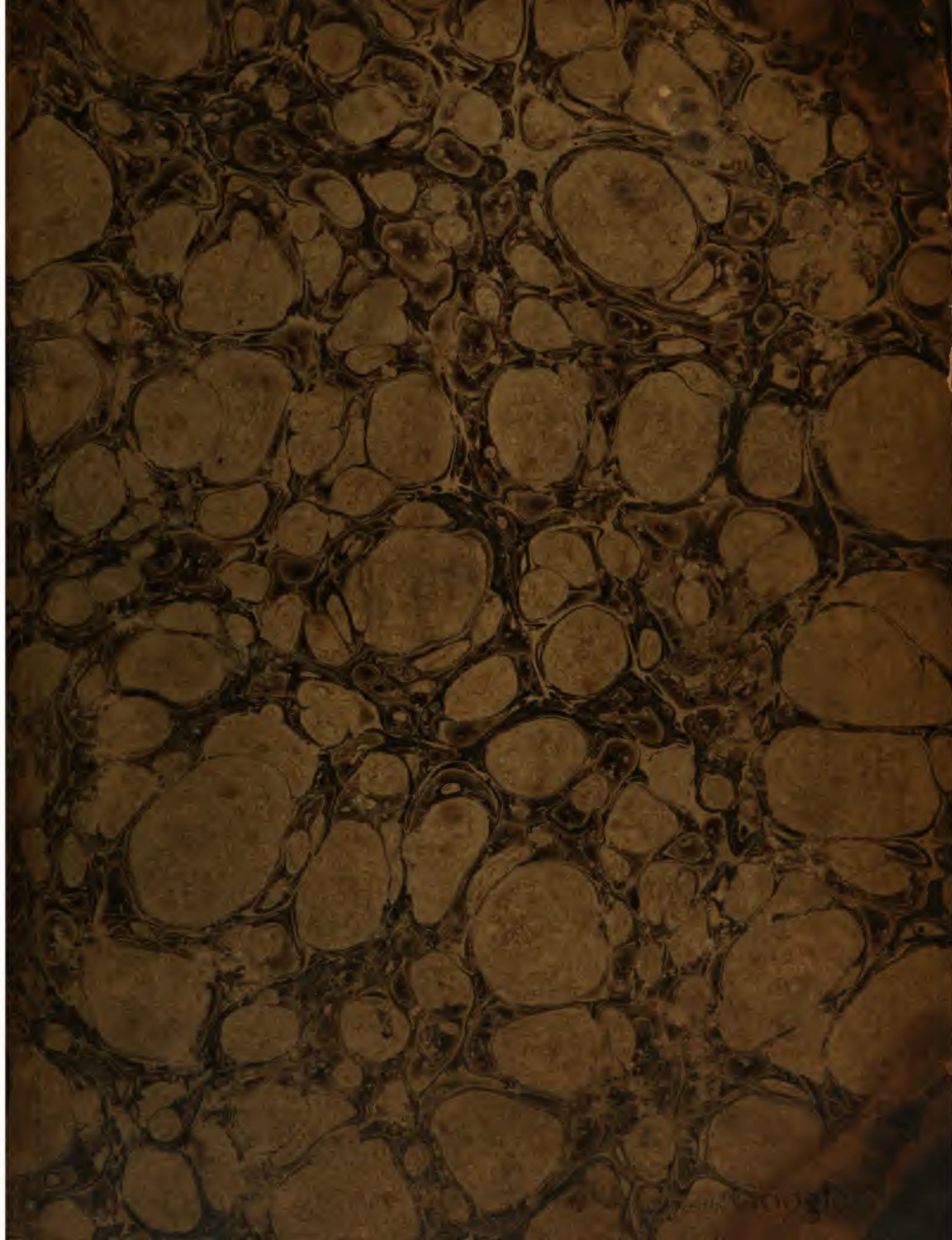
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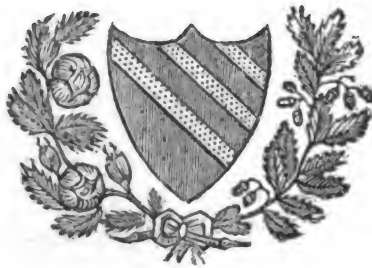
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THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

No. IV.

PERHAPS no literary productions ever obtained so immediate and extensive a popularity as the Novels and Tales by the Author of *Waverley*. For this many causes may be assigned. At the time of their first publication Novel writing was at its lowest ebb: the world was deluged and disgusted with a succession of Romances, and other works of fiction, of which it would be hard to say whether they were most strongly marked by dullness, absurdity, or frivolity. Enchanted castles had lost their attractions; ghosts and spectres were no longer viewed with terror and amazement; and errant knights wandered forth in quest of adventures without exciting the smallest degree of sympathy or admiration. But upon the appearance of '*Waverley*,' it was discovered that a novel might be written, of which the plot should be laid in our own Island, no more than 'sixty years ago,'—the characters and incidents such as experience and history tell us, have had a real existence,—which should be capable of affording amusement blended with instruction. The historical turn of '*Waverley*,' and the other works of the same author, was one great cause of their success. With the desire of becoming, in some degree, acquainted with the history and manners of their ancestors, many have been induced to take up these volumes, who would turn disgusted from those highly seasoned, and unnatural productions which—as Dr. Johnson would have said,—“are fit only to amuse savages in the dawn of literature, and children in the spring of life.” Another cause of the popularity of the '*Waverley*' school of novels, is their nationality. The poems of Ossian and Burns had introduced a rage for the scenery, manners and language, of Scotland; and this was abundantly satisfied in the novels of which we speak.—By the way we beg to remark, that the fondness for the barbarous idiom of Scotland's rudest peasantry, argues strongly against the good taste of the present age. Our own much-abused Lancashire dialect is in no respect its inferior; and as being, with little alteration, the language of our early poets, deserves more attention. Yet, whilst the former is carefully sought after, and introduced at every turn, the latter is never spoken of but with ridicule or contempt. We are no advocates for the use of the uncouth idiom of Lancashire, but we do think that its merits are at least equal to those of the barbarous Scotch dialect now so much admired.

The real merits of Walter Scott (we presume he is the author of *Waverley*) are not amongst the smallest causes of his extensive popularity. He is, without dispute, amongst the best of British Novelists. In particular he possesses, in an enviable degree, the talent of what in the vocabulary of Doctor Spurzheim, would be

termed *descriptiveness*. With a stroke of his pen he sets before us, the human character, or the landscape from nature with equal ease and equal accuracy—he presents them too, in such glowing colours, and with such an air of nature and reality upon them, as immediately to engage our undivided attention. Other Novelists have sought to interest their readers by the uncertainty and boldness of their hero's adventures.—They have appealed to the powerful principle of sympathy, and have been mainly indebted to it for success. The author of *Waverley* has aimed higher:—he has appealed to the imagination and the fancy,—he has aimed at the understanding and the heart. He does not hurry us on as if fearful that his influence would cease when we can gain time to look around, and discover by what we are enthralled. He suffers us to pause and admire the beauties which he lavishly throws around. The hero and his adventures are often cast into the shade, to introduce some diversity of character to advantage, or prepare the reader to resume the regular narrative with renewed pleasure. In this there is something noble and generous: it declares that the author is not so mean as to seek to eject our reason that he may control our passions more easily.

Much as we admire these productions, we are of opinion—and this opinion is by no means an uncommon one—that their merits have been vastly overrated. Nothing can be more disgusting than the untempered panegyric which has been heaped upon them from all quarters. A comparison has been invited between Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott.—This is the very quintessence of flattery—disgusting to every candid and impartial mind, and we should think, to none more than the individual whom it is designed to honour. Shakespeare was a mighty genius. With little of that knowledge which is derived from the experience of other men, he possessed, perhaps intuitively, a profound acquaintance with the human character. His mind was never emptied, his stock of ideas never worn out. We never discover him dressing up an old actor in new apparel to 'strut his hour once more before the world.' His masterly hand sketched a character, and when it was finished he laid aside, and never returned to the subject. He is ever new. He has but one Falstaff, one Lear, one Macbeth. On the contrary, our "second, better Shakespeare"—as he is somewhere styled—has a round of characters that serve with some little variety for every occasion. His witches, for instance, all bear a family likeness to Meg Merrilies, from whom they are lineally descended. Many other characters may be detected, differing in labilliments indeed, but wearing a concealed identity. We look in vain in these works for those bursts of sentiment which indicate the presence of genius in its purest character. There is scarcely a passage which is worth remembering for any strong, condensed sentiment it conveys. Good ideas there are in abundance, but they are spun out and hunted down until the reader is weary of them. Shakespeare

knew the value of a good idea too well to waste its strength by dilation. He is therefore replete with profound remark, pure wit, and beautiful illustrations. These are easily committed to memory; they have been adopted into common life, and of themselves would preserve the remembrance of their author, though every written memorial of him perished.

The popularity of Sir Walter Scott's works, is no exact criterion of their intrinsic worth. The popular taste is generally correct upon the whole; but it often receives a bias, and for years remains highly prejudiced. This may have been—and we think has been—the case with regard to the estimate formed of the *Waverley* School.

It has been observed by a profound writer, that great minds, in general, go before the genius of the age in which they live, and consequently are neglected by contemporaries. In the lapse of years, when the popular mind has come up to their standard, their true worth is discovered. Shakespeare and Milton may be mentioned, amongst a multitude of others, as proving the truth of this position. Walter Scott has not been forced to share in their neglect; and will not be permitted to enjoy their lasting triumph. He is a meteor bursting into effulgence and then immersing into darkness: they are orbs of dazzling radiance gradually dispelling the mists of darkness, and still increasing in splendour as they increase in years.—But we need not carry the comparison any further. A few years will do more in deciding on the comparative merits of these writers, than volumes of controversy. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.*

Liverpool.

J. B. M.

REVIEWS.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS, a Poem. By Thomas Moore. London, 1823.

It is not direct attacks, however plausibly sustained, that will cause the Sacred Writings to be generally slighted; the blasphemous daring of a *Liberal*, the impious eccentricity of a *Manfred*, can never influence more than a very insignificant minority of intelligent readers. The seductive labyrinth is alone formidable; and this is, unhappily, the track which Mr. Moore has chosen. The apology of Mr. M shall be given in his own words;—

'As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the scripture, I think it right to remark that, in point of fact, the subject is not scriptural—the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of Angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX. of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority of the fable rests. The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ, as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.'

But, Mr. M. had another object in view; a doctrinal one! He wished from a *figurative* expression to deduce and establish an "*allegorical*" structure; a "medium through which might be shadowed out the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the readers of "The Loves of the Angels" will be troubled with but few impressions or feelings of the description to which Mr. M. alludes. The poem possesses much beautiful imagery, and seems, to us, to be, altogether, in the Author's best style. Our next shall contain some interesting extracts.

AN ODE ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF POETRY; suggested by the present times and recent publications. By the Rev. C. Burton, L.L.B. London, 1822.

THE mere announcement of an Ode on the Use and Abuse of Poetry, excited our curiosity; and, on procuring a copy, we read, with sweet anticipation—"The design of this ODE is to exhibit the *legitimate* and *valuable* objects of Poetry; and to expose with justly-merited severity, those recent productions, which, at the present eventful crisis, tend, in an awful degree, and by the most seductive and delusive method, to demoralize the British population." The poem was short; our expectation great; and we entered upon the perusal with infinitely more of an enthusiastic, than of a critical, spirit. But,—No; we restrain our feelings. This anomalous production shall decide its own fate!

Part of Mr. B.'s design "is to exhibit the *legitimate* and *valuable* objects of Poetry." The first eighty lines are made up of interrogatories to the "Spirit of verse," as to its exclusive attachment to "Solitude?" to "Melancholy?" to "Grief?" to "Beauty?" to "Heroism?" or, to "Comedy?" Then comes the promised exhibition of "the *legitimate* and *valuable* objects of Poetry;"—*Comparatively*, with the former subjects (the "Spirit-of-verse" being still invoked),—

Sublimar far, in Nature's loveliest scene
Of strange sublimity, or fairy green,
Walk with thy Bird; and sing the live-long day,
Prompt the high strain; and swell the pastoral lay!
Move with thy *Phœbe* as the Seasons roll,
And pierce with *Gessner's* Idylls to the soul!

These six lines are stripped of ambiguity in the next thirty, for in them we learn that the "HARPER'S" delight should be in "Nature's sun-clad day," "the moon," "the milky-way," "the bow of promise," "the briny main," "the zephyrs," "the whirlwinds," "the heights precipitous," "the velvet lawns," "birds," "bowers," "flowers," "cascades," "lakes," "lark," and "nightingale." Such a ("Rich Panorama!" or) panoramic view of preposterous madrigal, we never before met with in a like compass!

The following ten lines are all that can justly be said "to exhibit the *legitimate* and *valuable* objects of Poetry;" and according to these, as well as to what we have above quoted, (being the entire of the *exhibition*) "truth," and "only TRUTH," should be the subject of the Muse:—

"Is VIRTUE then, that breathes but love in me,
ALONE denied the charms of melody?"

My Muse, aggrieved, replies, It cannot be,
For Music's SELF is HEAVEN'S PURE MINSTRELSY.
Let DAVID, ASAPH, and ISAIAH tell,
From sacred themes what sounds seraphic swell!
What makes the bliss of yon celestial sphere?
Where first-born sons of morning-time appear
In highest ecstacy, if not to find
Truth, only TRUTH, with HARMONY combined?"

We are now obliged to declare that the Author has not at all entered into the first part of his "*design*," which should have exhibited "the *legitimate* and *valuable* objects of Poetry." However, we pass on to the second part, viz; "to expose with justly-merited severity those recent productions, which demoralize the British population." And, as this *exposition* is more concise than the preceding *exhibition*, we give it without abridgement;—

"ETHEREAL ESSENCE! which, of all thy train,
That heard, of late, the too enchanting strain
Of thy fell rotary, would again inspire
The LORDLY BARD that sweeps the Attic lyre?
Sure, the sweet NINE, aye linkt in heavenly thrall,
Must wait the gifts they cannot now recal;
Unless he sings from influence, like their own
In harmony, but prostrate from it's throne;
Such as might prompt the dark Plutonian lay
When Tartarus gulphs his new-descended prey.

"Sad prostituted Genius! fit, alone,
In some foul planet to erect his throne,
Such as He best describes; some orb of fire,
Where all, but beams of wretchedness, expire;
The burning wreck of some demolish'd sphere,
A wand'ring hell that wheels it's high career.
His Alpine genius, towering,—varied,—bold,—
Sublime in fancy, as in virtue cold,
Like a fell Avalanche, comes wasting down
On PIETY's warm plain. Still worse, the frown
Of kindred SHELLEY on fair Mercy's reign.

"Patron of verse! thy sacred cause maintain,
Summon thy chaste, thy well-affected train,
And bid them sing of PIETY again!
In vain shall then the too-voluptuous Muse,
With syren melodies, her victims choose;
Or BYRON laud his deeds of crimson dye,
Sing meretricious love and chivalry;
Or baser SHELLEY, on the gates of hell,
With reckless vaunt impinge his sceptic shell."

In the above lines we find *two* VICTIMS declared; but, by what figure of speech, by what description of idea, can we even fancy that those demoralizing RECENT PRODUCTIONS are EXPOSED? Are their pernicious doctrines at all controverted? Nay, is there one, even one of them so much as named? This is begging a point indeed!

We, at present, speak not of the poetical merits or demerits of—

"What such-like bards there be, may not be said,
For he that names them makes them to be read,"—

in connection with what we have above quoted, its philosophy is our object; the author tells us of one—"the LORDLY BARD"—

"Whose Alpine genius
Like a fell Avalanche comes wasting down
On Piety's warm plain."

And of another whom he describes as being more dreadful;—

"Still worse the frown
Of kindred SHELLEY on fair Mercy's reign,"

Agreeably to his own theory, by naming BYRON, and SHELLEY, he of course,—"*makes* them to be read;" and, taking his own description, they are surely the chief of "*such-like* bards."—Then why should the less significant, "*not be said*?" Thus does Mr. B. proclaim his guardian-care at the very moment in which HE brings us into certain contact with the greatest of literary "*seductive and delusive*" evils!

We have now got through Mr. B.'s *exhibition* and *exposition*; and, although our feelings would incline us to a less painful decision, yet, the duties which devolve upon us, and which we study most impartially to discharge, oblige us unequivocally to state, that his address "TO THE READER" is so fallacious, as not to be, in either part of his design, realized in any, even the least, degree.

As to the composition, it certainly is rhyme; but, in no other sense is it poetry. The tenth line is smooth and pretty, but to us inexplicable:—

"When Silence shuts the eyelids of the plain."

There is an evident affectation in lines 17 and 19:—

"When from the spheroid verge of this terrene
The sapphire barge of heav'n's resplendent queen,"

The following lines are a plagiarism;—

"The crape-enbrouded widow, mute and slow,
Wends to the grave where yet no flowrets grow,
Heedless of gossip-tales, or owlet's scream,
While twinkling Lyra sheds a feeble beam
On the cold surface of the church-yard stone,
That hides and praises all she deem'd her own?"

Patent is a monopolizing, but not a very poetical phrase;—

"To rural Beauty claim thy patent sway."

We cannot comprehend lines 99 and 100 in either a scriptural or philosophical sense;—

"The bow of promise, arch'd in mercy's hour,
To paint the globules of the genial shower."

The 106th line is defective in measure, and vulgar in its termination;—

"Or light'ning scorch'd; where, yelling loud."

There is a remarkable sterility in our author's rhymes,—lines 95 and 96 terminate "*I ween*," "scene," and 118 and 119 terminate "*scene*," "*I ween*." The 135th is also "*scene*," and the 136th shifts miserably to avoid "*ween*;" however, by a little affectation of ancient lore, it succeeds;—

"Raise his faint voice, when eke, with plumage sheen."

The same affectation is manifested in—"Eke there I see," "as, whilome, he" "the wight enthralled," "aye linkt;" and still further in two lines of ghostly aspect,—the repose of the grave is somewhat injudiciously disturbed;—

"Her wings, yburnish'd with celestial fire."

"With fire, gravish'd from a spotless sky."

We get very awkwardly through—

"Of Christ's tremendous agony; as, whilome, he."

A school-boy would receive a justly-merited castigation for the couplet, already quoted, beginning "What such-like bards, &c."

The "Vision of Judgment" mania has reached Mr. B.—

"And while I terminate my humble ode,
I cast my ravis'd eye to thine abode,
—there I see

Thy Herbert, Cowper, Watts, MONTGOMERY;"

Our author will oblige us by stating whether the latter gentleman got there by death or translation, either will be new to us?

The inquisitorial spirit of this Ode is not equivocal;—

"What fate more suited to such miscreant bard,
Than on some kindred rock, as cold as hard,
To gnaw, unheard, an adamantine chain,
While Hell's keen vultures multiply the pain.

All-gracious Monarch of earth's brightest crown!
With high discerning majesty, look down
And scatter far beyond thy balcyon smile,
The recreant bards that desecrate our isle!"

Of the following six lines, the first couplet is false and presumptuous; the next, offensive and impertinent; and the last, contemptibly ludicrous;—

"Ye gifted Scribes! who guide the general views,
Undaunted, crush each base apostate Muse!
Ye hireling Critics! never dare to praise,
What, in your hearts, ye know deserves to blaze!
No, tho' the reckless, venal Bibliopole,
Holds to your view the too seductive drole!"

Now we deny that there is a tribe of "gifted Scribes, who guide the general views;" and we affirm that those to whom Mr. B. alludes, are, at best, "hirelings" of the public; and that they work (probably to a man) *purely for emolument*! The second two lines are grossly insulting, as they upbraid men of talent with a necessity which our author would make appear disreputable; but, a Christian minister who can thus deliberately stigmatize men with the epithet "hireling," must surely have himself descended from as illustrious, and independent ancestry! However, when we consider that the "gifted Scribes" only differ from the "hireling Critics" by having a little proprietorship, or paper credit; and that they are as much dependent upon the *intensity of prejudice*, as the latter are upon *individual discernment*, we feel inclined to reverse the judgment, and to award the superior distinction to the Critic.

The "Ode on the use and abuse of Poetry" consists of 242 lines, and our review should have been comprised in ten or a dozen; but that we desire to convince Mr. B. that our estimate of his Poem is the result of a just, and not illiberal, examination.

The author concludes his address "to the Reader" with the following sentence;—"Whatever may be his claim as a Poet, he hopes, by endeavouring to subordinate his efforts to the excitement of suitable feelings in a matter of ineffable concern, he will, at least, be acknowledged as a zealous friend of Religion and Virtue." Whilst truth obliges us to say that Mr. B. has no claims whatever as a poet, we are happy at having it in our power to close our review with the declaration, that we respect and sincerely acknowledge him "as a zealous friend of Religion and Virtue!"

BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

No. III.

CHAUCER continued.

'What's Geoffrey unto us? or we to him?

'That we should read his crabbed, old, ugly verses?'

There are, I scarce can think it, but am told there are, who exclaim against poor old Geoffrey somewhat in the style of my motto. Here have I been harassing myself half to death with the view of modernizing, the, what I call, beautiful verses of the venerable father of English Poetry; and all the thanks I receive amount to this.

One pretty little gentleman called upon me at my lodgings in Lower Byrom-street, the day before yesterday. 'Pray, Mr. St. Clere,' said he, 'why don't you give us Chaucer in plain English?' 'Plain English, my dear Sir,' replied I, 'why, Sir, that is my object. I have modernized the passages I have selected as most interesting, for the ease and comfort of those who have never read any poetry of a more antique date than what appears in Enfield's Speaker, or Murray's Reader; unless they have percase look'd into Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare.' 'Oh! but,' retorted my little friend, 'it is plain that you have not given us it in plain English;

for you yourself have thought it necessary to add explanatory, or, as my brother the clergyman expressed it to me, glossarial notes.'—'Well, Sir,' said I, 'and what are those notes?'—'Merely to explain to you, and such as you who set up for critics before you have studied the English language, that Holt signifies a wood, Soothly truly, Eyen eyes, Steep deep, and Forpined wither'd. I was even simple enough to think it might be deemed a charitable office to make the 'fine gentlemen' of the present day, a little acquainted with antique literature at so easy a rate.'—'That's all very true,' replied he, 'but then at the best, Chaucer is so heavy, so dull, so stupid, so uninteresting, compared to Lord Byron, and the general run of modern poets.' 'Oh! your most obedient!' said I, 'you have got your palate spoiled by the cayenne-pepper of my Lord Byron, and have no relish for the beautiful, and, to an unsophisticated taste, enchanting simplicity of the old writers. I am sorry for you.'

With regard to myself, all I undertook was, to endeavour to preserve the spirit of the original, to put away every word and phrase that was likely to frighten an ordinary reader, but to retain as many of them as seemed to possess a more than usual force;—and, for the purpose of removing every objection against those antique words and phrases so retained, the glossarial notes were added:—and I strongly suspect, Sir, you will excuse me for speaking plainly, that had you not seen those notes, you would never have suspected there was any thing particularly difficult in the text. The human mind, Sir, is a strange, mysterious machine, and is strangely and mysteriously acted upon by things which it not often suspects to have any power over it. They who have not the advantage of possessing a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, or any other but their native language, take every opportunity of crying out against the utility of such knowledge, and are vastly witty upon those who had the misfortune of being sent to school in their younger days.—So, they who are too lazy to delve in the rich mines of ancient English literature, profess that they cannot bear any thing antique. Be it known to you, Sir,—that we have never had any poet of real eminence, who did not delight in the study of those who went before him. Spenser studied Chaucer, and stole much from him; Milton studied them both; Dryden studied all three, including Milton; Pope studied them all including Dryden;—and that my Lord Byron, whom you so much, and I allow justly, admire, had deeply studied Chaucer, Spenser, Crashaw, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Chatterton, which last, in point of fact, may be classed with Chaucer, as far as the antiquity of his phraseology is concerned, I could prove from many passages in his writings. Oh! Sir, but poets are queer animals, take my word for it. Byron, with all his exaltation of mind, studied Wordsworth, stole from him, and to hide his thefts, abused him, in order to persuade people not to read him. I do not allude to any such 'prodigious' plagiarism as was ingeniously discovered in the character of Dominic Sampson, by a very erudite gentleman of this town, a few weeks ago,—but I allude to real, downright, and complete thefts of thought and expression. You yourself, Sir, for aught I know, may be a poet; or at least you may tag rhymes to the ends of measured lines, and therefore style and think yourself so. But allow me to say, Sir, that there is about Chaucer, a closeness of observation, a distinctness of delineation, a glowing richness of character, a delightful, good-

natured humour of description, a witty in-offensive satire, which every candid reader must admire, but which few can hope ever to equal. In reading his description of the Canterbury pilgrims, they rise *ideally* to our view, and pass before us, with almost the same distinctness, as if we saw them actually represented on the stage. Modern poetry is altogether different. It despises minute descriptions either of nature, or art. And why? Because they require study; they require experience; they require time;—they require age; they require sense. Modern poetry consists for the most part of *morceaux* of rhapsodical bombast, technically, or rather in the slang of the day, styled 'bursts';—a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, but—*signifying nothing*!—They, that is the authors of such poetry, will tell you that they stood on a mountain,—that they watched the sun,—that they wished themselves this, and that, and the other,—any thing but what they were and ought to be. Then their souls swell within them; leave the brain which they were intended to inhabit, and take a flight above the clouds;—the following is not a bad specimen:—

'I stood upon a mountain, and I gazed
Upon the wide-spread earth beneath;—the sun
Was setting in the sea, and dimly blazed;
For he from east to west that day had run;—
I stood and looked around me, till the dun
And sober twilight gave me a broad hint
That night was coming on, and day was done:
So slowly down the hill I went.'

Pish!—I wish you had remained on the hill till now, without either pens, ink, or paper. Therefore, Sir, for all these reasons, though I feel myself infinitely obliged by the candid expression of *your opinion*, you must allow me to say, with all the politeness I am master of, that I am exceedingly sorry, and even very much distressed, that it is not such as I can have the very great pleasure, and very high honour of coinciding with.

The little gentleman very civilly bade me 'good morning';—I turned from him to my delightful old Geoffrey, and modernized to the best of my poor ability, the following very picturesque description of a *Friar* of the fourteenth century:—

A Friar there was, a wanton and a merry,
A limitour,¹ and a full solemn² man:
In all the orders four is none that can³
So much of dalliance and fair language.
He had ymade full many a marriage
Of young women, at his proper cost;
Unto his order he was a noble post.⁴
Familiar and full well beloved was he
With franklins⁵ over all in his countree,
And eke with worthy women of the town,
For he had power of confession,
As he himself said, more than a curate,
For of his order he was licentiate.⁶
Full sweetly did he hear confession
And pleasant was his absolution.
He was an easy man to give penance
There where he thought to have a good pittance:
For unto a poor order what is given
Is a sign that a man is well yshriven.⁷

His tippet was aye⁸ stuff'd quite full of knives,
And pins, which he might give unto fair wives.

1 Limitour, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.
2 Solemn, reverential.
3 Can, knows. This word is related to Con and Ken.
4 Post, a prop or support.
5 Franklin, a freeholder of considerable property.
6 Licentiate. One licensed by the pope to hear confessions in all places, independently of the local ordinaries.
7 Yshriven, confessed.
8 Aye, always.

And certainly he had a merry note.
Well could he sing and play upon a rote.⁹
At story-tellings far the best was he;
His neck was white as is the fleur-de-lis;¹⁰
And he was strong as is a champion,
And well the taverns knew in every town,
And every merry host and gay tapster,
Better than a poor lazar or beggar,

And over all, where profit might arise
Courteous he was, and lowly of service;
There was no where a man more virtuous;
He was the best beggar in all his house,
And gave a certain sum to have such grant,
None of his brethren might come in his haunt;
For though a widow had but one poor shoe,
(So pleasant was his *In principio*)
Yet would he have a farthing ere he went;
So his receipt was far more than his rent:
And rage he could as it had been a whelp;
And in love-days¹ he was of mickle² help;
For there was he, not like a cloisterer,
With threadbare cloak, as is a poor scholar;
But he was like a master or a pope;
Of double worsted was his semicope.³
That round was as a bell out of the press.
Somewhat he lisped out of his wantonness
To make his English sweet upon his tongue;
And in his harping, when that he bath sung,
His eyes they twinkled in his head aright,
As do the stars upon a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was call'd Huberd.

⁹ Rote, a musical instrument,—the ancient psalterium altered.

¹⁰ Fleur-de-lis, lily.

¹ Love-days, days for making up differences.

² Mickle, much.

³ Semicope, a half cloak.

POETRY.

Ma. EDITOR.—Now, Sir, you may hold up your head, and show your silvery locks to the gazing throng which surrounds you, shouting glad congratulations on the completion of your first volume. Yes, Sir, now will I join with the multitude in wishing you (in the old fashioned manner) "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." I am not one of your stiff starched and prim fashionists, who only lip out "the compliments of the season," as if each word froze to the tongue, and died in a breath rustling through the crevices of a shrivelled lip. I like the good old style, when on Christmas eve the wassail bowl smoked upon the board, and the kissing bush graced the centre of the hall. Then the cup went merrily round, and was as quickly replenished with the kind and generous liquid, so preferable to its substitutes, which now stand as if frozen into the narrow compass of a few black bottles. The joys of this season are nearly forgotten, its customs almost exploded; few are the carols which I well remember, used once to gratify my youthful ear as I sat with my pockets full of halfpence to reward the singers, and those how degenerated!

Poor Tom! how many times have we met in the old hall, round thy favourite oak table to enjoy the festivities of this week! but thou art gone; no more will the voice of mirth and laughter glad thine ear; the favourite song, which once made thy face smile, is banished from thy house; and thy pretty grand-daughter, writes sonnets on the months and seasons in its stead; she is now in her beauty, but has not forgotten thee and thy last Christmas-box, she has this year placed the bush on the old hook!

Mr. Editor, forgive these dotings of an old man who must soon leave all this mirth and gaiety to others, and follow his friend to the grave. My little chirper whom I mentioned above, has just given me the following lines, which I hope you will insert for my sake, I am vain enough to think you will admire them!

MUSINGS ON JANUARY FIRES

Another year is dead, and Nature seems
To weep its loss, no more the limpid streams
Their music babble to the beechen shade,
But in a firm, an icy bond are laid
Their curling waters; leafless are the trees
Which lately seem'd so gay, the cooling breeze
Of genial summer's gone, the wintry blast,
And howling tempest reign, Autumn is past,
And all its joys; but there to us remains
Of social comforts, when the beating rains,
And falling hail-stones drive the wand'rer home;
Yet there are some, whose lot it is to roam,
Unknown, unshelter'd from the tempest's rage,
Save by the blighted hawthorn, dreadful wage

Of warning elements above, below
No covering, and their bed the frozen snow:
Still these meet not our pity, can it be
That man should overlook this misery
In man? and shut his door upon the child
Of penury, whilst o'er the distant wild
No hut, no hamlet, no kind home is near
To shelter it? and must the falling tear,
And the heart-rending sigh, in vain appeal
To fellow mortals? are there hearts of steel
So obdurate as this? Ye flaunting gay,
Whom nought but joy surrounds, turn not away
From such distress: your winter will arrive
When all the foolish leasons pleasures give
Will nought avail you, then, unfriended, then
Remember years and days long past; and when,
The desolate in you found no relief,
The poor no comfort, all the rising grief
They pour'd into your ears; they told in vain
That day may come to you, a lengthen'd train
Of penury, disease, and care, your tears
Will flow on furrow'd cheeks 'till hapless years
Shall close the scene, thy end and certain lot,—
By man detested till by man forgot.

EMILY T.

Nor does my vanity end here; as I perambulated the Old Church yard this day, the merry peal of the bells drew from me the accompanying Sonnet.

How sweet yon sounds, that once pleas'd many a seer
Of old, come floating 'long the river's side,
Pealing harmonious on the list'ning ear—
How lightly on the curling winds they ride;
But time shall pass, and each succeeding year
These notes shall flow across the Mersey's tide
When other feet shall tread yon jutting Pier,
And we, in the cold sepulchre, lay side by side—
For soon shall other people rise and tread
The steps in which we've trod, another race
Shall trample under foot the mouldering head;
The very one that fill'd his vacant place,
Till time revolves, and in their turn they lay
Their bodies with their fathers in the moisten'd clay.

Welcome readers, and ye fair ones who smile benignantly upon the strains of one, who once knew no greater pleasure than that arising from the company of the brightest ornament of creation, Woman; a merry Christmas and a happy new year to you all; may ten thousand joys be showered upon your head, and may the current of life glide as smoothly with you all, as it has with
IGNOTO.
January 1st. 1823.

SONG.

Tune.—"In my Cottage near a wood."

See, stern Winter comes apace!
Nature wears a sullen face;
Now yon row of leafless trees,
Bend beneath the western breeze;
From the rude tempestuous wind,
Oft they've screen'd the cot behind,
Where in beauty-bright array'd,
Dwells my bonny blue-ey'd Maid.
When the bright refulgent sun
His diurnal course has run;
While the linnet pours his lay
Sweetly from the hawthorn spray;
List'ning to his warbling strain,
Oft I trip across the plain,
And beneath yon poplar's shade,
Court my bonny blue-ey'd Maid!

Midst Lancastria's beauteous race
Deck'd with each bewitching grace;
Had I now a choice to make,
I my blue ey'd Maid would take!
So enchanting is her air,
She's the fairest of the fair!
Nature's beauties are pourtray'd,
In my bonny blue-ey'd Maid!

O ye guardian powers of love!—
Smile propitious from above;
Listen to your votary's pray'r,
Deign to bless a loving pair;
Grant that it may be my lot,
In a little rural cot,
Happily my life to lead,
With my bonny blue-ey'd Maid!

All ye shining orbs of light,
Rulers of the day and night!—
That in spacious circles roll,
'Twixt th' Equator and the Pole:
In your orbits quicker turn,
Usher in th' auspicious morn,
When I shall be happy made,
With my bonny blue-ey'd Maid!

Dec. 17th, 1822.

EDWIN.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady, on her sickness, and a hope of her speedy restoration to health.

Where late, the roseate hue of joyous health,
Ting'd thy fair cheek, now, sickness has, by stealth,
Robb'd thee, of that bright jewel, yet hope awhile;
The rose, re-blooming, on thy cheek shall smile.

And when thou dost again the gem possess,
Let purest habits, virgin meekness, press
Upon thy heart, and leave no sickening trace
Of lingering sorrow, on thy beaming face.

So shall my Anna's tide of youthful blood,
Roll rapidly along, in eddying flood
Of innocent delight, and heaven shall bless,
And sever from her bosom deep distress.

Then,—let thy lips breathe gratitude to heav'n,
In fervent strains, for such rich blessings giv'n;
And let the pious pray'r, e'en now,—burst forth;—
And patience crown thee with superior worth.

So shalt thou live below'd, thy circling days,
Glide smoothly on, embalm'd with love and praise;
Perennial sweets, shall fill thy peaceful bow'r,
And heav'n's own manna softly on thee show'r.

And when thy tender heart shall cease to beat,
And death's cold touch absorb the vital heat;
Then shall thy happy soul with speedy flight,
Wing its glad course to realms of glorious light.

T. C.

ON WINTER.

Clad in silvery array,
Holding high her magic wand,
Ruling with despotic sway,
Earth bows 'neath her with'ring hand:
Goddess of the stormy blast,
And the dark and dreary night;
Bound within thy fetters fast,
Verdure dying owns thy might—

When by thee fair Autumn fell,
O'er her flow'rs she dropp'd a tear;
Rn'd by thee—she knew full well
Soon the fiend her form would rear,
Desolation whose vile breath,
Striketh pestilence around;
Doometh loveliness to death;
Poisoneth the verdant ground.

All that once my heart delighted,
All that once in beauty rose;
Hath by thee fell fiend been blighted;
But destruction's reign shall close.
Soon o'erthrown shall be thy pow'r,
By the thrice celestial maid;
Soon shall come the blissful hour,
When thy fierce hand shall be stay'd,

Lovely daughter of delight,
Come in all thy fairy wiles,
Come, and charm us with thy sight,
Win each bosom with thy smiles:—
The remorseless fiend has fled,
Flow'rs once more bedeck the plain,
Loveliness hath rais'd her head,
Blooming nature lives again!

So in life's precarious round,
Care and sorrow oft appear;
And by these our hearts are bound,
Wringing forth the bitter tear:
Vain we strive 'gainst misery,
All our force too quickly dies;
Till Hope, beauteous Spring like thee,
Smiles—and ev'ry sorrow flies!

Manchester, Dec. 23rd, 1822.

N. S. C.

VARIETIES.

Origin of Gas Illumination.—In the year 1627, John Hacket and Octavo Strada obtained a patent for rendering coals and wood useful *without smoke*. There is no evidence to establish in positive terms that *illumination by gas* was here meant, though the language used seems scarcely open to any other interference; but in a work published at Frankfort in the year 1688, entitled, "*Foolish Wisdom, or Wise Folly*," we have the conversion of coal and wood into gas and coke, most distinctly claimed as the discovery of a preceding period.

"In Holland there is turf, and in England there are coals, neither of which are good for burning in apartments or in melting houses; I have, however, discovered a method of burning both these into good coals, so that they not only produce no smoke or bad smell; but yield as strong a heat for melting materials as that of wood, and throw out such flames, that a foot of coal shall make a flame ten feet long. This I have demonstrated at the Hague with turf, and proved in England with coal, in the presence of Mr. Boyle, by experiments at Windsor, on a large scale. It deserves also to be remarked, that the Swedes procure their tar from fire wood. I have procured tar from coal, which is in every respect equal to Swedish, and even superior for some purposes. I have tried it both on timber and ropes, and found it very excellent. The King himself ordered a proof of it to be made in his presence.

"This is a thing of very great importance to the English, and the coals, after the tar is extracted, are better for use than before."

Flying in the air.—Though the science of aerostation is of very modern date, yet there is strong reason to believe it was not altogether unknown to the ancients; and of their poets, speaking on the subject, says,

"Thus did of old the adventurous Cretan dare,
With wings not given to man, attempt the air."

Milton, in his History of Britain, speaks of one Elmer, a monk of Malmesbury, who foretold the invasion of William of Normandy, but "who could not foresee when time was the breaking of his own legs, for soaring too high. He, in his youth, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, he came fluttering down, to the maiming of his limbs; yet so conceited was he of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make and fix behind him."

In an old book, entitled, "An Account of a Voyage performed by two Monks in the suite of a French Ambassador, to the Kingdom of Siam," we read as follows:

"One day the people at Siam entertained the French ambassador with the display of an excellent fire-work; and towards the conclusion thereof, they informed him they would perform the best piece, which was to blow up the engineer of the fire-work, on a cask, high into the air. As the ambassador thought that the engineer would be killed, he requested they would not perform this best masterpiece, and that he was already well entertained with what he had seen; but they told him he need not be under any apprehension for the engineer's life, as he would suffer no injury; on this, their assurance, the ambassador gave his consent.

"Accordingly, a cask was brought, on the head of which the engineer seated himself, having in his hand a machine, which proved afterwards to be a large umbrella; some gunpowder was placed under the cask, and, on a signal given, it was set on fire, and the cask, with the engineer thereon, rose high in the air; and when at the highest elevation, the engineer opened his umbrella, and descended without any injury."

As every one knows that no such explosion of gunpowder could actually have taken place, without blowing the engineer to atoms, it has been very plausibly conjectured, that in the inside of the cask there must have been an air balloon, by which it was raised so high; that the firing of the gunpowder was but an artificial trick to veil the real means of ascent; and that the umbrella was nothing else but our modern parachute! If so, what becomes of our boasted inventions in aerostatics? for this exhibition at Siam must

have taken place nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. The embassy to which the two monks who give this narration were attached, is the same as that which M. Voltaire has described in his works, and which took place in the year 1684.

Bed-ridden Mechanic.—James Sandy, of Alyth in Scotland, was entirely deprived, at an early age, of the use of his limbs; and during a long life, may be said to have been constantly bed-ridden. He contrived, notwithstanding, by dint of great ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived, as a work-shop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning lathes, table vices, and cases for tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning; and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their execution. He excelled, too, in the construction of optical instruments; and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and we believe he was the first who made the wooden-jointed snuff-boxes, generally called Laurencekirk boxes, some of which, fabricated by this self-taught artist, were purchased, and sent as presents to the royal family. To his other endowments, he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both these arts, produced specimens of the highest excellence. For upwards of fifty years, he quitted his bed only three times; and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. His curiosity, which was unbounded, prompted him to hatch different kinds of bird's eggs, by the natural warmth of his body, and he afterwards reared the motley broods with all the tenderness of a parent; so that on visiting him, it was no unusual thing to see various singing birds, to which he may be said to have given birth, perched on his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them. Naturally possessed of a good constitution, and an active cheerful turn of mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs both of church and state, were discussed with the utmost freedom. In consequence of long confinement, his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, particularly when he was surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired, by his ingenuity and industry, an honourable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. In short, his history holds out this very instructive lesson, that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance; and that genius, though it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves, will seldom fail, unless by its own fault, to secure competence and respectability.

SCIENCE, ETC.

Sir Humphrey Davy's Electrical Discoveries.—The electrical researches of Sir Humphrey Davy, begin to assume a very interesting aspect. They have already produced important results; and have given rise to the expectation that we are upon the eve of some very brilliant discovery, which is to change the face of Science.

He has ascertained, by means of a very ingenious apparatus, which he has contrived for the purpose, that even a perfect vacuum is permeable to electricity, and is rendered luminous by either the common spark, or the shock from a Leyden jar. The intensity of the phenomena depends upon the temperature. This fact is curious. When the tube was very hot, the electrical light appeared of a bright green colour, and of great density. It lost its vividness by a diminution of temperature. When the tube was cooled to 20° below zero, the electrical light was so faint, as to require considerable darkness to be perceptible.

Air seems to affect very much the colour of the electric fluid. When air was gradually introduced, the electrical light changed from green, to sea green,

then to blue, and afterwards to purple.—The quantity of the electrical fluid was, in every case, found to be the same.

At all temperatures below 200°, the mercurial vacuum was a much worse conductor, than highly rarefied air.

Sir Humphrey concludes that, "it is evident from the general results of my investigation, that the light, and probably the heat, generated in electrical discharges, depends principally on some properties or substances belonging to the ponderable matter through which it passes; but they prove likewise, that space, where there is no appreciable quantity of this matter, is capable of exhibiting electrical phenomena; and, under this point of view, they are favourable to the ideas of the phenomena of electricity being produced by a highly subtle fluid or fluids, of which the particles are repulsive, with respect to each other, and attractive of the particles of other matter."

In the same communication, Sir Humphrey offers some additional proofs in favour of a law discovered by Newton. Experimenting with water, chloride of phosphorus, and sulphuret of carbon, he "had no doubt," that the decrements of temperature in vapours being in arithmetical progression, the diminution of density is in geometrical progression.—This law is of much importance. It has been often disputed, or received with suspicion.

Crayon Pencils.—"The finest grained charcoal that can be procured is sawed into slips of the size and form required, and put into a pipkin of melted bees' wax, where they are permitted to remain near a slow fire for half an hour or more, in proportion to the thickness of the charcoal: they are then taken out, and when perfectly cool, are fit for use. By adding a small quantity of rosin to the wax, they may be made considerably harder; and on the contrary, they are made softer by a little butter or tallow. Drawings with them are as permanent as with ink, and not liable to injury by being rubbed or remaining in the damp."

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

BY A LADY.

My First, when present, you may call your own,
Improve the passing vagrant as it flies;
Thus will a wise regard be truly shewn
To that immortal part which never dies.
From a rude mass, my Second claims its birth,
Yet rises beautiful and fair to see;
O! let your consciences, ye sons of earth,
In my best property resemble Me.
My Whole's a peaceful, unobtrusive friend,
Whose silent admonitions, well regarded,
May help you to pursue your being's end,
And gain that place where virtue is rewarded.

A REBUS.

BY THE SAME.

A wretch that robs by night, and cheats by day,
And loves to make the honest man his prey;
A passion that deforms the fairest face,
And robs the brightest beauty of its grace;
Another, that o'erwhelms the heart with grief,
And often flies to death to seek relief;
A quality that on its owner's face
Writes its own name in characters of brass;
An animal both treacherous and sly,
That in its benefactor's face will fly;
A state of things where order is reversed,
And knaves and fools with liberty are cursed;
A most notorious enemy to truth,
Instilling poison in the ear of youth.
The seven initials join'd will bring to sight
A whole, where all these different parts unite;
With mischief fraught, and to complete the group,
A boasting coward, and a silly dupe.

"A Juvenile Circle" requires to know how SIX Shillings should be placed so as to be in contact *each* with *all* the others? The said "Circle" has enclosed the price, and ordered that two different Copies of the *Iris* be presented to any "person who shall send the Solution within one week, with name and place of abode."

WEEKLY DIARY.

JANUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MONDAY 6—*Epiphany, or Twelfth Day.*

The rites of this day, the name of which signifies an *appearance of light*, or a *manifestation*, are different in various places, but all in honour of the Eastern Magi. There is a very ancient and singular custom, in various parts of the continent, which takes place on the eve of the Epiphany, and is performed in the following manner:—A cake, made of flour, butter, and eggs, and of a size proportionable to the number of the guests, is brought in and divided into as many shares as "convives" are going to sit down to supper. These pieces, one of which conceals a bean lodged in the outer part of the cake, are tossed up in a napkin. The youngest person in the company comes forward, and having said grace, takes hold of a slice without looking at it, and then addresses the master of the house by these words:—'*Faber Domine* (lord of the bean), who is this for?' An answer is given, and when all the shares are drawn, the guest who finds the bean in his or her possession is declared king or queen of the feast, and becomes possessed of all the right belonging to the president for the night. When either drinks, if any one in the company omits to say aloud "the king" or "the queen drinks," a fine is lawfully exacted, which consists in a pledge deposited in the hands of some one, to be redeemed after supper by a kiss, or a song. This sort of amusement was well known at Rome, with this difference, that the king of the feast was not chosen by means of a bean, but by the cast of small bones called *tali*. They are the ankle-bones of sheep, which schoolboys in France still use for a game called *osselets*; having been previously smoothed upon a stone, and reduced to four sides. The *tesseræ*, dice, have six. Horace says, *Carm. lib. 1, od. 4*:—

But when you sink to Pluto's hall,
No little rattling bones shall fall
To choose you Monarch of the wine.

WEDNESDAY, 8.—*Saint Lucian.*

Lucian, a native of Syria, was celebrated in his youth for his eloquence, and intimate acquaintance with polite literature. After the death of his parents, he gave all his fortune to the poor, and confined himself to the study of the scriptures. He was a proficient in the Hebrew, and revised the Septuagint version of the Bible. He wrote an apology for the Christians, and presented it to Maximinus II. After having undergone various torments at the instigation of this emperor, he was martyred in the year 312.

PROVERBS.

The following very interesting article is abridged from Mr. D'Israeli's chapter of "THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS."

Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims; but as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people," this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them; nor does it designate the vital qualities of a proverb. The pithy quaintness of old Howell has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm, by that

brevery which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied which often produces wit; and that quick pungency which excites surprise, but strikes with conviction; which gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed "Jacula Prudentum," Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of "Protagoras, or the Sophists."

It is evident, however, that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely, or domestic proverbs; for these were more directly addressed to their wants. Franklin, who may be considered as the founder of a people, who were suddenly placed in that stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, discovered the philosophical cast of his genius, when he filled his almanacks with proverbs, by the ingenious contrivance of framing them into a connected discourse, delivered by an old man attending an auction. "These proverbs," he tells us, "which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, when their scattered counsels were brought together, made a great impression. They were reprinted in Britain, in a large sheet of paper, and stuck up in houses; and were twice translated in France, and distributed among their poor parishioners." The same occurrence had happened with us ere we became a reading people. Much later even than the reign of Elizabeth our ancestors had proverbs always before them, on every thing which had room for a piece of advice on it; they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates, and "conned them out of goldsmith's rings." The usurer, in Robert Greene's "Groats-worth of Wit," compressed all his philosophy into the circle of his ring, having learnt sufficient Latin to understand the proverbial motto of "Tu tibi cura!" The husband was reminded of his lordly authority when he only looked into his trencher, one of its learned aphorisms having descended to us,—

"The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives."

The English proverbs of the populace, most of which are still in circulation, were collected by old JOHN HEYWOOD. They are arranged by TOSSEY for "the parlour—the guest's chamber—the hall—table-lessons," &c. Not a small portion of our ancient proverbs were adapted to rural life, when our ancestors lived more than ourselves amidst the works of God, and less among those of men. At this time, one of our old statesmen, in commending the art of compressing a tedious discourse into a few significant phrases, suggests the use of proverbs in diplomatic intercourse, convinced of the great benefit which would result to the negotiators themselves, as well as to others! I give a literary curiosity of this kind. A member of the house of commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knaveish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak "for very fear shoo," and stood silent. This nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famous governor of Barataria, delivering himself thus—"It is now my chance to speak something, and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*. Pay the reckoning over-night, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."

Among the middle classes of society to this day, we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved: the favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons; and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the mottoes of our old nobility, which seem to have originated in some habitual proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent,

such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greater exigencies.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people, when books were addressed to scholars; but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom, by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those closet students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humours of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, had given birth to every species; and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced in proverbs. Nations held an universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world; for we discover among these which appear strictly national many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the snows of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from "The Mimes of the East:" like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost time-debts. The vulgar proverb "To carry coals to Newcastle," local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves; it may be found among the Persians: in the "Bustan of Sadi" we have *Infero piper in Hindustan*; "To carry pepper to Hindustan;" among the Hebrews, "To carry oil to a city of olives;" a similar proverb occurs in Greek; and in Galland's "Maxims of the East" we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of Joe Miller's jests, are of oriental origin.

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truths, nor to their poignant pleasantry; a philosophical mind will discover in proverbs a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners of a people are painted after life in their domestic proverbs; and it would not be advancing too much to assert, that the genius of the age might be often detected in its prevalent ones. The learned Selden tells us, that the proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews; the reason assigned was, because "by them he knew the minds of several nations, which," said he, "is a brave thing, as we count him wise who knows the minds and the insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them." Lord Bacon condensed a wide circuit of philosophical thought, when he observed that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs."

The ancient, perhaps, the extinct spirit of Englishmen, was once expressed by our proverb, "Better be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion;" i. e. the first of the yeomanry rather than the last of the gentry. A foreign philosopher might have discovered our own ancient skill in archery among our proverbs; for none but true toxophilotes could have had such a proverb as, "I will either make a shaft or a bolt of it!" signifying, says the author of Ivanhoe, a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of. The bolt was the arrow peculiarly fitted to the cross-bow, as that of the long-bow was called a shaft. These instances sufficiently demonstrate that the characteristic circumstances and feelings of a people are discovered in their popular notions, are stamped on their familiar proverbs.

It is also evident that the peculiar, and often idiomatic, humour of a people is best preserved in their proverbs. There is a shrewdness, although deficient in delicacy, in the Scottish proverbs; they are idiomatic, facetious, and strike home. Kelly, who has collected three thousand, informs us, that, in 1735, the Scotch were a great proverbial nation; for that few among the better sort will converse any considerable time, but will confirm every assertion and observation with a Scottish proverb. The speculative spirit of our own times have probably degenerated in accidental lore, and deem themselves much wiser by their proverbs. They may reply by a Scotch proverb on proverbs, made by a great man in Scotland, having given a splendid entertainment, "He told that 'Fools make feasts, and fools eat them;' but he readily answered, 'Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them!'"

National humour, frequently local, depends on the artificial habits of a nation, and is site to each other; but there is a national

the populace, always true to nature, preserve, even among the gravest people. The Arabian proverb, "The barber leaves his art on the orphan's face;" the Chinese, "In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap;"—to impress caution in our conduct under circumstances of suspicion;—and the Hebrew one, "He that hath had one of his family hanged may not say to his neighbour, hang up this fish!" are all instances of this sort of humour.

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a people, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects, or from allusions to peculiar customs. The influence of manners and customs over the ideas and language of a people would form a subject of extensive and curious research. There is a Japanese proverb, that "A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan!" Had we not known the origin of this proverb, it would be evident that it could only have occurred to a people who had constantly before them fogs and fans; and the fact appears that fogs are frequent on the coast of Japan; and that from the age of five years both sexes carry fans. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who tease and vex a person before they do him the very benefit which they are about to confer—acting kindly, but speaking roughly; *Mostrar primero la horca que el lugar*, "To show the gallows before they show the town;" a circumstance alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence, so that the gallows breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself.

The Cheshire proverb on marriage, "Better wed over the mixon than over the moor," that is, at home or in its vicinity; mixon alludes to the dung, &c. in the farm-yard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire; this local proverb is a curious instance of provincial pride, perhaps of wisdom, to induce the gentry of that county to form intermarriages; to prolong their own ancient families, and perpetuate ancient friendships between them.

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man "as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides;" an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring-fishery. There is a Cornish proverb, "Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock"—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb, against obstinate wrong-heads.

The Italians apply a proverb to a person who, while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly:—

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
"Luckily they were not peaches!"

And to threaten to give a man—

Una pecca in un occhio,
"A peach in the eye,"

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb, it is said, originated in the close of a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi, probably from some jocular tenure observed on St. Bernard's day, pay a tribute of peaches to the court of Tuscany, which are usually shared among the ladies in waiting, and the pages of the court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people of Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them, they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out—

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
"Luckily they were not peaches!"

The Scotch proverb, "He that invented the maiden first hanged it;" that is, got the first of it! The maiden is that well-known beheading engine, revived

by the French surgeon Guillotine. This proverb may be applied to one who falls a victim to his own ingenuity; the artificer of his own destruction! The inventor was James, Earl of Morton, who for some years governed Scotland, and afterwards, it is said, very unjustly suffered by his own invention. It is a striking coincidence, that the same fate was shared by the French reviver; both alike sad examples of disturbed times? Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated; *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant!* This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by "acclamation."

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglois*: "I have paid all my English." This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*Ore le Pape est devenu François, et Jesu Christ Anglois*: "Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English;" a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France; and the English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

Con todo el mundo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra!
"War with the world,
And peace with England!"

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot ascertain. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inghilterra è un diavolo incarnato*: "The Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate." Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy, than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners; and more Italians travelled into England, and were more constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners which could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, horologist, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbized our nation—"They agree like the clocks of London!" We were once better famed for merry Christmas and their pies; and it must have been Italians, who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb—*Ha più da fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra*: "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, who devoured at once Shakespeare and their pasty. Some of these volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age.

Proverbs have ceased to be studied, or employed in conversation, since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity: originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages, and of different people, must al-

ways enter into some part of our own! Truth and nature never can be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of Proverbs should enter into our readings; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought!

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the Days came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the Twenty-Ninth of February.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Moveables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow Day, well met—brother Day—sister Day,—only Lady Day kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, Twelfth Day cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost-oak, all royal, glittering, and Epiphanous. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in, dripping, and sunny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear; Pay Day came late, as he always does; and Doomsday sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Era-Pater to have found out any given Day in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good Days, bad Days, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the Twenty First of June next to the Twenty Second of December, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt Christmas and Lord Mayor's Days. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but harons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still Christmas Day was at his elbow, plying him with the wasail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccough'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hypo-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great car-

tard that stood before his left-hand neighbour, and dandied his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day* in *December*, it so hung in iocules.

At another part of the *tabla*, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cook broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, concocted of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a kept mistress, who went about in fine clothes, while she (the legitimate BIRTHDAY) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace's sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he silyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Crumdelemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning day-light. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the same lady was observed to take an unusual time in washing herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*), muttered out distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his the guests resenting unanimously voted his expulsion; and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the proper place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mum-chance at the side board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own

board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, stuck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

In which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases out-numbered the creditors, and they kept lent all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old *Madam Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one *Master Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the question to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the good old *Days*, and so to the *Days before the flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and dolted.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another;—but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day would wish to set in.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Dec. 30th.—Venice Preserved: with the Libertine.

Wednesday, Jan. 1st.—Douglas: Winning a Husband: and the Libertine.

Thursday, 2nd.—The Stranger: with the Libertine.

Friday, 3rd.—Wild Oats: with the Libertine.

On Monday night Mr. Clason appeared as Jaffier, in the Tragedy of Venice Preserved. However correctly this gentleman may conceive of the spirit of the character, his voice has not that scope which is necessary to mark the several shades of emphasis, and to swell

into impassioned eloquence. Neither does his countenance exhibit the conflicting passions which distract the soul and give expression and energy to each tone and fibre; we perceive a lightness, and, in his most tragic moments, an unaccountable coldness in almost every feature. His action is sometimes, but not generally, appropriate; however, this objection might be removed by practice; but the former are impediments which appear, to us, insuperable.

The Painting in the Opera of the LIBERTINE is beautiful; particularly the Garden, Moonlight, Piazza, and Banquet-Hall Scenery. But we think there is a manifest impropriety in presuming to introduce a representation of the 'Infernal Regions'; indeed, the Scene accords as little with taste as with sound judgment.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The author of the Confessions of an English Opium Eater, announces the speedy appearance of his Prolegomena to all future Systems of Political Economy, the publication of which has been so long delayed by his illness.

The new novel of the Great Unknown is not to appear, we understand, till the middle of January. The story, we believe, belongs to the reign of our Second Charles, at the particular period of the Popish Plot. The picture of those times of courtly folly and vice—the character of Charles himself, and the extraordinary features of the favourite Buckingham—afford fine grounds for our unequalled Novel-historian.

The new Poem from the pen of Mr. Barry Cornwall, will appear very early this season.

The Works of Shakespeare are about to be printed in Miniature volumes, uniformly with the Spenser Classics.

Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia. With a map and views.

Mr. James Malcolm purposes publishing by Subscription, in 2 vols. 8vo. The Past and Present State of the Agriculture of the County of Surrey.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS Day is Published, in 2 vols. 8vo. Price 24s. by ROBINSON & ELLIS, St. Ann's-Place, and sold by all the Booksellers. SERMONS, by the Late REV. WM. HAWKES, of Manchester; with a SKETCH of his LIFE. By the REV. J. CORRIE.

EDUCATION.—The REV. W. WORDSWORTH, B. A. begs leave to acquaint his Friends, that his ACADEMY, at LONGSIGHT, will be RE-OPENED on the 31st Instant.—Cards, containing particulars, may be obtained on application at the Academy, or at the IRIS OFFICE. Longlight, Jan. 1st, 1833.

MOSLEY-STREET CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND COMMERCIAL ACADEMY.

MR. W. M. LAWRIE, successor to Mr. W. ALBISTON, respectfully announces that the above-mentioned Academy, will be RE-OPENED on Monday the 13th of January, 1833, for the instruction of Youth of both sexes.

Cards of the terms, &c. with references, may be had by applying to Messrs. CLARKE, Booksellers, and at the IRIS OFFICE, Manchester.

11, Prime-st. Hulme, Dec. 24, 1832.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Review" by "Dramaticus" cannot be inserted.—Should D. really intend what he professes, we see no reason why he should hesitate to cast off a disguise, which in the most favourable view, must be considered suspicious and unfair.—With much of D.'s criticism we agree, and his knowledge and general competency we admit; but is he not hyper-critical? We do not profess to eulogise where censure is due; neither would we conceal a defect which, by being exhibited, might be corrected; but, where improvement is impracticable, and "our patience" not likely to be again "exhausted," why indulge in the keenest invective? The "Epic Sentimentation" of our Liverpool "Juvenis" is received, and shall appear in due course.

A press of interesting matter precludes us from acknowledging several articles received this week.—Our esteemed correspondents shall be duly noticed in our next.

Our Liverpool readers are assured that the irregular delivery of the Iris of last Saturday, is not at all attributable to us. At the Coach Office the parcel was put into a North Coach, and the mistake not discovered until its arrival at Preston.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications 'for the Editor,' (post paid) may be addressed. AGENTS.

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A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.
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No. 50.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

FOR THE IRIS.

THE CLUB.

No. XXV.—FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1823.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

ON the subject of style there exists in the Club a difference of opinion similar to that which, in the time of Cicero, divided the Roman orators into two parties, one of which admired the Asiatic, the other, the Attic manner of writing. Some of our members, and the president and antiquary in particular, are the advocates of stately and dignified composition, and consider Dr. Johnson, and the writers who resemble him, as the best exemplars of eloquent English. The secretary and some others are professed admirers of simplicity in writing, and look upon Mr. Addison as having produced the finest specimens of elegant composition which have appeared in our language. It is a natural consequence of this difference of opinion that, whenever a paper is read at our meeting, one part of the members are desirous of giving to the language a more sonorous and magniloquent expression, while the others are contriving to substitute, for the lengthy and uncommon words of their opponents, some phrase which, without being mean or vulgar, may express with more simplicity, the meaning of the author. The contests, on these occasions, are often warm; and it is amusing to hear the charges of turgidity or tameness, bombast or vulgarity, which are alternately brought by the contending parties against the emendations proposed by their antagonists. As is the case in all controversies, it is not uncommon for the original subject of dispute to be forgotten in the course of the discussion; and it frequently happens that a difference of opinion with respect to two modes of expression leads to an extended debate on the subject of English style in general.

The President, a little moved perhaps by some remark from the advocates of an easy and simple style, is usually the first to quit the immediate subject of dispute, and enter upon a wider field of discussion. At such times he collects all the dignity and importance of his manner, and looking round with that air of authority which is in him becoming, because it appears to be natural, delivers himself slowly, and with a measured cadence, to the following effect.

"So long as it shall be the end of composition to adorn and dignify a subject, so long will that mode of communicating his sentiments by which this end is most completely obtained be preferred by a judicious and skilful writer. Such a writer will not derive his modes of expression from the loose phraseology of conversation; or employ words of hackneyed and common occurrence. He will be aware that the language of ordinary life is debased by its

association with mean and vulgar objects, and that it is, from that circumstance, unfit for the purposes of elevated or elegant composition. Leaving, therefore, that language to its only legitimate and allowable use, to be the medium of communicating the common sentiments of mankind, in their ordinary colloquial intercourse, he will seek for the words which he employs, and for the phrases by which his thoughts are to be advantageously communicated to the public, in the writings of those authors who have, at different periods, enlarged the meaning, and increased the dignity of the English language. He will derive his modes of expression from the sacred remains of those writers, whose works have been so justly and emphatically characterised as the well-springs of English undefiled. From works deeply imbued with the spirit of classic lore, and rich in words and phrases at once noble and expressive; ample in their meaning, as they are dignified and sonorous in pronunciation. He will, I admit, judiciously avoid those inaccuracies, into which the great, but early masters of our tongue have sometimes fallen. He will correct, by the rules of modern criticism, the license which was not only allowable, but appears graceful and admirable in their imperishable works. In making these corrections, and in the general formation of his style, he will, I conceive, find a peculiar advantage in taking for his model the invaluable productions of Dr. Johnson. From them certainly he may best acquire such a command of the English language as should be possessed by every one who aspires to the attainment of an eloquent style. No other writer has, in my opinion, so fully exemplified the dignity and richness of which our language is capable, or so variously exhibited the power of style to give elevation to common subjects, and to add to the importance of those which are in themselves noble. In short, when I consider the uncommon excellence of this great writer, I do not hesitate to pronounce that the student of composition who shall form himself upon the model of Dr. Johnson's prose writings will acquire a style, as far superior to that of Mr. Addison, as a magnificent palace, the finished work of some great architect, is superior to a cottage however simply elegant the latter may appear."

The Secretary, who possesses one qualification which, in the opinion of Bayle, is essential to a good disputant—that of patiently hearing his adversary; always listens with attention, and with an air of deference, to the remarks of the President, and generally, after a little pause, replies somewhat as follows.

"I think it will be allowed that the first requisite of composition is to convey the meaning of the writer with clearness and precision. I do not mean that these qualities are of themselves sufficient to constitute a good style, but I think that no style can be good in which they do not appear. Now clearness and precision appear to me most effectually to be attained by the use of such words as are of common occur-

rence, but which are at the same time free from any taint of vulgarity. The meaning of such words is more fully understood by all classes of readers than the meaning of antique expressions, or of those sounding words which are derived from the learned languages. With respect to the construction of sentences, that mode of arranging words which is the least artificial will, I think, generally be most perspicuous. It is therefore my opinion, that a writer who desires to please the community, and to obtain general popularity, should avoid unusual and learned words; and endeavour to make choice of such as are familiar but not mean; and that he should aim rather at an elegant simplicity of style, than at a magniloquent and stately manner of expression. I am aware that a composition which is destitute of uncommon words; and in which the thoughts are expressed in an easy and unaffected manner, is not so likely to strike the imagination of common readers, as a piece which is more inflated and artificial. The difficulty which is experienced by those who endeavour to write in a natural and simple manner is not apparent to the reader; and although he is always more pleased with authors who have succeeded in this kind of writing, he usually reserves his admiration for those who appear to be more profound because they are less capable of being understood. It is indeed necessary to be a tolerable judge of composition, and even to have had some practice in composition, in order to be able to judge of the merit of a pure, natural, and simple, style. I am not surprised when I hear the style of Dr. Johnson extolled by injudicious readers. I am sensible that such a mode of composition must appear to them admirable from its very defects; and that his numerous uncommon words, and sounding periods, must fall upon their ears with something like the effect of a spell or incantation. The admirers of the Doctor must excuse me if I cannot estimate his compositions so highly as I do those of Mr. Addison. It is to the writings of that gentleman that I would always refer those who seek for a model of elegant composition. They will find in them that beautiful simplicity of expression which engages the attention of the reader by a secret charm; and which causes him again and again to recur to the page with invariable delight. Allowance must of course be made for some inaccuracies, and for the use of a few words which, in the lapse of a century have become unfit for polished composition. But making these allowances we shall no where find a style more purely English, or better adapted to express with clearness, and in an unaffected and graceful manner, the sentiments of the author. Style has been termed the dress of thought; and if I might borrow this metaphor for the purpose of contrasting the styles of Addison and Johnson, I would say that the first resembled the vesture of a Grecian nymph, shading, but not concealing, the beautiful form which it enveloped; while the latter might be likened to the hoop petticoat and towering head-dress, by the assistance of which our grandmothers appeared

REVIEWS.

taller and filled a greater space, but not without losing at the same time much of the natural comeliness of the female figure.

"A good deal has been said of the dignity and splendor of the Johnsonian style, and said too, in such a manner, as would almost lead us to suppose that nothing dignified or elevated could be expressed in a natural and simple manner. The advocates of this opinion seem to me to resemble those dramatic poets who make a hero by the help of a plume of feathers, and a flourish of trumpets. They appear to forget that trifling sentiments may be delivered with great pomp of expression, as, on the other hand, the noblest thoughts may be expressed with great simplicity. I believe, indeed, that the most sublime, as well as the most pathetic passages, in the best writers are those in which the simplicity of the language is most conspicuous. I may instance that celebrated passage in the sacred writings which Longinus has quoted as an instance of the true sublime, 'And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.' Nothing can be more removed from stateliness than the language of this passage, nothing more elevated than the sentiment which it contains.

"With respect to the pathetic, if we look into those writers who have most powerfully moved the feelings of their readers, we shall find that they have generally succeeded, not by laboured and rhetorical descriptions of affecting incidents, but by the short, natural, and simple, exhibition of human passions and feelings. In Shakespear's *Macbeth*, for example, when Macduff is made acquainted with the slaughter of his whole family by the tyrant, and when, to rouse him from the grief which this intelligence produces, he is exhorted by his friends to exert himself for revenge, what can be more pathetic, or have less of rhetorical stateliness than his reply?

'He has no children,—All my pretty ones?

Did you say, all?—O, hell kite!—All!'

"As I have not heard it contended that the measured and declamatory style is best adapted for delineations of life and manners, or for the exhibition of those foibles which are the proper objects of good-humoured satire; I shall only observe that the silence, on this point, of those who are so much disposed to admire the style of Dr. Johnson, is a proof that even they are compelled to admit the superiority of a natural and unaffected mode of writing on all topics which give occasion for the exercise of wit and humour."

Such is the difference of opinion on the subject of style which exists in the Club at the Green Dragon; and such are some of the arguments by which the two parties support their opinions. The difference has now continued for some years, and has given rise to several discussions, which have hitherto served no other purpose but to confirm the disputants in the opinions which they had previously entertained. I must not omit to add that our friend the Physician is the only person in the Club who remains neuter on these occasions. This gentleman has considered the subject of style on more general principles, and without reference to any particular model. He has in this manner formed a style at once original and felicitous, the merit of which will be appreciated by the publick, whenever he shall be prevailed upon to give to the world those compositions which, to the regret of his friends, he has hitherto withheld from the press.

C. L.

MEMORIAL DE SAINTE HELENE.—*Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Cases.* London, 1823.

Las Cases has published a work bearing the above title. His statements must be received with a degree of caution; for he gives a Memoir of himself which very justly excites suspicion. Count Las Cases was twenty-one years of age, and Lieutenant-de-Vaisseau when the Revolution broke out, and having emigrated and lost his "patrimony in the King's cause," he did not return to France till the peace of Amiens; when, he "freely and spontaneously transferred the zeal, loyalty, and attachment which" he "had constantly cherished for" his "old masters, to the new Sovereign." However, the Bourbons no sooner re-ascended the throne, than he wrote to the Chancellor of France to acquaint him that he had been Master of Requests to the last Council of State; and that if that circumstance were not sufficient to exclude him from becoming a member of the new assembly, he "begged him to recommend" him "to the King as a Councillor of State." But not obtaining "even the honour of a reply," he determined upon going for a short time to London, there, amongst "old friends who might afford him consolation," to obliterate feelings which "were more than he could endure."

He afterwards again joined Bonaparte, who, it appears, gave him indubitable "proofs of confidence." Such is the most favourable outline of this author's character, and we consider it as only fair that our readers should be in possession of it. Without further remark or animadversion, we proceed to make such selections as may appear curious or interesting.

"The name of Bonaparte may be spelt either *Bonaparte*, or *Buonaparte*; as all Italians know. Napoleon's father always introduced the *u*; and his uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien (who survived Napoleon's father, and was a parent to Napoleon and his brothers,) at the same time, and under the same roof, wrote it *Bonaparte*. During his youth Napoleon followed the example of his father. On attaining the command of the Army of Italy, he took good care not to alter the orthography, which agreed with the spirit of the language; but at a later period, and when amongst the French, he wished to adopt their orthography, and thenceforth wrote his name Bonaparte."

"Napoleon was born about noon on the 15th of August (the Assumption-Day) in the year 1769. His mother, who was possessed of great bodily as well as mental vigour, and who had braved the dangers of war during her pregnancy, wished to attend mass on account of the solemnity of the day; she was, however, taken ill at church, and on her return home was delivered before she could be conveyed to her chamber. The child as soon as it was born was laid on the carpet, which was an old-fashioned one, representing at full length the heroes of fable, or, perhaps, of the *Iliad*:—this child was Napoleon."

"In his boyhood Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively and agile in the extreme. He had gained, he used to say, the most complete ascendancy over his elder brother Joseph. The latter was beaten and ill-treated; complaints were carried to the mother, and she would begin to scold before poor Joseph had even time to open his mouth."

"At the age of ten, Napoleon was sent to the military school at Brienne."

"In September 1793, Napoleon Bonaparte, then in his twenty-fourth year, was yet unknown to the world which was destined to resound with his name. He was a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and had been only a few weeks in Paris; having left Corsica, where political events had forced him to yield to the faction of Paoli. The English had taken possession of Toulon;

an experienced artillery-officer was wanting to direct the operations of the siege, and Napoleon was fixed on. There will history take him up, never more to leave him;—there commences his immortality."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We notice, with great pleasure, the following observations on a "Work of stupendous industry," the production of an ingenious and most indefatigable townsman of ours, Mr. James Pigot, which have lately appeared in the *Literary Chronicle*.

PIGOT AND CO.'S LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEW COMMERCIAL DIRECTORY, for 1822, 3; Containing a Classification of the Merchants and Traders of London and Two Hundred and Eighty of the principal Cities, Towns, and Sea-Ports. Manchester and London.

A DIRECTORY is one of the very last books we should expect to be called upon to notice, but really this work is one of such stupendous industry, so excellent in its plan, so extensively useful, and so carefully and admirably executed, that we feel we cannot do a better service to our mercantile friends and readers, than by recommending it to their notice. This work contains a complete London Directory, in which, the names are first classed into trades; these are printed in three columns. Then follows a list of all their names alphabetically arranged, in six columns, with references to their occupation and places of residence. Complete lists of the learned professions, such as physicians, surgeons, attorneys, &c., are given distinctly. Lists of all the streets, alleys, courts, &c., of London; the taverns, coffee-houses, coaches, waggon, water conveyances,—in short, every thing that a resident of London, or a visitor to it, can want to know, respecting the capital. The same plan is observed with the two hundred and eighty of the principal cities and towns in the counties; and, looking to such places as are known to us, we are really astonished at the extensive and correct information that has been thus accumulated. The directory to each town is prefaced with a brief, but well-written historical description. There are several other excellencies in this work, "too numerous to mention;" we must not, however, forget a table of the current coin of twenty-eight countries or states. From our brief notice of this work it will be readily perceived, that it is such as no mercantile man ought to be without; and we may add, that considering the quantity of letter-press, and the immense expense of collecting materials for such a work, it is published very cheap.

POETRY.

THE ROMAUNT OF LLEWELLYN,

A POEM,

By Eugene Austin, A. M.

'Squire, come here, if it youre wille be,
And saye somewhat of Love; for certes ye
Connen theon as moche as any man.'

CHAUCER.

'Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love,—
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear,—
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, where'er he may?'

WORDSWORTH.

'Ipse suos genitus foliis inscribit:—et ad ei
Flos habet inscriptionem.'

OWEN. M.V.

NOTICE.—It is well known in this neighbourhood, that, at an auction which lately took place for the disposal of the library of a clergyman not long before deceased, there were offered for sale, netilly, if not

quite, forty volumes of old, dirty-looking, worm-eaten MSS. They were all purchased by one gentleman, a *virtuoso*, for the insignificant sum of thirty-nine shillings and sixpence. This gentleman, whom I have the honour of calling my friend, has had the goodness to inform me, that, upon looking over his purchase, he was agreeably surprised to discover among the MSS. some very curious reliques of the olden time. Among the rest, one volume of a remarkably antique appearance, which has somewhat suffered from the insatiate teeth of that *'edax vetustas'*, whom old NASO was bold enough to set at defiance.

The MS. just mentioned, the gentleman, (my friend the *virtuoso*), has been kind enough to lend me, with the view that I should not only give the public a short account of it,—but be at liberty to publish the contents, if they appeared likely to meet with a welcome reception from the readers of the *Iris*.

I have been at some pains to examine the musty old volume. It is not, like Dr. Percy's celebrated MS. *'a long narrow folio, with the half of every leaf of 54 pages torn away, and the top or bottom line'* of the remainder *'cut off in the binding'*;—neither are *'the first and last leaves wanting'*; nor are *'several others injured towards the end'*. No;—the MS. of which I speak, is a square and spare-looking quarto, containing exactly 211 pages,—some of which, however, have been rather injured by time;—it is half-bound in an old parchment deed;—and on this parchment are distinctly perceptible, through the soil with which it is covered, the figures 1529.

This circumstance, however, speaks nothing decisive;—because the parchment might have been merely an old lease which had been long out of date. But there is another circumstance of rather more importance. On the inside of the left hand cover are the following lines in manuscript Old English character, technically called Black Letter.

*'OLIVER SHINERSON his boke;—
Christe gebe þym lyfe thereaftre to lake;—
And whanne he lokes, the graunt thatte he
þat he woughte to Goddes dyspounoure see.'
Cobentriaz. 17. Calendas Februarij.
1614.*

This was, however, in all probability a kind of schoolboy formula, which the tyros of that time might be in the habit of writing in their books, exactly as we see them do in the present day. Its excessively antique spelling may be explained by the supposition that it was copied from some book which was then very old.

Upon examining the contents of this volume, I found, to my surprise, that it contained a poem written in the Spenserian stanza, and comprising a curious and melancholy love-story;—indeed I may say two love-stories,—for there are the hero's and the author's, blended throughout; the *denouement* of each being carefully concealed till the close of the poem. At one part the late possessor of this MS. or some other person, appears to have pasted in a few leaves, and on them to have inserted some stanzas of his own. These, as they relate to persons and things of a time subsequent to the date of the manuscript, the reader will easily detect. That the leaves to which I allude are pasted in, and that the stanzas are an interpolation, is evident;—for the paper and ink are of a different colour from the paper and ink of the other leaves, and the hand-writing is quite modern.

Candour requires me to avow that I have myself done nothing at this poem, except, here and there, modernize in a slight degree the phraseology and orthography, and insert a few mottoes which I conceived to be appropriate. The first motto, however, from Chaucer, and the last from the ballad of *'The Bailiff's daughter of Islington'*, are in the MS.

Whether the public will agree with me in my opinion that this poem deserved to see the light, I know not;—all I know is, that in determining to put it forth, I was actuated solely by a desire to contribute to their amusement.

I may be allowed to observe that the lines, beginning—

"My brand I'll bear in myrtle-branches dress,"
are evidently a translation of the celebrated Greek Ode

'Εν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσῃ.

The song beginning

'On seeming smiles and gentle guise relying,'
seems to be a kind of paraphrase or imitation of Horace's

'Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.'

The two or three stanzas beginning

'Precious the lore of high philosophy.

are obviously an imitation of Lucretius,

*'Saave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem';—*

The stanza in praise of sensibility

'Beats there beneath the sky that heart of steel.'

bears a strong resemblance to a beautiful passage in the *'Nouvelle Heloise,'* Tome 3. *'O sentiment, sentiment! douce vie de l'ame! quel est le cœur de fer que tu n'as jamais touché? quel est l'infortuné mortel à qui tu n'arrachas jamais de larmes?'*

Other coincidences may strike other readers. I have mentioned a few of what have struck me;—and I may probably yet discover others, and point them out in a note at the end of the poem.

TO LOUISA.

Faire conain mine, sith you have craved that I
A tale mote tell of love and tender time,
A pleasure 'tis, and dutie to comlie;—
So here you have this poor assaie of mine:—
Howbe I wote not if a single line
Of what I've writ may cordial greeting finde;—
For, well I ween, witte shoulde with sense combine
To yield content to youre discerning minde:—
Yet, sith it is well meant, please you accept it kind!

CANTO I.

*"Hush'd are the winds, while soft the vessel sailing
With gentle motion ploughs the auruffled main!"*
THE MONK.

*"he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Aërean-like,—and now he fled away,
With feeble steps, o'er the world's wilderness;—
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey."*
SHALLBY.

PART I.

I.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly abeneath the broad ocean,
As o'er the deepe the gallant vessel glides;—
Around the billows heave with gentle motion,
And the light bubbles dance along her sides:
Cheerily sing the watch,—the helmsman guides
The prove that veers obedient to his wheel,
And fearlessly the foamie flood divides,
His watchful ee upon the wondrous steel
That can to connyge minde the hiltren way reveale.

II.

The golden sun was setting radiantl'ye;—
And, as adown the occident he drave,
A flood of glory mote ye round him see,
That to the dying day a lustre gave
Sweeter than all his noontide splendours have!
He sinks,—and now one brilliant spot of light
Looks like a star just peering o'er the wave;—
'Tis less, and less,—'tis seen, 'tis vanish quite,—
And ocean spreads herself beneath descending night.

III.

Sweet twilight now, and gentle gloom prevail;
A sacred silence over all presides;—
All, save the creaking mast and flapping sail,
And light wave's dash against the vessel's aides,—
(As proudly o'er the dark-blue sea she rides,)—
And the rude, untaught melody of men,
In whom for aye a careless moodie abides,—
In danger ever prompt and fearless,—then
Turning to thoughtless din and merrimakes agen!

IV.

Upon the bosom of the deepe reclining,
A few pale, crimson clouds i' the west appear:—
O'er the eastern verge the full orb'd moon is shining,
Lovely as when she wooed Endymion dear.—

Along the darkening waters is a glare
Of silver rays, that like a pathway show.—
Soon doth the night put forth her diamonds rare,
In which so richly dight she wont to go;—
Like sparkling gems upon a sable suit they glow.

V.

Following the sunken sun as days departes,
Venus her car of sweetest sheene doth guide,
At evening's hour so deare to love-struck hearts:—
High in the welkin royal Jove doth ride;
Below him sombre Saturn is descried;
Red Mars is from the east his course devising;
Around the pole the Bears in silence glide;—
And now the cluster'd Pleiades are rising,
Early to weet,—thereby of the year's advance apprising.

VI.

For now Dan Sol in Libra 'gan to sheene,
And they had sunk together in the west;
So, shortly afterward, the Bull is seen
Rearing his shining forehead in the east,
Whereon the watery Hyades are placed:—
While of old Atlas the seven daughters faire
Highte Pleiades, do occupy the breast.
So was I taught to scan the varying year,
As on high heaven's vast vault the rolling stars appear.

VII.

O glorious vault;—O ever-rolling scene
Of silent majesty;—so still, so grand,
So vast, so beautiful, and so serene!—
Who may imagine thee?—who understand
By what great unknown being thou wert plann'd?
Or hast thou roll'd for evermore as now,—
Great in thyself alone,—not to be scann'd
By mortal or immortal mind,—although
To gods and men thou art an ever-glorious show?*

VIII.

Soft as a lover's murmurings blows the breeze;
Bravely the bark bears o'er the briny deep;—
Above, around,—the starry skies, the seas,
And balmy air, a gentle stillness keep,—
Hush'd like an infant into peaceful sleep!—
Sweeter meseems an' night than brightest day!
Sweet night!—when guileless hearts a rapture reap
More than the world may give or take away,—
The sunshine of the soul,—virtue's internal ray!

IX.

But who is he that silent treads the deck,
Nor joins the watch's song, nor heeds the scene
Of glory spread around, nor seems to rock
If fair or foul it blow, but still serene
Communes with his own mind?—Howbe, I ween,
Within is not the calm that outward shows!—
For many a tear upon that cheek hath been,
Which did a tale of inward teen disclose;—
And sighs and sngults sad have spoke of secret throes!

X.

No carle, no lossel he, that deck who trode,
But one of gentle birth, in honour dight,
True-hearted, plain, sincere,—his soul the abode
Of virtuous thoughts,—Llewellyn was he hight.—
Ask ye for whist fair cause now sail'd the wight?—
Wait but a space, and it shall all be told.—
A tale, to weet, of solace and delight,
Albeit meint with dole, I will unfold:—
Wait yet a little space, and all shall be unroll'd!

XI.

This gentle wight somewhere had absent been
From his paternal hearth and native land,—
Full many a distant sea and shore had seen,
And sought a home on many a foreign strand;—
When as returning at his sire's command,
Derne thoughts of teen athwart his bosom roll,
The future now with anxious heart is scann'd,
And now the past and present sink his soul:—
So, hope, fear, memory, all exert their strong control;—

* Whatever the author might intend by the queries contained in this stanza, I feel confident he meant to convey nothing that could be considered objectionable in any point of view;—for, in a subsequent part of the poem, he very justly refers the explanation of the heavenly phenomena to the *'great first cause'* alone. On this subject, I beg to refer the reader to Archbishop Fenelon's very eloquent *'Demonstration of the existence of God'*,—which has been translated by Mr. Boyse.

XII.

As thus,—‘Thou gallant bark that bearest me
So bravely o’er this moonlight main, I would
I were a thing insensible like thee ;—
For then ‘tis like, whate’er my fate, I should
Take mine allotted dole of evil or good
Patient as thou :—for it besemeth ill
The bootless struggle against the rushing flood
Of fortune’s sea, which drives us as it will !
Betide or weal or woe, patience is blessed still !

XIII.

‘Ah me, mine is the breast bath never known
The quiet yielding to a hopeless lot !—
Better it were had I a heart of stone,
A bosom fenced with iron, that would not
Or take, or keep impressions !—Then I wote,
Gay might I float adown the stream of life,—
Reckless of all,—or having soon forgot
All that it skill’d not to remember,—strife,
And love, and joy, and hate, and cares that are so rife !

XIV.

‘For happiness I’ve sigh’d,—but ever found,
By sad experience from my very birth,
‘Tis but a dream, a word, an idle sound
That nought availeth the poor sons of earth,—
Much spoken of, but of no real worth,—
A meteor flitting o’er night’s mirky face,—
A distant, cold aurora of the north,—
A treacherous fenfire, leading us a chase,
Whence all our gain shall be a long and bootless race !

XV.

‘Friendship I’ve sought ; ‘tis not !—Love is a name ;
As I too well have proved !—But yet with me
Dwelleth and evermore shall dwell the flame
That first awoke my bosom’s agonie !
Though like some silly stricken deer I flee,
Still sticks the shaft in this love-wounded heart !
Some cure for outward maladies may be,—
But there’s no unguent for the bosom’s smart !—
No craft of leech hath power to draw love’s barbed dart !

XVI.

‘There may be friends ! There may be love that’s true !
There may be troth in man’s or woman’s breast !—
Hearts there may be that falsehood never knew,
And sympathy devoid of interest.—
There may be visages that be not drest
In most deceitful guise,—scorning to wear
Fair-seeming smiles, while, close below compest,
Lie dark designs time only may declare ;—
There may be such for aught I either ken or care !

XVII.

‘Enough for me that I have found them not !
Notless for aught I know there may be such !
Some twain,—or three percase,—mayn’t have forgot
Even such a wretch as I !—Yet ‘twere too much
To deem my fate could many moments touch
Hearts that adown the stream of joyance glide !—
The bosom’s troth time only may avouch !—
Meanwhile not one I find to turn aside
From pleasure’s path, and with misfortune’s thrall abide !

XVIII.

‘O ye bright stars, that shine in the vast space
I now behold, and evermore have shone ;—
Thou moon, that, with the same meek, quiet face,
A thousand years ago didst look upon
The same broad waters ;—bath there ever gone
Beneath your sheene one more a wretch than I ?
Here pace I this still deok as one alone,—
Unheeded, friendless who may live,—or die
Unpitied and unknown,—ne cause one tear, one sigh !—

XIX.

‘Whither me hearest thou, my gallant bark ?
Unto a home,—no home I ween to me !
Unto a hearth, where I was wont to mark
Myself the only stranger,—there to see
Around it a usurping progenie,—
A mother so miscall’d,—a father there
‘That never loved his son,—although he be
The pledge of his first love, but born to share
A stepdame’s cruelty, the hardest thing to bear !

XX.

‘Childe of the house,—to weet, the childe and heir,—
There have I never been a welcome guest !—
Neglect, and scorn, and tyranny to bear
Hath been mine only portion ;—at the best,

To sit, even at the board, below the rest,—
In silence bade to sit, and thankful eat ;—
To mark with indignation ill repress
Her darling younglings how she aye did treat,
The while she thrust the heir down to the lowest seat !

XXI.

‘So, from my very infancy, have I
Of teen and trouble been the ceaseless thrall,—
Had scant one lightning-flash of soul-felt joy,
Or quaff’d one cup unmeint with drops of gall !
‘Tis not that pleasure ‘gins with me to pall,—
For, sooth to say, of such I’ve little known !
Well do I wis dole is the lot of all,—
But yet meseems on me, and me alone,
Hath fortune ever lower’d with long, unchanging frown !

XXII.

‘But patience is a blessed balm, I ween ;—
And even perforce I fain its power would try !
The only medicine for all my teen,
Save death,—and I am not as yet to die
Belike ;—so, down, ye rebel thoughts, and lie
Silent within your cell !—A night like this,
So bright, so calm, ill matcheth the sad sigh,
And trickling tear !—When all so peaceful is
Around, may I not snatch one short-slept dream of bliss ?
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1822.

Farewell thou dull year, in thy dimness departing,
Regret at thy close is not mine to bestow ;
Afflicted thou found’st me, and left me still smarting
The victim of care, disappointment and woe.

So few were the joys in thy progress I tasted,
So transient the pleasures that came in my way
Like the breath of a rose in a wilderness wasted,
They scarcely redeem the distress of a day.

But yet, stern recorder ! had sorrow and anguish
Shot their arrows so grievous alone against me ;
Though doomed in dependency longer to languish,
Alike I had scorned both the future and thee.

But hearts have been broken, affections divided,
And bosoms distracted, more tender than mine ;
And friends in each other that once had confided,
Have seen ere thy close their affections decline.

Pass on then ! I leave to the records of ages,
To tell of thy crimes, of thy deeds of renown—
In vain does the heart, which fresh sorrows passages,
In the troubles of nations seek balm for its own.

Manchester.

S. W.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

MORNING DRESS.—Roman dress, or blouse, of fine cambric muslin : the body and skirt are in one, and of nearly equal fulness, which is principally collected in the front and in the middle of the back, and confined round the waist with a red narrow band, fastened by a steel buckle ; it is made high, nearly to the throat, and is gaged with four rows of pink braiding. The sleeve is easy, and has an epaulette with full trimming, braided at the edge, and a double ruffle at the wrist : round the bottom of the skirt are five narrow flounces, edged with pink braiding. Cap of sprigged net, with border of British Lisle lace : cottage front ; the caul rather full, and separated half-way into eight divisions, edged with a rouleau of satin : four, alternately, are fastened to the head piece ; the others are trimmed with lace, and rather elevated, forming a light and elegant crown : a wreath of delicate flowers, the forget-me-not and the bellitrope, decorate the front. Coral ear-rings, rose-coloured gloves, and corded silk shoes.

WALKING DRESS.—The braided pelisses, which were but partially patronised on their first appearance, are now in high favour with those ladies of rank who may be said to lead the fashions. Over a round dress of milk-white bombasin, or Norwich crape, is a close pelisse of puce-coloured cachemire, ornamented down the front and round the border with a peculiarly rich braiding in silk, the flowers of which represent the Caledonian thistle ; two beautiful branches of the same braiding rise from the points that terminate the bottom of the facings, and form a superb ornament in front, on

each side of the border. The ornament across the bust consists of a braiding in foliage only ; but it has a very rich appearance, being composed of several rows reaching across the front to the forepart of each shoulder. The manchérons are plain, and are almost close to the sleeve ; these are finished with one row of leaves in braiding. A belt of black velvet, fastened in front with a polished steel buckle, confines the pelisse round the waist. The bonnet is of puce-coloured velvet, lined with white satin, and crowned with a plume of white ostrich feathers ; a veil of Chantilly lace is thrown carelessly across the brim of the bonnet, but this is not always adopted. A single frill of the finest Mechlin lace is worn round the throat ; and a muff of the white Siberian fox, with half-boots of puce-coloured kid, and light doe-skin gloves, finish this promenade dress.

BALL DRESS.—White crepe lisse dress, worn over a bright pink satin slip ; the corsage of white satin, cut bias, and fits the shape ; it is ornamented with simple elegance, being separated into narrow straps, nearly two inches deep, and edged with two small folds of pink crepe lisse set in a narrow band of folded white satin, finished with a tucker of the finest blond lace. The sleeve is short, of very full white crepe lisse, partly concealed by two rows of white satin diamonds, edged with pink crepe lisse, and united by half a dozen minute folds of white satin : at the bottom of the dress is one row of large full puffs, or bouffantes, of white crepe lisse ; between each are eight white satin loops, attached to the bouffantes, and surrounding a cluster of half-blown China roses. The hair, without ornament, a la Grecoque. Ear-rings, necklace, armlets, and bracelets, of dead gold, with pink topaz and emeralds interspersed, and fastened by padlock-snaps studded with emeralds. Long white kid gloves. Pink satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.—Promenade costume continues nearly as it was last month ; the only alterations that we perceive are, that for tippets are still more in favour, and plain black velvet bonnets, with the same material disposed in large knots, are very generally adopted. Velvet pelisses are fashionable in carriage costume ; but they are not so much worn as pelisses made of that very rich silk called velours simile, of which there are a great many different kinds. Trimmings of silk plush intermixed with velvet are very general ; the trimming usually corresponds in colour with the pelisse ; but some elegantes have lately appeared in black velvet or gros de Naples pelisses, with scarlet trimmings, and vice versa. We have noticed among these pelisses, one made in black velours simile : the trimming was a cording of scarlet satin, which went all round ; the pelisse fastened underneath, and was ornamented up the front with scarlet bands, placed crosswise, with buttons at each end : these bands formed lozenges of different breadths ; the largest being placed at the bottom, and the others being progressively smaller to the waist : there are three upon the corsage, of which the largest is at the top, and the smallest at the bottom. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month.

VARIETIES.

Battle of the Dishes.—If we may give credit to some old authorities, the pastry-cooks of former times, possessed more ingenuity than they do at the present day. At great entertainments, it was formerly not unusual to exhibit a castle made of pastry, with gates, drawbridges, battlements, and port-cullises ; on the battlements of the castle, were planted guns, made of the kex or hemlock, gilt ; these cannons were charged with gunpowder, and regular trains laid, so that as many of them might be discharged at once as was wished. The castle was placed at one end of the table, and at the other end was a ship, made also of pastry, with masts, sails, flags, and streamers ; and guns charged with gunpowder, with a train, the same as in the castle. In the middle of the table was placed a stag made of paste, but hollow, and filled with red wine. A broad arrow was stuck in the side of the stag. Near it were placed two pies, made of coarse paste ; one was filled with live frogs, and the other with live birds.

All being thus prepared, and placed in order on the table, a lady was first persuaded to draw the arrow

out of the body of the stag, on which the red wine issued like blood out of a wound. The guns on one side of the castle were next, by lighting the train, discharged against the ship, which was quickly returned by a broadside from the vessel; the salvos on which the castle and ship were placed, were then turned round, and the remaining guns of both discharged. The two great pies still remained untouched, when curiosity or intreaty inducing some person to raise the lid of one, the frogs jumped out, to the amusement of some, and the dismay of the others; on raising the lid of the other pie, out flew the birds, which naturally flying to the light, soon put out all the candles; and while all was thus rendered hurly-burly and confusion, a banquet in an adjoining room was announced as ready, and upon the table.

EXTRAORDINARY PEAR.—A pear of an unusual size was this season gathered from a tree in Mr. Mead's garden, at Cannimere, near Warminster. It measured in circumference 13 inches, from top to tail 9 inches, and weighs nearly a pound and a half.

Negro Machinist.—In the year 1819, a negro of the state of New York, exhibited the model of a machine which he had constructed, for cutting, threshing, and winnowing wheat, rye, &c., all at one operation. The machine is constructed to be moved by one horse; it enters a field of wheat, or rye, &c., and taking a whole ridge at once, cuts, threshes, and winnows the grain, fit for the mill or market, and that without waste, or leaving any thing behind to be cleaned. This operation can be performed as fast as the usual pace at which a horse walks.

This machine may be divided, and that part which cuts and gathers the grain, only used; when it is calculated that two horses, and one man to attend on them, will cut and gather the grain of twenty-five acres of land in one day.

CATS.—The first couple of cats which were carried to Cayaba sold for a pound of gold. There was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they were purchased as a speculation, which proved an excellent one. The first kittens produced thirty kittens each; the next generation were worth twenty; the price gradually fell as the inhabitants became stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures. Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for it with six hundred pesos.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.—Another of these manufactured monsters, a Mermaid, (supposed to be of the male species) is now exhibiting in the Strand, and rivals, in its infamous ingenuity of construction, the *Ward in Chancery* in St. James's-street. It was brought by a Captain Forster to England, and sold to Frith and Bradley, Pawnbrokers in St. Catherine's, and was publicly exhibited 29 years ago in Broad-court. It differs from its rival, not in beauty, but in a lateral fin. Are not the exhibitions of notorious impostures liable to immediate investigation by the Police? and if so, ought not this to have been examined by dissection, and if fabricated, which cannot be doubted, the parties interested in it punished? The society for the suppression of Vice attack less impious appeals to the public than the declaration of those vagabonds, that it is a *natural production*, and one of the *wonderful works of God*.—LIT. GAZ.

PHEASANT.—On Friday, the 27th ult. a gentleman of Worcester shot a most singular and beautiful young cock pheasant. On the head are horns resembling those of the horned owl, between which is a complete mass of gold, and the plumage altogether is exceedingly fine.

GREYNA GREEN.—There have been married, at the far-famed shrine of Hymen, at Gretna, by Robert Elliot, one of the officiating ministers of his godship, one hundred and sixty-two couples, since new year's day, 1822. We are informed, by several of the neighbouring clergy of the Church of England, that the absurd new marriage act has reduced marriages in their parishes, on an average, about four-fifths.

WINDOWS.—A patent has recently been obtained for making sashes to revolve on an axis, so as to enable a person to clean the outside of the sashes in the inside of the room, or to repair the glazing; thus doing away the necessity of that dangerous practice of standing on the sills, or the glazier's machine, to clean and repair

the outside, and which has been the cause of so many accidents. We understand, that the patent may be applied to old sashes with the same facility as new.

Exquisite Compliment.—Mademoiselle *Lecouvreur*, a celebrated French actress, who died in 1730, possessed a peculiar dignity of manner. A foreigner who had seen her performance of *Elizabeth*, in the *Earl of Essex*, enquired, if the Royal Family usually indulged themselves in theatricals?

Strabo relates, that the Spaniards had such an aversion to walking, that they could not conceive that any one should voluntarily undergo the fatigue of it. When therefore they saw some Romans walking under shady trees, they supposed these strangers had lost their way, and civilly offered to shew it them.

A wit asked a countryman at what time he most enjoyed himself? 'In winter,' replied he, 'when I sleep in the chimney-corner after supper.' 'then you are of swinish descent,' said the wit, 'for they sleep after meals.' 'Pray,' said the fellow, 'what time do you wags enjoy most?' 'May,' replied the other: 'very well,' cried the fellow, 'your kin is clear enough, for my ass likes that part of the year the best.'

Interesting Discovery of Roman Antiquities in France.—A countryman in the vicinity of Avalon, with the intention of improving a field which he possesses in the environs of that town, on a pretty high hill called Montmartre, thought of removing the large stones which abounded in it. After laboring incessantly for several days, he discovered some tiles much larger than those in use at Avalon; this surprised him, particularly when he considered the elevation of the spot. He pursues his work with continued ardor; his pickaxe strikes against a hard round body; it proves to be a head, which appears to him to be of so large a size, that he imagines it must be that of the devil.

The countryman, frightened, hastens to the village, where he relates his adventure; his neighbors believe him, and no one has a mind to return with him to see the head of the devil.

M. Malot, a well-informed man, who formerly held a public office, but is now retired to the village, where he cultivates a farm of his own, was soon informed of this event; he encouraged the peasant, and with some difficulty persuaded him to conduct him to the place where he made the discovery; when they reached it the peasant, keeping a few steps distant, shows him the monstrous head which he had raised with his pickaxe. M. Malot takes it, removes the earth which covers the greatest part, and finds it to be of white marble of exquisite workmanship.

M. Malot was transported with joy; the peasant, cured of his fears, began to dig farther; they found other heads, beautiful statues almost entire, and other extremely curious antiquities.

A friend of the Arts, who resides at Avalon, has bought the field containing the curious remains of antiquity, giving the peasant his own price. He immediately set several laborers to work. They have found not only the area of an antique Temple, perfectly marked out by walls which are 2 or 3 feet high, but also a great quantity of mutilated statues of white marble of extraordinary beauty, and many copper and silver coins of the Roman Emperors.

Cambridge, Jan. 3.—The prize for the Hulsean Essay for 1822, has been adjudged to Mr. Charles Austin, of Jesus College. Subject—*The Argument for the Genuineness of the Sacred Volume as generally received by Christians.*

The subject of the Hulsean Essay for the present year is—*The Nature and Advantage of the Influence of the Holy Spirit.*

Brussels, 15 Dec.—A farmer of the village of Villiers en Cauchie, situated on the ancient Roman Canseway, in the district of Cambrai, has lately found an antique vase containing about 200 Roman silver medals, among which there are many of Diocletian.

Rome, Nov. 27th.—Count Moroni has commenced a new search of antiquities in his *Vigna* on the Appian way, which has abundantly rewarded the labor employed; since we see statues, bas-reliefs, and coins, highly interesting to Archaeology, obtained by these operations.

Gottingen, December.—The number of students in our University amounts at present to 1419; among them are 4 Princes: viz. the Prince of Brunswick, the

Prince of Linanges, and the 2 Princes of Salm; also 17 Counts. Notwithstanding this great number, the students are distinguished by exemplary diligence, good manners, and order; 270 study divinity, 730 law, 224 medicine, and 195 Philosophy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—I am sorry to have put an end to the analysis of Mr. Cobbett's Grammar, with a view to set forth its excellence over other English Grammars, having objected to the two examples for this purpose adduced by your correspondent "S. X." (whose pardon I beg for the freedom I took) only because I consider that in those instances Mr. Cobbett's is inferior. But with the exception of those examples, and the substituting some obsolete words, such as *thrown* instead of *thrown*, *drunked* for *drank*, and the like, I allow that his grammar comprises simplicity and perspicuity, and upon the whole is an excellent one.

I have waited a few weeks in order to see some one renew the subject, but having been disappointed, though I am not prepared to canvas its merits, it being some time since I read the principal part of the work, yet, as an act of justice in the new year, I am desirous, with your leave, Mr. Editor, just to say, that omitting the instances above-quoted, I consider Mr. Cobbett inferior to none I am acquainted with, who have written on the subject; and my opinion is, that the time spent in reading his work, by the student in English Grammar, will be well repaid by the use that may be derived from his rational observations.

January, 1823.

B.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Jan. 6th.—*She Stoops to Conquer*: with X. Y. Z.—Toby Lumpkin and Neddy Bray, Mr. Liston.

Tuesday, 7th.—*The Law of Java*: with Too Late for Dinner.—Pengoose and Nicholas Twill, Mr. Liston.

Wednesday, 8th.—*The Law of Java*: with Family Jars. Pengoose and Delph, Mr. Liston.

Thursday, 9th.—*Rob Roy*: with Love, Law, and Physic.—Nichol Jarvie and Lubin Log, Mr. Liston.

Friday, 10th.—*Pigeons and Crows*; *The Benevolent Tar*; and *Family Jars*.—Sir Peter Pipwigin and Delph, Mr. Liston.

The lovers of the Drama have this week been highly entertained by the performances of Mr. Liston, from the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. This gentleman's whimsical manner, together with the inimitable comic humour which pervades his entire acting, kept the risible faculties of the audience in ceaseless action.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Algebraic Geometry. In 2 vols. Vol. I. containing the Geometry of Plane Curves. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner.

An Introduction to the Hebrew Language, by W. Heine-mann, Professor of the Hebrew and German Languages, and Author of the Catechism of Hebrew Grammar, and Introduction to German Reading.

Some Remarks on Mr. Southey's Life of Wesley will soon appear.

Preparing for publication, by the author of the *Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed*, &c. *The Wonders of Conchology Displayed*, with a description of corals, sponges, &c. in a series of letters.

Paris.—A new Journal is announced, which if well executed may be of essential service to the learned world. It is intended to be a Bulletin of all the sciences properly so called, and will communicate the earliest information of all new scientific works—of all new and important discoveries; in short, to contain the essence of the 3 or 400 scientific Journals that are published in different parts of the world. The name of the author is the Baron De Férassac, who is stated to have engaged about 400 assistants at Paris, among whom are many very eminent names, and 800 foreign correspondents. The Journal is to be published at the close of every month, each No. forming a bulletin for the month, to consist of 1 sheet 8vo. It will embrace the following subjects:—1. Pure Mathematics; 2. Practical Mathematics; 3. Cosmography and Astronomy; 4. Physical Sciences, Meteorology; 5. Chemistry; 6. Geology and Mineralogy; 7. Zoology; 8. Botany; 9. Natural history of fossil animals; 10. Physiology and Anatomy; 11. Medicine; 12. Geography and Statistics; 13. Rural Economy and Agriculture; 14. Navigation; 15. Strategies, Tactics, the Art of War; 16. Travels and Voyages, in a scientific view.

WEEKLY DIARY.

JANUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MONDAY, 13.—*Plough Monday.*

Some curious ceremonies are observed on this day, in the northern counties, particularly in *Yorkshire*: they are thus described in 'The Rev. G. Young's History and Antiquities of Whithby':

On Plough Monday, the first Monday after Twelfth-day and some days following (observes our author) there is a procession of rustic youths dragging a plough, who, as they officiate for *oxen*, are called *plough stots*. They are dressed with their shirts on the outside of their jackets, with rashes of ribbons fixed across their breasts and backs, and knots or roses of ribbons fastened on their shirts and on their hats. Besides the Plough-draggers there is a band of six in the same dress, furnished with *swords*, who perform the *sword dance*, while one or more musicians play on the violin or flute. The sword dance, probably introduced by the Danes, displays considerable ingenuity, not without gracefulness. The dancers arrange themselves in a ring with their swords elevated; and their motions and evolutions are at first slow and simple, but become gradually more rapid and complicated. Towards the close each one catches the point of his neighbour's sword, and various movements take place in consequence: one of which consists in joining or plaiting the swords into the form of an elegant *heaven* or rose, in the centre of the ring, which rose is so firmly made that one of them holds it up above their heads without undoing it. The dance closes with taking it to pieces, each man laying hold of his own sword. During the dance, two or three of the company, called *Toms* or *Clowns*, dressed up as harlequins, in most fantastic modes, having their faces painted or masked, are making antic gestures to amuse the spectators; while another set called *Madgies* or *Madgy Pegs*, clumsily dressed, in women's clothes, and also masked or painted, go from door to door rattling old canisters, in which they receive money. Where they are well paid they raise a huzza; where they get nothing, they shout 'hunger and starvation.' When the party do not exceed forty, they seldom encumber themselves with a plough. Sometimes a kind of farce, into which songs are introduced, is acted along with the sword dance: the principal characters in this are, the *King*, the *Miller*, the *Clown*, and the *Doctor*. Egton Bridge has long been the chief rendezvous for sword dancers in the vicinity of Whithby.

FRIDAY, 17.—*Saint Anthony.*

The 'Benediction of Beasts' is annually performed at Rome, on the above day, in a little church dedicated to him near Santa Maria Maggiore. It lasts for some days; for not only every Roman from the Pope to the Peasant, who has a horse, a mule, or an ass, sends his cattle to be blessed at St. Anthony's shrine, but all the English go with their job horses and favourite dogs; and for the small offering of a couple of *paoli*, get them sprinkled, sanctified, and placed under the protection of this saint. Coach after coach draws up, strings of mules mix with carts and barouches, horses kick, mules are restive, and dogs snarl, while the officiating priest comes forward from his little chapel, dips a brush into a vase of holy water, sprinkles and prays over the beasts, pockets the fee, and retires.

BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

No. IV.

CHAUCER continued.

'I had rather be a kitten, and cry—Mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :—
I had rather bear a brabanet cat's paw,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;—
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as micing poetry.'

Miss Seward informs us that Darwin,—the author of 'The Temple of Nature,' and 'The Botanic Garden,' two poems which made much noise in their day,—used to boast he had never studied poetry until the time he began to write it; which, we all know, was when he was somewhat advanced in life. This foolish boast of Darwin's, if there were any thing in it, would only prove what, unfortunately for him, is sufficiently proved by the perusal of his works;—that, if deemed worthy of being styled a poet at all, he must be considered as one of very inferior pretensions.

But, it is ever thus with self-imagined geniuses.—They neglect study; it is too laborious. They affect to despise detail; for it requires study. They despise and neglect the old writers;—for, in them, the most enchanting effects are merely the result of well-chosen and well-combined detail. So, in painting, we all know that Reynolds and Gainsborough, and many others among the moderns, would not condescend to the labour of detail, pretending that the most beautiful effects may, by the aid of genius, be produced without it:—on the other hand, the Dutch painters excelled in detail, but, having neither taste nor judgment in the selection, they produced comparatively no effect. In real nature, however, all is detail; yet all is effect; and he who peruses her works with a *learned* eye, will perceive and allow, that the most exact detail, and the most minute subdivisions, are not incompatible with all that breadth, and mass, and grandeur of style, which we are accustomed to admire in a beautiful landscape, a magnificent temple, a fine statue, or a masterly picture.

Thus, then, we must admit that the triumph of art is to produce effect by means of detail; and this applies not only to landscape-gardening, to architecture, to sculpture, and to painting, but also in its fullest extent to poetry. If we then examine the works of Chaucer on the principles just stated, we shall find that he stands almost unrivalled. No other poet of any age or country, with whose writings I am acquainted, has (with the single exception of Homer,) the slightest pretension to be compared to him. And it is in *this* that his excellence may be emphatically said to consist;—that is, in *descriptive detail*, so tastefully selected, and so judiciously combined, as to produce an effect that may be said to rival the happiest efforts of the most successful painters. He is not like the artists of the Dutch school, who delineate a broom-stick with as much exactness as 'the human face divine;' nor like those of the school of Gainsborough, Barry, Reynolds, Fuseli, and others, 'who scorn nature, and are scorned by her;' but he is the successful rival, in a sister art, of such men as Raphael, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Poussin, and Claude Lorraine. He was one who had looked upon nature, till his mind was, as it were, a mirror reflecting back her thousand diversities of light and shade, and form, and hue;—her divine, her unspeakable grace of manner;—her sweet repose, bold contrasts,

and distinct grouping;—her matchless conceptions, and vigorous hand;—her infinitely minute details, combined with her inimitable freedom, breadth, and grandeur of effect.—These Chaucer had studied from his youth up;—for the education of a poet commences with his earliest perceptions; ay, as early as the time when he is first lifted up by his nurse and stretches forth his little hands, to grasp the silver moon, which he is afterwards to celebrate in his deathless song.

It were, in good sooth, a precious contrivance to set up a doctrine that should save genius from the hard necessity of that '*impræbus labor*,' to which we are all, geniuses or no geniuses, alike doomed, if we would raise ourselves, but a little even; above the common herd of mankind. 'Omnes homines, qui sese student præstare ceteris animalibus, summæ openi decet.' The only advantage, in this regard, that genius hath, ever had, or ever will have, is, that it studies with infinitely more rapidity, taste, and judgment. Would genius, I pray ye, without study, have enabled Kean to perform his *Lear*, or his *Othello*, in so masterly a manner? Think ye that genius without study enabled Farren to perform his Lord Ogleby so as to make the representation a perfect picture, an immaculate performance? It is the completeness of their study which has hidden the very appearance of study: *Ars magna est artem celare*: and since I have gotten into the humour of quotation, I may add,

— 'Nil sine magno,
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.'

But it is not thus with the poetasters of the present day. They resemble a child at the piano-forte; having got into the key and cadence of some capital performance, they, simple ones, look round and think that we are admiring their successful rivalry. They catch the key-note of Byron, endeavour to imitate his lofty, sweeping style, cram in as many as they can of his favourite phrases, seek to be dim, and dark, and shadowy like him, try to drop a few touches of tenderness upon a ground-work of general and utter recklessness, talk of what they are, and have been, and long to be, and then present the public with what, heaven save the mark, they call a poem. A poem!—Why, formerly a poem was the work of years;—now it is the amusement of a week. Get you gone, old Horace;—if we are not better workmen than those of your day, we at least turn out our wares more rapidly. Your maxim is now out of date;

— Carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Now, the cause of the occasional success of the chirpers just alluded to, is sufficiently obvious. We have all of us occasionally had certain agreeable or elevated emotions excited by the perusal of the better class of poets; and, by the laws of association in the human mind, those words and phrases which in the works of a real poet had excited an agreeable or an elevated feeling in our bosoms, do also excite something of a similar feeling when we meet with them in the lines of a poetaster. Hence it is that we are so easily imposed upon by such words and phrases as 'the wide-spread earth,' 'the over-arching heavens,' 'the waving woods,' the silver stream. The would-be performer has got the key-note and somewhat of the cadence, but—for the tune, and the mysteriously woven web of harmony, for the melody and the concord of sweet sounds,—for that which can enchain the ear, and entrance the soul,—for that

which maketh us awhile forget all care, and live only for the present, bidding the past to begone, and the future to wait our leisure,—for that which can raise a new world to our view, a fairy-land for us to inhabit, a sweet, green spot in the desert of life,—for that which can bid the wells of delight to spring from the barren rocks of existence, and cheer our thirsty, fainting souls,—for those magic touches which can change the face of the world to the mind's eye, and bid an Eden bloom around us,—for all these, and much more than my feeble pen is able to express, we should indeed, if we expected to find them, be doomed to a long and bootless search. Hard indeed is our fate!—We are treated with the chirp of a hedge-sparrow for the note of the nightingale;—we are desired to take the cackling of a goose for the warbling of the lyre, and the braying of an ass for the sound of the trumpet. But,—*“revenons à nos moutons.”*

Chaucer, I have said, excels in description. His characters appear, when we read his delineations, as if they had merely slept through the five hundred years that have intervened, and were passing before us in their genuine costume, and with the very air and manner of the 14th century. Let us now raise the curtain, and shew what an *English Merchant* of those times resembled. I have no room this week for more than one character.

‘A Merchant was there with a forked beard,
In motley, and high on his horse he sat:
On his head he had a Flanders beaver-hat.
His boots were clasped fair and handsomely.
His reasons spake he very solemnly;
Sounding away th’ increase of his winning.
He wish’d the sea kept clear for any thing
From Middleburgh¹ as far as to Orwell.²
Well could he crowns in his exchanges sell.
This worthy man full well his wit beest;³
There wist⁴ no person that he was in debt,
So steadfastly all his affairs did go,
Both in his bargains, and his borrowings too.
Forsooth he was a worthy man withal,
But, faith, I wote⁵ not how men do him call.

1 A town in Flanders.

2 A sea-port in Essex.

3 Beest, (*anciently*) to order.

4 Wist, past time of Wits, to know.

5 Wote, know.

ANNUS MIRABILIS!

OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1822.

(From the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

JANUARY.—“Cain, a Mystery,” published by Lord Byron: preface states his lordship’s difficulty in making Lucifer talk like a clergyman. A country vicar proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical Court, for swearing that he had a horse that would gallop to hell: not equally difficult, therefore, to make a clergyman talk like Lucifer. Miss Stephens nearly lost in the *Trifalgar* packet. If she be, as the newspapers say, the Syren of the stage, surely she might laugh at “All the rude dangers of crossing the ocean.” Colonel Thornton proved himself alive, by asserting that he was in the daily practice of swallowing six muffins at breakfast and three pounds of roast or boiled at dinner: this would prove the death of any other man. Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, still acting at the *Adelphi Theatre*, teaching the rising male generation “that great moral lesson,” how to patter slang, mill a lamp-lighter, or box a Charley. A great outcry from Mr. Loveday, who had placed his three daughters for education in a French convent, all the academies in England being full, and who expressed his surprise, on the *Boulevard de Parnasse*, that one of them should have turned Catholic. His subsequent appeal to the Chamber of Deputies unequalled by any production since Macpherson’s *Ossian*. Mr. Southey published a

reply to Lord Byron, wherein he assailed that eccentric nobleman with “whip and branding iron:” the cause alleged to be the following paragraph in an opposition newspaper, under the head of “Births:”—“At his bookseller’s, Mr. Robert Southey, of a still-born Vision of Judgment.” The offence lent: poetical parturitions ought to be commemorated. Constitutional Society kept at bay by Mr. Carlile by means of an apparatus in the Temple of Reason, like that of a cheque-taker in a playhouse: red whiskers kept at bay by Rowland’s Macassar oil. Country Gentlemen “combining and confederating” like so many defendants in a suit in Chancery. The Great King of Prussia sung by Signor Carloni at the Opera-House. Nothing *outré* during the present month on the part of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins; and not a single duel fought in the Phoenix Park by any gentleman with a name commencing with an O or a Mac!

February.—Cobbett patted on the back by some country gentlemen, as much as to say, “Bite the fund-holders.” Olive, Princess of Cumberland, ejected from her lodgings on Ludgate-hill. New tragedy at Drury-lane, called “Owen, Prince of Powys, or Welsh Feuds.” Army of English critics overrun the principality, and extinguished his Highness and his feuds. “The Pirate” bottled in theatrical spirits by Mr. Thomas Dibdin: too volatile: went to sea after a few nights’ confinement. God save the King proved to be the private property of James the First. Insurgent meeting of White Boys at Doneraile, where the following resolution was passed:—“Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burnt, except their coats, which we have occasion for.” Speech from Mr. Thelwall at an agricultural meeting at Epsom; challenged to show where his landed estate lay; whereupon he quoted the two how-pots outside his window in Blackfriars-road. Carlile’s Temple of Janus closed. Orator Hunt’s wife permitted to visit him at Ilchester, on bringing her marriage-certificate in her pocket. Vaccine Inoculation Report; small-pox on the increase, owing to careless vaccination, and the Rev. Rowland Hill admonished to grasp the pulpit-cushion and lay down the lancet. Mozart’s modulation much shaken by Rossini’s rattle. Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey off the roll of attorneys and not on that of Barristers. Between two bundles of hay: but for ass read fox. Injunction dissolved in *Murray v. Benbow*: Cain a mystery no longer. One John Tye executed at the Old Bailey, for uttering forged notes, and one Simon Shake applauded at Covent-garden for a similar offence. Grand chorus of “High Prices” sung by the country gentlemen at York. The Rev. H. H. Milman produced the Martyr of Antioch, and the wife of a labouring man, at Enfield Chase, produced three male infants: the latter are doing well. Cobbett proved to have changed his opinion of Sir Francis Burdett. A still and a quantity of whisky carried off by a revenue party at Derry, with a mob of Irish peasantry clinging to them, like Aboufauoris, the Persian, to the Load-stone Mountain. No child killed by a Paddington coach.

March.—King of Spain lectured by the Cortes. He promises to do so no more. A fire broke out on the premises of a bookseller in Paternoster-row, and over-broiled some beefsteaks at Dolly’s Chophouse. Mr. Hume’s “total of the whole” much distressed: Cobbett sends him his new Grammar. Symptoms of down-fall in the Navy 5 per cents. A collection of penny-wisdom at the Paul’s Head, Cateaton-street, to reimburse Carlile for his pound-foolishness in Fleet-street. Death of Coote’s banker: his will opened in Stratton-street: only £300,000 bequeathed to his poor widow: divers dandies observed to glance a look upward to the drawing-room window in their progress towards the Park. Two silver cups voted to Mr. Kean by the inhabitants of New York, and a lighter laden with coals despatched at the same time to Newcastle. A man unknown arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, and a woman unknown observed to tippie liquid at the bar of Hodges’s prime proof repository in Fleet-market. Lafitte, the Paris banker, much amazed by an application from the executors of one Napoleon Bonaparte. Navy 5 per cents. slain by Mr. Vansittart, and a joint Post-master cut in two by Lord Normanby. Agricultural meeting at the Mermaid, Hackney: toleration of opinion recommended, and Sir J. Gibbons booted off for acting under the recommendation.

Mr. Wyatt charged with attempting to crush a marble monument of George the Third down the throat of the puffin: John Bull has a capacious swallow, and the artist was tempted to put it to the proof. Murder of Mrs. Donatt by persons unknown much talked of, and murder of Sir Archy Macmurchein by Kean not talked of at all. *Comp de grace* to the Navy 5 per cents. given by Mr. Henry Hise: many Jews who attended the funeral seen the next day upon the Royal Exchange with beards half an inch long. The King’s Civil List treated uncivilly by Lord Kings. Cinderella, at the Opera-house, exchanged her glass slipper for a bracelet, the former being too slippery to dance in. Only twelve persons poisoned during the month from mistaking oxalic acid for Epsom salts.

April.—Easter week: all the city at Brighton, to the great annoyance of people of fashion who went there to avoid them: poney-chaises and the Reverend Doctor Pearson. English in Paris estimated at 20,184: marshalled by the Prefect in four divisions, viz: the idle, the sick, the needy, and the disaffected. Appeal to the Court of Cassation: Prefect’s decree affirmed. Nineteen labourers out of work at Stock-bury ordered by overseers to play at marbles from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Fear of them, being widowers went through the ring a second time, and were asked in church the Sunday following. Constitutional Society, being indicted at the Old Bailey, held up their hands and down their heads: Miss Foote much admired in Cherry and Fair Star. The Tom and Jerry fever extending to all the minor theatres: nineteen watchmen prostrate with their boxes on their backs. Preparations in Hyde Park for the reception of the Achilles of Phidias, on his elopement from the Quirinal Hill at Rome. Planet Venus at the same time visible to the naked eye. City Recorder elected *quintidie se bene gesserit*. New Tread-Mill erected at Brixton prison, and business at Union-hall consequently on the decline: prisoners in Newgate comforted by Mrs. Fry, and business at the Old Bailey consequently on the increase. Literary Fund Committee called upon to interdict Mr. Fitzgerald from spouting at their ensuing anniversary: event doubtful, according to Cobbett, who holds that when a man is smitten with the sound of his own voice, nothing short of a sledge-hammer applied to his head will silence him. Martin, the artist, descended into Herculaneum, and resuscitated not quite so plump as when he supped with Belshazzar. Young Watson takes to new rum, and commits a burglary at Balmora. Grand steeple-chase near Blackwater, and a considerable running down of parsons in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. A countryman at Cloamary, county of Donegal, discovered a bottle, and, to his infinite chagrin, in lieu of whisky, found it to contain a mere memorandum relative to the Arctic expedition. Man unknown once more arraigned, and again sported Juniors. Mr. Owen of *Lamark’s* proposal to clothe all the poor in one uniform, and no religion. Harlequin at the Opera-house. Moses in Egypt changed into Peter the Hermit: many pilgrims from Paddington attended the Crusade: all’s fair in love and music. Simile in the Irishman in London, “No more brains than a fiddler,” gave great offence to the leader of the band. Monsieur Pault vaulted from the Academy of Music in Paris, and descended on one foot in the Hay-market. Mr. Kean played Osmyn, in the Castle Spectre, and nearly “made a ghost” of his theatric reputation. Private theatricals at the Lyceum: young Mathews in *Le Comédie d’Etampes*: dubbed a chip of the old block: an old block, indeed, if he allow the experiment to be repeated. Nobody killed by drawing the trigger of a loaded fowling-piece, not knowing it to be charged.

May.—Horse-Bazaar at King-street Barracks: impossible to say nay to any proffered filly, mocking being rude. Good beer began to trickle into the cellars of public-houses, owing to a stir at St. Stephen’s. Agricultural report: patience and water-gruel recommended to country gentlemen. Song, “I love high Rants,” sung by Sir F. Burdett. Piece of plate presented to Alderman Wood: family arms sought for in vain: surrendered on his assumption of the gown: “cedunt arma togæ.” The Lord Chancellor gave judgment on the Doge of Venice, who had, in the mean time, wedded the Waters of Oblivion. One hundred acres of land, in Venezuela, sold by Bolivar at a penny

an acre: Mr. Birkbeck outbidden. Othello stabbed and smothered his wife to a fiddlestick accompaniment at the Opera-house. Mr. Yates in the Law of Java mistaken for Ramo Samee the Indian Juggler. Marriage Act Amendment Bill much canvassed: clause proposed by Lord Erskine, contract determinable every seven years on six months' previous notice. Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund: Chairman's hammer not a sledge one: Mr. Fitzgerald's consequent recitation. Mr. Horatio Orton's dog snatched a hasty repast from the calf of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins's leg. No women run over in Oxford-street, in consequence of crossing the coachway without looking to the right or to the left.

June.—Expansion of Mr. Baring's new mansion in Piccadilly to the utter extermination of the Western side of Bolton-row. Sparring-match at St. Stephen's between Mr. Pascoe Grenfell and the Bank of England. Exhibition at Somerset-House: irruption of one-shilling critics: many a "man unknown" from being designated in the Catalogue "portrait of a gentleman." Hercules in the hall looked gloomy, in apparent envy of the more airy elevation of his naked friend in Hyde Park. Affray of wild Irish in Peter-street, Westminster: Polito rebuked by the magistrates for not keeping his cages better bolted. Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, after being for the ninety-ninth time consigned to the woodman's axe: gardens alleged to unite the varieties of Vauxhall with the elegancies of Ranelagh, like the boy's pennyworth of cheese, which he required to have very long and very thick: new rotatory piece of mechanism, entitled Hep-tap-las-ies-opton: and a dentist's man in waiting to pick up the broken teeth of the pronouncers. Dinner at the Horns, Kennington; Sir Robert Wilson in the chair: all general reflections consequently avoided. Wanstead House advertised for sale. All the world on the Whitechapel-road: Epping-forest strewn with gigs, unharnessed hacknies, and remnants of cold veal and pigeon-pie. Sale of the Fortunes of Nigel checked by that of Robins's Catalogue. Little Waddington elevated from a blanket in Newgate, and discounts in Threadneedle-street depressed to 4 per cent. Mrs. Olivia Serres swore an affidavit with a documental appendix in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons. Plague reported to have broken out in London: two runners despatched by the Lord Mayor to St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's to ascertain the fact; but, their names being Fogg and Leadbetter, they brought back but a confused and heavy story. Don Antonio Francisco Zea arrived in London from the Republic of Colombia: Spanish bonds at a consequent premium, and the Royal Exchange swarmed with foreign brokers. Seven shopkeepers on Ludgate-hill, who had recently taken advantage of the Insolvent Act, were poisoned by drinking seven glasses of noyeau double the usual strength. End of Trinity Term, attended by a great diminution of black coats and white buckles in the parlours of Chancery-lane. Beautiful hill and dale in the Piccadilly pavement.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CRITICISM.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—(No. IV.)

BY S. X.

"It is something strange that a uniform propriety in spelling English words should not have kept pace with other improvements in our language, especially in cases where the true orthography might be ascertained by sure and approved rules."

GENT. MAG. July, 1810.

Wrong.

Right.

37. Acme—

Acmé—

"Its acmé of human prosperity and greatness."

BURKE.

The acute accent ' , and the grave ' , are made upon particular syllables to regulate their pronunciation, the former raising the voice to a higher or more acute pitch, and the latter depressing it to a lower or more grave tone. Some writers of Dictionaries have placed the grave accent on long syllables, and the acute accent, on short syllables. The proper marks, however, for distinguishing long and short syllables are these — , and ~; the latter of which is sometimes called a breve.—When words, usually printed with the accent

on a particular letter, are given in capitals, the accent is omitted, the capital letters being cast without the accents.

38. Alas!—

Alas!—

In Wakefield's pamphlet, entitled "The spirit of Christianity compared with the Spirit of these Times," this word is repeatedly misspelled with double s!

39. Briar—

Brier—

It is remarkable that our great lexicographical luminary, Dr. Johnson, spells this word with an e, and, of course, rejects the vowel a, as erroneous; and yet, in the compound word, *sweet-briar*, he introduces the discarded vowel a, and does not even notice, or in any way refer to, his *quondam* favourite e. Walker follows Johnson of course, and Todd has done the same, without noticing the inconsistency of writing the simple word *briar*, with an a, and the compound, with an e. *Sweet-briar* is sometimes pronounced as if it were written *sweet-breer*; but this is, doubtless, a provincialism.

40. Cantoes—

Cantos; also Folios, Quartos, Octavos, and Duodecimos.

"The World before the Flood," a Poem, in Ten Cantos. By James Montgomery." This word Cantos, it must be allowed, has a more classical appearance without the e; whilst other words, in more common use, such as cargoes, negroes, mottoes, custom and general practice has made familiar to the eye; and the eye is certainly not without its influence, even in the regulation and adjustment of certain moot points in Orthography.

41. Cotemporary—

Contemporary—

We frequently meet with the word cotemporary in the writings of some men; whilst others, of better information, write contemporary. The word should always be spelled contemporary. Cotemporary is a downright barbarism; for the Latins never use co for con, except before a vowel, as coequal, coexistent, coefficient; but before a consonant, they either retain the n, as constitution, or melt it into another letter, as collection, composition, not coposition; also congratulate, not cogratulate.

42. Croud—

Crowd—

43. Desart—

Désert, désert, desèrt—

It is a clear case that, under every circumstance, that is, whatever meaning the word has, and whether the accent be on the first or last syllable, this word is uniformly spelled with an e, in the latter syllable. It is, nevertheless, sometimes, I might say often, printed with an a; as in the following stanza in one of Mrs. Dorset's Poems, annexed to the enlarged edition of her justly admired "Peacock at Home!"

"It chanced with the forest's ample range,
A Bear, sole monarch of the desert dwelt;
Satiate of power, and longing for a change,
He too the weariness of life had felt."

As Mrs. Dorset has written professedly for the use of young persons, and as her Poems, in particular, will be very generally read by the rising generation, any errors in orthography, which may occur in her writings, should be particularly guarded against; since that which we often see in print, we are very apt to think is right.

44. Farewel—

Farewell—

45. It's—

Its—

46. Scite—

Site—local position or situation.

This word is often printed, particularly in newspapers, with a c; though its derivation from the Latin, *situs*, manifestly shews the absurdity of inserting a letter which forms no part of the word from which it is derived.

* Whilst is an adverb of time, and means at the same time, or during a certain portion of time. On the contrary, while is properly a noun substantive, and means a portion of time; as, "pausing a while, thus to herself she mused."—(Milton.) Whiles and whilst were formerly used indiscriminately, but the former is now become obsolete.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO EUSTACE ST. CLERE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—Having referred agreeably to the subjoined letter, I find that the doctrine, stated therein, is advanced by you. On the elucidation of the difficulty, you will oblige the readers of the Iris generally, by requesting "A Machine-Maker" to explain how "IN THE WAY OF TRADE" he intends to benefit by the information.

Your's obediently,
EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,—Mechanics have been my principal study for about 30 years. During this period I have assisted in the completion of several pieces of Mechanism; many of which were curious, and to persons less acquainted with the business, appeared really strange and mysterious. Yet, though strange, complex, and mysterious, they were all regulated by the "theory of motion," and produced certain, determinate effects.

In the "Manchester Iris" of Saturday last, page 3, col. 2, Mr. ST. CLERE affirms that "the HUMAN MIND is a strange, mysterious MACHINE;" This I have considered in almost every possible view, but cannot in any one obtain the same conclusion. However, seeing that that gentleman is learned, ingenious, and studious of the "ease and comfort" of the ignorant, I take the liberty of soliciting that he will favour me with the solution of a point which may prove not only generally interesting, but of infinite importance in the way of Trade to,

Your's &c.
A MACHINE-MAKER.

The SUBSCRIBERS to the MANCHESTER IRIS are respectfully informed that the TITLE PAGE and INDEX, for the year 1822, will be delivered GRATIS, on Saturday next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A lengthy conversational introduction to the "Beauties of English Poetry" appeared in our last.—The condescension of Mr. St. Clere in giving instruction to sincere inquirers, naturally involves him in frequent argument.—Nor can we lament that disquisition arises from this gentleman's gratuitous labours, seeing that we derive such material benefit from his extensive knowledge and critical acumen.—"Poetry" and the "true sources of Poetry" are well defined in his paper No. II.; in No. III. we observe a course of study marked out which cannot but prove interesting to all who would court the Muse to advantage; and in No. IV. (contained in our present number) will be found illustrative dissertation which we consider as being nothing inferior to our best and most popular lectures on the same subject.—Our poetical correspondents will, we are sure, confirm our remarks; and not feel in the least dissatisfied with us for deferring their communications whilst the valuable papers of Mr. St. C. are on hand.

The "Romanus of Llewellyn" is likely to be rescued from oblivion by the ability and spirit of our correspondent E.—With this charming poem, which is of very considerable length, the Iris will be enriched and its readers entertained for some time.

'Singular Biography'—the communication by 'Georgius'—The Sketch by 'Horace'—'S. W.' To a Young Lady—'Myself', on the Author of Waverley—and 'Ajax Flaggellifer' on the Essay of Britannicus, shall appear in course.

The Solution (of a "Juvénile Circle's" Puzzle) by our Red-Cross-Street correspondent is incorrect.—And T. T. is informed that it is "practicable."

The first communication of "A Subscriber" was forwarded to the author of the "Secret Writing" for the purpose of ascertaining the accuracy or inaccuracy of the words pointed out; we hope to receive it in time for our next.

The Stanzas by W. I. have not sufficient claims to originality for insertion.

TRAGIC! Who? and Whence? are equally irrelevant.—We have nothing to do with either connexion or country; the man in character alone concerns us.—The pleasure which would arise from a compliance with T.'s request, could hardly counterbalance the certain uneasiness and dissatisfaction.

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No. 51.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

FOR THE IRIS.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

No. V.

BETWEEN the mere narrator of past events and the philosophical historian, there is an evident line of distinction. Whilst the former presents us with a meagre outline, the latter gives a finished picture. The value of the one must be estimated by the importance of the subject on which he treats: with the other this is a thing of little consideration. He throws a verdant tinge over the most barren; clothes the most unpromising with attractive graces; and gives to the most uninteresting a deep and lasting interest. He combines, in an eminent degree, amusement with serious study: when the historian can no longer amuse, the philosopher steps in to instruct us: wearied with the speculations of philosophy, we return with renewed delight to the unfatiguing narrative of the historian. Thus the mind is equally removed from constant and severe exertion on the one hand, and idle indifference on the other.

The present age abounds in well told narrative; but it has produced little that deserves the dignified title of history. Content with a simple relation of facts and occurrences, our modern historians have seldom attempted the arduous task of tracing up effects to their distant and unseen causes. If they have ever aspired at any thing more than simple narrative, it has been to deck in gorgeous colours the events they record; to paint realities in the overheated style of fiction; to give to history all the glow and fervour of poetic inspiration. And in this it must be acknowledged they have abundantly succeeded.

Amongst the few living historians whose names are likely to descend to future ages, we notice the author of the "History of the Crusades." MR. MILLS seems to possess a correct idea of the true nature of historical excellence. He has succeeded in uniting the unsociable characteristics of the imaginative and the philosophical style. Whenever his subject will admit them, he lavishly scatters the flowers of rhetoric; and paints with elegance and beauty, rather than minute correctness. His sentences are well turned and harmonious; and this, in works designed as much for amusement as instruction, is no small advantage. But it is not for its outward appearance and elegant attire alone, that the "History of the Crusades" deserves attention. It contains much deep reasoning and sound philosophy. Its author has taken up the subject in a bold and masterly manner; and has made the historical narration subservient to the profound remarks which it almost appears to illustrate rather than to occasion.—We rejoice to see that a history of the Roman empire, from its foundation to its final overthrow, is announced by Mr. Mills. If equal to his other productions, it will be no contemptible rival to the history of Gibbon. In Gibbon there is

much to condemn. He has but few of those remarks which are the evidence of a profound and enlightened mind; and these few are buried amidst the gorgeous furniture of his elaborated sentences. His periods follow each other with an undulating kind of motion; and even in his variety (if we may so speak) there is monotony. Upon the whole, Gibbon is wanting in energy and muscular strength. He reminds us of the enervating luxuriance of an Eastern climate: all around looks gay and flourishing; but the inhabitants are totally unfit for great and harrassing exertions.

In divinity the present age can boast of many able writers. DOCTOR CHALMERS is the most popular. The work upon which his future fame will probably be grounded, is the Lectures on Astronomy. These are throughout highly ingenious, and not unfrequently they rise into true sublimity. The ideas are—to us at least—perfectly novel: they show an amazing power of conception, and bear the impress of exalted genius: but they are not very numerous. Throughout each sermon, one grand idea presents itself under a great variety of circumstances. It is offered to the reader's notice again and again, couched under a new figure, or concealed under a different phraseology. The style of Doctor Chalmers is faulty in the extreme. Words are heaped upon one another without regard to the rules of grammar, and even without the slightest meaning. The sentences are involved and obscure, sometimes absolutely unintelligible. The language can scarcely be called English: it abounds in new-fangled and high-sounding expressions, which never yet have found a place in the language of our country, and, it is to be hoped, never will. These seem to have been adopted either to render the style lofty and imposing; or to save the writer from the trouble of seeking for correct and elegant expressions.—But Doctor Chalmers is no less peculiar in his mode of writing than of thinking. In both he is without a model—in the former may he long remain without an imitator!

The politicians of the day are innumerable: in general they do not evince any extraordinary talent or extensive knowledge. Cobbett, however, is an exception. To a mind of extensive grasp he joins great acquisitions in general literature. Indeed, he seems to imagine that no knowledge beyond his own sphere is worth possessing: and consequently speaks with contempt of classical literature. His style is bold, nervous, simple, yet not destitute of ornament. He is often coarse and vulgar; addressing himself to the most uneducated he assimilates his style to their taste and capacity; and therefore is unfit to be viewed as a model for imitation. Between Cobbett and Dean Swift there is a striking analogy. It extends not only to their methods of thought and expression, but also to their private characters. But we cannot here enter at length upon the subject; and are the more inclined to put a stop to our remarks, as we do not feel anxious to be numbered amongst the disciples, and are equally unwilling to be

thought the enemies of one whose style and talents are no less the subject of debate, than the principles of which he has long been the powerful advocate.

Liverpool.

J. B. M.

REVIEW.

NOTES DURING A VISIT TO EGYPT, NUBIA, THE OASIS, MOUNT SINAI, AND JERUSALEM. By Sir Frederick Henneker, Bart. London 1823.

This volume is just suited to our taste,—it contains *much* in a moderate compass! Sir Frederick never tires us by spinning out his remarks and descriptions to an almost imperceptible tenuity. His candour is equally singular; and we scarcely hesitate to affirm, that, with inferior talent, and less information, the pretensions of other travellers are infinitely higher. Sir F. says:—

‘With respect to the scene of my travels, I did not advance beyond the neighbourhood of the second cataract, and I made but a short visit to the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem. As to the subject, I may observe, that my delight was rather in nature than in works of art: of the latter, indeed, I have not omitted the name of any object, and have particularly mentioned such features as sufficiently interested me while on the spot to take drawings of. In speaking of the people, I am, *perhaps*, in some few instances, deceived, either by vulgar errors or by wantonness: but, in general, I have related only such anecdotes as appeared to me to be characteristic, and such as I practically learnt.’

Our author's description of Jerusalem is so perspicuous, concise, and interesting, that we cannot, in justice to our readers, omit it;—

‘Jerusalem is called, even by Mohammedans, “The Blessed City”—the streets of it are narrow and deserted—the houses dirty and ragged—the shops few and forsaken—and throughout the whole there is not one symptom of either commerce, comfort, or happiness.—“Is this the city that men call the Perfection of Beauty, the Joy of the whole earth!”

‘The town, which appears to me not worth possession, even without the trouble of conquest, is walled entirely round; it is about a mile in length, and half a mile in width, so that its circumference may be estimated at three miles; in three quarters of an hour I performed the circuit. It would be difficult to conceive how it could ever have been larger than it now is; for, independent of the ravines, the four outsides of the city are marked by the brook of Siloa, by a burial place, at either end, and by the hill of Calvary; and the hill of Calvary is now within the town, so that it was formerly smaller than it is at present. The best view of it is from the the Mount of Olives; it commands the exact shape, and nearly every particular, viz. the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Armenian Convent, the mosque of Omar, St. Stephen's Gate, the round topped houses, and the barren vacancies of the city. Without the walls are a Turkish burial-ground, the tomb of David, a small grove near the tombs of the kings, and all the rest is a surface of rock, on which are a few numbered trees. The mosque of Omar is the Saint Peter's of Turkey, and the respective saints are held respectively by their own faithful, in equal veneration. The building itself has a light pagoda

appearance; the garden in which it stands occupies a considerable part of the city; and, contrasted with the surrounding desert, is beautiful; but it is forbidden ground, and Jew or Christian entering within its precinct, must, if discovered, forfeit either his religion or his life. Lately, as a traveller was entering the city, a man snatched part of his luggage from the camel, and fled here for shelter. A few days since a Greek Christian entered the mosque; he was a Turkish subject, and servant to a Turk; he was invited to change his religion, but refused, and was immediately murdered by the mob. His body remained exposed in the street, and a passing Mussulman, kicking up the head, exclaimed—"That is the way I would serve all Christians." One of the methods of justifying an assault, and of extorting money, is by swearing to have seen a Christian in the mosque, or to have heard him blaspheme the Prophet; and false witnesses to the fact are very readily found. In my ascent up the Mount of Olives, a slave amused himself by pelting me with stones, and, on proceeding to punish him, my attendant called me off from the pursuit, and told me that Blackie would probably swear to have heard me blaspheme the Prophet; and slaves are doubly protected—by the laws, and by their masters.

'The fountain of Siloa is so inconsiderable, and water altogether so scarce, that when my friend, Mr. Grey, inquired the way to it, the person refused to tell him, giving him as a reason—"You will write it in your book, and I vow to God that we shall have no water next year."

'The tomb of David is held in great respect by the Turks, and to swear by it is one of their most sacred oaths. The tomb of the Kings is an inconsiderable excavation in the rock: three small chambers, in which are receptacles for the coffins; the lid of a sarcophagus, of tolerable workmanship, remains yet unbroken, as also a stone door. In the Aeldama, or field of blood, is a square building, into which are thrown the bones of strangers who may happen to die there. This side of the mountain is pock-marked with sepulchral caves, like the hills at Thebes: concerning these Dr. Clarke has made mention. The burial-place of the Jews is over the valley of Kedron, and the fees for breaking the soil afford a considerable revenue to the governor. The tomb of Jehosaphat is respected; but at the tomb of Absalom every Jew, as he passes, throws a stone, not like the Arab custom in so doing to perpetuate a memory, but to overwhelm it with reproach: among the tombs is one having an Egyptian torus and cornice, and another surmounted by a pyramid on a Grecian base, as if the geniuses of the two countries had met half way. There is, however, nothing so disagreeable in these combinations, as in the deviations from architecture by Mr. N. The burial-place of the Turks is under the walls, near St. Stephen's Gate: from the opposite side of the valley, I was witness to the ceremony of parading a corpse round the mosque of Omar, and then bringing it forth for burial. I hastened to the grave, but was soon driven away; as far as my 'on dit' tells me, it would have been worth seeing: the grave is strawn with red earth, supposed to be of the Ager Damascenis, of which Adam was made; by the side of the corpse is placed a stick, and the priest tells him that the Devil will tempt him to become a Christian, but that he must make good use of his stick, &c.

'The church of the Holy Sepulchre is a small unworthy building: it is held in respect by the Turks, inasmuch as they allow that our Saviour was a holy man, and it is guarded by them, as they derive great benefit by a poll-tax levied upon pilgrims at admission. It is the scene of hypocrisy, brutalization, and contention. The miracle of calling fire from heaven is more palpable, and is more unpardonable, than the melting of the blood of St. Januarius: the orgies that take place upon the occasion, are worse than Bacchanalian, and the hatred existing between the Greek and Latin Christians is diabolical: there was lately an attempt to massacre the latter in the very church. The Greeks, having most money to pay the governor, have the greatest possessions in the building, and they have at present immured the tomb of Geoffroi: every stone is contended for by rival parties, and becomes a source of wealth to Mohammedans. The Jew may not pre-

sume to enter even the court-yard of the temple; I saw one unfortunate wretch dragged in, and, before he was kicked out, he was severely beaten by both Christians and Turks. These outcasts are so thoroughly despised, that an angry Arab will sometimes curse a man by calling him, "you Jew of a Christian."

'The *on dit* that conducted me through the regular routine, pointed out first the Via Dolorosa, by which our Saviour carried the cross; and here was the house of Pilate; and here was the prison of Peter; and, among various identical places, were those, where Stephen was stoned, where Judas betrayed his master with a kiss, where our Saviour composed the Lord's Prayer, and whence he ascended into heaven. But there is no box of sweetmeats, no museum of relics; no Virgin's garment, as at Aix-la-Chapelle; no part of the crown of thorns, as in the church of St. Cecilia at Rome; no vessel full of the Virgin's milk, as in the Basilica di S. Croce. There is scarcely one visible object, excepting part of the pillar to which our Saviour was bound, and even this is rather to be felt than seen; you are allowed to touch it with a stick, and to see if you can by a rushlight. I wished, but in vain, to discover if it were of the same materials as that shown at Rome, and to which is attached the same account.

'As in Greece there is not a remarkable hill without a fable, so in Palestine there is not a cave nor a stone without some historical anecdote from the New Testament. The generality of pilgrims to Jerusalem are Greeks; they bring acceptable offerings, and are probably unable to read: and, therefore, the method of the cicerone to make them acquainted with the life of our Saviour is commendable; even the Old Testament is not forgotten, though Titus is: the pool of Beersheba and David's Tower are still pointed out to believing pilgrims. There has been but little variation in enumerating the objects of curiosity for the last two hundred years, whether in Latin, Italian, French, or English: Quaresmus is the most copious and correct, old Maundrell the most unaffected, and Chateaubriand the most enthusiastic. The best description of the town is by Jeremish.

'A cave on the Mount of Olives is pointed out as having been the abode of the Apostles, and from this spot I took a drawing of Jerusalem.

CRITICISM.

COCK ROBIN.

[The following *Jeu d'esprit* is extracted from that interesting Metropolitan Periodical—"The Museum." The Editor very appropriately reminds us of Addison's elaborate critique on the lyric ballad of *Chevy-Chase*, and the analysis of the *Knave of Hearts* in the *Microcosm*.]

Ploratus, mortis comites, et funeris atril—*Lucret, lib. 2.*

The lovers of poetry, who feel that they cannot aspire to the rewards of fame, will best testify their zeal for the interests of literature by the endeavour to do justice to the merits of neglected authors. Impressed with these sentiments, it was with considerable pleasure I first discovered the beauty of a poem, of which, till lately, I had but a slight acquaintance.

In criticising a poetical composition, the attention is directed, first, to the *subject*. Of all subjects, the most interesting to man, as a reasonable being, are the incidents which mark the effects of the various passions.* Of these, the best adapted for the display of striking and sublime events, of noble sentiments, of poetical excellence, are the sympathies of generous friendship; and there is no occasion where that virtue can be more successfully depicted, than when premature death in vain endeavours to sever the sacred tie. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus in the *Æneid*, and the verse where Homer bids the stubborn soul of Achilles dissolve in torrents over the lifeless Patroclus, speak volumes on this subject.

The poem under consideration presents to us a murdered corse, surrounded by friends whom the virtues of the deceased had conciliated. Thirsting for revenge, they cry aloud for the assassin; with the liveliest solicitude they enquire the circumstance of the catastrophe, and contend in generous emulation to pay the

last honours to the loved remains. The group is deeply affecting. The sympathising reader is borne along in the tumult of conflicting passions; and I envy not the feelings of that man who, without sharing in the emotion of the speaker, can read, in the opening of the poem, that impassioned interrogation,—

Who killed Cock Robin?

The *exordium* deserves particular notice. It is sublimely abrupt. A truly poetical spirit rushes at once into the subject. It is left to minor poets to describe the time and place with a *certainty* sufficient for the precision of judicial proceedings. The greater bard stops not, as it were, to knock at the door, and formally demand admittance, but throws himself alertly through the window, and presents himself *sans cérémonie*, before his astonished audience. It appears that the groans of the feathered hero have hurried his alarmed companions to witness the melancholy confirmation of their apprehensions. The vile assassin, too much absorbed in the gratification of his diabolical vengeance to consult the means of safety, is found near the fatal spot, feasting his eyes with the sufferings of his victim. The poet here takes occasion to display the force of *contrast*. The murderer—surrounded—desperate—avows the deed with a degree of horrible exultation, that serves admirably to heighten the effect produced by the sympathy of the spectators:—

Who killed Cock Robin?

I—says the Sparrow.

Not content with this callous confession, he dwells with delight on the act, and triumphantly shows the instruments of vengeance:—

I (says the Sparrow)

With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin!

The purposes of *contrast* being thus attained, we are not hurt by any further exhibition of the monster, and imagination hurries him away to ignominy and tortures.

But did Robin fall alone, unheeded?—Was no friend present to compose his ruffling plumes, to restrain the convulsive outstretching of his claws, or to catch the breath which quivered on his beak? These are the next tender inquiries, expressed with an admirable brevity:—

Who saw him die?

I, says the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die!

Such is the reply given by little *Musea*, (with a simplicity peculiar to his nature) and eagerly vouching that he was an actual eye-witness of the afflicting scene. The judgment of the bard is conspicuous in having made *Musea* and *Picris* the only spectators of the catastrophe. Since these were unable, the one from his diminutive stature, and the other from his local situation, to arrest the fatal stroke.—The poem proceeds:—

Who caught his blood?

I, says the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood!

Nothing can be more natural than this description of the endeavour to preserve by some relic the memory of one so dear. The revenues of whole provinces have cheaply purchased the parings of saintly nails; and what could, to the companions of Robin, be a more valuable memorial than his blood—or a plume dipped in the precious stream?

The unhappy circle now hasten to prepare the rites of sepulture. Soberness, little model of industry, will furnish the sad robe of death; gifted by nature with acutely-feeling horns, to what so commendable office could she apply:—

Who'll make the shroud?

I, says the Beetle,
With my thread and needle,
And I'll make the shroud.

The sagacious emblem of science, *Minerva's* bird, becomes the architect of the narrow house of mortality. How fit an agent; With what decorous gravity—in what impressive silence would he not discharge his duties!—One *Corvus* volunteers to be priest, whose solemn voice and sable vestments accorded with the sacerdotal office:—

* Vide Aristotle's Poetics.

† See Horace—De Arte Poet. 'Multaque tolles, &c.

Who'll be the Parson?
I, says the *Rook*,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

The tuneful *Aloude* also offers her assistance:

Who'll be the clerk?
I, says the Lark,
Though it is in the dark.

In no instance, perhaps, is the judgment of the poet more happily evinced, than in the reply of the Lark. It marks most forcibly the strength of her attachment. To no inhabitant of the air is the bright day more delightful, or the night more abhorrent. But midnight being selected as the fit hour for the observance of the mournful rites, the feelings of the friend overcome the antipathies of nature, and the melody of the Lark with an earth-born angel's voice, comes to swell the mournful hymn of death.

The noble example is eagerly followed; to bear the pall, to bring the torch, to sound the knell, are objects of generous competition.

And let it not be supposed that so perfect a poet as the author of the *Cocco-Robiniad* could overlook any portion of the solemn pomp and circumstance calculated to deepen the melancholy scene. How imperfect had been the effect of the bard's description, if the funeral had taken place in the gaudy glare of day, where the laughing sunshine would seem but to mock the sorrowing group; and how beautifully is the hour of midnight selected, when the torch may fling its red and pitchy smoke on the gloomy scene:—

Who'll carry the link?
I, says the Linnet.

The same impatient solicitude to testify the last mark of respect to the defunct hero, which characterises the other personages in the poem, is evinced by the Linnet. Without a moment's delay she offers her services:—

I, says the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link.

After such an affecting scene, it is imperiously necessary that the mind of the reader be prepared and tranquillised for the succeeding verse. He has been horror-struck in the commencement of the poem by atrocity and blood, he has then been carried along by the tumultuous exertion of anxious officiousness; and the attention is now, as it should be, relieved by some soft and amiable object on which it can dwell with tender pleasure. How then has the poet met the expectation of the reader by passages beyond the puny carplings of *Zoilus*:—

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, says the Dove,
For I mourn for my Love,
And I'll be chief mourner.

How soft, how polished, are the thoughts and words; how exquisite is the poetic tact and taste: "I mourn for my Love."—Sweet bird! Thou shalt indeed be chief mourner, for thou art alone fit for so tender an office. Equally judicious is the 'keeping' in the other characters, as they appear in order on the stage:—

Who'll bear the pall?
We, says each Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen,
And we'll bear the pall.

The distinguishing feature of the poem, the warm eagerness of Robin's friends, is here again discernible. It was not enough that one Wren should spring forward to offer his best services. Both the Cock and the Hen, forsaking their own nest, and deaf to the chirpings of their unsledged offspring, unite to bear the pall.

The two following stanzas present nothing particularly worthy of remark. But in this very want of interest the art of the poet is conspicuous. He has dexterously withheld all splendour or passion from these verses, to render more impressive the close of the elegy:—

Who'll sing a psalm?
I, says the Thrush,
As she sat on a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.
Who'll toll the bell?
I, says the Bull,
Because I can pull:

Mark the close of the verse:—

So, Cock Robin—Farewell!

What a moving cadence: "Cock Robin—Farewell!"

—How admirably does it lead us to the peroration, which I never yet could read without diluting with my tears the contents of my inkstand:—

All the birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor dead Cock Robin!
To MORTA VOLUCRES, te turba ferarum,
Flevertur.—OVID.

In an elegy like the one before us, the moral must not be disregarded; and here let me remark, that the bard purposed to convey, by allegory, a lesson pregnant with invaluable instruction; and in availing himself of the agency of the plumed, in preference to non-plumed bipeds, he is justified by the example of Homer himself, who deemed the mortal strife of the frog and the mouse a subject not unworthy of his lyre. The moral of the *Cocco-Robiniad* is striking and was once new, and has been therefore imitated by most of our modern poets. It teaches us the excellence of that bond of union denominated friendship, and the high degree of affection with which the memory of him is cherished who has conciliated the good-will of his fellow-creatures, when compared with the remembrances attached to one who has pursued an opposite line of conduct;—and, in fine, it inculcates the impressive truth, that *virtue is its own reward*!

Having considered the subject, weighed the merits of the particular stanzas, and deduced the moral of the story; we must advert to the excellence of the style, and the beauty of the numbers. But this, as our learned and lengthy divines say, will form the subject of our next week's discourse.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.

(From Grimm's German Popular Stories.)

There was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she became an old woman again. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green under-wood beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill: Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing,

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day!"

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned

to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu! Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, or speak, or stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came pale and meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? He could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sung with a

"Till the prisoner's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charin is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!"

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda; but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?"

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day early in the morning he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.

Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him, for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower,—and his Jorinda was before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily many years.

POETRY.

THE ROMAUNT OF LLEWELLYN;
(Continued.)

CANTO I.—PART II.

XXIII.

O'er the wide sea the moon was gleaming high ;—
The seaman's voice was mute ;—the vessel tight
Held on her way ;—now would Llewellyn try
How mote his citterne sound on such a night :—
For, skill'd was he to wake, with finger light,
Its alumbering strings, and bid them breathe again
Their tales of love, and teen, and fate's despite !
And now, careering o'er that moonlit main,
He woke, with voice and hand, this long-remember'd
strain.

XXIV.

A lay it was of simplest melodie,
Aforetime framed ;—when first his bosom heaved
To the strange magic of a woman's ee ;—
Or e'er his heart with hopeless passion grieved ;—
Or e'er of all he found himself bereaved,
That may delight the soul of trusting man ;—
While hope, the syren, sang ; and he,—believed !
O'er the wild-warbling wires he lightly ran
His plaintive touch, and then this lowly lay began !

1.

'Ellenore,—thy cheek is pale !
The rose doth to the lily veil !
Ladye, those sweet lips of thine,
No more like lush carnations shine !
Life of mine, thy languid form
Droops like the snowdrop in the storm !

2.

'Ladye dear,—yet do I feel
Just as in thy days of weal !
Flame so pure, so bright as mine,
Changeth not for change of thine !
Ellenore,—my heart, my love,
One, through weal and woe, shall prove !

3.

'Yet,—thou loved one,—shouldst thou die,
Not one tear should dim this eye !
Small, sweet lady, were the grief
That in tears mote find relief !
The heart that deeply, truly, feels,—
Within its inmost core conceals !

4.

'Ellenore,—then if thou die
Not from me should steal one sigh !
Soul of mine, this heart should break
Ere sigh or tear its grief mote speak !
For, I wote, they all are vain
When hope and life no more remain !

5.

'At such dread moment,—all were still,
As on the height of Athos' hill !
Where, 'tis said, no breezes bland
Disturb the track traced on the sand !
And no softly falling shower
Calls from the sullen earth a flower !

6.

'Well I ween, I soon should lie
In the grave so peacefully !
Never more to know or feel,
What sighs and tears may not reveal !
Love as truthful, grief as true,
As a poor broken heart e'er knew !

XXV.

So sang Llewellyn,—o'er the silent main
Floated the gentle accents far away ;—
Unheard, ywis, by mortal ear the strain,
Save his, who framed the sorrow-speaking lay ;
And the rude steersman's,—who did rather pay
His mute attention to the quivering steel,
That show'd him o'er the deep his dubious way,—
Unto the veering prow, and guiding wheel,—
Than to the simple song that says what lovers feel !

XXVI.

Agon he struck the strings of his guitar,
And woke a sad and touching symphony :—
'Twas like,—the sound of waters from afar,—
Or mocking brooklet softly bubbling by,—

Or trees that answer to young zephyr's sigh !
Such have I heard,—percase again may hear,—
Which brought sweet dreams afore my pensive eye,
Of joyance gone, and scenes most sweet and dear,
When I had but begun my boyhood's gay career.

1.

'Gaily we, in boyhood's hours,
Through sweet scenes of joyance goe,
Plucking pleasure's short-lived flowers,—
Weetless then of future woe !
Haughtily, in youthhede's prime,
Many a lofty wish is framed ;—
Eye of fire, and brow sublime,
Show the heart as yet untamed !

2.

'Dole in derne survenes at last,—
Weeping teares and sorrowing sighs !
Wearily each day is past,
Bootless then are former joys !—
Slowly hours of sorrow roll !—
Swiftly happy moments fly !—
Longer is a day of dole,
Than a year,—an age of joye !'

XXVII.

Such was the lay ;—and, well I ween, that lay,
Linkt with sweet sounds, of melancholy tone,—
Mote bleeding heart and anguish'd sprite appay
With thoughts that dwell on sorrows like its own !
Such solace springs from sympathy alone,
That, from another's woe knows how to extract
A charm to still the deeply mutter'd groan,—
To calm the breast with hopeless anguish rackt,
And hush to slumber woes, the which too long have waked !

XXVIII.

The wanderer now a loftier prelude tried,
That breathed of battles,—of expiring groans,—
Of chiefs that mid the maddening conflict died,—
Of widows' plainings, and of orphans' moans,—
And all that man's unceasing discord owns !
It was a strain a warrior's breast to please,
Whose softer thoughts ambition's clarion drowns !
The prelude ended, to the wide-spread seas
And starry skies he sung this lay of elder Greece.

1.

'My brand I'll bear with myrtle branches drest ;
As, erst, that peerless pair of brothers bore
The blades, which pierced a tyrant's haughty breast,
And made their native Athens free once more !
Blest youth, for thee death vainly spread his toils,
Beloved Harmodius ;—for legends tell
That, with Tydides, in the happy isles,
And with Achilles swift of foot, you dwell,

2.

'My brand I will, with myrtle boughs, disguise ;
As, erst, those noble brothers bore their blades,—
When, at Minerva's solemn sacrifice,
They sent the haughty tyrant to the shades.
Thy fame, beloved Harmodius, ne'er shall fade !
Aristogeiton's glory shall remain !—
For that, unto the tyrant's heart, the blade
Ye plunged, and made your Athens free again !'

XXIX.

Ill a light citterne soited lay so bold ;—
Ill match'd a gentle voice so rude a strain !
That voice, those strings, seld had aforetime told
Of aught but love ;—and of his pleasing pain,
And soul-breathed sighs ;—and of the haught disdain
That woman's wanton heart so often shows
To humble troth ;—and now he turns again
To the sweet theme ;—for sweet are all love's woes,
Sweeter by far, perdie, than the death-like repose

XXX.

Of cold, unfeeling hearts ;—ay, lay me down
To die or to renounce my deep-fixt love ;
I would not change, not for the richest crown
That the earth owns ;—so be I might not prove
The warm, fond, love-born wish, that, interweave
With every thought, gives life its sweetest zest,—
Else wellnigh worthless,—and not much above
What nature hath allow'd even to the beast,
That, once with grazing fill'd, there lays him down to rest.

XXXI.

This life,—which witless mortals precious deem,—
With all that wisdom, wealth, or power e'er gave,

Fame's dear-bought breath, or mad ambition's dream,
Hath not a single heartfelt blessing, save
The charm of mutual love !—Still do we crave
Something, but wote not well what it may be !—
That nameless something, in which we would lave
Our hearts and souls, is sacred sympathy,—
When virtue's bands unite two minds eternallye !

XXXII.

But, to my theme :—he turn'd to love again,
And sang a lay, as ye full soon shall hear ;
A gentle lay, that well exprest the pain
Of despised love, and show'd the fickle fair
One's plighted troth, which he had held so dear,
Broken like a reed :—and, as he sang, the strings
Were wet, I ween, with many a dropping tear ;—
For many a thought of past imaginings,
Deep-buried in his breast, agen to light it brings !

1.

'On seeming smiles and gentle guise relying,—
The while his heart with newborn rapture beats,—
What witless wight, for thee, thou false one, sighing,
In whisper'd tones his tale of love repeats ?
For whom are now those dark-brown ringlets waving
Thy neck around, with such unstudied grace ?
For whom is now that beauteous bosom heaving ?
Who gazes on that soul-bewildering face ?

2.

'Alas, though now he hail the soft emotion
Thy fond caress and winning words impart,—
Soon shall he find thee trothless as the ocean !
Soon shall keen anguish strike his trusting heart !
Unhappy me !—thy fleeting smiles believing,
I deem'd I aye should find thee true and kind,—
When, as my heart was lost beyond retrieving,
My fondest hopes were scatter'd to the wind !'

XXXIII.

Such song he sung ;—and, sooth to say, it came
Even from his inmost soul, and did express
The tortures of a bosom where hope's flame
Was quenched in waves of bale and bitterness !
Well spoke the trembling strings the dire distress,
And derne despair of a love-wounded soul,
Wellnigh y sunk beneath the heaviness
Of all the woes, in one dark tide that roll !

Aye me,—meseems too true, that man is made for dole !

XXXIV.

And now, strain after strain, he pours them forth,—
Albe that none of whom he recks may hear ;—
Each lay gives to another lay its birth,
The night, the air, so gentle are, and clear,—
And former thoughts, and feelings that were dear,
With force impetuous rush upon the mind !—
Soon days gone by, and distant scenes are near,—
The present is as nothing,—for behind
To joyance past he turns,—yet may no solace find !

XXXV.

For what is joy, present or past ?—A dream,
Perdie,—and this each mortal wight shall know !
The life of man is not what it doth seem
Unto the unpractised youth !—for all, I trow,
Or soon or late, shall find it teem with woe !
Except, in sooth, the young, who by the grace
Of heaven, which ruleth this spot of dirt below,
Are early laid at rest,—ere yet the face
They meet of fell adversity, or learn to trace

XXXVI.

The gloomy march of life by sighs and tears !
Ah me,—let never wight, in highest glee,
Forget that after gladness woe appears,
A guest unbid,—unwelcome too,—how be !
Yet, certain as the tempest to the sea,
As death to them that live !—Even such the fate
Of earth's tear-nurtured sons, by heaven's decree !
With joyance, then, let none be too elate,—
But evermore in mind bear their uncertain state !

XXXVII.

Well I remember me,—while yet a boy,
From a wise dame learnt I a cunning tale ;—
That, after bale, there sometimes springeth joy,—
But, after pleasure, dole doth aye prevail !
For sisters twain they be, and never fail,
Together linkt, o'er the wide world to range !
So, take them as ye may,—first laugh, then wail,
As oftener is our lot,—ne deem it strange,
If momentary joy to long impleasance change !

XXXVIII.

And, sooth to say, 'tis but a troublous dream,
This life that we possess;—which, whether 'twere
In wrath or kindness given us, is a theme
Of meditation awful, deep, severe!
Wise to my mind that saying doth apper
Which erst the sage of Salamis did give,—
'Call no one blessed, till the funeral bier
His lifeless frame receive;—with all that live,
Or e'er their dying hour, with adverse fate may strive!'
(To be continued.)

TO MY MOTHER!

ON COMING OF AGE.

Full oft my fa'vrite harp I've strung,
Midst scenes of pleasure, and delight,
When hope, and joy on tip-toe sprang;
To chase the gloom of sorrow's night;
When friendship wreath'd my youthful brow
With laurels from the warmest breast;
And love still pledg'd her dearest vow,
Or fondly midst my cares—carest!
When morning bid me sigh farewell!
Such moments, oh! what tongue can tell!

Yet, Mother, midst this changing scene,
My lyre hath never sung of thee,
Though as the oak to ivy green,
All that is dear art thou to me.
The burning thirst for future fame,
That grief and gloom could well repay;
The ardent impulse for a name
O'er which bright fortune cast a ray,
These, these the youthful bosom cheer,
But still to me, thou'rt far more dear.

My Mother!—'twas that tender name,
Which first my infant lips could say;
(Alas! no Father could I claim—
In death's cold arms he silent lay)
And when my prattling tongue could tell
The story of my infant toils,
Attentive on each theme thou'dst dwell,
And crown me with approving smiles;
Smooth down my ambient locks, and pray
That I might live to know this day.

And I have reach'd this wish'd for day!
Light as a feather in the air,
I've wing'd my silent trackless way,
With scarce a trace of dark despair.
For midst the throng of care or grief,
Thy dictates (ever kindly given)
Taught me a wounded heart's relief,
Was in the smiling Hope of Heaven?
Yet still I wander from the road
Which leads me to a — God!

Yes, 'twas thy fost'ring tender care,
That snatch'd me from the rav'nous grave,
That bid me think not of despair,
But sickness, death, and sorrow brave.
'Twas thou who watch'd me when I slept,
Who fondly hung around my bed;
And when affliction came, thou wept,
And tried to ease my aching head;
Still watch'd with ever anxious eye,
And scarcely dar'd to breathe a sigh!

Have I forgot thee—no, thy name
Is wound around my fervent heart:
Thine may be sorrow's pang or flame,
Yet still we'll never, never part.
When age appears—(and time will come)
My heart shall bound to lend thee aid;
And should the cold and silent tomb
Be thine, ere all thy worth's repaid
Then may we meet, when time shall be no more,
Nor e'en a ruffled wave shall lash the shore.
Dec. 9th, 1822. H. B. P.

VARIETIES.

INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.—The following is the substance of a curious direction contained in the will of the late Mr. Benbacock, recently made public by the death of Mrs. B. whose effects are announced for

sale in the papers. He desired that after all his just debts were liquidated, his books should be packed in a wooden box, bored on all sides with holes, and be thrown into the river. The executors, however, deemed it a very dangerous measure, in case of any latent claim that might hereafter be made on the estate, and hit upon the following expedient, viz:—to leave some small debts, or fractional parts of debts unpaid—thus providing against such an event, and at the same time complying with the commands expressed in the will.

A Nobleman dunned by his tailor, who was not only a very ill-favoured person, but perhaps made still more disgracings by his business, said to him in a humorous pet, "Gad curse it—you are the ugliest rascal in London. Show me but a man as ugly as yourself, and I'll pay your bill." Our ingenious tradesman departed, reflecting on this hard condition, when by good luck it struck him to enlist Heidegger on his behalf; but this was no easy job; Heidegger was a high Don, and it was absolutely necessary to employ finesse. So he went to the Count as with a message from my Lord, desiring to see him immediately. Heidegger hesitated, but at length went; and the tailor watching his opportunity, popped his own ugly face in at the door along with the hideous visage of the foreigner. The Nobleman could not resist the appeal, but, bursting into a fit of laughter, worth all the money, gave a cheque for his bill.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GEORGE COOKE.—During Kean's recent visit to Whitehaven, he related the following anecdote of the late George Cooke, which may possibly be new to many of our readers:—When George was playing at Liverpool, the managers found great difficulty in keeping him sober; but after repeated transgressions, he solemnly promised not to offend again during his stay. In the evening of the day on which the promise was made, George was not to be found when wanted for *Sir Pertinax Macynophant*; the audience grew impatient; the manager stormed, and all was in "most admired disorder." After a long search, one of the managers found him at a pot house near the theatre, where he was drinking with great composure and perseverance out of a *very small glass*. "Oh! Mr. Cooke," exclaimed the irritated manager, "you have again broken your solemn promise; did you not tell me you would give over drinking?" George surveyed the manager with the most provoking coolness, and said, "I certainly did make such a promise, but you cannot expect a man to reform all at once. I have given over in a *great measure*," holding up the small glass to the manager's nose.

INDIAN CURIOSITIES.—Capt. J. Betham has brought from Madras a collection of curiosities illustrative of manners and science amongst the natives of India, consisting of agricultural implements, carriages, Masulah boats, catamarans, musical and warlike instruments, a collection of drawings of the costumes of the casta, carved and painted figures of the different trades, Hindoo deities, Pegu weights, female ornaments, a few valuable manuscripts (particularly an Armenian version of the New Testament, 570 years old), some ancient coins, and other curiosities; forming altogether an Asiatic museum, which we are led to expect he intends to have exhibited. He has also brought home an Indian Cosmorama, consisting of 104 extremely curious historical drawings.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SECRET WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you what I presume to be an explanation of the "Specimen of Secret Writing" inserted in the last page of Saturday's Iris. At the same time I must acknowledge that I have not been able to discover the "principles on which the solution must depend" any further than this, viz: that *a* is substituted for *m*, *d* for *y*, &c. &c.

I mistake if there be not an error in the spelling of the words *baetock* and *antq* in the first line: I presume they should have been written, *baetock* and *antq*.
I am, &c. A SUBSCRIBER.

Mythology is a subject which is involved in much intricacy. From the great length of time, indeed, which has elapsed since the origin of Pagan worship, and the obscurity in which the early history of all nations is shrouded, it is extremely difficult to trace the origin of their various religious rites, even

with all the assistance that can be derived from a knowledge of what may be called the primitive languages, and the utmost etymological acumen.

Manchester, Dec. 23, 1822.

MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent, who styles himself "A Subscriber," has succeeded in deciphering the specimen of secret writing inserted in the 47th number of the Iris, and has detected two instances of erroneous orthography into which I had inadvertently fallen. The way in which he discovered my key was, I presume, by observing the relative frequency of occurrence of different letters in certain situations. The article *a*, for example, occurs more frequently than the pronoun *I*, or the interjection *O*; when, therefore, he found a character repeatedly standing by itself, he would immediately note it down as being the substitute of *a*; and as in the specimen *a* appears in this situation, he will substitute the letter *a* in every word where *a* has been employed. Again *to*, *of*, *is*, *in*, *be*, &c. are words of two letters, and *the*, *and*, &c. are words of three letters which repeatedly occur. Now in the specimen, *fgn* appears to stand for *the*, and on farther inspection this is confirmed, for *bf* is evidently the substitute for *if*, and, from the connexion, *bf* appears to stand for *is*. In this manner the other letters of the key will be discovered, first by conjecture chiefly, and afterwards confirmed by their relative situation in other words.

It only remains, therefore, that your readers be put in possession of the complete key to the specimen laid before them. For *a*, *b*, *c*, &c. respectively, to the end of the alphabet, the following were substituted *a*, *g*, *i*, *k*, *m*, *s*, *p*, *q*, *b*, *r*, *e*, *t*, *a*, *s*, *c*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *l*, *f*, *m*, *j*, *h*, *v*, *d*, *u*.
I am, &c.

Jan. 13th, 1823.

GIMEL.

A MACHINE MAKER is informed that Mr. St. Clere has furnished us with a diffuse, literal, and figurative elucidation of the point objected to in our last. Mr. St. Clere derives the word *Machine* from the Greek; and, on reference to the lexicon, finds it defined, *artificium, solertia, molitio, consilium*; and on looking into Alnusworth he finds *consilium* defined, *reason, understanding*. He quotes "*machinations* of the human mind," and satisfactorily shows that he did not intend to convey any idea that should derogate from the *uncontrolled freedom, or immateriality of the soul*.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, January 13th.—The Way to Keep Him: with The Libertine. Sir Bashful Constant, Mr. Liston.
Tuesday, 14th.—Love, Law, and Physic: The Portrait of Cervantes: and The Libertine. Lubin Log and Sancho, Mr. Liston.
Wednesday, 15th.—The Rivals: with Peter Fin's Trip to Brighton. Bob Acres and Peter Fin, Mr. Liston.
Friday, 17th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Liston: Exchange no Robbery: Tom Thumb the Great: and Family Jars. Sam Swipes, Lord Grizzle, and Delph, Mr. Liston.

"Peter Fin; or, a New Road to Brighton," a new and very humorous farce, said to be from the pen of Mr. Jones, of the Edinburgh Theatre, was brought out on Wednesday night. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Mr. Liston's "Peter Fin" was every thing the author could possibly desire; his simplicity and enthusiasm were ludicrous, and afforded ample scope for laughter and merriment.

MR. VANDENHOFF.

Of this gentleman who has lately appeared at the Edinburgh Theatre, in the character of *Coriolanus*, the Edinburgh Weekly Journal says as follows:—"His person is uncommonly fine, and his gestures full of grace and dignity; his voice is deep and clear, his face handsome, and his eye and forehead very powerful. The whole effect of his countenance is expressive; yet this quality must submit to considerable qualification. When fairly fixed and concentrated in one absolute and engrossing emotion, it is difficult (having succeeded in forgetting Kemble) to conceive any thing more stately and impressive than the form and face of Mr. Vandenhoff. Arrest him in this point, and the painter and statuary would find him an excellent study. But, besides that his features are small, his face, in its transitions from one passion to another, sometimes exhibits a sarcastic peevishness, in place of the lofty scorn which his mind conceives, and which is not merely short of, but at variance with, the characteristic emotions of *Coriolanus*. His bust, however, is remarkably fine; his throat, more especially, and the junction of the throat with the head, is the finest we recollect to have seen. To these physical endowments, his mental requisites do no injustice. The general conception of the character was so completely (and so properly) formed upon that of Mr. Kemble, to which also his delineation of it very nearly approached, that no room was afforded, at least no opportunity was seized, for the display of originality of genius; but a vigorous and masculine understanding, as well as a classical taste, was conspicuous through the whole, and the representation was powerfully and consistently maintained to the end. Upon the whole, Mr. Vandenhoff's success was complete; and we do not hesitate to pronounce him to be amongst the very first tragedians now upon the stage, and assuredly the highest in that department that has ever before been in Edinburgh as a resident actor."

WEEKLY DIARY.

JANUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SATURDAY, 18.—*La festa di Cattedra*.

Or commemoration of placing the supposed Chair of St. Peter, is thus described by Lady Morgan: 'At the extremity of the great nave of St. Peter's, behind the altar, and mounted upon a tribune, designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, sheds a brilliant light upon its splendours. This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the Prince of Apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems, with which it is hidden, not only from impious but from holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection. The Festa de Cattedra is one of the very few functions, as they are called (*funzioni*), celebrated in St. Peter's. The splendidly dressed troops that line its nave, the church and lay dignitaries—abbots, priests, canons, prelates, cardinals, doctors—dragons and senators, all clad in various and rich vestments, marching in procession—complete, as they proceed up the vast space of this wondrous temple, a spectacle nowhere to be equalled within the pale of European civilization. In the midst of swords and crosiers, of halberds and crucifixes, surrounded by banners, and bending under the glittering tiara of threefold power, appears the aged, feeble, and worn-out POPE, born aloft on men's shoulders, in a chair of crimson and gold, and envied by slaves (for such they appear), who waft, from plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on ivory wands, a cooling gale, to refresh his exhausted frame, too frail for the weight of such honours. All fall prostrate as he passes up the church to a small chair and throne, temporarily erected beneath the chair of St. Peter. A solemn service is then performed, hosannas arise, and royal votarists and diplomatic devotees parade the church, with guards of honour and running footmen; while English gentlemen and ladies scramble, and crowd, and bribe, and fight their way to the best place they can obtain.'

TUESDAY, 21.—*Saint Agnes*.

Has been always considered by the Catholics as a special patroness of purity, with the immaculate Mother of God and St. Thecla. Rome was the theatre of the triumph of St. Agnes; and Prudentius says, that her tomb was shown within sight of that city. She suffered not long after the beginning of the prosecution of Dioclesian, whose bloody edicts appeared in March in the year of our Lord 303. She was only thirteen years of age at the time of her glorious death.

On this day, some *silly* women fast all day, and take care that they do not touch, or are touched by, a male, in order that they may dream of their lovers at night. Many other kinds of deviation are practised by our rustic damsels, for the same purpose.

ANNUS MIRABILIS!

OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1822.

(Concluded from our last.)

July.—Clara Fisher, at the Lyceum, played Crack, a drunken cobbler in the Turnpike Gate: "train up a child in the way it should go." Tread-Mill adopted in Cold Bath Fields prison. Achilles mounted in Hyde

Park: several breeches made in the wall, but not one pair made for the statue. Annual regatta of the Funny Club: members rowed in their shirts to the Castle at Richmond in a soaking shower: odd notions of fun. Margate steam-yachts much in request, and Dover coach fares reduced. Death of John Emery the comedian. Haymarket Theatre much frequented: Terry excellent in John Buzzby: "a Day's pleasure" productive of a Night's. Migration over Westminster-bridge: Astley's Amphitheatre courted in the dog-days: humour of the horse-clown applauded, and the Antipodean postere-master much admired. Only one man horsewipped by Barry O'Meara, and he the wrong one.

August.—Appearance of Miss Paton in the Marriage of Figaro: oracles for once unanimous. Census of London population: one million souls, exclusive of one female infant sworn by Hannah White to Ex-sheriff Parkins. English players at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris: open with Othello: a wise selection, considering the objection of the French to slaughter on a stage: Moor of Venice damned, and Desdemona hit by a penny piece. The King embarked at Greenwich for Scotland: not a Caledonian visible during his absence, even at the India House; all being, or affecting to be, at the Levee at Holyrood House. "Carle now the King's come:" highly interesting to those who understand it. Lord Portsmouth, frightened at the Advent of Majesty, abruptly quitted Edinburgh. Viscount Newry, aided by his five servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen hours: not a scull in the boat. Fonthill Abbey on sale, and Wanstead House no more remembered: Salisbury plain covered by women eager to gain admission: ran of the piece stopped by Farquhar's "Stratagem." John Paterson, aged fifty, married at St. Anne's Soho, to Jane Barclay, aged eighteen: no cause assigned for the rash action.

September.—Return of the King to London: Scots still insufferable; the swell taking time to abate: plan of erecting a Parthenon on Calton Hill: Auld Reekie to be christened Modern Athens: great demand for fowling-pieces at Mortimer's in Fleet-street: not a cockney, from Savage-gardens to Skinner-street, that did not talk of bagging his three brace. The Latine Frigate with 200,000*l.* on board: vessel meant to be weighed at Amsterdam, and the scheme interdicted. New Marriage Act threatens to annihilate that ceremony. Death of Sir William Herschel, and discovery of a new comet without a tail. Dinner given to Mr. Hume at Aberdeen: nothing on table but Peter's brown loaf: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." Statement of a civic dinner given at Norwich in 1516: amount of bill 1*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.* utterly disbelieved by Sir W. Curtis. A man of fashion seen in London, who made no excuse for being there in September: the crowd was immense.

October.—Alterations in the interior of Drury-lane theatre—opening address of G. Colman: abolition of stage doors: great shifting of actors from one house to the other: stars changed to comets. Congress at Verona. London still a desert: but junior merchants and clerks in public offices occasionally seen stealing through the streets. The French ministers presented their compliments to Sir Robert Wilson, and requested the favour of his absence from France. His appeal to his constituents, who will probably order the decree to be rescinded. Turkey and Greece: letter from Paris telling the British public all about it. Columbian bonds at a high premium, and the holders lords Peru and Potosi. Appearance of "The Liberal" from the south: so called by the godfather of the Serpentine River, who gave it that name because it was neither serpentine nor a river. Stoppage of Mr. Bowring at Calais, and his removal to Boulogne: his eulogy as a Russian anthropologist. Death of Mrs. Garrick at Hampton: extract from Lee Lewis, proving her to be daughter to the Earl of Burlington, and, consequently, proprietor of the mansion in Piccadilly bearing that name; stated by one journal to have had but a single maid of all work, and by another to have been possessed of a coachman and footman: scramble among the Dilettanti for little David's original Hogarths. Mermaid exhibited in St. James's-street: said by some to have died of the stitch: and by others to have been produced by Mrs. Salmon in Monkey Island. Alderman Wood seen on the Maidstone road, riding between two packsaddles, laden with samples of hops. Marriage act still much

criticised, notwithstanding which seven bachelors were married in one day, at the parish church of St. Andrew's Holborn. A clergyman attended to give the unhappy wretches the last consolations of religion.

November.—Commencement of Michaelmas Term: attorneys brandishing their pens: plaintiffs and defendants loitering about Oliver's coffee-house. Reported abduction of Lord Byron to South America: death of Mr. Zea: consequent tumble of Columbian bonds down a precipice of twenty-five per cent. Lords, in reversion, of Potosi and Peru left sprawling in the mire, and many dozens of dry champagne advertised for sale considerably under prime cost. Liberation of Orator Hunt: his procession through London, and radical dinner at the Shepherd and Shepherdess. About the same time Mount Vesuvius began to grumble: and in both cases "repeated shocks and internal howlings were heard from the mountain." Congress continued sitting at Verona with closed doors and plugged key-holes: much conjecture consequently afloat. The Opera-house end of Pall Mall was much alarmed by an explosion of gas. Signor Zucchelli's elegance was sadly scorched; and Madame Camporese forcibly driven into two of Madame Rouzi di Begni's characters. Signor Ambrogetti's voice has not been heard of since. The British ambassador's letter-bag was tied up, and much epistolary grumbling consequently confined to the gizzards of the English exiles at Paris. Auxiliary Bible-meeting at the Mansion House: a great pouring out of clergymen and old women down the front steps of that edifice, who were mistaken by the multitude for disorderly people of the night preceding. A committee appointed of twenty males and as many females, "with power power to add to their numbers." Lord Portsmouth horsewipped by his lady, to verify the dictum of Orator Hunt, that all the fair sex are reformers. A million bushels of human bones were landed at Hull from the fields of Dresden and Waterloo: human bones best adapted to fertilize land, whence we derive the word manure. Galignani's Messenger gave an account of a parting dinner given to Annaeone Moore by the English in Paris. His speech on the occasion was not so well-timed as well-spoken: it implied that there was nothing like England after all: a strange observation in the hearing of those who preferred France before all. Extraordinary effect of galvanism upon the body of an attempt made by the Rev. Mr. Colton to latinize Gray's Elegy. Another new tragedy from Lord Byron, entitled Werner: less obnoxious to Church-goers than its predecessor, but more so to criticism. A caution to resurrection-men: one Simon Spade, a body-snatcher, while sounding for subjects in St. Martin's church-yard, dug up his own wife. The poor man has been inconsolable ever since. Miss F. H. Kelly made her first appearance at Covent-garden theatre in the character of Juliet: if this young lady's object was secrecy, never did any arrow so miss its mark; the whole town has been gazing at her ever since. Several fogs were seen gathering round the Serpentine river and the Paddington Canal. The Royal Humane Society's man, consequently, on the watch: notwithstanding which, the average November quantity of men and women put a period to their existence: the former, as usual for money, the latter for love.

December.—Great demand for post-horses at Verona in consequence of the abrupt dissolution of the Congress. Lord John Russell's new tragedy, two editions in one week: and an Episcopal visitation sermon too weak for one edition. Bethel Watermen's Reform society, Sheriff Thompson in the chair: drag-net to sweep off all aquatic execrations: "damns have had their day:" Bibles in brigs, and prayer-books in punts. Strange monsters imported by Polito, consisting of an intellectual dandy, a civil radical, and an actor without a grievance: also a blue-stocking breeder, and a tortoise-shell tom-cat: the mob nearly overpowered the constables. Sad sameness of Christmas dinners. "Chine nods at chine, each turkey has a brother:" every table-spoon in the house flaming with burnt brandy. Infallible cure for chilblains. Proposals published for a Sob-way Company, to repair London gas and water-pipes without breaking up the pavement: much patronized by Bond-street fashionables, who were naturally desirous of taking a subterraneous walk toward the city, to borrow money, and by so doing to avoid a rencounter

with those with whom they had already undergone that ceremony. Kean and Young in *Othello*; "The Douglas and the Percy both in arms." Dance of actors from both theatres: foot it and hey "contrary sides:" Mr. Liston and Miss Stephens still only underlined. "The cry is still they come." Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family at breakfast, in Lombard-street, by putting Paine's Age of Reason under the tea-pot: providentially none of the family could read. Growing civility of sweeps, dustmen, and patrols: plainly denoting that the era of Christmas-boxes is at hand. Boys arm-in-arm and three a-breast spring manhood along Fleet-street, with Cossack trowsers and bamboo canes. Grave papas, usually seen about without an accompaniment, were met dragging along children in couples, and occasionally stopping to peep into toy-shop windows. Premature twelfth-cakes stealing behind confectioners' counters: striplings of sixteen walking half ashamed arm-in-arm with maiden aunts from whom the family has expectations. Grimaldi and the new pantomime: front rows filled by urchins, who, at every knock-down-blow, fling back their flaxen polls, in delight, into the laps of their chuckling parents on the seat behind. Magnificent prospectuses from divers new Utopian Magazines. Bellman and lamplighter, run up the side of Parnassus. A great issuing of orders to tailors on the 31st of December, for apparel to be sent home the week following, and this to evade re-appearing in the present year's bill. Awful events, which too plainly denote that *Annus Mirabilis*, the year 1822, is hastening to the "Tomb of all the Capulets!"

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISH-MONGERS' HALL.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Is that dace or perch?
Said Alderman Birch;
I take it for herring,
Said Alderman Perring.
This jack's very good,
Said Alderman Wood;
But its bones might a man slay,
Said Alderman Ansley.
I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Heygate.
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe's dry as pith,
Said Alderman Smith.
Don't eat so far down,
Said Alderman Brown;
But nearer the fin,
Said Alderman Glyn.
I've finish'd, i' faith, man,
Said Alderman Wainman:
And I too, i' fatkins,
Said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod drolly,
Said Alderman Scholey;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
Said Alderman Brydges.
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,
Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by two men,
Said Alderman Vea-
ables: Yes, in a box,
Said Alderman Cox.
They care not how fur 'tis,
Said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept, and from sea,
Said Alderman Thompson;
Pack'd neatly in straw,
Said Alderman Shaw:
In ice got from Guater,
Said Alderman Hunter.
This ketchup is sour,
Said Alderman Flower;
Then steep it in claret,
Said Alderman Garret.

Some boys at school being required to write an Epigram on the mean occupation of the poet Bloomfield in the early part of his life, one of them soon brought the following in triumph:

Bob Bloomfield was a Shoe-
Maker and Poet too!

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his place."
GOLDAMITZ.

Seathwaite church yard, in Westmoreland, contains the following inscription;

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93rd year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93rd year of her age."

This is the pastor alluded to in Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion*, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer. A brief memoir of his life, extracted from the same writer, may perhaps be acceptable.

ROBERT WALKER was born at Under Crag, in Seathwaite, in the year 1709, and was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother died at Under Crag, aged 94 years. Robert was a sickly child, and his health continuing delicate, it was deemed best to breed him a scholar; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn his livelihood by bodily labour. At that time few of the dales were furnished with school houses; children were taught in the chapels; and in the same building where he officiated so many years, he received the rudiments of his education. After some time he became school-master at Lowes-water; and, by the assistance of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and qualified himself for taking orders. Upon his ordination he had the offer of two curacies of the same value, viz. *five pounds per annum*: but the cure of Seathwaite, having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, obtained the preference. The young woman on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her virtuous disposition, that she was worthy to become the help-mate of a man entering on such a plan of life as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began house-keeping in 1735. About twenty years afterwards his living had been augmented, for in a letter to a friend, he says, "the annual income of my chapel, at present, may amount to about £17 10; of which five pounds are in cash from the bounty of Queen Anne, £5 from the lord of the manor, and £3 from certain inhabitants as a rent charge. The house and gardens I value at £4 yearly, not worth more; and the surplice fees and voluntary contributions may be worth £3, but, as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings. I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good will with one another; and are seemingly, (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of £40 for my wife's fortune; and though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended a scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite; and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but, an unexpected dif-

ficulty arising, Mr. W. in a letter to the Bishop, thus expresses himself: "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had made any such objection before; I should utterly have declined any attempt to obtain the curacy of Ulpha." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:

My lord,—I have the favour of your's of the 1st inst. and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair. If that curacy should fall into your lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." Concluding, as he did in his former letter, that it was his wish "to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was augmented again: and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself. Scanty as was his income, the offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful.

Having given to one of his sons a college education, in the year 1775 he requested the Archbishop of York to ordain him: concluding his letter thus. "Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient son and servant,

Robert Walker."

The same man who was thus liberal in the education of his family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served, upon a long table, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and they usually took their seats as parts of his household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons: he requests that half a guinea may be given to "little Robert for pocket money," promising to make him the like allowance annually. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic that I cannot forbear transcribing it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door; and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal but must, ere long, take leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Let us hear from you soon, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear son, with lasting sincerity, your's affectionately,

Robert Walker."

He loved old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss: for having had

a sum of money in the hands of a neighbour, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it. From the vice of cupidity he was quite free. He made no charge for teaching his school: such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased: when very young, having kept a diary of his expences, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time, the rule of his life was to be economical not avaricious. At his decease he left no less a sum than £2000; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory details*: but these must form the subject of a future number.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 53, by Mr. Jones, Chorlton Row.

I. G. B.

A.

F. C. H.

First, draw the line CAB; then with centre C and radius CA, and centre C and radius CB, describe two concentric circles;—through FCH draw a diameter to the two circles, and parallel to this diameter draw the chord IB.—from A draw AG perpendicular to IB.

The depth of the well will then be represented by AB, and the latitude of the place by the angle BCH.

Now, the difference between the circumferences described by the points B. and A. in one revolution of the earth upon its axis is $= 2BG \times 3.1416$; but, $BG = AB$ multiplied by the cosine of the angle BCH or GBA, $= AB \times \cosine \text{ of } 51^\circ 32' = 248.825 \text{ feet.}$

Hence, the difference between the spaces described in 24 hours by the points A and B is $248.825 \times 2 \times 3.1416 = 1563.7314 \text{ feet.}$ And the time the body would fall through 400 feet is equal to $\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{\frac{400}{16}} = 5 \text{ seconds.}$ Therefore, as 24 hours : 5 seconds :: 1563.7314 feet : 1.086 inches; the distance the body would fall east of the perpendicular.

Jack at a Pinch favoured us with a solution similar to the one above;—most of our other correspondents seem to have misunderstood the question.

Question No. 58, by Mr. John Hill.

Required the value of x , y , and z , when $(40^3 - x^3) \times (xz^2 - y^3) \times (xy - y^3) = \text{a maximum.}$

We beg to call the attention of our mathematical friends to Questions No. 46, 47, 50, 51, 54, 56, and 57. To these questions we have not yet received any correct solutions, excepting such as have been furnished by the respective proposers of the questions, and some that have been sent to us by our able correspondent Jack at a Pinch.

SCIENCE, ETC.

NEW THEORY OF THE BLOOD.—Sir Everard Home in an introductory lecture on the physiology of the blood, advances a new theory, from a discovery made by him in 1808. Observing the growth of a grain of wheat through a microscope, he saw a blob, and then a tube passing from it; the blob was the juice of the plant, and the tube was formed by the extraction of carbonic acid gas. By analogical reasoning he was led to examine a globule of blood, in which he found similar tubes, and which he injected under the exhausted receiver of an air pump. Hence, he concludes that carbonic acid gas exists in the blood in the proportion of two cubic inches to an ounce, and that it is given out in considerable quantities from the blood after a full meal, and very little from the blood of a feverish person.

Tread-Wheel applied to Canal Navigation.—The object is to obviate the necessity of employing horses in drawing barges on canals. The apparatus is made light, and separable from the barge: two men can propel a barge by it at the rate of five miles an hour. The saving in the expense of horses and towing-paths promises to make this an important application of human power. M. Van Heythuysen is the person who has adopted this apparatus.

Improvement in Metallic Casting.—Iron and metallic casts are said to be very much improved by subjecting the metal, when in the moulds, to pressure. This is done by making a part of the mould of such a form as to receive a piston, which, on the metal being introduced, is made to press on it with any required force. It is stated that castings obtained in this way are not only free from the common imperfections, but have a peculiar soundness of surface, and closeness of texture; qualities of the utmost importance in ordnance, flattings, cylinders, &c. The improvement belongs to Mr. Hollingrake, who has obtained a patent for it.—*Journal of Science.*

Mathematical Prize Question.—The following is proposed by the class of mathematics of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Prussia:—To give a complete mathematical theory of the luminous or colored circles which form around the Sun and Moon; and such an one as will equally agree with the results of observations, and with the known properties of light and the atmosphere. The possible influence of the inflection and polarisation of light is to be considered. Memoirs must be sent in before the end of March, 1924. The prize is 50 ducats.

Porcelain Clay—Gold in Cheshire.—A superior clay, said to be well adapted for the manufacture of the best sort of china, has recently been discovered on the estate of Mr. Ackerley, at Little Saughall, near Chester. This clay is now in progress of trial, and it is expected that a pottery will soon be established on the place. It is stated also that Mr. Ackerley procured small grains of gold, from some of the strata through which he has penetrated in search of coal.

Electro-Magnetic Effect of Lightning.—A violent thunder-storm occurred on the 22d of June last, at Toulouse, when the lightning passed by various metallic pipes through a house, and gave occasion to observe its strong powers of magnetization. Just under the roof, a part of the floor was completely destroyed by the lightning, and a piece of iron that had belonged to it had become so strongly magnetic, that it was able to lift a table-knife. Small iron tools were magnetized by the iron, but it lost its power in 36 hours. A tailor was sitting on a chair near the conductor through which the lightning passed; he felt no shock, but next day, on taking a case of needles from his pocket, he found them so strongly magnetized, that they hung six or seven together. Another case, containing five needles, was lying on a chimney-piece 20 feet from the conductor; they also were magnetized. There were fourteen or fifteen persons in the house, none of whom felt the electricity. It may be presumed, therefore, that the whole went through the conductor. In the present state of electro-magnetic science, it is easy to understand the effect on the needles and neighbouring pieces of iron. The case resembles those quoted by Sir H. Davy, from the *Phil. Trans.*, and is an illustration of the process he recommends for the formation of powerful magnets by lightning-rods.—*Ann. de Chim.*

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.—

The following eulogy on this celebrated statesman is taken from an excellent work very little known in this country, entitled, "The History of the War of the Independence of the United States of America;" translated from the Italian of Charles Botta, by George Alexander Otis, and printed in Philadelphia in the year 1821.—

"This man, whether for his genius, his virtues, or the great things he did for his country, is rather to be paralleled with the ancients than preferred to the moderns. He governed for a considerable time the opulent Kingdom of Great Britain: he raised it to such a pitch of splendour, as the English at no other period had ever known, or even presumed to hope for; and he died, if not in poverty, at least with so narrow a fortune, that it would not have been sufficient to maintain

his family honourably; a thing at that time sufficiently remarkable, and which in the present age might pass for a prodigy! But his grateful country recompensed in the children the virtues of the father. The parliament granted a perpetual annuity of four thousand pounds sterling to the family of Chatham, besides paying twenty thousand pounds of debt, which the late Earl had been compelled to contract, in order to support his rank and his numerous household. No individual until that time, except the duke of Marlborough, had received in England such high and liberal rewards. The Earl of Chatham was no less distinguished as a great orator, than as a profound statesman, and immaculate citizen. He defended with admirable eloquence before parliament, those resolutions which he had maturely discussed and firmly adopted in the consultations of the cabinet. Some, it is true, blamed in his speeches the too frequent use of figures, and a certain pomp of style much availing of the taste of those times. But this great minister surpassed all the rulers of nations of his age, in the art of exciting, even to enthusiasm, the zeal of the servants of the state, civil as well as military: a talent which heaven confers but rarely, and only upon privileged individuals. In a word, he was a man whose name will never be pronounced without encomium, and the resplendent glory of whose virtues will eternally recommend them to invitation."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EDUCATION.—THE REV. G. BROWN, A. M. in his *Private Establishment at Chadderton*, (pleasantly situated on the Irwell, five miles from Bury), has at present a few vacancies. The number of Pupils is limited to six or eight;—they have the use of a valuable select Library, and are treated in every respect as part of the family.

Terms.—FOUR GUINEAS per annum, including washing, and every charge, except school books and stationery.—Address, the Advertiser at "Chadderton, near Bury, Lancashire."

Chadderton, Jan. 16th, 1823.

INTERESTING LECTURES, on EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY, with superior apparatus, illustrated by a great variety of pleasing Experiments, which will be explained in the most familiar manner, and suited to every Capacity, will be delivered on *Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of January, 1823; precisely at 7 o'clock each Evening, by Mr. T. CLARKE, in the Large Room, MR. DODD'S REPERTORY, No. 28, King-Street, Manchester.*

Tickets for the Three Lectures, Front Seats, 5s.—A single Admission, 2s.—Back Seats and Children, 1s. 6d.—N.B. Good Fires kept.—Syllabuses may be had at the Room.

NOTICE.—MR. H. F. JAMES takes the earliest opportunity, after his recovery from a very severe and long illness, to announce to the admirers of the FINE ARTS, that the **RESTORATION of INJURED PAINTINGS**, which has heretofore been carried on by HINCKLEY & SON, jointly, will, in future be conducted by his Son alone; whose experience and extensive practice has rendered him fully competent to do justice to that branch of the profession; in addition to which, his Son will continue to give lessons in **DRAWING, PERSPECTIVE, and COLOURING from NATURE**, as before.

MR. H. F. JAMES begs leave to return his sincere acknowledgements to those Gentlemen who have honoured him with their patronage since his residence in Manchester, and which he hopes will be continued to his Son.—He has further to announce that, in future, he will devote himself, (exclusively), to the **LITHOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.**

Ridge-Field, Dec. 31st. 1822.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The **TITLE-PAGE and INDEX** for Vol. I. are now ready, and may be had **GRATIS.**

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The third part of 'Singular Biography,' Lines by 'Adolescents,' and communications by 'G. S.'—'Horatio'—'Dithyram'—'S. T.'—'A Constant Reader'—'Lacretia'—and 'J. P. W.' are received.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications for the Editor; (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

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No. 52.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

REVIEWS.

Peveril of the Peak. BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY. London, Hurst Robinson, & Co. 1822.

Sir Geoffrey Peveril (descended from an illegitimate son of the Great Norman) of the Peak, is a cheerful, loyal, old cavalier of the seventeenth century; who with royalists generally, is much embarrassed in his fortune by the oppressive measures of the long Parliament. Ralph Bridgenorth, is a Presbyterian, who benefits by the prevailing policy; nevertheless, being a neighbour, an old school-fellow, and a liberal kind of man, he lives in friendly habits with Sir G. and renders him many services.

Sir G. has an only son, Julian Peveril; Mr. B. by a series of misfortunes finds his family reduced to an infant daughter, and the care of this little motherless child is solicited by, and granted to, the Baronet's Lady. Julian and Alice, (the name of Miss B.) grow in sincere attachment and become lovers, each remarkable for high and virtuous principle.—The variable policy of the times, and the clashing views of the two families occasion their separation, and subject the lovers to various vicissitudes, in the course of which they meet, and ultimately are united.

The licentious court of Charles the Second, and the dilemma of the Monarch himself, are strikingly depicted; particularly the character of the duped, unprincipled, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Many designing and perfidious, some passable and romantic, and several amiable and worthy personages, as well as a most active, extraordinary little being, are exhibited by the masterly hand of this excellent writer. His incidents are interesting, and should we at any time feel disposed to nod, he re-excites our vigilance, by the promising motto, that should be "at any time" prove "particularly dull, we may be assured there is a design under it."

A meeting of Presbyterian religionists, at the residence of Bridgenorth is somewhat ludicrously described;—

It was now lighted up for the reception of company; and five or six persons sat in it, in the plain, black, formal dress which was affected by the formal Puritans of the time, in evidence of their contempt of the manners of the luxurious court of Charles the Second; amongst whom, excess of extravagance in apparel, like excesses of every other kind, was highly fashionable.

Julian at first glanced his eyes but slightly along the range of grave and severe faces which composed this society—men, sincere perhaps in their pretensions to a superior purity of conduct and morals, but in whom that high praise was somewhat obfuscated by an affected austerity in dress and manners, allied to those Pharisees of old, who made broad their phylacteries, and would be seen of men to fast, and to discharge with rigid punctuality the observances of the law. Their dress was almost uniformly a black cloak and doublet, cut straight and close, and undecorated with lace or embroidery of any kind, black Flemish breeches and hose, square-toed shoes, with large roses made of serge ribbon. Two or three had large loose boots of calf-leather, and almost every one was begirt with a long rapier, which was suspended by leathern thongs,

to a plain belt of buff, or of black leather. One or two of the elder guests, whose hair had been thinned by time, had their heads covered with a scull-cap of black silk or velvet, which being drawn down betwixt the ears and the scull, and permitting no hair to escape, occasioned the former to project in the ungraceful manner which may be remarked in old pictures, and which procured for the Puritans the term of "prick-eared round-heads," so unceremoniously applied to them by their contemporaries.

These worthies were ranged against the wall, each in his ancient, high-backed, long-legged chair; neither looking towards, nor apparently discoursing with each other; but plunged in their own reflections, or awaiting, like an assembly of quakers, the quickening power of divine inspiration.

PORTRAIT OF FENELLA.

This little creature, for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind, was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore, (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form) set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ankles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments which the Countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughts-woman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still shew the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of calligraphy.

The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby, and with the two young gentlemen, she was a great favourite, and used much freedom in conversing with them, by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established amongst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S LEVEE.

We must now transport the reader to the magnificent hotel in — street, inhabited at this time by the celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden has doomed to a painful immortality. It was long past noon; and the usual hour of the Duke's Levee—if any thing could be termed usual where all was irregular—had been long past. His hall was filled with lacqueys and footmen, in the most splendid liveries; the interior apartments, with the gentlemen and pages of his household, arrayed as persons of the first quality, and in that respect rather exceeding than falling short of the Duke in personal splendor. But his ante-chamber, in particular, might be compared to a gathering of eagles to the slaughter, were not the

simile too dignified to express that vile race, who, by a hundred devices, all tending to one common end, live upon the wants of needy greatness, or administer to the pleasures of summer-teeming luxury, or stimulate the wild wishes of lavish and wasteful extravagance, by devising new modes and fresh motives of profusion.—There stood the Projector, with his mysterious brow, promising unbounded wealth to whomsoever might choose to furnish the small preliminary sum necessary to change egg-shells into the great *arcum*. There was Captain Seagull, undertaker for a foreign settlement, with a map under his arm, of Indian or American kingdoms, beautiful as the primitive Eden, waiting the bold occupants, for whom a generous patron should equip two brigantines and a fly-boat. Thither came, fast and frequent, the Gamblers, in their different forms and calling. This light, young, gay in appearance, the thoughtless youth of wit and pleasure—the pigeon rather than the rook—but at heart the same sly, shrewd, cold-blooded calculator as yonder old hard-featured professor of the same science, whose eyes are grown dim with watching the dice at midnight, and whose fingers are even now assisting his mental computation of chances and of odds. The fine arts, too—I would it were otherwise—have their professors amongst this sordid train. The poor Poet, half ashamed, in spite of habit, of the part which he is about to perform, and abashed by consciousness at once of his base motive and shabby black coat, lurks in yonder corner for the favorable moment to offer his dedication. Much better attired, the Architect presents his splendid vision of front and wings, and designs a palace, the expense of which may transfer the employer to a jail. But uppermost of all, the favourite Musician or Singer, who waits on my Lord to receive, in solid gold, the value of the dulcet sounds which soiced the banquet of the preceding evening. Such, and many such like, were the morning attendants of the Duke of Buckingham—all genuine descendants of the daughter of the horse-leech, whose cry is, 'Give, give.' But the levee of his Grace contained other and very different characters; and was, indeed, as various as his own opinions and pursuits. Besides many of the young Nobility and wealthy Gentry of England, who made his Grace the glass at which they dressed themselves for the day, and who learned from him how to travel, with the newest and best grace, the general Road to Ruin—there were others of a graver character—discarded statesmen, political spies, opposition orators, servile tools of Administration, men who met not elsewhere, but who regarded the Duke's mansion as a sort of neutral ground; sure, that if he was not of their opinion to-day, the very circumstance rendered it most likely he should think with them to-morrow. It was high tide in the ante-chamber, and had been so for more than an hour, ere the Duke's gentleman in ordinary ventured into his bed-chamber, carefully darkened so as to make midnight at noon-day, to know his Grace's pleasure. His soft and serene whisper, in which he asked whether it was his Grace's pleasure to rise, was briefly and sharply answered by the counter question—'Who waits?—What's o'clock?' 'It is Jerningham, your Grace,' said the attendant. 'It is one, afternoon; and your Grace appointed some of the people without at eleven.' 'Who are they?—What do they want?' 'A message from Whitehall, your Grace.' 'Pshaw! it will keep cold. Those who make all others wait, will be the better of waiting in their turn. Were I to be guilty of ill breeding, it should rather be to a king than a beggar.'—The gentlemen from the city—'I am tired of them—tired of their all cant, and so religion—all Protestantism, and no charity. Tell them to go to Shaftesbury—to Aldersgate-street with them—that's the best market for their wares.'—

Jockey, my Lord, from Newmarket.—'Let him ride to the devil—he has a horse of mine, and spurs of his own. Any more?'—'The whole ante-chamber is full, my Lord—knights and squires, doctors and clerics.'—'The dicers, with the doctors in their pockets, I presume.'—'Counts, captains, and clergymen.'—'You are alliterative, Jerningham,' said the Duke, 'and that is a proof you are poetical. Hand me my writing things.'—Getting half out of bed—thrusting one arm into a brocade night-gown, deeply furrowed with sables, and one foot into a velvet slipper, while the other pressed in primitive nudity the rich carpet—his Grace, without thinking farther on the assembly without, began to pen a few lines of a satirical poem; then suddenly stopped—threw the pen into the chimney—exclaimed that the humor was past—and asked his attendant if there were any letters.—Jerningham produced a huge packet.—'What the devil!' said his Grace, 'do you think I will read all these?—I am like Clarence, who asked a cup of wine, and was soused into a butt of sack. I mean is there any thing that presses?'—'This letter, your Grace,' said Jerningham, 'concerning the Yorkshire mortgage.'—'Did I not bid thee carry it to old Gatheral, my steward?'—'I did, my Lord,' answered the other; 'but Gatheral says there are difficulties.'—'Let the usurers foreclose, then—there is no difficulty in that; and out of a hundred manors, I shall scarce miss one,' answered the Duke. 'And bark ye, bring me my chocolate.'—'Nay, my Lord, Gatheral does not say it is impossible—only difficult.'—'And what is the use of him if he cannot make it easy? But you are all born to make difficulties,' replied the Duke.—'Nay, if your Grace approves the terms in this schedule, and pleases to sign it, Gatheral will undertake for the matter,' answered Jerningham.—'And could you not have said so at first, you blockhead?' said the Duke, signing the paper, without looking at the contents.

CENSURE OF THE KING UPON BUCKINGHAM.

'Now, Heaven forgive thee thy hypocrisy, George,' said the King, hastily. 'I would rather hear the devil preach religion than thee teach patriotism. Thou knowest as well as I, that the nation is in a scarlet fever for fear of the poor Catholics, who are not two men to five hundred; and that the public mind is so harassed with new narrations of conspiracy, and fresh horrors every day, that people have as little real sense of what is just or unjust, as men who talk in their sleep of what is sense or nonsense. I have borne, and borne with it—I have seen blood flow on the scaffold, fearing to thwart the nation in its fury—and I pray to God that I or mine be not called on to answer for it. I will no longer swim with the torrent, which honour and conscience call upon me to stem—I will act the part of a Sovereign, and save my people from doing injustice, even in their own despite.'

December Tales. London, Whittakers, 1823.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, perused with infinite amusement Mr. Hogg's delightful volumes—the *Winter Evening Tales*; and many more may have dwelt upon the wild and powerfully imagined "Sea Stories," attributed to Mr. John Howison, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. If either of these have afforded them pleasure, we can recommend the little volume before us to their notice as being upon the model of Hogg and Howison. We do not here mean to say that it is an imitation of these two "great story tellers," but it is upon the same model, and by one of the same school, and we think the author may take his seat beside them. The *Tales* which it contains are varied and rather unequal, but there is an ease, flow, and richness in the diction, and a depth and intensity of feeling displayed throughout, with which we do not often meet. Let those who have been delighted with the genuine English goodness of heart which is displayed in the writings of Charles Lamb, turn to one of the *Essays* (for there is an occasional *Essay* or two) and they will find the same philanthropical and liberal spirit which

is the soul of every thing that emanates from the pen of Elia.

In this entertaining little volume we recognise an old friend or two with which amongst others we were favoured several months ago by the kindness of the author. We also find "The Falls of Ohiopyle," a tale which, without knowing the author, we highly admired in the July No. of that amusing and very superior *Miscellany*—the *London Magazine*.

We are not frequently tempted to peruse a Romance; but, in this instance having some knowledge of the gentleman from whose pen they came, we began to peruse the *December Tales* with avidity, nor were we disappointed. Those who delight in terrific and well told tales "of the supernatural, and who love a good ghost story to while away a December evening," will do well to read "the Sea Spirit," and "the Wanderings of an Immortal;"—"the Falls of Ohiopyle," and "Mary Stukely," will have many admirers; and the more grave will find something to their taste in the "Recollections." Our limits this week will not permit us to devote as much space to this work as we intended; but we hope to resume it again, and give a further notice. In the mean time we give as a specimen—

THE CHURCH-YARD.

That spirit is never idle that doth waken
The soul to sights, and contemplations deep;
Even when from out the desert's seeming sleep
A sob is heard, that but the leaves are shaken!
CORNWALL.

Among my stated rambles there is one which I retreat with pleasure, unalloyed by repetition;—it is a path which leads to a church-yard; and here I have lingered for hours, unwearied, occupied by the reflections produced by surrounding objects. The spot of which I speak is situated on an eminence, which commands a lovely prospect. I have been seated on my favourite seat, a large mossy stone, over which a spreading beech throws its shade, when the close of day was approaching:—there was the stone church, with its sombre, ivy-grown walls and steeple; the thick leafy grove, with its music-breathing inhabitants; the green hill, and the little murmuring rivulet, that wandered at its bottom, over its pebble-gemmed bed, dashing its light spray over its violet banks; the white-washed cottage and barn, with the horse-shoe nailed over the door, the lingering relic of drooping faith in demonology; the spreading fields, and clump of trees, and thinly scattered habitations; and, farther on, the majestic windings of the river, beyond which dim hills raised their eternal barrier, to close all further view; and, most beautiful of all, the deep, gentle shade of evening, sinking and reddening on hill, and plain, and valley:—it is then that the soul, emancipated from earthly thoughts and earthly hopes, holds closer sympathy with the scenes around, and holier visionings flit before the mind; and what spot could better harmonize with such thoughts than the one I have described?

A church-yard is, of all places, the one most calculated to call up those feelings which, abstracted from the pleasures, are uncontaminated with the evils, of the world: in the evening, too, the charm is stronger—on every side lie "relics of mortality"—the fantastic or fearful shapes, which the gloom lends to distinct objects—

*Like a demon thing,
Or shadow hovering.*

give a mysterious awe to this *ultima Thule* of human schemes; and the doubtful certainty (if the expression may be used) of shortly becoming a companion of the mouldering dust, and hideous corruption beneath us, doubtful as to its period, but certain as it regards the event, is fraught with deep, though fearful and appalling interest. Am I wrong in saying, that this is the place—the school—the theatre for a poet? Is it not here that the casualties of rank and station are destroyed?—and is it not the work of the poet also, to overlook these accidental distinguishments?—to develop the rise of simple and unadorned loveliness?—and to see, and properly to estimate, the intrinsic excellence of things and actions?

Death is your only sure balance in which to weigh the real worth or importance of individuals; the magic girdle, that fits none but those whose deeds have been pure—the wild steed, that none can manage, but those who encounter him undismayed—the infallible touchstone of greatness or power;—he is like the gust, which blows away the thistle-down of splendour and vanity, and exposes the nakedness which lies beneath;—he is the best of friends, who relieves us from our cares—our greatest enemy, who bereaves us of that we love best—our life; in short, he is the most paradoxical of things, who is every day present, but never seen—the most unwelcome of visitors, who, whenever he comes, is an unwished-for guest.

I am fond of a church, particularly an old one; it is, as it were, the home for the soul; the refuge from the world; and I am fond of its venerable antique gloom—its painted windows—its monuments, which speak of "the dead and their house, the grave"—and of its music:—there is an awful, solemn beauty in church music, which stills each unhalloved thought—each wish that speaks of earth—and throws its calm of holiness over the mind: the deep roll of the organ—the thrilling, enthusiasm-creating sound of human voices, trembling to the throne of eternity, which, when I think of, I reflect with complacency upon the abodes of monkish superstition—

Those deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly, pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns—

and could almost wish that I had been an inhabitant of them. Blest with peace, and undisturbed with vice and folly—Pshaw! pshaw! I am dreaming: and these are the dreams of a poet, doomed to wake an essay writer.

But there is another ornament to a church—the greatest, perhaps, in my estimation—its bells—its organs of speech, with which it calls together fellow-worshippers.

I love these eloquent inanitations—these metallic tractors of the soul, whose vibrations call up into view the past, which is fled; the present, which dies in its existence; and the future, which will fade away like its predecessors: that simple stroke of two pieces of metal gives me an infinity of ideas—the burst into life, and quick sinking into nothing—the reiteration of the strokes, one succeeding another, in measured intervals—all speak of the mutability of every thing earthly, and the rapid succession of beings, which bloom, and perish, and are forgotten.

I cannot admire the Mahometan custom of employing the human voice as a substitute for bells: methinks the invitation, which calls to such exercises of devotion, should be addressed to the mind in some sound which may awaken suitable thoughts, not spoken in the every-day

dialect of business and pleasure. An English steeple will continue, in my thinking, to be very preferable to a Turkish minaret.

And what is it that lends this magic to so simple a music?—what is it but that which lends beauty to every thing—the fertile power of association? It is the connexion which subsists between it and the inward workings of the soul—the relation which it bears to the operations of life and of death, which renders it thus pleasing.

It is this principle of association which is the vivifying soul of matter, which gives interest and beauty to inanimate objects—which engages the soul through the medium of the senses—which is the spirit of poetry;—it is not the mere sentiment, conveyed by the words of the poet—it is the flood of sweet and gentle reminiscences which starts upon the reader, varied, as it must of necessity be, in different individuals, as their respective views, characters, situations, and mental organizations differ, from which is derived the highest pleasure of poetical compositions. I am not young; I am, indeed, approaching to the period when I shall cease to indite those dotings of age; but in these recurrences to the feelings of past days, consists my fondest pleasure—these, and a few other loved associations, linger in my memory, and shall sink with me to my peaceful bed.

It was a saying worthy of Pope, that he should not care to have an old stump pulled down which he had known in his childhood. I am deeply imbued, I might say saturated, with such feelings. I have a piece of an oak, which grew by the school where I was educated, and has long since fallen a prey to the axe of the spoiler. I remember, as well as I do any thing, the cutting down of the venerable tree; how we crowded about it, and how each busy discipulus was cutting off relics of their old friend. The branches, which were left by the workmen as useless, were gathered up, and, in the evening, made into a bonfire; then, too, we had a feast, and we sat round the glowing embers, with every one his apple, his gingerbread, his nuts, and his glass of currant wine. Then tales of school heroism, and school mischief, were recounted; and still the wit became brighter as the fire decayed—the “mirth and fun grew fast and furious.” Ah! those were happy days.

I often visit this scene of my infant years;—the school is there, with the stone owl, with its goggle eyes, perched above it; there is the playground; the dark stone walls, with their soft and solemn brownness—but I will write an essay on the school and my school days:—there are many faces, too, but they are strange to me—those of my time, alas! where are they?—they are scattered over the world—those that survive, at least; there was Zouch; and C—, with his bright wit and clear judgment; and Phillips, with his lively sallies of good-humoured mirth; and dozens, whom I could mention. One of them I must mention; 'tis R—, the most singular, inoffensive mortal I ever met with. R— fell in love—a thing of common occurrence and slight moment with most men; but it was otherwise with him: his constitution was delicate, and his feelings sensitive beyond the conception of any but his intimates; to such a being, to love as he loved, was an exertion of energies almost alarming. He succeeded—the object of his adoration loved him—the day was fixed for their marriage—before it came, she died, and R—'s fond ties were broken. From that hour, all his time was spent in retracing the walks they had taken together. There was a rose tree, which she had planted, and R— watched over it with incessant care;

for “he was the slave of sympathy.” I found it near him one day: he said to me—“You see that tree—I shall live as long as it; no longer?” He would not be persuaded that it was a mere whim of the imagination. Two months after this, he died. I passed through the garden—the tree was withered.

I am perfectly sensible not half my readers will believe this story. To those who do—who will look upon it as an instance of the strong power of the imagination over the mental and physical faculties—I relate this short notice of a gentle and innocent being. Poor R—! it is an humble stone that covers his remains, in yonder church-yard: his name is unknown, save to a few, but by those it will be long honoured, loved, and wept over.

THE ROMAUNT OF LLEWELLYN;

(Continued.)

CANTO I.—PART III.

XXXIX.

Leave we, somewhere, Llewellyn and his songs!
Now would I say of what myself do feel;
What to mine own woe-wasted heart belongs:
And certes, gentles, much I may reveal
Ye each have known, albe ye do conceal!
For not to all alike the power is given
To wake the lumbering tale of woe or weal;
Of all to tell with which the soul hath striven,
The story of a heart with passion's lightning riven!

XL.

As some bewilder'd bird upon the water,
The while that drooping daylight 'gins to close,
And the wild waves and warring winds have brought her
Far from the spot where all her hopes repose,
Forlorn and faint o'er bounding billows goes,
And sorrowing seeks the dim and distant shore;
Such sadness, such despair this bosom knows,
As, drifting on, the sea of sorrow o'er,
Above, around, below, the winds and waters roar!

XLI.

So, may I, like that lonely bird, complain,
Of every joy and every hope bereft;
Some ease the soul imbibe, when its pain
It may impart,—the sole, sad solace left
To me, as down the tide of time I drift!
Nathless, like some poor dying swan, I will
My voice in one last mournful requiem lift,
Then bid this heart lie evermore as still
As if it ne'er had known grief's agonising thrill!

XLII.

Alone here sit I by the taper's light,
Which, faint and flickering, scant dispels the gloom;
'Tis now the midnight, deadest hour of night,
And all around is silent as the tomb!
Now do hell's torture snakes my heart consume!
Wild through my breast the waves of sorrow flow!
Hope gasping lies,—ne ever may relume
Her quenched lamp,—ne may I ever know,
Save death's kind hand alone, the fine of all my woe!

XLIII.

Death is the unfailing leech, who every wound
May medicine,—and every agony
May soothe:—within his earthen house is found
That peace for which through life we vainly sigh!
Methinks it no displeasure were to die;
To tears and time, and sighs and sorrows bid
A long and last adieu!—How blest were I,
Within mine oaken chest for ever hid,
To have the charnyard gravel rattling on its lid!

XLIV.

There is, for tempest-beaten souls, a shore,
That shall receive them from life's stormy wave;
Where they shall be at peace for evermore,
Nor sigh, nor tear, nor teen, nor trouble have!
There is a haven shatter'd hearts to save,
That long have been of fortune's gale the sport,
A place of sweet repose,—it is the grave!
There shall the wicked want the power to hurt!
Rest shall the wearied ones find in that last resort!

XLV.

This is the hour when all is silent,—save
The ceaseless tumults of this anguish'd soul;
Save the dark thoughts, that, like the ocean-wave,
Untamed, untameable, for ever roll!
Now reigneth memory without control,
The queen of sorrow, weeping o'er the past,
The wayward sorceress of joy and dole;
And troublous thoughts drive thro' my bosom's waste,
As o'er the desert sweeps the Samiel's baleful blast.

XLVI.

What are my thoughts?—They are of days gone by,
And happier years;—hopes that have died forlorn;
Sad recollections of departed joy,
And keen regret for what may ne'er return;
The deep, dark, dumb despair I long have worn,
That racks my bosom, and wellnigh would weep;
But tears come not to eyes that hoily burn:
For what are tears, when feelings lie so deep
In their sad cell, the heart, where they for aye should sleep?

XLVII.

Low in my bosom lies the secret germe,
Whence springeth bootless bale and cureless care,
Eating the heart,—as in the bud the worm
Feeds on the centre, but doth not appear.
There is the well of many a weeping tear;
There is the cave of many a sorrowing sigh.
Howe'er, as I did say, mine eyes are sear
At times, and may not weep,—yet sometimes I
Allow that sad resource to grief-struck memory.

XLVIII.

Not alway was I wretched.—There hath been
A time when I was gayest of the gay.
But ye have oft a sunny morning seen
The prelude of a dark, tempestuous day.
Ah! little weets the urchin at his play,
Of storms that shall his future path assail,
Clouds that oftsoon shall intercept the ray
Of life's bright morn, and cause him weep and wail,
And turn his ruddy cheek too soon to sickly pale.

XLIX.

That time we all have known,—so sweet, so dear;
Ere the young heart the cold, cold world hath tried;
Ere we have shed one single bitter tear,
Or proved those pangs unfeeling ones deride;
Or been the scoff of insolence and pride;
Or felt how slander's venom'd tooth may wound;
Or seen how often seeming smiles do hide
A heartless heart;—or, to our cost, have found,
That treachery more than truth doth in this world abound.

L.

'Tis then the green and kingcup-deck'd field,
The daisied bank and sheene of silver stream,
The changeful ocean, sun, and sky, do yield
A rapture, that, oftsoon, becomes—a dream
Of what is past;—a momentary gleam
We not forget, but not again may feel;
A setting sun that throw a parting beam;
A star that did, a little while, reveal
Its glory, then in clouds its brightness did conceal.

LI.

Yet, doth the memory of those sweet days
Steal on me oft;—like witching melody
Upon the enraptured sense of one, who strays
By the lone margin of some moon-lit sea.
And, as, to catch the dying accents, he
Doth lingering turn, and lean his listening ear;
So I, to trace the fading memorie
Of boyhood's joys, in many a by-gone year,
Do pause, and muse, until the ideal scenes appear.

LII.

Alas, poor fool;—how didst thou then neglect
Each gentle blessing;—fondly pressing on
Along the road of life,—and still expect
For joys, thy folly worthless deem'd, that soon
Thou shouldst stain some fairer, brighter boon.
Fair was the dawn, and fairer still should be,
So didst thou ween, so whisper'd hope,—the noon
Of life.—Now eloquently speak for me
The faded cheek, sunk eye, and thro' of agony.

LIII.

'Tis a new world meseemeth:—far less fair
Than that I knew, while yet, in boyhood's hours,

I roam'd withouten guile, or grief, or care,
By bubbling brooklets, and sweet, leafy bowers,
Muttering my childish thoughts, and plucking flowers,
Or chasing butterflies athwart the mead:
Meet emblems of this worthless life of ours;
Where, onward, plucking paltry gaudes, we tread,
Or are, in vain pursuit, by varied visions led.

LIV.

Vainly I seek past pleasure to renew;
Such change is there.—The very flowers do seem
As if their beauty, and their sweetness too,
Were past,—for ever past,—even as a dream;
Or as the levyne's momentary gleam;
Or as, at spring's return, the winter's snow;
Or as a bubble floating down a stream;
Or a passing cloud, LOUISA, on thy brow;
Or, the least lasting thing of all, a woman's vow.

LV.

Yet must I sometimes pause, and think the while,
Whence is this wondrous change?—Is this the world
Once lovely and beloved, that now so vile
And void appears?—Ab, whither am I whirl'd
By faithless fortune's wheel?—Am I not hurl'd
By mystic means from home and hope afar?
Adown life's stream we float with sail unfurl'd,
And scene on scene, and change on change appear,
And at each change, meseems, in some new world we are.

LVI.

Unchanged the world remains.—The change is *here*;
In this sad breast,—this sorrow-sunken soul,
This trifling heart, the deep, dark dungeon, where
Lie broken hopes and ever-during dole.
Yet, as the solitary tear may roll,
Or from my breast ascend the infrequent sigh,
Deem not that ye may ever know the whole
Of sorrow's sad imaginings,—which lie
Too silent, deep, and dark, for human ear or eye.

LVII.

I am a lonely thing in the wide world.
No heart to mine with throb responsive beats.
From my derne breast all gentle feelings hurl'd,
Since sympathy's sweet balm it no where meets,
Within its narrow cell the soul retreats:
For, scant on me one lip doth waste a smile,
Or but the same dull formula repeats,
That questions of my health,—albe the while
It care not if I lay cold,—cold,—beneath the soil.

LVIII.

Trow ye, I trust the plausible outside,
The seeming smile, and ill-dissembled sneer,
The looks that barely thoughts of baseness hide,
Well-order'd words that fain like truth appear,
But deal in things to falsehood that are near,
And yet are bevell'd off with such a grace,
Just sloping to the lie that still they fear?
Oh, trust me, well I read the canting race
Of fools and would-be knaves, that slay while they embrace!

LIX.

For man is still of man the direst foe!
The stronger ever on the weaker preys!
It alway hath been, alway will be so!
And he who dares not strike, silent betrays
His friend to those that dare, and so repays
Full many a debt that weigh'd upon his soul!
I say as I have seen the gentle ways
Of those meek bipeds who this world control;
And, if I say not sooth, then misery be my dole!

LX.

I've seen how sorely slander's tongue may wound!
I've marked the oppressor's wrong, the rich man's scorn!
Friends have I sought, but falsehood mostly found!
With despised love my heart hath droop'd forlorn!
My daily meat and drink hath been to mourn!
I've wept till eye and heart alike are sore!
I've rued the day that ever I was born,
And sigh'd for death ten thousand times or more.
For what is life when grief gnaws at the bosom's core?

LXI.

Deep, deep within, is memory's hidden well;
Where perish'd hope's few floating things remain,
Silent and dark, save when the waters swell
One moment up to light and life again.

There lies young joy that in the birth was slain,
Dead but unburied hope,—still living care,
Love too sincere,—and vows that were in vain;
While one deep voice for ever murmurs there,
'Weep on, weep on, thou wretch,—thy portion be despair.'

LXII.

In secret anguish thus I brood o'er all
The chances of this life,—in which around
Us, friends and foes alike do daily fall,
To prove that peace which in the grave is found.
For there at least are all dissensions drown'd,
And they, that hated us without a cause,
Yield us our share of common churchyard-ground
Most peacefully;—for such the quiet laws
Of that best, last, long home, toward which each mortal draws.

LXIII.

The tide of time rolls on,—and the vast mass
Of great and little minds, pass on and perish:
And if there be who seeketh to surpass
His foes;—yet they, I ween, do seldom cherish
The wight who would presumptuously nourish
Dreams of excelling them;—but rather wield
A lethale blow to hope that 'gins to flourish:
Respect and deference they rarely yield,
Until, perforce, they've found such may not be withheld.

LXIV.

Some hate a man,—for he is dark or fair;
Some,—for that they are rich and he is poor;
Some hate him,—for the colour of his hair;
And some for that they loved him once before;
Others, for want of cause, hate him the more.
For, certes, in full many a heart there is
A wondrous store of envy boiling o'er,
Which, when it doth its own desirings miss,
Taket most dear delight in poisoning others' bliss.

LXV.

But, there is other ground whence hate hath sprung,
A noxious weed, poisoning our mortal state;
Some hate a man,—for they have done him wrong;
And this is aye the surest soil for hate:
While some, for benefits of ancient date,
Make this return, and so rub off the score:
But cruellest of all the wretch's fate,
Whose fault was, that he did too much adore
Her who doth hate him now, more than she loved before.

LXVI.

For long it hath been known, and well exprest,
In love or hate, the female mind is still
Wayward and wilful:—and when love the breast
Resigns, then entereth hate the void to fill.
And, what fair, false one loved thee, certes will
As strongly hate, whatever her remove;
Percease thou may'st have sigh'd to her, until
Her pity,—then contempt,—then hate,—thou prove.
Not far divergent lie the paths of hate and love.

LXVII.

Yet, would I not return her haught disdain;
For 'twere to justify it.—I would be
One, who too deeply suffer'd, to complain.
Or if, at times, a tear came to mine ee,
Or a sigh stole out,—'twere but in secrecie.
And if thy love were true, remember this:
For every pang thou causest her,—to thee
Shall come a tear of blood,—a pang no less
Than thy resentment gave in that thy dire distress.

LXVIII.

Yet is there that which wounds the noble minde,
And gives the gush of anguish to the ee,
More than disdain, or hate, or deed unkind;
It is—forgiveness of an injurie.
And, if thou have or friend or enemy,
Who hath, by chance, or thoughtlessness, or spleen,
Disturb'd thy peace of mind most cruelly,
The sweetest vengeance thou mayst take, I ween,
Is to forgive, forget, the injuries that have been.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE, ETC.

Comparative Nutritive Properties of food.—An interesting report on this subject has been presented to the French Minister of the Interior, by Messrs. Percy and Vauquelin, Members of the institute. The result of their experiments is as follows: In bread every 100 lbs. is found to contain 80 lbs. of nutritious matter; butchers'

meat, averaging the different sorts, contains only 35 lbs. in one hundred; French beans (in the grain) 92 lbs. in one hundred; broad beans, 89; peas 93; lentils (a species of half-pea, little known in England), 94 lbs. in one hundred; greens and turnips, which are the most stoeuous of all vegetables used in culinary purposes, furnish only 8 lbs. of solid nutritious substance in one hundred; carrots (from which an inferior kind of sugar is produced), 14 lbs.; and what is remarkable, as being opposed to the old theory, 100 lbs. of potatoes only yield 25 lbs. of nutriment. One pound of good bread is equal to 2½ lbs. of potatoes; and 75 lbs. of bread and 80 of meat, are equal to 300 of potatoes. To go more into detail, ½ lb. of bread and 5 oz. of meat, are equal to 3 lbs. of potatoes; 1 lb. of potatoes is equal to 4 of cabbage and 3 of turnips; and 1 of rice, broad or French beans, in grain, is equal to 3 of potatoes.

Fracture of Calculi in the Bladder.—An instrument has been invented, and, it is said, brought to perfection in Paris, by M. Anusatz, the use of which is to break down calculi in the bladder, and render the fragments so small that they may be voided as gravel. The instrument consists of pincers which are confined in a tube not larger than a sound, until introduced into the bladder. They are then opened, the stone is seized with facility, and by moving the handles in a particular manner, is soon reduced to powder. In a few seconds a stone the size of a nut is broken with facility; it appears, however, that as yet the trial has been made only on a dead body. It still remains to be learned what the result will be in a living one.

On the Employment of Potatoes in Steam-Engines and other Boilers, to prevent the calcareous Incrustations on their Bottoms and Sides.—The practice of adding about 1 per cent. of potatoes to the bulk of water contained in a steam-engine boiler, which has been long practised in this country, has been recently introduced into France, and merits the encomium which is bestowed on it by M. Pnyen, in a letter to the Editor of the *Jour. de Phar.*, Oct. 1822. He assigns the true cause of the beneficial agency of the root. The potato dissolves in the boiling water, forming a somewhat viscid liquid, which envelopes every particle of the precipitated calcareous salt, (usually selenite, sometimes carbonate of lime,) renders them slippery, so to speak, and prevents their mutual contact and cohesion. After a month's service, the boiler is emptied, and new potatoes added along with the charge of water.

New Steam-Engines of great Power.—We understand that Mr. Perkins has invented a new steam-engine, founded on a new property in steam, by which more than seven-eighths of the fuel and weight of engine may be saved. He has constructed a small one, with a cylinder two inches in diameter, and a stroke of twelve inches, which has the power of seven horses.

Preservative from Death by Skating.—Dr. Balfour has invented a very simple apparatus for preventing persons drowning, when the ice breaks under them in skating. It consists of an iron ring, elongated on one side into a perforator of about two inches in length, with a very slight curve. This may be permanently fixed on a pole or staff of any length, or adapted to the head of a walking cane. If the latter is preferred, a person may carry it in his pocket, with the part stuck into a cork, and screw it on and off at the ice. It is very evident that when a person feels himself going down, he will instinctively strike the perforator into the solid ice nearest him: and, as the specific gravity of the human body is not much greater than that of water, the slightest hold will suspend him till assistance is procured; nay, it is quite possible for a person so armed to extricate himself. The instrument cannot fail in any case to preserve life, except when the ice gives way to a great extent, and even then it will answer the purpose of suspension, if stuck into a large piece of floating ice.

A reasonable Desideratum.—The New England fishermen preserve their boots tight against water by the following method, which, it is said, has been in use among them above 100 years. A pint of boiled linseed oil, half a pound of mutton suet, six ounces of clean bees'-wax, and four ounces of rosin, are melted and

well mixed over a fire. Of this, while warm, not so hot as may burn the leather, with a brush lay plentifully on new boots or shoes, when they are quite dry and clean. The leather is left pliant. Fishermen stand in their boots thus prepared, in water, hour after hour, without inconvenience. For three years past, all my shoes, even of calf skin, have been so served, and have, in no instance, admitted water to pass through the leather.

THE CLUB.

No. XXVI.—FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1823.

However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Grave or intoxicated, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge.

MILTON.

OUR worthy friend the Chairman is so much respected by the other members, and shews on all occasions so much good sense and forbearance in examining the opinions of others, and in stating his own, that (in our various discussions) he is seldom in the minority. He sometimes, indeed, indulges in a little railery at the expense of an opponent, but it is always in the way of pleasantry, and with good nature.

There is, however, one subject, often introduced at our meetings, upon which he cannot get a single member to agree with him: he is very much averse to public libraries, and will have it that they are productive of very little benefit, and the source of many bad consequences.

One of his arguments, which is to be found in the writings of many of the ancients, and upon which Cicero in particular has insisted a good deal, is, that though we ought to study much, it is unwise to read many books. The old gentleman illustrates this position by a variety of instances: and contends that if the caution was necessary formerly, it must be particularly so at present, as the number of books, many of them of rather an attractive nature, has become very great. If we refer to the practice of any very distinguished author, we shall find, our friend believes, that his reading has not usually been very various. Demosthenes, the greatest orator the world has yet produced, was proverbially devoted to one author, and, Newton, as distinguished for his mathematical productions, was remarkable for the few books which he had read even on his favourite sciences. Our friend thinks he can in this way account for the usual case of a person's making more real progress in learning while he is an advanced school-boy, than in an equal time during any subsequent period of his life. In the former instance, the student is obliged to make himself familiarly acquainted with a few well chosen authors; in the latter, he is apt to "skim over the surface" of many, and to devote himself to none. "More," says our friend, "depends upon the mode of study than upon the degree of it. One man may acquire as much in two hours as another learns in a week. Method, which is of importance in every thing, is particularly so in study." Our friend, who is now and then found to push his arguments a little too far, and, in that way, to give his opponents an unnecessary advantage, calls the present times the age of reviewing, and ascribes the circumstance, in a considerable degree, to the influence of circulating libraries.

The reading of a circulating library cannot, he contends, be called study. So far from improving the faculties of the mind and increasing

the stock of knowledge, it has a tendency to dissipate the attention, and induce habits of literary idleness. The many superficial pedants who make so much show in the world, and who seem to know something of almost every book that has been written, and whom our friend denominates title-page-men, are generally well known in circulating libraries.

The other members concur in many of the Chairman's remarks, but they do not admit his conclusion. They think that circulating libraries are in many respects particularly useful. They concede the existence of some disadvantages; but to be free from all objections is not the privilege of human institutions.

Many persons whose days are passed in the drudgery of trade or commerce, find reading to be a very agreeable relaxation. They therefore take up a book in the evening as a recreation, and divert themselves with it when their minds, harassed by the labours and anxieties of the day, are unfitted for regular study. To persons of this description, a public library has many recommendations. It enables them, in particular, to consult many publications at a trifling expense. It places within their reach that innocent means of filling up their leisure hours, for the want of which they might otherwise have been the victims of more criminal propensities.

Circulating libraries have some claims even upon the regular student. When they contain good works, which is always the case under the direction of a sensible committee, they furnish the means of making those references for which every studious person has sometimes occasion.

One of the members, in alluding to the benefits which these libraries confer, mentioned the opportunities they supply to studious females. But the Chairman will not admit the validity of this argument. He thinks that it goes very far to support his own opinion. Females seldom find any thing in circulating libraries to improve either their intellect or their morals. On the contrary, they often injure both by the publications which are contained in these establishments. Novels and romances, the usual works which females take out of circulating libraries, have, unhappily, a powerful tendency to produce those airs and conceits which impair so much that natural grace and sweetness of manner, to which the sex owe so many of their attractions.

These are the lights in which the subject is at present viewed in the Club. Of the value of the President's reasons, and those of his opponents, as far as our limits would admit of our stating them, our readers may now form their own opinions.

T. J.

VARIETIES.

ENGLISH WORKS.—A Gentleman visiting the Royal Library at Copenhagen, inquired whether any English works had lately been admitted. "This, Sir," answered the librarian, producing a shell which had entered the library at the time of the bombardment, "is the last English work we have received."

FRUIT.—In the time of Henry the Seventh, fruit seems to have been very scarce. In an original manuscript signed by himself, it appears that apples were paid for, not less than one or two shillings a-piece; that "a red rose" cost two shillings, and that a man and woman had eight shillings and four-pence for strawberries.

VANITY.—The Marquis de L'Etourrière, an officer in a French regiment of the Guards, and one of the handsomest men in Paris, being one day among the crowd assembled in the church of the Quinze-Vingts, at the morning mass, felt some one press against him on one

side in such a manner as caused him to look round rather sharply, when his neighbour thus addressed him. "Sir, pray have the goodness to turn the other way."—"What for, Sir?"—"Since you force me to confess it, Sir, I will tell you, that I am a painter, and my friend, who is in the gallery on the left, and who is commissioned by a beautiful young lady to take your portrait, has signified to me by a sign, the attitude in which he wishes to take you." M. de L'Etourrière, flattered by the circumstance, and actually perceiving a man in the gallery, who regarded him attentively, and who, he imagined, had a pencil in his hand, took great pains every time he was required, to place himself in the attitude that he supposed the painter wished him to assume. Some minutes after, the man who had accosted him returned his acknowledgements for the politeness with which his request had been attended to, and slipped among the crowd; and the Marquis, on putting his hand into his pocket soon after, found himself *minus* his purse, watch, snuff-box, and all the jewels he had had about him.

It is said that Mr. Gifford, whose delicate health for some time past has retarded the publication of the forth-coming number of the *Quarterly Review*, purposes continuing in the Editorship of that Work for at least six months longer. We understand he has at present a great part of the matter ready for the two numbers which will appear in that time (besides the one now in the press,) and thinks he shall then, after having experienced the effects of the balmy season of the year, be able to decide whether he may proceed with his labours, or ought to relinquish them.

Belzoni leaves town on Monday on a new journey; but whether to make a tour through Persia, or to try to trace the route of Mango Park, is not certain.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.—The following anecdote as related by BONAPARTE, is taken from the Journal of LAS CASES.—"In the deep silence of a beautiful moon-light night," said the Emperor, "a dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us; thus, at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment," continued the Emperor, "the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not; but, certainly, no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps, has friends in the camp or in his company; and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson Nature here presents through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld, with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly at that moment I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy: I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

HANDEL.—Handel being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, replied in his imperfect English, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself;" and, indeed, we may well suppose that they must have been ideas little less sublime, that furnished sounds so grand in their combinations.

A PHYSICIAN'S FEE.—Sir Richard Jebb used to tell a story of himself, which made even rapacity comical. He was attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect a fee of five guineas—he received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he at the next visit contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand: but he still continued to look on the carpet. His Lordship asked if all the guineas were found. "There must be two guineas still on the carpet," replied Sir Richard; "for I have but three." The hint was taken as he meant.

WEEKLY DIARY.

JANUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SATURDAY 25.—*Conversion of St. Paul.*

Saint Paul suffered martyrdom under the general persecution of Nero. Being a Roman citizen, he could not be crucified by the Roman laws, as his colleague St. Peter was; he was, therefore, beheaded:—hence the usual representation of him with a sword in his hand.

A singular custom was observed on this day in St. Paul's Cathedral, until the reign of Elizabeth. Sir William de Baud, who was Sheriff of Essex and Hertfordshire, in the year 1375, obtained liberty to inclose within his parish at Corrington, in Essex, twelve or twenty-two acres of land, of the Dean of St. Paul's, in consideration of presenting them with a fat buck and doe yearly, on the days of the Conversion and commemoration of St. Paul. 'On these days, the buck and the doe were brought by one or more servants at the hour of the procession, and through the midst thereof, and offered at the high altar of St. Paul's Cathedral: after which the persons that brought the buck, received of the Dean and Chapter, by the hands of their Chamberlain, twelve pence sterling for their entertainment; but nothing when they brought the doe. The buck being brought to the steps of the altar, the Dean and Chapter, apparelled in copes, and proper vestments, with garlands of roses on their heads, sent the body of the buck to be baked, and had the head and horns fixed on a pole before the cross, in their procession round about the church, till they issued at the west door, where the keeper that brought it blowed the death of the buck, and then the horns that were about the city answered him in like manner; for which they had each, of the Dean and Chapter, three and fourpence in money, and their dinner; and, the keeper, during his stay, meat, drink, and lodging, and five shillings in money at his going away; together with a loaf of bread, having in it the picture of St. Paul.'

SUNDAY, 26.—*Septuagesima Sunday.*

The institution of this and the two following Sundays cannot be traced higher than the beginning of the sixth or the close of the fifth century. 'When the words Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were first applied to denote these three Sundays, the season of Lent had generally been extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always celebrated as festivals. At this time, also, the Sunday which we call the first Sunday in Lent, was styled simply *Quadragesima*, or the fortieth, meaning, no doubt, the fortieth day before Easter. *Quadragesima* was also the name given to the season of Lent, and denoted the quadragesimal or forty days' fast. When the three weeks before *Quadragesima* ceased to be considered as weeks after the Theophany (or Epiphany), and were appointed to be observed as a time of preparation for Lent, it was perfectly conformable to the ordinary mode of computation to reckon backwards, and, for the sake of even and round numbers, to count by decades.'—(*Shepherd.*)

CRITICISM.

COCK ROBIN.—(*Concluded.*)

IN the language in which the sentiments are clothed, the poet will be found at least equal to himself. That

the impassioned question and the eager reply are the true features of the pathetic, we have the testimonies of Longinus and Boileau, the first of ancient and modern critics.

Nor must we omit to notice the artful employment of diminutives, as, 'my little eye, my little dish,' &c. throughout the poem. Nothing so much gives the air of tenderness or softness to the elegy as this class of nouns. Our poet, doubtless, had studied the beauties of the elder Italian school, or the higher examples of the Roman bards. Catullus had already pointed out the path—witness his verses on Lesbia's Robin (the ancestor of the hero of our present tale), when the winged favorite, like his descendant, had paid the debt of nature:—

O factum male, o miscelle passer,
Tua nunc opera, mea pacis
Plendo turgiduli rubent ocellis.*

Brandenrumpf, a learned monk of the 14th century, has quarreled with the stanza:

Who'll toll the bell?
I, says the Bull,
Because I can pull.

To introduce thus an apathetic animal among the characters in this poem, he observes, destroys the symmetry of the piece, which is in other respects confined to the smaller orders of the winged and finny kinds; but, for my part, I am satisfied, after great research, that the poet is misunderstood—and that the word 'bull' is used (as with Cowpert and others) *per ellipsin vel synecdochen*, for the bull-finch, who would doubtless be competent to toll the bell employed on the melancholy occasion.

If Brandenrumpf, however, felt dissatisfied at the introduction among the dramatic persons of a Bull (in the mistaken sense of the word), how justly would his displeasure have been increased, had he lived in these times, and perused the last edition of our poet. Besides many injurious alterations in the text, to which I shall presently more particularly address myself, he would have perceived with horror a vital stab at the sense and meaning of the fourth stanza. He would there have read, nay more, he would have seen, with rage, in the copper-plate designs which accompany the edition, not Scarabeus Popinalis of Linnæus (the Black Kitchen-Beetle), playing his work with the busy hum (in fancy's ear) of cheerfulness; but the SCARABÆUS PAROCHIALIS, (or, the BLUE PARISH BEADLE!) an order of animals hitherto unnoticed by our naturalists. With what anger would he have gazed on the huge biped, seated on a tomb-stone, in all the unmeaning pomp of corpulency and a cocked hat, sewing something similar in appearance to a common pocket-handkerchief!

Having adverted to these unauthorised alterations, I feel myself compelled to observe at length on a subject, which I must confess has excited in me feelings of great regret, not unmixed with some emotions of indignation. The inexcusable liberties which some editors have taken with the works of our elder poets, have long been matter of reprobation among the learned. The evil spirit of unbridled emendation, which did not respect the sacred remains of Shakespeare, has at length ventured to fix his harpy claws on the labors of the author of the Cocco-Robinad.

I have now before me an edition† (professing to be the latest and the best) of this excellent work; and I note, with grief, the introduction of this verse into the body of the poem:—

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.

This is clearly an interpolation; but which might have been better tolerated had not the sense of other passages been injured to make room (as it were) for this. In order to preserve the third line, the editor has wholly destroyed the beauty of the preceding stanza, and added a couplet to the following one. The Lark is made to say, 'if it be not in the dark,' thus converting her unequivocal promise into a conditional assent, expressive of the meanest selfishness. And respecting

* De passere mortuo Lesbiæ—*Infam.*

† See his lines on Mrs. Throckmorton's Bull-finch:—
It left poor Bull's beak.

‡ See 'The death and burial of Cock Robin. Edit. 1816. W. Darton.

the Linnet, the editor observes, 'Here's the Linnet with a light, *although it is not night.*' But that the reading of these passages, which I have already given, is correct, will appear from several considerations sufficiently obvious. Indeed if the funeral were not to be solemnized in the night, can it be supposed that a torch would have been at all required?

Again, I perceive at the close of the genuine poem, the addition of no less than three unauthenticated and fabricated stanzas. The editor, it must be confessed, has not been deficient in one species of ingenuity: he has invoked the aid of the sister art; and has attempted to enrich, by the delineations of the pencil, the efforts of his muse. We are, however, not to be cajoled with drawings, however happy, nor dazzled with coloring however vivid. Any, the least distinguishing palate, can detect, in the following verses, the want of that flavor—that gusto—which belong to the original poem:—

Who will fill the grave?
I, said the Hawk, so brave,
Let me fill the grave.
Who will read his will?
I, said the Daw,
Because I am in the law,
And I will read his will.
Who will write his epitaph?
I, said the Hare,
With the utmost care,
Poor Cock Robin is no more.

In explanation of some remarks which have been made, it seems proper to notice that each of these stanzas is accompanied by an appropriate drawing, subscribed with significant designations, such as—

Behold the Hawk engaged,
Filling of Robin's grave.
This is the Jack-Daw,
Who is in the law
With spectacles and law,
A reading of the will.

I should feel less displeased with the editor were the liberty taken with the poet the least objectionable part of his conduct. It is impossible, however, to shut one's eyes against the insinuation intended to be conveyed against the members of a learned profession, under the vile emblem of a *Daw*. What degree of animosity (I would ask) could have led the editor to furnish that mean fowl with spectacles, and to make so pointed an allusion to his *claw*? Who does not here perceive a malign, but (I trust) impotent, attempt to charge noisy garrulity—prying curiosity—and a grasping propensity, on some limbs of an honorable vocation? I admonish the editor to a reform. Let him remember, that while I possess even the stump of a pen, I will wield it to the overthrow of attempts which seek to disturb the manes of a departed bird—and at the same time to undermine one of the pillars of our political system.

Here will I pause.—Let us now for a moment return to the agonized group of fowls, who amid the shades of night stretch their wings and ope their bills in bitter sorrow, and prepare to seal the tomb. Borne on the pinions of fancy, let us hover round the sacred spot; and while the notes of woe are heard, and the deep knell dies on the gale, let us mingle our tributary tears with the floods of sorrow that bedew the corpse of ill-fated Robin!

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

Brief Memoir of the Life of the Rev. R. Walker.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

We concluded our last by saying that there was in our former sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details.

We will begin with his industry. Eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seats were within the rails of the Altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's school-mistress, the master employed himself at his spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school time, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging for the benefit of

exercise, the small wheel, for the large one at which the spinner steps to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with the management of public and private affairs, he acted in his rustic neighbourhood as scrivener, writing petitions, wills, extracts, &c. with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable,) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights at his desk.—His garden also was tilled by his own hands: he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting a few acres of land in addition to his own glebe: and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required, was performed by himself. He also assisted his neighbours in making hay, and shearing their flocks; and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in return, complimented him with a present of a hay-cock, or a fleece, less as a recompense for these services than as a general acknowledgment.

The sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy: Sunday evenings were devoted to reading the scriptures and family prayer. The principal festivals of the church were also duly observed; but every other day, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hands or mind, not allowing a moment for recreation, except on Saturday afternoons, when he indulged himself with a news-paper, or sometimes with a magazine.—The *frugality* and *temperance* established in his house were as admirable as the *industry*. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known. In the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere, but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it.—The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel, by their own hands. At the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning.—The pew in which his family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with cloth spun by the pastor's own hands: and, no other instance is known of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times.—The fuel of his house (like that of his neighbours,) consisted of peat procured from the mosses by his own labour. The lights by which their winter's evening work was performed were by his manufacture, being made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house afforded; *white* candles, as tallow ones are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were produced upon no other occasion. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from his small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family: and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried for winter provision: and the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoe-leather. By these various resources this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as

he affectingly said, "from wanting the necessities of life," but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising them in society.

How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? It may be concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry, for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so constantly occupied upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the most precious part of his nature. But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse, were reconciled: his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; and his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer in the least. The stranger who passed that unfrequented vale was fed and refreshed, and "the poor and the needy, he never sent empty away." He tenderly performed all the duties of his pastoral office; the sick were visited, and the feelings of humanity found exercise among the distresses of his neighbours, and in their worldly embarrassments, his talents for business, his disinterestedness and impartiality, (virtues seldom separated in his conscience from religious obligations) were remarkably efficacious. As in his practice there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow: while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts and christian exhortations which he delivered from the pulpit, it may be presumed that peculiar effect would attend his labours, when they reflected that he called upon them to do no more than by his own actions, he daily set them an example. The afternoon service was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory, the lesson from the New Testament being accompanied by Burket's commentary. Not only on Sunday evenings, but every evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one read a portion of the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through.

He was zealously attached to the doctrines and frame of the Established Church. We have already seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenter in his cure. In what degree this prejudice was blameable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was desirous, not only to live in peace, but in *love* with *all* men. He was placable and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct, and rigorous as to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties. It would be unpardonable to omit, that, in the maintenance of his virtues he received due support from the Partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress, by saying, "she was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing." He survived this virtuous companion but a short time. When she died he ordered her body to be carried to the grave by three of her daughters, and one grand-daughter; and when the corpse was lifted, he insisted upon lending his aid; and feeling about, (for he was then almost blind,) he took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin, and, as a

bearer, entered the chapel, not many yards from the lowly Parsonage.

At a small distance from his cottage a mill had been erected for spinning yarn; and so much had been effected by the power of machinery before his death, that its operations could not escape his notice, and, doubtless, did excite touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But, Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting, and the same energy would have been displayed, but, in many instances, the effect would have been amazingly different.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and unremunerated parish priest present to the generality of his brethren of modern days!

Not every man is born to be a Vicar of Bowden; nor is every Vicar like this "Village Preacher!"

ERECTION OF THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

How the Egyptians and Early Ancients moved and formed such stupendous masses has often been a subject of doubt and admiration, perhaps for want of consideration, how Archimedes made his grand experiments, or how the immense concerns of our dock-yards are conducted. The principles of mechanics are few and simple. Plumb-lines, and wheels and axles, are mentioned in contemporary writings. Denon says, that the Egyptians began by elevating masses, in which they marked out their architectural lines; and it is certain that at the temple of Hiermonthis, the sculpture of the capitals has not been finished, so that the pillars were worked after they were put up. The obelisks are described by Pliny as having been brought to Thebes from the quarries by means of a canal. The obelisks were made to rest across the stream upon the opposite banks; vessels loaded with bricks were brought under; the cargo was then taken out, and, the vessels rising, elevated the obelisks. The method employed of moving columns and large stones, was by affixing strong iron axles in each end, and inserting them in broad wheels of solid construction. Such was the plan of Ctesiphon and Methagenes, of which Vitruvius gives the account. Such a wheel also appears affixed to the end of an obelisk in Montfaucon's plate. Herodotus writes, that Cleopas, the son of Rasimith, left steps outside the pyramid, in order that very large stones might be moved by *short beams* and proper engines. The short beam seems to point out the *carchesium*, or *crane* of Vitruvius. Very large stone beams are said to have been placed upon high columns in this manner. Under the centre of the beam they put two cross pieces, mutually contiguous. They then affixed baskets of sand at one end till the weight raised the other. Under the beam thus raised from its bed, they placed a stay or support. They then applied the weights to the opposite end, newly lifted, till it tilted up the other extremity; and so putting another elevator under, they proceeded till the stone was reared into its proper position. It is said, that the stones for the pyramids were brought along artificial causeways; and Pliny adds, that bridges were made of unbaked bricks, till the work was concluded, and then the bricks were distributed for the formation of private houses. M. de Laysorié thinks that the scaffolding of the ancients was formed of ropes, and that such a method might now be very conveniently adopted. Stones were sold ready hewn, and Pliny mentions the process of sawing them (for the saw is seen on Egyptian monuments) by the aid of sand, and this process and very form of the saw are still preserved. In ancient representations, upright posts, or capstans, are erected, around which winds a rope, fastened to the block, and the capstan is turned by long horizontal levers. Ammianus Marcellinus, speaking of the erection of the obelisk at Constantinople, says, that there was a wood of machinery, consisting of lofty beams or masts, with which were connected vast and long ropes as thick as net-

work. With these the obelisk was fastened, and by many thousand men, working as in turning a mill, it was placed in its socket. As clearly as we can comprehend this by comparison with the figure, the great number of ropes was intended to prevent a fall; and those, which elevated the obelisk, were strained by the capstan just described, till it was elevated upon its base. A very rude method of fixing upright large stones was, according to some authors, rolling them up an inclined plane, and then letting them fall into the place intended. The excellence of the workmanship in the monuments of Egypt is, however, sufficient evidence of the knowledge of the leading necessary machinery, because it is of course antecedent to the invention of finish and ornament.—*Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities.*

SIR F. HENNIKER'S VISIT TO HIS BANKER AT LAKRAAT.

'Called on the banker—this metropolitan bank is in some danger: there being as many as three or four applicants for money, and I want no less than the enormous sum of 100l. I took my place cross-legged on the mat: the room would just do for a hen-house, mud white-washed, with one small window; in a corner sat "the Firm," with his desk and portable treasury before him—his attendants were armed—coffee was brought, and a slave, who was smoking, as I conceived for his own amusement, was troubling himself to light a pipe for me; I took the liberty to wipe the mouth-piece, which I was afterwards given to understand, is to doubt the cleanliness of master or man, and it is therefore an insult—not to let him spit in your face—I sat here about an hour and a half in limbo; during this, several Turks came in—took their places—drank their coffee—smoked their pipes—remained half an hour—said nothing, and walked away—whether these were visits of ceremony, pleasure, or business, I cannot decide—not a word was spoken—but what was a Turk to say—he has no books, nor news-papers, nor curiosity, nor activity—he has no pleasure but his pipe—funus et umbra:—That a man should travel for knowledge, or dance for amusement, excites the astonishment of the most enlightened of them. "What, come so far to see buildings that are destroyed, and not be paid money for your trouble?" "What, dance yourself, when you can hire others to dance for you for five shillings!" yet with all their idleness and want of thought, I never heard a Mohammedan whistle—whistling would be more tolerable than smoking; they seem happy, and "if in ignorance there's bliss," they ought to be really so—O that Eve had been a Mohammedan. My hundred pounds were to be paid in piastres, half piastres, and paras, pieces the value of six-pence, three-pence, and half farthings, the latter about the size of spangles, these were counted over three times, nor did any attention to the visitors occasion the loss of half a farthing to the bank of Siout—it was but on one occasion that the object of the Firm was at all diverted—he took a pipe from his servant's mouth, put it into his own, and then into his friend's, taking that of the latter in exchange—this is the acme of civility in a Turkish gentleman—none but the ill-bred would feel any delicacy—at length money was thrice counted, put into a carpet bag, my dragoman refused to be purse-bearer, and a donkey was hired to carry it to the boat—such money, and such trouble attending it, ought to be enumerated among the plagues of Egypt—the piastres are copper slightly white-washed, the mask soon wears off, and like the "testers" of Henry VIII. they blush at their own corruption.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH ACTORS AND SCOTTISH REVIEWERS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—You last week favoured your readers with an extract from a Scotch paper relative to Mr. Vandenhoff's first appearance in Edinburgh. After the wretched actors that public are and have been doomed to witness regularly belonging to the company there, I am not at all surprised to find that such a performer as Mr. V. was well received: Mr. V. has now adopted an honourable and a politic method of proceeding, and I rejoice in his success—this is the step he should have taken are he ventured to re-appear before a Manchester or a Liverpool audience, under the peculiar delicacy and honour

which should have been observed by him, in the dangerous and difficult enterprise of regaining his former situation.

It has often been said "that an injudicious friend is your worst enemy," and of the contemptible "puff" which you have extracted, if it was written by a Scotch critic, I suppose he meant to be facetious at Mr. V.'s expense. If by an Englishman (and which I very much suspect) he has missed his mark: for who ever heard of Mr. V.'s 'uncommonly fine person,' 'graceful and disguised gesture,' 'handsome face,' 'powerful eye and forehead,' and then 'his throat, and the junction of the throat with the head,' is the finest the critic has ever seen: then it says that Mr. V. falls in 'the strokes of pathos, which occur in the part, and yet his success was complete; strange contradiction! and it concludes by stating that the whole performance is founded upon Keimble, with this latter remark I perfectly coincide, and it was chiefly owing to such unfortunate adaptation, both in 'Coriolanus' and 'Lear,' that Mr. V. may ascribe his failure in London.

Thus the Scotch critics seem to have discovered what I could not after seven years acquaintance, I mean with respect to his person, face, and action, for I know that Mr. V.'s face and head are by nature little, his hair and complexion very light, his eye very small and light coloured, and sunk in his head, and the whole contour incapable of varied expression: his gait and action too are stiff and ungraceful; yet with all these disadvantages it redounds to his honor to have effected so much as he has done, being so little indebted to nature for assistance, with the exception of a good voice, and sound judgment as a speaker. I would rather have heard of some fine points he may have made in enacting the character, than in perusing a tissue of personal requisites that Mr. V. does not in truth possess.

Your's, V. P.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—In the time of Menage, the French were very partial to a species of writing to which they gave the name of *Bouts Rimes*. It consisted of a number of terminations of lines which rhyme with one another, and to which the persons to whom they are offered, have to furnish the preceding parts, so as to make sense of the whole.

I am aware that this kind of writing has been condemned by Mr. Addison in one of the numbers of the Spectator. I cannot help thinking, however, with due submission to so great an authority, that the *Bouts Rimes* is a very good exercise for the mind, and that, therefore, it has been rather too hastily censured. It seems to me a very rational amusement; and particularly adapted to improve the sagacity of young writers.

I beg to propose the following exercise; and shall be glad to see the lines filled up in an early number of your interesting publication.

_____ heart
_____ burst
_____ part
_____ worst.
_____ mood
_____ swell
_____ flood
_____ farewell.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Manchester, Jan. 20th, 1823.

E. H.

METEOROLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—No doubt many of your readers will be glad to see a daily statement of the temperature during the past severe frost. The following are the two extremes for each day, but which generally average about two degrees more than in the neighbourhood of the town: this difference arises from various causes, such as acquired temperature from a concentrated population, combustion of fuel, and gas, &c. Possibly my thermometer may indicate a fraction more than an average of the town from its slightly confined situation.

THOMAS HANSON.

Bridge-Street, 22nd January, 1823.

1823.	11th Highest	4th	Lowest	5th
Jan.	12	"	38	"
	13	"	39	"
	14	"	35	"
	15	"	31	"
	16	"	34	"
	17	"	34	"
	18	"	27	"
	19	"	27	"
	20	"	36	"
	21	"	34	"
	22	"	33	"

Mean 33.7 Mean 27.3

The wind during the above days, blew generally from the north and north-east. The barometer gradually fell from the 11th to the 19th, and became stationary about the very low temperature of 35°, when it began to rise. This evening, (22nd) the barometer has nearly regained what it had lost since the 11th, and now appears stationary. The ground for the most part has been clothed with snow, and rivers and canals frozen over. My friend's thermometer at Crumpeal indicated a cold of 13° on the morning of the 19th, which is 15° below freezing. The mean of the two extremes on that day in town was 21°, in the country probably 19°. Mean of the means of the two extremes of the twelve days, 30.25.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, Ardwick, noticed the temperature of the 19th, in the morning, to be 13° the same as at Crumpeal.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday Jan. 20th, to Friday Jan. 25th, 1823.

Monday.—Romeo and Juliet: with the Libertine. Juliet, Miss S. Booth.

Tuesday.—Rob Roy: with the Spoil'd Child. Bailie Nichol Jarvie and Tag, Mr. Tayleure: Little Pickle, Miss S. Booth.

Wednesday.—The Provok'd Husband: with the Miller and his Men. John Moody and Karl, Mr. Tayleure: Jenny and Claudine, Miss S. Booth.

Friday.—King Lear: with the Sleep Walker. Cordelia, Miss S. Booth: Somno, Mr. Tayleure.

On Monday evening Miss S. BOOTH appeared in the arduous character of Juliet. With the justly celebrated Miss O'Neil, in perfect recollection our anticipations of Miss B. were moderate; but, never were we more agreeably, more happily mistaken!—This lady's talents are great, and so developed and matured by application and correct conception, that she is sure to obtain the warmest admiration of all who witness her exertions.—Her performance of Juliet was throughout unexceptionable; yet this does not convey a comparative idea of it,—it was throughout of the first description! Of Miss B.'s Little Pickle, it will be sufficient to remark that the public has long stamped it as being peculiarly suited to her neat, spry person, and cheerful disposition. But that the very dissimilar characters of Juliet and Little Pickle could be so exquisitely united in the same lady, remained for Miss B. to exemplify, and is to us equally singular and delightful.

We witnessed the re-appearance of Mr. TAYLEURE on Tuesday night, in the character of Bailie Nichol Jarvie, in Rob Roy; and in that of Tag, in the Spoil'd Child. That this gentleman's London engagement should have improved his general acting was naturally expected; the case, however, was otherwise—grace is still predominant in the old proportion, which always made genuine acting, with him, a minor consideration. Tag, although one of his favourite characters, is much inferior to Mr. Penson's.

In Rob Roy, Mr. SALTAN appeared to very great advantage. His bold commanding figure, afforded a striking and appropriate representation of that daring outlaw; and he sustained the character with admirable spirit, and the utmost energy. Of Mrs. M'GRASON, weekly or even monthly pageant would prove cloying, and exhaust the strains of eulogy; yet, with regard to this lady's performances, the severest liberal criticism could employ no other.

LITERARY NOTICES.

There are now three translations of Pindar preparing for the Press. The translators are, Mr. J. Bailey, of Trin. Coll. Cam., the Rev. Mr. Cary, and Archdeacon Wheelwright.

The English Master; or, Student's Guide to Reasoning and Composition: exhibiting an Analytical View of the English language, of the Human Mind, and of the Principles of Fine Writing: by WILLIAM BANKS, Private Teacher of Composition, Intellectual Philosophy, &c.

The Rev. G. S. FABER will shortly publish a Treatise on the Genesis and Object of the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian Dispensations.

Narrative of a Tour through the Moors, giving an Account of the present State of that Peninsula and its Inhabitants, by Sir WILLIAM GRIL, with Plates and Wood Cuts.

A Sabbath among the Mountains: a Poem.

A Journey to Two of the Oases of Upper Egypt. By Sir A. RIMONSTON, Bart.

Travels in Ireland in the year 1822. By Thomas BELD.

Universal Stenography; or, a Practical System of short Hand: combining legibility and brevity. Founded on the general principles of the late ingenious Mr. Samuel TAYLOR; with improvements from the best Writers on this useful Art.

Bible History: including the March of Israel from Egypt to the Borders of the Promised Land. Revised and enlarged, by Mrs. Sherwood.

Sincerity: a Tale. By the author of "Rachael."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On perusing the letter handed to us on Thursday, relative to the notice of Mr. VANDENHOFF which appeared in our last, we considered ourselves bound either to suppress it, or to alter it to the first person singular. The latter we have done, and retained merely the initials of the signature.

Communications have been received from W. JONES.—R. Y.—Veritas.—Dramaticus.—N. S. C.—D. O.—E. Y.—Eudoxia.—A Friend.—and A Constant Reader.

Diana Troscle's remonstratory epistle is also received, and shall appear in our next.

Our readers shall, next Saturday, be presented with an additional half-sheet.

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AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham. Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co. Macclaghfield, J. Swinerton.
Bury, R. Hellawell; J. Kay. Oldham, W. Lambert.
Chester, Poole & Harding. Preston, L. Clarke.
Derby, Richardson & Haodford. Rochdale, M. Lancashire.
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No. 53.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.

[From a persuasion that our friend Mr. Hezekiah Treacle has not acted towards his rib, according to equity, or conjugal obligation, we do not hesitate to assign to her retaliative epistle, the most prominent place in our Miscellany.—Ed.]

MR. SMITH,

SIR,—I do not know whether you are a married, or a single man, but if you have any regard for our sex, I shall expect to discover that regard, by finding this letter inserted in your Iris.

You must know then, Sir, that I am the wife of MR. HEZEKIAH TREACLE, who, on the 5th of last November, sent a letter to one MR. MEDIUM, secretary to the Club of *humourists* that publishes those papers in your Iris. Now, Sir, I suspect that my husband is a member of this club, though he keeps his being so a secret from me; for I have seen a formal mysterious looking man occasionally call at our house, and have observed my husband talk with him apart. This man, I suspect, is Mr. Medium, for about the day on which Hezekiah's letter is dated, I recollect the person whom I take for Mr. Medium spent the evening at our house, but not in the parlour where I was,—he was closetted with my husband; and I never could learn what they were doing, only that it was some particular business. I remember now it was the 5th of November, for I said to Hezekiah that he and his friend might be contriving another gunpowder treason, upon which he smiled, but made no reply. However, little did I think that I was the victim of their machinations.

We have taken the Iris from its commencement, and it is always served up with breakfast on Saturday morning, exactly at eight o'clock. I have reason enough to recollect this, as Mr. Treacle once chided a good servant so for bringing in breakfast without the Iris, that it was with great difficulty I prevailed upon her to remain with us longer.

After looking the papers over, and reading aloud to me what pleases him, Hezekiah leaves the number out till the next week, that the rest of the family may read it. He then carefully lays it up in his scrutoire. I remember, however, my precise man once took a number away with him, and though I often asked him what he had done with it, he always evaded my question. One day last week, however, I went to look for a receipt for some money which I knew I had paid, and which the tax-gatherer called for a second time, and I thought I would see if the number missing was put by among the others, when I found it carefully in its order; but what was my surprise and chagrin, when I found my husband's letter to Mr. Medium in it. But, Sir, though Hezekiah says he wrote this letter to attract my notice, yet he was so ashamed of himself, that he durst not let me see it. I so far overcame my feelings as to put the number in its place, and to say nothing to him; but resolved to send you a letter in reply, and trust me I will not shrink, but he shall have it to his breakfast as soon as his coffee is ready, on the morning of publication.

As to vindicating myself from the frivolous

charges he brings against me, I do not consider them worthy of an answer. With his shop (thank God) I have done this long time. He and his young men are the fittest to manage it. I assure you, Mr. Smith, I never was brought up to such matters. My husband received £1000 with me, and I think that was a handsome thing. I never interfere with his shop, and he ought to allow me to manage my own domestic affairs. I am ashamed for him when I observe what little matters he makes of importance. The apples that he mentions, for instance, were some nice pippins which I put into his scrutoire, that he might have one after dinner, as he is very partial to apples. With regard to the other matters, perhaps he may have seen occasionally little instances of omission, or inadvertency; but, let me ask any considerate person, whether, in a family consisting of twelve persons, and among them four small children, every thing can be always in the most orderly state?

With regard to any little defects in my dress, all my friends tell me, that to wear no whalebone in my stays is the greatest; and which, I am informed, makes me look like a sack of flour with a string tied round the middle; yet to this I have submitted to please some whimsical notions which Hezekiah entertains about the order of nature, and the symmetry of the human figure. But, as soon as this letter appears in print, I will resume my whalebone, though at the expense of this supposed symmetry.

However, it is time, Sir, that I gave you some account of my husband, since he has been so very particular in his account of me.

During our courtship the most agreeable thing I observed in him, was, that I never knew him to exceed the period of an engagement five minutes; at the same time, he would not stay after the clock struck ten, say what I would to detain him. He once complained that our clock was two minutes and a half too late. The general topic of his conversation was the happiness of a well regulated family, and he was very severe in his remarks on the practice of keeping irregular hours. He declared that he was never out of his late master's house at a quarter past ten during the whole time that he had lived with him.

Now, Sir, I must tell you that I date all my husband's whimsical formalities to the influence of his late master's example and his over-nice rules. Well indeed do I remember this person! He was a little, spare, nimble man, always dressed in brown; he wore bright buckles in his shoes, and a little round hat, and he never was married! I could fill half a dozen numbers of your Iris with an account of the oddities of Peregrine Pimento, all arising out of his slavery to certain rules of method. From his exactness in weighing his groceries he got the name of Split-raisin. I cannot resist the desire I feel of giving you a sketch of this oddity of regularity. Mr. Pimento used to write down on a card the manner in which he intended to dispose of every hour in the week. He had a little book of aphorisms relating to order and method, which he

called his golden rules. This little book commenced with a few lines of poetry, beginning "Order is heaven's first law." One of the first employments of a young apprentice was to write out for his own use a copy of these rules.

If any one made application to Peregrine for his opinion of a tradesman whether he was trustworthy, the only answer he gave was "I consider him a very regular man," or "His business is conducted without method." The Dutch were great favourites with Mr. Pimento, for he had somewhere read that this people had so high an opinion of method, that for them to say of a man that he kept his accounts irregularly was the same as to say he had failed in business or was bankrupt.

During his last illness Peregrine Pimento drew up an exact account of the manner in which he wished to be buried. He directed that his relations and friends should follow him to the grave;—not in the order of consanguinity, but according to his declared opinion of their character for method and punctuality. My husband Hezekiah was appointed to follow next to the body, and Mr. Pimento presented him with the original copy of his Golden Rules with his own hands on his death-bed; and Hezekiah prides himself more upon his old master's preference than many a nobleman does upon his title.

Hezekiah has so faithfully copied his master, that he sees but one virtue in the world—Order, and one vice—Disorder! Besides the Bible, the only books he reads, are, The Tradesman's Dictionary, A Treatise on Discount and Tare and Tret, and Interest Tables. The latter seems to please him much because he says the figures appear so methodically placed. I have several times heard Hezekiah say he once intended to study astronomy, but was deterred by observing the confusion in which the stars appeared to be placed; adding, that he could not see how any thing like order could be produced out of such confusion; for if his drawers and canisters were half as confused he should not have the courage to attempt to reduce them to method. He has so frequently read that chapter in the Bible to the family which contains the precept "Let all things be done decently and in order" that we can all of us repeat it without book. Hezekiah never gives any other opinion of a sermon than that "It was a very methodical discourse," and perhaps he will add "He has no doubt but the minister is a very punctual man." Or should the sermon not be approved, "This preacher is utterly destitute of system."

But to give you an idea of my husband's particularities about the house would be impossible. As soon as the bell begins to ring eight at night, I have to despatch a servant to see if every thing be in its place, to save chiding when he returns from his shop. I have known him stand in the lobby calling for his top-coat when it was at his elbow, but the servant after brushing it had hung it on the wrong nail, and it is a maxim with Hezekiah, never to allow any thing to exist, except in its appropriate place. He has often threatened to have all the nails and hooks in the house labelled.

Last summer, my two youngest children having the whooping cough, Hezekiah took a cottage at a little distance from the town, and, as he said, to give his family an example of order from nature, he bought some ducks, and prepared a path for them to walk home unobstructed. In the evening he took great delight in observing the ducks come home in a line, one regularly behind another. On one occasion, however, it happened that one of the ducks saw a snail near the path, and left the line to pick it up. This so offended my husband, that he ordered the straggler to be killed, lest it should set a bad example to the flock. Nor has my favourite cat met a better fate. Hezekiah always requires his slippers to be placed side by side, in front of his arm chair, so as to be ready when he comes home, but puss in her play, happening to disturb their position, received so severe a correction, that the very sound of his feet made her leave the house. One morning as Hezekiah was going to the shop, he found puss at the house door, and imagining that she had been out all night, he ordered the youngest apprentice to drown her, for that she led a disorderly life. Not long ago, some friends spent the evening with us, and, among other topics of conversation, the bravery of the English soldiers was one, when Hezekiah maintained that all the superiority of English soldiers arose from the exact order kept up in their armies, and not from any superior bravery.

In fine Mr. Smith, were I to tell you only a small part of my husband's singularities arising from his strange notions of order, I know not when I should have done.

Reading a little time ago in your paper of a certain manner of deciding a man's propensities, by elevations upon the bones of the head; I applied to a person who has some skill in this science, to point out to me which were the bumps of method. At night when Hezekiah was asleep, I put my fingers to the place pointed out to me, where the bump ought to be found, and I certainly did perceive an elevation so great, that I thought he had let one of the tea canisters fall on his head, but on application of my hand to the other side of the head, I found a protuberance equally great.

The result of this examination, greatly confirms the truth of the science of Craniology, and will cause me to bear with the absurdities of my husband, with more patience.

After all I can perceive that Hezekiah is more precise about the full and change of the moon. I therefore at such times put a little of Dr. Henry's calcined magnesia into his rice milk, as he always takes rice milk for his supper. At the time of the last new moon, he was still more particular than before. He went through the whole house and complained that every thing was in confusion. As he looked rather wild I asked if he was unwell, and he complained that he had a violent pain in his head. I thought a few leeches applied to his temples would relieve him, and after some persuasion obtained his consent to send for the woman to attend with ten or a dozen. The woman did not come immediately; and she had only just got the last leech to take hold when the clock struck ten. Hezekiah bearing the usual hour of repose announced, arose and insisted upon going to bed, though his temples were covered with leeches; and when we offered to restrain him, he declared that we were conspiring to break all the rule and method of his house. I at length succeeded in pacifying him, after much exertion, and I am happy to add that he has been much better since, and I hope this letter may have a good effect, and help to convince him that though method is

good in its place, yet it is not the only, nor even the principal virtue.

I am, Sir, &c.

DIANA TREACLE.

REVIEW.

A Clear, Systematic View of the Evidences of Christianity. In addition to the important historic matter, and valuable dissertation, found in the most popular Evidences, the present volume contains a collateral digest of prophetic and historical evidence; a Scriptural view of the Godhead; and a summary of Mahometanism. With introductory observations on the popular causes of Infidelity. By JOSEPH MACARDY. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 222. London, 1823.

IT has pleased God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, and who hath, in these last days, spoken unto us, by his Son, Jesus Christ, so to reveal himself in his Word, that salvation might be within the reach of all his intelligent creatures. Hence, without regard to mental capacity, dignity of station, or circumstances of birth, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is addressed to all without distinction, as the condition of eternal life. The man who in simplicity, by faith, receives this doctrine in his heart, and suffers it to have its practical influence on his life and conduct, requires no other proof of the validity of God's Word, than the evidence of its power within him. But the testimony of such a man, and so arising, would go for nothing, in proving the authenticity of divine revelation, with one whose pride of intellect has taught him to consider no evidence valuable and irrefragable which does not demand, or which will not endure, the test of recon-dite investigation.

There is an obliquity in some minds which inclines them from the admission of any thing like a truism with as much aversion, as they might once have manifested towards a difficult problem; as if the flight of time was of less importance, or the certainty of death less awful, because the "tempus fugit" of the sun-dial, or the "all men must die" of the grave-stone, is in the mouth of every school boy. Does health, hope, happiness, money, power, or any other earthly good, lose either its value or its attraction, because of its common-place appreciation by the illiterate as well as the learned? Surely not. Then why should the word of life contained in the Holy Scriptures be slighted, merely because it abases the pride of intellect, and promises to the rich and the poor, equal blessings. It is sometimes an easy thing to despise the truisms of Christianity through life, but not unfrequently, when driven at last to engage in the vulgar, common-place affair of dying—then, has the stout unbeliever confessed the importance, and sought the consolation of those trite maxims—those soul-cheering truisms which the Word of God affords: and these instances, we believe, would be much more frequent, did not a dread of being seen in their last moments, induce many an infidel to skulk out of the world with a secrecy and meanness, more like a gaol breaking felon, than becoming the exit of a philosopher.

In the oracles of God, however, while the knowledge of salvation is so simple and obvious, and the joy of a believer, such as a stranger intermeddled not with;—yet there is in the HISTORICAL, PROPHETICAL, and ARGUMENTATIVE portions, a length, and depth, and breadth, and height of meaning, in which the highest

human, as well as archangelic intellects may expatiate, and which is fairly open to the candid investigation of the rational philosopher. This, indeed, has generally been the debatable ground upon which the advocate for Christianity and his Infidel opponents have met: and perhaps it is the only ground upon which they can meet with any thing like fair and equal advantages. We say it not to the praise, but the shame of the Infidel, that to his attacks, Christianity is indebted for so many unanswered defences, and unanswerable defenders; and we sincerely rejoice at every accession to their number, how much soever we may lament the necessity which calls them forth.

Of the different treatises on the Evidences of Christianity, distinctly so denominated, or as collaterally affecting the argument, not a few have been written by learned laymen, whose vocations have not subjected them to the stale and blatant imputation of being interested advocates, to the number of these we feel great pleasure in adding the work of Mr. MACARDY.

The title-page, as quoted at the head of this article, contains a pretty fair *exposé* of the general contents of the work, the design of which is thus stated in the Introduction:—

"My object in the present work has been—1. To produce a summary of real, substantial, indisputable evidence; and, 2. by arrangement and moderate compression, to digest and exhibit it in a popular form; so as not to be unworthy the perusal of the more erudite, and affluent; and at the same time, not to tax unreasonably, the leisure, or pecuniary resources, of readers in general."

How far this object has been attained, it would be impossible to shew by any extracts which the limits and nature of our publication would admit. A peculiar, useful, and highly interesting, portion of the book, is that in which, "by arrangement and moderate compression," a great number of scripture predictions, and historical allusions are placed in juxtaposition, with the records of the evident completion of the one, and of the authority of profane authors for the use of the other. Thus the scripture testimony of the Messiah and his own predictions, are shewn to harmonize with facts, and synchronize with dates in the writings of persons, not to be suspected of wishing to promote their credibility.

Of clear and striking predictions from the Old Testament, concerning Jesus Christ, with parallel passages recording their fulfilment in the person of the Saviour, Mr. Macardy has selected 48, at the conclusion of which he observes—

"On merely glancing over these predictions, with their exact fulfilment in the Nature, Life, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, we involuntarily exclaim—And are the Jews really in possession of this amazing, minute, and regular chain of prophecy! To which the reply must be, without reserve, or qualification.—They are. And we dare them to disclaim, or disprove, a single assertion. With their traditions and comments we have nothing to do; to the text of their Sacred Books alone, we adhere."

Amazing coincidence! the most cursory perusal of these predictions, with the recorded life of our Blessed Saviour, fills the mind with wonder, admiration, and gratitude! Truly the incomprehensible God has most graciously condescended to reveal his will to his creature man; and to confirm his communications in a most satisfactory manner! The Christian hesitates not to summon investigation, every external evidence of his religion is conclusive and incontestable; and the most extensive and profound research, but renders it more clear, and indubitable.

Imposture!—great indeed must be the subtlety of that impostor; who, whilst in the womb, watches the revolutions of empires, and appears exactly in the predicted season! Imposture!—wonderful indeed, must be that embryo sagacity, which, conscious of the expectation of the Jewish and Heathen world, bursts the fatal bands, and emerges in the wished-for moment! Imposture!—disinterested quality, why not still behold thee meek; patient; humane; studious of the comfort of those who revile thee; operating mercifully, and unobtrusively, on those who persecute thee; and from a peculiar profundity of grace, and wisdom, predicting events, yet remote, unanticipated, and improbable! Would men only undertake a rational investigation of the evidences of Christianity, these absurdities need not have been noticed.—They would soon see, that the most subtle, wealthy, powerful impostor, could no

more adapt his own life, to the fulfilment of such a series of predictions, than he could predispose the minds of others, to jealousy, fear, confidence, attachment, revenge, and every other feeling necessary, on their part, to effectuate such various vicissitudes, and terminate in such a peculiar catastrophe. Even could wealth, and power, influence; and with subtlety, effect any coincidence; they are in themselves so negative, and generally disqualifying, that the imposture would be immediately detected.

In fact, the promised Messiah must have come into the world in the very place, at the precise time, and under exactly similar circumstances, as Jesus Christ, if the predictions of the Old Testament were to be fulfilled. His nature, birth, conversation, actions, sufferings, death, resurrection, appearance amongst his followers, and ascension into Heaven; His subsequent gift of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten, embolden, and support his disciples; with the economy of the present Gospel, as penned and received by them, are all indispensable, essential parts, of the glorious plan of Human Redemption."

The second book in Mr. Macardy's arrangement treats "of the truth of Christianity, on evidence from profane writers." These authorities are less interesting from their novelty than their intrinsic value. The celebrated letter from Pliny to Trajan, and the Emperor's no less celebrated rescript, with other testimonies, tend to shew that the Christians of those times were not bad subjects of the state, and that some of the measures against them were taken less from a conviction of their necessity, than from a desire to satisfy the people. Trajan, after commending the manner in which Pliny had proceeded against the Christians, says, "These people are not to be sought for: but if they be accused, and convicted, they are to be punished, but with this caution, that he who denies himself to be a Christian, and makes it plain that he is not so by supplicating our gods, although he had been so formerly, may be allowed pardon upon his repentance. As for libels sent without an author, they ought to have no place in any accusation whatever, for that would be a thing of very ill example, and not agreeable to my reign." To a similar purport writes Adrian, only with more express reference to malicious informers—"If then any one shall accuse, and make out any thing contrary to the laws, do you determine according to the nature of the crime: but, by Hercules, if the charge be only a calumny, do you take care to punish the author of it with the severity it deserves." Indeed, Adrian as well as Severus, both designed, according to historians, to have built a temple for Christ, and to have received him among the gods.

A brief and satisfactory abstract of the objections of Celsus and Porphyry, the former an Epicurean, and the latter a Pythagorean philosopher, will be found interesting and instructive, especially to those persons who may not have access to more ample extracts from these writers. They exhibit in their objections, all the flippant quibbles, as well as all the bitterness of the enemies of the cross of Christ in our own times. They often, indeed, display a knowledge of the Scriptures, to which the shallow antichristian jesters among us, have often very slight pretensions. It appears, as our author justly observes,—

"That the Old and New Testament scriptures were as critically scrutinised by Porphyry, as by Celsus: And that both exercised their entire learning and ingenuity to bring them into contempt. Both were philosophers of great reputation with the heathen world, and possessed all the advantages to be derived from a life devoted to philosophic subtlety, and historical research. But, how far have they succeeded? No doubt their talents and arguments appeared formidable in their day, to many; but, when compared with the animating truths, and substantial virtues of the Gospel, they dwindle into obscurity, and perish in early oblivion."

Some account of the celebrated Julian, usually denominated "the apostate," follows, which, interesting as it is, we must pass over. This personage has recently become an object of interest with the poetical public, in consequence of the publication of Sir Aubrey de Vere

Hunt's noble dramatic poem, which is founded on the chief incidents in the Emperor's life.

The fourth book is devoted to "A scripture view of the Godhead;" in which that tremendously important subject is treated, in what the author deems "the only safe and reasonable manner;" that is, by adducing the parallel tests of scripture on the point, in connection; and thereby exhibiting the literal evidence of the holy word. All consecutive reasoning is abandoned, and the argument is left to its own weight on the mind of the sincere inquirer; and it is the author's opinion, that, from "the divine records carefully and judiciously compared, the DIVINITY OF CHRIST, will be found an essential doctrine,—an integral part of Divine Revelation." So we think; and we would recommend to any person whose mind may be wavering on this subject, a careful and serious examination of Mr. Macardy's statement.

While, however, we are well aware how much the "damning ingenuity,—the contemptible pride,—and the invincible prejudice" of creed-makers have tended to bring into disrepute, this as well as some other doctrines; nevertheless, while we would deprecate every attempt of imposing as infallible, dogmas and figments of human opinion, as comprehending that which is essentially incomprehensible, yet we do think it is highly expedient such a consistency in words, should be given to the doctrines held and professed in every religious community, that not only the members themselves may have distinct notions of their own belief, but that others also, to whom the fact is material, may be assured of their orthodoxy. The Quakers, it is well known, have generally been inimical to human expositions of tenets commonly held by Christians—especially the Athanasian definition of the Trinity; in consequence of this, the Unitarians have tacitly considered them as merging in their opinions. Their professed dependance upon the influences of the Holy Spirit was proof enough to the contrary. We are glad, however, to see that an intelligent member of this highly respectable community has recently exculpated them from the above implication, by a satisfactory avowal of the opinion of Friends, that they hold, in common with other Christians, the great doctrine of the atonement.

In reference to the above important doctrine, it is justly observed by Mr. Macardy, that the Arian heresy, which raged among the Eastern Christians, finally merged in the Mahometan imposture: and we know that Jews and Moslems are held by Socinians as holding doctrines less repugnant to the truth, than the polytheistical and idolatrous heathens; hence they argue, that whenever the outcasts of Israel and the followers of the Meccan Prophet, shall be converted, it is much more likely to be to Unitarianism, than to the faith of Trinitarians. Even if this supposition was unquestionable, it would by no means follow that they had become Christians:—

"I have abandoned the usual track," says our author in his Introduction, "and designedly treated the Jews with appropriate animadversion. I readily grant that the present generation cannot be called the murderers of the human nature of the Messiah; but, behold their general spirit—their obstinacy—their aversion to inquiry—their determination to retain the badge of ignorance and perfidy, that has so long adhered to them! If we must sympathize, let us extend our charity to the unenlightened Heathen—to those who are in Nature's darkness—who most anxiously look for a Divine Revelation—who are contending for intelligence with invincible difficulties—who have never despised their supreme benefactor; nor proved themselves the most interested, obstinate, inhuman of men! I shall never advocate persecution; it is revolting to all the feelings of my soul: but, I would expose the obstinately malevolent to general execration; and, should they still persist in offensive practices, I would consign them to posterity with an indelible brand of merited infamy. This remark I apply more to the pestiferous infidels of the day, than to the in-

fatuated Jews;—in whom, I behold a people wholly abandoned to themselves—to their own perverse, inflexible passions. The divine radiance that occasionally gleams across the human mind is withheld, and they wander as sheep without a shepherd—as creatures uninfluenced by the Creator."

With the good disposition manifested towards the heathen, we cordially agree; while we think the Jews deserve the pity and sympathy, as well as the animadversions of Christians: and it is well known to be an unsettled point between good men, whether the Jews shall be first converted, and become the evangelizers of the world, or whether they will be left without, until the fulness of the salvation of the Gentiles has taken place.* The operations of the society for promoting the conversion of the Jews, with which the venerable Mr. Simeon is connected, have been the subject of much ill-judged banter; but this, it will be perceived, has been from those quarters, where almost any thing that is evangelical is similarly treated.

From the foregoing notice, and extracts, from a work, the very nature of which precludes our selection of those parts which are the most interesting, we are persuaded that many persons will be induced for themselves to peruse a book, which we can most cordially recommend. There is an anecdotal attraction in the arrangement of the matter, which will secure a perusal of the whole by almost any reader of ordinary religious inquisitiveness.

H.

* A perfect recollection of Mr. Macardy's sentiments on this point enables us to refer to that part of the 'View' which embraces it; on treating of the objection, 'That the diffusion of the Gospel is comparatively limited,' He says:—"What are a few centuries compared with the duration of the universe?—A few generations, with doctrines, the duration of which is to co-exist with the globe itself! The Supreme Governor deals not rigorously with the unenlightened—he will not exact unjustly. The evidence of Christianity strengthens itself, and becomes more evident—more universal. When it shall please him, he will call new missionaries into action, those who are now dispersed throughout all nations, and amongst all people. He will convince the Sana, that it is hard to contend against omnipotence—he will dispel their infatuation—send them forth to declare their own obstinacy and guilt—to expound and illustrate their own prophetic records—and to manifest a zeal for the diffusion of evangelical truth, righteousness, and concord, equal to that of their illustrious kinsman—equal to their present stupidity and perverseness! What idolatry—what imposture, shall be able to withstand so formidable an attack? Or what part of the habitable earth can escape the multifarious movement? This is undoubtedly their destiny; and while they seem to pursue the devious wanderings of their own disordered fancy, and to prove 'an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations,' (1 Deut. xlviii. 37) they are placing themselves as lights to illuminate, and evangelize all the descendants of Adam!"—Book v. ch. ii. sec. vi.—Ed.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF CANOVA, THE SCULPTOR.

Canova is dead!—and the hand that hath wrought
Such Promethean wonders is nerveless and cold;
And the mind once so pregnant with beautiful thought,
No more shall those visions of beauty unfold.

His eye and his hand were creation to form,
Which, developed in marble, shall bear his proud name,
Through the conflicts of empires, o'er anarchy's storms,
To the records of art in the Temple of Fame.

For tasteless, ungifted, cold, dumb, and alone,
His heart, who can gaze without feeling's wild strife
On figures, smote, as by enchantment, from stones,
Into all but the warmth and the motion of life.

And what, though the captious would wither the bloom
Of his fair reputation with slanderous breath,
Yet the pilgrims of genius shall honour his tomb,
And rescue his name from oblivion and death.

Had he lived in an age when the Roman was free,
Ere the tyrant or priest placed their feet on his neck;
Ere a race, sprung like *Jung* from Liberty's tree,
Saw their history a dream, and their grandeur a wreck;—

Then haply with names blazon'd high had he soar'd,
For whom his green chaplets Antiquity twined;
Whose temples and friezes have more been adored
Than e'en the divinities which they enshrined.

But the past so enchanting, how vague is the theme!
As the sculpture, when broke, is a fashionless block;
And the statue, how'er a Colossus we deem,
Is a statue of time in eternity's rock.

Canova is dead! and let Italy sigh
O'er the artist—the last of her high-boasted names;
"Canova is dead!"—No, he never shall die!
Each work of his elixir in triumph exclaims.

H

THE ROMAUNT OF LLEWELLYN;

(Continued.)

CANTO I.—PART IV.

LXIX.

And THOU, whose bright dark eye perchance may see,
Perchance may read, this lay of tender pine;—
Oh, my sweet friend!—bowbe disdainfully
That word thou hear, yet am I friend of thine!
Thyself did yield that name, dear lady mine;—
And we were friends!—And, spite of all that's past,
Friends are we still,—and shall be to the fine
Of this poor life;—though many a bitter blast,
May blow on thee or me, and many a cloud o'ercast

LXX.

The sunshine of our days.—Yet, come whate'er
Fortune may please, or providence, to send;—
Blow, on my life's frail bark, or foul or fair,—
Nathless, I shall be to the last thy friend!
And many a soul-breathed prayer to heaven I send
That thou mayst never know such agonies,—
Mayst never feel such griefs, as oft-time rend
Mine heart, and sink my soul,—giving sad sighs
To my perturbed breast, and hot tears to mine eyes.

LXXI.

Forgive me, my sweet friend, I do beseech thee,
For that, unwitting, I have caused thee pain;—
Suffice it, that my present pangs shall teach me
The awe which trembles lest I wound again!
Never to err, no mortal may attain;—
But, to forgive is aye an angels part:—
Then may I seek forgiveness not in vain;
An erring mortal I:—while thou still art
No less than angel in thy kind, forgiving heart!

LXXII.

And if, as it may be, thine eyes peruse
This page tear blotted, at such hour of night
As reigneth now,—then mayst thou not refuse
The tribute of a sigh to what I write:—
Yea, tears may flow, no flow without delight!
Sighs sweetly breathed from breast so fair and pure!
Tears silently ydropt from een so bright!—
Ah me,—how well appaid all I endure!
That blessed balm could well each festering heart-
wound cure!

LXXIII.

They tell me, that the hand of malady
Hath somewhat blanch'd thy cheek,—the ruby ta'en
Some deal from thy sweet lip,—and given thine ee
A softer fire!—Ah, soon may every pain
Depart,—and health and peace return again
To soul and eye, and lip, and cheek, and brow!
For, I did weep to think upon the wane
Of health in thee, heart's mistress mine;—and now
The thought aye doth bid most bitter tears to flow!

LXXIV.

And yet, if thou should die,—and hope with thee,—
Nay, saw I thee in shroud and oaken chest,—
No idle tears should tremble in mine ee,—
By no vain sighs were agonie confest!
For poor I deem the woe, that is express
By sighs and tears!—the heart that deeply feels,—
In the which despair her derne abode hath drest,—
Will burst or e'er one groan, one tear reveals
The sacred, silent, searing sorrow it conceals!

LXXV.

Nor now would I profane thy much-loved name,
Ne idly breathe it to the mocker's ear;—
For, though thou reckless be, or much me blame,
The world at least, I trow, shall never fear.—
Thy haughte disdain,—but not the unfeeling sneer
Of needless wights,—I bear as best I may!
For well,—too well,—I wote of jest and jeer,—
The taunt of insolence,—and, worse than they,
Falsehood, which can itself like sympathye array?

LXXVI.

For, 'tis of olden time the worldlings' way,
To mark the eye that speaks the inward gloom,—
Even as the tigress couches for her prey;—
And, when they deem they have an abject, whom
They safely may o'erbear,—even such they doom
To scorn and scoffs of most injurious kind;—
And many a gentle wight hath ample room
To rue that e'er the feeling of his mind
Pierced the concealing screen it should have kept behind.

LXXVII.

Low in my bosom, then, for ever dwell
The tender, deep-hid secret of mine heart;—
(Nor ever leave its sad and silent cell.)—
How much I loved, and how unkind thou wert!
For little would it boot me to impart
How thou didst change, unmindful of thy vow;—
And if, in pride's despite, there sometimes start
A solitary teare,—or, on my brow,
Some while sit anguish brooding,—or the hectic glow,

LXXVIII.

For one brief moment, on my cheek;—yet soon
The ruffled brow I smoothen, and I check
The tear,—and then 'tis past!—As o'er the moon
Fleet the swift clouds, nor leave behind a speck;
Even so, at such a time, athwart my cheek
Flit the dark shadows of the thoughts below,
And hastily are gone!—And then I deck
My face in feigned smiles, and show as though
This heart a stranger were to long, life-wearing woe!

LXXIX.

Yet, when departed is the heartless crowd,—
Then, for feign'd joy doth real woe atone;—
Then come convulsive throbs, and singults loud,
The gush of anguish, misery's matter'd moan,
The tear unseen, the sigh unheard, the groan
That bursts in secret from long-pent-up grief,
Which waited but the moment when alone,
To break its barrier for a season brief,
Lest the full heart should burst for lack of this relief.

LXXX.

EMELIE;—there is torture in the name!
EMELIE;—there is madness in the thought!
Madness and love are feelings much the same,
When hopeless passion hath the brain o'erwrought,
And the soul to waste and desolation brought
By over-musing;—even as life and light
Were wellnigh quenched for aye, and nothing mote
Aye avail the sorrow-stricken sprite,—
But all were sunken now in ever-during night!

LXXXI.

Yes;—I have mused on thee until I brought
Madness wellnigh to the o'erlabour'd brain;—
And when I would untwist the thread of thought
And throw away what was of thee,—'twas vain!
So closely twined in every varied skein,—
So with each chain of feeling linkt thou art,—
That, long as life and thought to me remain,
Or one fond wish inhabits in this heart,—
Of them for evermore thy memory shall be part!

LXXXII.

What, though thou art now but as a once-dreamt dream!
A vanish'd vision!—a lost angel-form!—
Still to fond fancy's eye thy glories gleam
Upon me,—even as when they first did warm
My breast with purest passion, and alarm
My soul with hopes and fears till then unknown!
For, though I erst had sigh'd at beauty's charm,
And somewhat own'd its power,—I've bow'd to none,
Save her, whose thrall I am, till life and all are gone!

LXXXIII.

When first we met, enraptured beyond measure,
Deeply enamour'd, hoping, fearing, sighing,—
The thought of thee was as a secret treasure,
Deep-hid within my breast!—Now hope's a-dying,—
Athwart my heaven of joy dark clouds are flying,—
And all around the gathering tempest lowers;—
To distant thunders mutter'd groans replying,
A horrible discord wild anguish pours,—
And grief unspeakable this hopeless heart devours.

LXXXIV.

For there hath been a struggle, a wild war
The pride of man and deep-felt love between!
'Tis hard to say, or e'er we've tried, how far
The haughtiest heart will bear from scornful ee!
Yet do I hate thee not;—though I have been
The victim of thy fleeting smiles, and known
What 'twas to bask in love's delightful scene,—
Then far away, like some base thing, be thrown,
As if I ne'er had call'd one smile of thine mine own!

LXXXV.

Enough!—It was a dream, and it is gone!
And though, what time thou didst my suit repel,
Some deal too harshly thou hast dealt with one,
Whose only crime hath been, he loved too well,—

Still must I on the dear delusion dwell,—
Still hold thy loved idea to my soul!—
There shall it lie, the inmate of a cell
Deep, dark, and silent!—It shall be the sole
Delight I have in life, while years on years shall roll!

LXXXVI.

And now, haught empress of my mind, awhile
I bid farewell!—It may be that we meet
In peace as erst; and thou agen mayst smile
In kindness,—bidding this poor heart to beat
In dolour deep no more.—And, well I weet,
Hope is the staff that I must walk withal!
Take life sooner than take what makes life sweet;—
Here is a heart that death mote ne'er appal,
So be I die thy liege, and own accepted thrall!

THE WEARIED BACHELOR.

Sitting a few evenings since, with my feet
cased in a pair of woollen slippers, and rested
on a polished fender, whilst my arms were ex-
tended over those of an easy chair, to take in as
much warmth as possible from the blazing fire,
I was aroused from a deep rumination by the
friendly salute of "good night," as my antique
housekeeper retired, at her usual early hour;
which, with a like return from her fellow-ser-
vant, threw me into a very different train of
thought to what occupied me a few moments
before. And who would be a bachelor? ex-
claimed I to myself, to sit the lonely nights
away moping like a pelican of the wilderness,
without a fellow-mortal to join in the social
comforts of life!—But, such being my lot, I
wished to be resigned; yet, the more I endeav-
oured to console and to reason myself into
reason, I only grew the more intemperate and
out of humour. In vain I tried to allay my
rising passion in the new novel "The Entail;"
not even the ludicrous description of the Lairds
first visit to Guzy Hipel, at the Plelands,
moved a muscle of my face; but as I waded
further in the volume, I grew still more peevish,
and at last threw down the book just as the
clock struck nine.

At that moment the door opened, and Jenny
brought in the tray, hid by the folds of a snow-
white napkin, upon which was laid a dish of
oysters prepared for my supper. Such punctu-
ality and cleanliness, would, at any other time,
have made me exclaim in favour of a single
life; but, now my regret was, that I had no
partner to share the grateful meal, or press
another fish upon me!

Whilst commencing my repast, with but a
slender appetite, my friend Goodwill was an-
nounced—"He had taken the liberty of calling,"
as he said, "at that unseasonable hour, to in-
form me of the marriage of an intimate ac-
quaintance."—Could any thing have been more
unfortunate! At the exact moment I had so
composed myself as to begin supper, to be thus
thrown, as it were, on the very shoal from
which I so narrowly escaped!

Plainly seeing the vexation his news occa-
sioned, he unmercifully rallied me on my
"dreary, uncomfortable lot." Jenny having
brought an additional plate, knife, and fork, for
Goodwill, with as much alacrity as if he had
been originally expected, and being in no hu-
mour to take a joke, or retort upon my friend,
I went on with my meal as sullenly as the most
determined solitaire.

By degrees our conversation improved; and
anecdote followed anecdote,* to the amusement

* The following anecdote of the late G. Cooke, was
related amongst others; and which, if true, reflects
much credit upon the hero of "the sock and buskin."

of both; many were certainly of the Saturnine order, and not a few bordered something on Munchausen's marvellous. Nevertheless, with the assistance of a little *aqua vitae*, the tedium of the evening was happily beguiled.

Thus a few hours were rescued from painful cogitation; but, my friend had no sooner departed than the gloom and pangs of bachelorship again oppressed and distracted my soul! After a momentary pause, I involuntarily exclaimed,—I must and shall marry! Matrimonial scenes are represented to my mind's eye in such delightful perspective!—so sweet—so sociable—so fascinating! Why should I procrastinate? Why defer the realization of that tranquillity and enjoyment which invariably arise from cultivated minds in hymenean association? Nay, my affections are already fixed; the subject already introduced; importunity alone necessary! I believe Selina loves me; the embarrassment perceptible in her indifference expresses much; I'll address her,—declare the intensity of my passion,—and have my proposal accepted, or obtain a decision, and select elsewhere!

MY DEAR SELINA,

How cruel your indifference; how distracting your procrastination. To Maids and Bachelors the days of youth are fleeting; the prime of life dangerous; and lonely old age dreadful!

No, this will never do!—prose is dull, cloying, does not at all convey the tender passion—love! The muse is sprightly, prepossessing, unfettered; O for a Castalian draught, to assail my wily fair one with parnassian energy!

O be kind—my charming fair!—
Tease me not with vain pretence;
Try and prove my plighted care,
Love how pure, and how intense!
Love and truth like mine will stand,
Ev'ry test that you command.

Sweet, how sweet, it is to prove
Kindred happy!—Friends sincere!
Still more sweet is hallow'd love,
Verging to the sil'ry hair;
Midst a group affection true—
Offspring of the *waning two*!

Mark the weak, old, fearful maid!—
See the bach'lor grey with crime!—
Lonely and unwept they fade,
Blotted from the scroll of time!—
Strangers hir'd their limbs to turn;
None the dirge of death to mourn!

Come then come, Selina fair!—
Tease no more with vain pretence;
Trust and prove my plighted care,
Love how lasting, pure, intense!
Let us at the altar meet,
And our earthly bliss complete!

(To be continued.)

and deserves narrating were it only merely to shew that, amidst all his follies, extravagances, and imperfections, the sparks of generosity were occasionally kindled in his bosom:—

When he was in Liverpool some years since, and had to perform the character of Richard, he was no where to be found: the hour arrived for the curtain to rise, but no Cooke made his appearance, to the great dismay of the managers, who in vain sent scouts in every direction to obtain some tidings of this erratic being.—Fortune, however, led one of the actors, on his way to the theatre, through White-Chapel, where, to his astonishment, he perceived the hero in a pawnbroker's shop! The manager, on receiving this information, immediately repaired to the spot, and found Cooke lying on one of the shelves ticketed, nor would he stir until the sum for which he had pledged himself was discharged! He afterwards told, that, being on his road to the theatre, at the time a distress was levying upon a poor tenant whose appearance affected him, he took the bailiffs with him to a pawnbroker, and actually pawned himself for twenty pounds, the amount of the debt!

DINNER ENGAGEMENTS.

I have at this moment (Jan. 27, 1823) three dinner engagements for next week, and one for the week after; all fairly engraved, with the blanks filled up, (in the office phrase) arranged on my library mantelpiece, and staring me in the face for one half of the day. The frequent sight of them has begotten very odd, and (what will appear very ungrateful) even cynical reflections; which, however, being of a mixed nature, may amuse during this season of festivity:—when dinner invitations are flying about on all sides, like the snow which has lately feathered the earth with white.

Sincerely speaking, then, I hardly ever accept of a dinner invitation, especially if it be on a partly-engraved card, without some little dash of capriciousness in my feelings—and I will tell you why.—In the first place, I know it will be a formal affair: in the second place, I know it will be an expensive affair; and in the third place, I am almost as certain that it will be a comfortless affair. However, to set aside hypothesis and speak of facts. The day arrives. I dress—

Pray call a coach, and let a coach be called.

I arrive at the porch of mine host precisely one half hour *after* the time specified—which proves my thorough good breeding.—I mount, am announced, bend both head and body* in my salutations to the host and hostess; sit down, say not a word—all being silent—look at the fire, unfurl my cambric banner, (alias, handkerchief) make a gentle nasal sound in consequence, return the said handkerchief into my pocket, look round, now at the portrait of the mistress of the house over the fire place, and again at the fire—balance my legs in a pretty crossed attitude, and cover my knees or lap with my hat. Another half hour 'moves slowly on'—in spite of sundry knocks and sundry arrivals—and at length DINNER IS ANNOUNCED.

What a sound to the gourmand and epicure! To me, alas, a sound of no particular gratification!—for I see clearly what is to follow. The mistress approaches me—'be pleased to hand down Mrs. *.*' I obey: what a melancholy procession! We move slowly down stairs, 'as hush' as if it were a soldier's funeral. And here, Mr. Editor, I shall take leave to mention a very glaring and a very general error, which prevails, I think, on most occasions, but which, I submit, should be corrected forthwith. It is this: that the master of the house leads the way by taking the lady of the most consequence under his arm; and, on reaching the dinner room, instead of seating her by *herself*, either on the right or left, bids her walk up to the top of the table. In consequence, the whole arrangement is marred. It is like clubbing a regiment. Instead of attending, like a faithful knight, the damosell entrusted to your care, you are obliged to take up a different position. The mistress of the house graciously calls you towards her—and you come, in consequence, in contact with the lady first led down. Now this is confounding the principles of all social order: of all faithful attachments; and incipient whispers, just bordering as it were, on sonorous declarations, are hence suppressed at the very onset.

However, we are all about to be seated—and,

* Note especial. The pink of fashion, in a bow, or salutation, is only a *nod*—a sudden drop or bob of the head—as if, in the case of children's toys, it were occasioned by pulling a secret wire. It is literally, now,
'All nodding, nid, 'nid, nodding,' &c.

fortunately, GRACE† is said. Every cover is contemplated with the greedy eye of hope; for I find that there is just about the same stimulus in the first *comp d'œil* of a dinner, as there is in the taking up of a hand at whist. We hope, in the former, to see plenty of ragouts, stews, and well-tickled-up dishes—in the latter, plenty of trumps, and leading kings and queens. However, the servants deploy—the covers are removed—and the prospect 'stands confessed.' But scarcely an ejaculation, a compliment, an encouragement to do justice to the liberality of your host, ensues—as,

Que ça est bon, ah, goûtez ça!

No: nothing of the kind. The mulligatawny soup smokes—the fish breaks in flakes:—they begin to challenge. To challenge!—good heavens, what sort of challenging is this!—What eye sparkles—what bosom burns—what weapon is drawn! In other words, there is a whisper here, and a nod there, and an elevated arm in a third place, as indications of a wish to drink wine with a lady. The dame consents. The challenge is accepted. What frigidity, formality, and folly!—and, then, the little wine that covers the bottom of the lady's glass, is to furnish the means of acceptance of all challenges, through a succession of attacks. You may fight a father, son, uncle, nephew, cousin, and son-in-law with such a simple weapon. But the dinner goes on—and, at last, goes off. A soft, or a gruff voice just lets us know that ten words have been said for grace: and now, you would think the parties would begin to unbend; to show how the pheasants, and partridges, and woodcocks, and teal, had contributed to set their good humor afloat. But no: it is all rigid frost and ice, like the Serpentine at this moment, the surface of convivial gaiety is frozen. And then, what—in my opinion—greatly contributed to these icy sensations, is, the keeping *the cloth on the table*. Why, Sir, you fancy yourself at a repast on the summit of the Shreckherhorn, or Wetterhorn. An expanse of *snow* is before you; and the eyes of the mistress are kept sedulously fixed on it, lest some unhallowed drop of port or claret should sully its virgin purity. Away with all this silly and sickly affectation. Give us again, Mr. Editor, the brown, glossy, warm, *harmonizing* tint of the well-rubbed mahogany table. Let us have no frigid and formal covering of a table-cloth, after the viands have taken their departure. I attribute half of the quizzical formality in parties to the retention of that damask sur-tout. Neither host nor hostess is aware of the unbecoming background to the *dessert* which the cloth affords. Did Van Huysum, or De Heem, ever paint their fruits on a white background? I trow, not.

And now comes one of the most grievous parts of my tale: one of the most melancholy portions of my meditations. Just, peradventure, as the conversation is beginning to circulate with the wine, just as a fair neighbour vouchsafes to sever her lips, and put her life into her eyes, by kindred discourse, the mistress addresses her female guests with 'would you like another glass of wine (knowing she would not, and wishing her not to take it) or a slice of cake? And then—on receiving the negative on all sides—she bends forwards, the chair recedes, she rises—and with her the female guests—and, away they go, to play the game of mum chance, in a desolate drawing room, till the gentlemen 'come up.'

† I cannot but observe, and lament in observing, the too general omission of this decent and imperative ceremony. But, more especially, when said, should it be *attended* to. Not even its general *breve* can always secure it from the indecent interruption of some magpie chatterer.

'They order these things better in France.' Ladies and gentlemen make more of a heart and soul affair in their dinner symposium—and retire usually together—never suffering the current of good humour to freeze by the unnatural separation of an hour and three quarters.

I know not, however, whether the very worst part of the business is not yet to follow. **Nobody DRINKS WINE**—(all attributable to the snowy ground on which the bottles move to and fro!) Nobody touches and eulogizes your port or your claret. In vain has Carbonell furnished the former, and Barnes the latter. In vain have the labelled pedigree been suspended over your *bin*, or the fruits of your enterprise and courage at the sale of an ambassador's cellar, been treasured up in your subterranean retreats! Nobody drinks wine. 'Tis the fashion. In vain have Anacreon and Horace written in choicest verse—'Nunc est bibendum.'—There is no eye to read, and no heart to feel, the beauty of the verse, or the soundness of the doctrine. All is now grave, and silent, and oft-times sullen. English hospitality is sadly changed. I augur dreadful results from this unnatural and morbid state of things: and predict, that those *Pindar-ees*, who delight and revel in water, will be called on one day to pay dearly for their heresies and abominations. They may safely reckon on being haunted by the ghost of Capt. Morris.

Sir, I am no advocate for vinous potations which end in uproar and temporary insanity; but I am an advocate for all those social and innocuous indulgences which blend heart with heart more closely, and diffuse one general and joyous emotion amidst rational and well-educated society; and, as an old soldier, will prove, at the point of the bayonet, that a pint of port, or of claret, (I always drink the former, especially if it be one month above seven years old) can hurt no man; but, on the contrary, will send him up stairs into the drawing-room a more amusing guest, and a more welcome companion. One of the most virtuous female hearts and fascinating forms ever won, was won by a gentleman of the cloth, in consequence of his exquisite repetition of some verses of Cowper, which his memory and his voice, refreshed and strengthened by six moderate glasses of wine,* enabled him to go through with an irresistible effect. But there was then no table-cloth *left*, after the dinner had disappeared!

To conclude—I am of opinion that **FORMAL DINNERS**, so called, are dreadful taxes on your time and your patience. Parties are too often very strangely shuffled together. A is not introduced to B, nor B to C—and so the thing is understood, and *felt*, from the top to the bottom of the table. Beauty does not smile with the fair, nor wisdom develope itself with the brown, sex. All is dull, cold, and suspicious. And when a feeling breast (which I am sadly inclined to believe mine is) begins to think of the expense, toil, and previous fatigue of the scene before one, it is really distressing. But we must not cut our connexions—only let them 'cut' such an unnatural state of things.

As a contrast to the foregoing, what happiness do I anticipate in the dinner of next Wednesday, with my neighbour and friend Mr. Lightfoot!

You shall have (says his note) no garnished dishes; mere mutton, unemblazoned even with currant jelly. And if I ask a friend or two to meet you, remember, that if we are more numerous than the Graces, we shall be more limited than the muses in number. So,

* To the best of my recollection it was *claret*.

come—and bring your best looks, best spirits, and best appetite with you.

P. S.—The bin, No. 99, shall be invaded; and your favourite port, bottled in the year of the comet, shall parade in front of you. Do with it as you list. A rubber of *long whist*, and two sweet warbled duets at the least, shall crown the drawing-room recreations.

I received—read—and shall obey.

PALL-MALL-IENTIS.

† *Vin de Comet*, par-tout, sur le Continent. L.
‡ My friend here knows me well; 'shorts' being an abomination to every scientific performer at that game. P.

CRITICISM.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—(No. V.)

BY S. X.

"Every deviation from correct and established modes of spelling, should be studiously avoided. If the multitude spell wrong, (and the *conceited* and the *illiterate* are sure to err,) we are not to follow them in that which is *false* or *erroneous*, any more than in that which is *evil*. In doubtful or ambiguous words, some allowances may be made; but, unquestionably, where there is only one right way, it is always best to adhere to that invariably. ANON.

Wrong.

47. Auctioneer—

48. Bile—

The word, thus spelled, means a liquor, separated in the liver, and collected in the gall-bladder. *Bile*, in fact, is only another word for gall.

Right.

Auctioneer—

Boil—

An angry swelling.

The latter spelling is that which uniformly and invariably occurs in the Bible, and ought, perhaps, on that account to be implicitly followed. Dr. Johnson, indeed, writes the word, *bile*, which is one instance, out of many that occur, in which the peculiar, and sometimes very singular, orthography of the Doctor has been most decidedly rejected. See the words, Wagon, Auctioneer, Despatch, Expense, Ensure, Electary, Visiter, &c.

49. Canvas—

Canvass—

The word canvass signifies a *sieve*, or *straining cloth*, being generally made of canvass. Hence a canvass means the act of sifting voices, previous to the final and decisive act of voting. And this enables the different candidates to form some opinion how the matter is likely to terminate.

50. Descendent—

Descendant, a noun substantive, meaning offspring.

51. Descendant—

Descendent, an adjective, coming down.

Respecting this word, Dr. Johnson says, it seems to be established, that the substantive should derive the termination from the French, *descendant*, and the adjective, from the Latin, *descendens*. A similar distinction seems to be made in the words *dependant*, one who is in the power of, or *dependent* upon, another; and *dependent*, the adjective, hanging down. But, Dr. Johnson adds, these and many other words of like termination, are written with *ent* or *ant*, as they are supposed to flow from the Latin or the French.

52. Expense—

Expence, like Defence, Licence, &c.

The word, licence, when a noun substantive, is generally written with a *c*, and when a verb, with an *s*. Dr. Johnson gives it only with an *s*; though, out of nine authorities which he quotes in his Dictionary there is but one in favour of that mode of spelling the word. In this instance, Mr. Todd has not altered the orthography of the different writers; one authority, exemplifying the third meaning of the word, is from a passage in the New Testament, Acts xxv. 16. Of expence, it may be remarked, our old authors always wrote it *expence*, and in the plural, *expences*, which has, perhaps, a more legitimate appearance than *expenses*. *Defence*, *offence*, and many similar words are

invariably written with a *c*, and are, of course, made plural by the addition of an *s*. In all these examples, the derivative adjectives are formed by changing the *c* into *s*; as *expensive*, *defensive*, *offensive*, &c. The word *defence*, though it is derived from the Latin, *defensus*, is nevertheless always spelled with a *c*. Now the word *suspense*, from the Latin, *suspensus*, is as invariably written with an *s*. Such irregularities as these, it must be allowed, occasion no small embarrassment to learners, as custom seems to prevail against analogy, and without any assignable or satisfactory reason for the variation which prevails in the mode of spelling different words which are of similar derivation.

53. Faulter—

Falter—

This word is erroneously printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for January, 1820, in the *Obituary* of the late Edward Downes, esquire; though in the original MS. copy of the art. alluded to, which was transmitted to the Editor of that Work, the word was correctly spelled, *falter*. Either the Editor, or his Reader, it appears, was unacquainted with the true spelling of this word, and substituted *faulter* in lieu of it.

54. Spight—

Spite—

55. Visiter—

Visitor—

56. Wagon—

Waggon—

This very common word is spelled in Johnson's Dictionary with only one *g*; which is at variance not only with all the authorities he has quoted, but is, in fact, contrary also to general practice. He adds, however, that, although *wagon* is more conformable to the etymology; yet that *waggon* is the prevailing form. Notwithstanding this admission on the part of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Mant, in his Family Bible, has adopted the former spelling, with one *g*; which is not only contrary to the prevailing form, but it is, at the same time, different from every preceding edition of the Bible, whether printed at Oxford or at Cambridge. It were to be desired, indeed, that the Bible should be, in all respects, what LOCKE has predicated of it, according to a much higher acceptance than that of correct orthography,—"*truth, without any mixture of error.*"

LOVE AND REASON.

At a wedding that happen'd, I cannot tell where,
Too remote, or the time or the place to recall
The selectest of guests were assembled, and there
LOVE and REASON were partners, and open'd the ball!

They mix'd in the frolic and mirth of the hour,
In the feast, in the jest, in the loud swelling chorus;
Reason never was known so engaging before,
Nor the little blind *Urchin* so strictly decorous.

Said LOVE, while his partner led on to her place,
"Really, Ma'am, you have charms that are very uncommon,
"Your movements are formed of precision and grace,—
"I declare you're a mighty good sort of a woman;

"You teach me the figure, and keep me in tance;
"I own I am subject to hurry a little,
"Nor to wait for the time, and to tire myself soon;
"But with you I am sure to be right to a tittle.

"What a pity it were that we ever should sunder;
"One wedding, they say, seldom fails to make two;
"Let us be, of the world, both the easy and wonder,
"Yield, sweet REASON, to LOVE, so shall LOVE yield to you."

"If ever we sever," the Lady replied
With a blush, "gentle Sir, it shall not be my fault;
"You are blind, young, and giddy,—ere I be a bride,
"You must sign me a bond to be led and be taught;
"Your wings must be clipt, and your quiver resign'd,
"Without me you never must venture to aim;
"I'll direct the keen arrow fit subjects to find,
"So shall LOVE never know, or repentance, or blame."

"Cupid led—Cupid pinion'd!" cried LOVE in a rage,
"Tis what *Venus* herself ne'er loved to do;
"Shall I, that hold monarchs like birds in a cage,
"Besnatched myself by an ugly old shrew?

"You are mad to propose it!"—"And you, Sir, are rude,"
Return'd the mild Goddess, unalter'd her brow;
"If the views of all lovers were well understood,
"Disappointment would not be so frequent as now.

"You know, Sir, my terms," she concluded and bow'd,
"It is not my fault if we do not agree!"
"But I say, Ma'am, it is," cried LOVE a very loud,
"I call all to witness, 'twas you refus'd me."

In vain REASON argued;—with passion transported,
LOVE rav'd, wept, and lastly flew off in a pet;
And e'er since that time, it is strongly reported,
That the parties thus severing never have met.

METEOROLOGICAL RESULTS

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from: Diurnal Observations.

Made at MANCHESTER, in the Year 1822, by Mr. THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

Latitude 53.° 27' North.—Longitude 2.° 10' West of London.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE										TEMPERATURE.					RAIN.		WIND.									
1822	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Range.	Greatest variation in 24 hours	Spaces in inches.	No. of changes.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Range.	Greatest variation in 24 hours.	Crumpsail.		North.	North East.	East.	South East.	South.	South West.	West.	North West.	Variable.	Calin.	Brisk.	Boisterous.
													Inches.	Wet Days.												
January....	29.99	30.25	29.34	.91	.36	2.30	11	11.8	53°	27°	26°	18°	2.386	13	1	5	0	3	0	15	0	7	0	0	3	0
February...	29.80	30.54	28.76	1.78	.84	4.10	14	11.1	58	31	27	18	2.931	21	1	0	0	3	0	5	6	11	2	0	1	1
March....	29.79	30.30	29.08	1.22	1.33	5.15	14	46.9	60	30	30	21	4.306	21	1	1	0	0	4	13	9	3	0	0	3	6
April.....	29.81	30.30	29.10	1.20	.36	3.20	6	40.3	72	33	39	26	.747	22	1	3	1	3	3	10	0	6	3	0	0	3
May.....	29.81	30.22	29.30	.92	.27	2.95	8	58.2	77	39	38	31	1.810	12	0	2	0	4	9	13	0	0	3	0	1	0
June.....	29.97	30.15	29.60	.55	.30	2.10	11	65.2	85	48	37	29	1.450	11	0	3	2	5	6	8	3	1	2	0	0	0
July.....	29.66	30.02	29.25	.77	.49	2.90	11	61.6	73	47	26	22	8.138	26	1	1	1	0	5	10	14	0	0	0	0	0
August....	29.74	30.11	29.13	.98	.35	2.90	14	66.4	75	48	27	15	3.980	25	1	4	2	9	8	16	28	17	15	31	16	3
September.	29.84	30.20	29.20	.91	.46	3.76	15	65.4	70	42	28	17	1.560	17	2	17	13	4	4	11	10	2	5	16	28	5
October...	29.50	29.92	29.10	.82	.40	3.63	10	62.9	66	34	32	15	3.347	23	1	4	4	13	12	15	5	3	5	12	30	11
November..	29.50	30.03	28.80	1.23	.44	3.82	13	48.6	60	37	23	13	4.193	24	1	0	0	4	11	27	7	3	3	12	34	10
December..	29.87	30.43	28.49	1.94	1.04	4.67	9	36.9	49	24	25	11	1.440	12	2	15	9	10	14	12	6	1	8	27	14	6
Annual Means, &c.	29.77					41.48	136	51.9					36.290	227												

The mean annual temperature of the past year, is 51° 9; the mean of the first three months 44° 2; second, 57° 6; third, 59° 5; fourth, 46° 1; of the six winter months, 45° 1; six summer months 58° 6. The maximum, or hottest state of the year, was 85°, which occurred on the 5th of June; the minimum or coldest state, was 24°, this happened on the 16th of December; making an annual variation of 61°.

The annual mean of the barometer, is twenty-nine inches, and seventy-seven hundredths; highest 30.54, which was on the 27th of February; lowest 28.40, which occurred on the 5th of December; the difference of these extremes, makes 2.05 inches. Mean of the six summer months, 29.80; of the six winter

months, 29.78 inches. The mean daily movements of the barometrical surface, measures near forty-one and a half inches: total number of changes, one hundred and thirty-six.

The reporter has had several interruptions, during the latter part of the past year, from a derangement of a part of the weather apparatus; particularly the rain-funnel and thermometer. The omissions of registering the observations of the temperature, and pressure, as well as those of the rain and wind; were kindly supplied by my friend Mr. John Blackwall, of Crumpsall. The whole of the above account of rain and wet days, were registered at Crumpsall; the quantity generally averages more than what falls in town. The results on the

barometer and thermometer, for the last five months, are drawn from the observations at Crumpsall: however, they are made to approximate pretty near to what they would have been in town, by adding .23 parts of an inch to the results of the former, and 2° to those of the latter. Mr. B.'s barometer is situated higher than the one in Bridge-Street, which accounts for the above difference.

The notations on the wind at Crumpsall, embrace a greater number of daily observations, than those made at Manchester, and as they do not agree, it is thought proper to omit the sums at bottom.

Bridge-Street, Jan. 29th, 1823.

WEEKLY DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY 2.—*Sexagesima Sunday. See Septuagesima Sunday, p. 30.*

—*Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*

MONDAY, 3.—*Saint Blaize.*

For some interesting particulars, see *Iris*, vol. 1. p. 7.

WEDNESDAY, 5.—*Saint Agatha.*

The fete of this saint is celebrated with great pomp at Catania, in Sicily. The following account is given by a traveller who witnessed it in 1819. The image of the saint, of the natural size, is carried on the shoulders of four priests to the church: this object of the adoration of the people was decorated with diamonds and all kinds of precious stones, and reclined on a massive piece of silver; it was covered with a veil. Cries of 'Long live St. Agatha' resounded through the church, which was splendidly illuminated. The soldiers, ranged in two lines, could scarcely make a passage for it: every one was in motion, and was continually leaping before the statue, exclaiming, 'Oh, how handsome she is! Oh, how good,' &c. From the church the image was conveyed to an enormous car, drawn by twenty pair of oxen, and thus paraded round the city amid peals of applause from the infatuated multitude. The fete was terminated by a display of fire-works and a general illumination.

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

Brief Memoir of the Rev. Robert Walker.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

The following letters could not well be embodied in our former article, but are now added by way of supplement.

To Mr. —

Coniston, July 26, 1754.

SIR,—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard,) I found him sitting at the head of a long narrow table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, and a leather strap about the neck for a stock; a coarse apron, and a pair of wooden soled shoes, (what we call clogs in these parts,) with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of their children were some of them employed in waiting, and the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient: and moreover, when it is ready for sale, he will lay thirty-two or more pounds weight upon his back, and on foot, will carry it to market, seven or eight miles, even in the depth of winter. I was not so much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished at the alacrity and good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingeniousness of the clergyman himself.

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is more owing to his own care than any thing else he has to rely upon. I do not find that his inclination leads him to seek any preferment. He is settled among happy people, and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them: and, I believe the people are exceedingly well satisfied with him; indeed, how can they be dissatisfied, when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man, who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country; and bear with me if I say that the plainness of his dress, the simplicity of his manners, the sanctity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a strong resemblance of the pure practice of primitive christianity.

To the above we add the following memorandum made by one of Mr. Walker's descendants.

There is a certain chapel in the diocese of Chester, where a clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years; and, a few months ago, he administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received it himself, the first company who approached and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, (to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years,) one son and his wife, four daughters and their husbands, whose united ages amounted to 714 years. The several distances from the place of each of their abodes, would measure more than 1090 miles. Though this narration may appear surprising, it is a fact, that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performing the same solemn duty.

That Mr. Walker was most zealously attached

to the doctrines and ceremonies of the established church, might be inferred from his exultation that he had no dissenter in his cure. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion, when his religious impressions were first received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry on this account, when I mention that at the augmentation of his cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him, upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a quaker:—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church, between persons not in religious fellowship with each other: or as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplimentary disposition, which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this a signal instance had fallen under his own notice; for while he taught a school at Lowes-water, certain persons of that denomination refused to pay the annual interest due from them, under the title of church stock; a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Lowes-water was then as poor as that of Seathwaite.

We have already said, that it is in the quiet inclosure of consecrated ground, belonging to the latter place, that the remains of this venerable man lie interred. The sounding brook that rolls close by the church-yard, is now laid bare; but, not long ago, it participated with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash trees which will not spring again.—While the spectator, from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—(masses of rock, out of which monuments for all the men who ever existed might be hewn,) it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair, was produced from a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect, by one of their descendants, from the Vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

I will add a few extracts from the parish register of Lowes-water, respecting a person apparently of desire, as moderate as Mr. Walker; with whom he must have been intimate, during his residence there: and it is not improbable that he was the gentleman who assisted him in his classical studies.

Henry Forest came to Lowes-water in 1708, being 25 years of age.

The sycamore trees were planted in the church-yard in 1710.

Let him that would, ascend the tottering seats
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but, for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate.

Honour, the idol which they most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity.

H. F.

He died in 1742, having been curate Thirty-four years.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE PUNCH-BOWL.

Autobiography is very much in fashion at the present day. Mr. Cobbett writes Autobiography, and Mr. Hunt writes Autobiography; why then should Criticism turn up her nose at the Autobiography of a Punch-bowl?

I was made on the 20th of October, 1820; and was pronounced, by an admiring public, a fine Bowl. Every body found something to commend in me; some liked my sweetness, and some my acidity—some praised me because I

was strong enough, and some because I was not too strong. There were few tasters who did not look forward with pleasure to a second draught.

In a short time the usual vicissitudes of popular favour afflicted me; people began to find in me a hundred faults, of which they had not so much as dreamed before. I was too sour, and too noisy, and too heavy; I inspired nothing but puns and quibbles; every fume I sent forth savoured of Satire; every cup I filled tasted of Absurdity. It was said, that I made young heads giddy, and disrespectful to their superiors; that I was a sad abettor of idleness and impertinence; that I was an utter enemy to all discipline and regularity; in short, that I ought never to be tolerated in the place of which I had possessed myself.

Even my Patrons, the Members of the Club, began to cool in their good opinion of me. 'The King of Clubs,' like many other Kings, began to think of sacrificing his Favourite, in order to conciliate popular favour: my spirits subsided, and I began to be of opinion that the Members were all cracked, and that I should be cracked too, in a short time. I believe I owed my safety to a fortuitous circumstance, to which I never look back without exultation,—Mr. Oakley, my most formidable enemy, dared to introduce a Tea-pot into the Club-Room. The Members retreated from his flag with disgust; and, though I never could get rid of the vile little intruder, yet a proposal for exiling me, and substituting chocolate, was negated by a large majority.

I kept my place, therefore, and although I continued to meet with my *quantum suff.* of disapprobation from many with whose stomachs I disagreed, I did not cease from being the nectar of the Club, and the inspiration of the writings of 'The Etonian.' The fame of me was diffused far and wide, and the brightest ornaments of *Mater Etona* became anxious to have a hand in my composition. They were perpetually sending presents of ingredients, and my limited circumference was frequently unable to contain their liberality. One poured in a stream of Good Sense; another gave me a sparkling fountain of Wit; a third dropped from his hand the sugar of Urbanity; a fourth scattered on my surface the flowers of Parnassus. The disposition to jollity, which I had upon my first appearance betrayed, was gradually refined. I became as quiet and civil a Punch-bowl as ever was concocted. Even Ladies ventured to sip from me, and Exquisites pronounced me tolerable. The playful Fancy, which dictated the 'March to Moscow' was derived from my influence—the pen which wrote 'Godiva' was dipped in my liquid. When I am accused of misdemeanors, and riot, and disaffection, I answer by holding up a list of my friends!—You shall know me by the company I keep!

Yet why do I complain of hostility or censure? I never had reason to do so: my greatest friends, it is true, mixed up something of condemnation with their praises; but I need not fret on this account, since my bitterest enemies united something of approbation with their sarcasms. It has been my peculiar lot to please and to displease every body. One considered me lukewarm, but there was sometimes a mellowness in my taste which pleased him; another thought me insipid, but there was sometimes a little acid in my beverage, which redeemed me from total neglect; a third complained that too much of me sent him to sleep, but still he came to me, because he found a little of me was enlivening; a fourth swore I was death to the

senses, but yet he had an affection for me, because I gave life to the feelings.

The incidents of my short life have been few, but among those whom they immediately concerned they of course excited great interest. Wherever 'The Etonian' made his appearance, 'The King of Clubs' led the way with the Punch-bowl in his arms; I was tasted by the literati, who read every thing, and the illiterate, who read nothing at all. Many a glutton in literature smacked his lips at my approach, and many a boarding-school belle relinquished the unbroke 'Tears of Sensibility' for the more inviting flavour of the streams of his Majesty's Punch-bowl.

These glorious days, however, are fleeting swiftly away! Once more will my orb be replenished, and the potion I will then afford shall be sweeter than I ever afforded before! Once more, and then my wonted spirits will no longer effervesce within me; my wonted friends will no longer laugh around me; I shall be as sorrowful as the hearts of my patrons,—as empty as the heads of my detractors!—Almighty Bacchus! Shall his Majesty's Punch-bowl sink into a vile piece of crockery? Ere plebeian lips shall defile the rim which the touch of a King hath hallowed,—ere the vessel in which wit has bathed, shall become the receptacle of earthly liquor,—

'Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash it to pieces.'

Before this dreadful consummation shall take place, let me, as far as possible, provide for the probable contingency. I know that when my protector, 'The King of Clubs,' shall have vacated his throne, a crowd of petty calumniators will arise, to hide my good qualities and exaggerate my failings. Let me, then, draw my own character before a less partial hand shall do it for me, and tell you what candour will say by-and-bye of the Punch-bowl.

It had many failings, but it had some virtues to counterbalance them; it promoted a fashion of levity, an indifference to rebuke, and an appearance of improprieties which never in reality existed. Many persons have assumed the dress of sanctity where sanctity was not; but few, like 'The King of Clubs,' have taken to intoxication in print, in order to appear to the world worse than they actually were. But, on the other hand, the Punch-bowl gave life and vivacity to 'The Etonian,' which had never been found in the shop of Mr. Twining. It had the grace of novelty, which is no small recommendation where youth is to be the judge; and it affords an opportunity of talking a great deal of nonsense, which could not have been talked half so well round a copper kettle or a silver urn. It was always warming,—often exhilarating,—seldom, I hope, intoxicating,—never, I am sure, unwholesome.—*Etonian.*

MADAM IRIS.—I send you a small stripe to incorporate, if you think proper, with your many coloured bow. If it should not of itself possess any merit, it may serve as a foil to those which do.

Yours,

L. N.

THE HUSBAND JUSTIFIED.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A worn out dandy had a jealous wife,
So cross too that she seem'd to live in strife;
Whose daily fits of anger and suspicion
Obliged him oft to curse his hard condition.
One day at meat with many more beside,
You villain! you have poison'd me; she cried I
You long have sought your tender wife to kill,
I'll have you hang'd you faithless dog, I will.
The husband quick replies, Now heav'n's forefend
I should to so much sweetness lit intend:
You need but open her and then you'll see
A full exposure of the calumny.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 57, by Mr. John Hill.

G. C. E.

A. H. I. F. B.

D. K. L.

Through A G C E B L K D describe an ellipse; join A B, G E, D L, G D, E L & C K: then will G E L D represent a section of the inscribed cylinder.

First, $\frac{156250}{180250 - 79250} = 1.971$, the specific gravity of the solid. And a cubic inch of common water weighs .5274 ounces Troy.

Hence, $1 : 1.971 :: .5274 : 1.039$ the weight of a cubic inch of the spheroid. And, $\frac{325.32}{1.39} = 313.3$ the content of the spheroid in inches.

Now, let $s = 2t = A B$; $2c = C K$, and $m = .5236$, also, $x = I F$. Then, $2c = \left(\frac{s}{2tm}\right)^{\frac{1}{2}} = 7.4183$, and $A F = t + x$; also $B F = t - x$. By conics, $t^2 : c^2 :: t^2 - x^2 : t^2 - c^2 x^2$ $= E F^2$, and $E L^2 = \frac{4s^2 c^2 - 4c^2 x^2}{t^2} \times mx = \frac{4mt^2 c^2 x - 4mc^2 x^3}{t^2}$ a maximum per question.

Hence, in fluxions, $\frac{4mt^2 c^2 x - 12mc^2 x^2}{t^2} = 0$. Resolved, gives $x = \frac{t}{\sqrt{3}} = 3.1388$. Wherefore H F = 6.2776, and G D = E L = 6.0568, and hence the solidity.

Question No. 59, by Mr. Williams.

What is the diameter, height, and solidity of the segment of a sphere which is cut off by a plane passing through the centre of gravity of the hemisphere; the diameter of the sphere being 2 feet.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Having been much pleased and amused with several enigmas, &c. from your excellent correspondent "S. X.," I have sent the following, thinking that it may not prove uninteresting to many of your juvenile correspondents.

Should you deem it worthy a place in your valuable miscellany, you will oblige

Your constant Reader, E. Y.

Preston, Jan'y. 22nd, 1823.

ENIGMA.

Hail to the hoary sage and studious youth,
Whose thirst for knowledge, and whose zeal for truth
First taught them to explore the historic page,
And call the flowers of each succeeding age,
There shewing by judicious mixture, how
To twine the wreath around the classic brow:
'Tis theirs to tell you, and they'll tell you true,
When the great leader of the oppressed crew,
That groan'd in bondage under Pharaoh's rod;
Brought forth the people with the arm of God:
Me, helpless me, in Egypt left behind,
Ages roll'd on and saw me st ill confin'd:
For 'twas my lot, though I the bondage shared,
Joined in their songs, and in their dangers dared;
When laden with the spoils they sought the coasts,
And fled before the death-devoted hosts,
That never in the desert I should mourn,
Or in the land of promise should sojourn,
But when in future times the Dardan Boy
Brought back Achæa's pride the scourge of Troy,
Dedaining stoical ease and languid peace,
I stood the foremost in the ranks of Greece.
But such thy fate Pelias and my own,
Never to enter Troy's ill-fated town;
But when Troy fell, and war's alarms were o'er,
And great Æneas sought the Punic shore;

Me, when love's ardent flames began to flow,
He saw in Carthage, and forgot the foe.
But when to Lætium he had secured his flight,
And Rome arose to his prophetic sight,
His eye far piercing and his judgment clear,
Knew I should never find a station there.
Such was my lot, but when great Cæsar shone,
And bade Rome call the conquered world her own,
I in the Gallian legions took my stand,
Nor fear'd the haughty victor's stern command.
I own in council he unequalled sat,
For I ne'er boasted talents in debate,
But Cæsar, nor the world's united might,
Could ever drive me from the midst of fight.
When the great Timor thundered as a God,
And Persia trembled as the tyrant trod
The heaven-rapt brain on the sacred shore
Of Gangra saw me twice, and saw no more.
Till later times if curious eyes pervade,
And wish to draw me from the silent shade,
I still stand forth obtrusive to the view,
By others challenged as I challenge you.
Go then but seek Me not in modern France,
Or with the beaux esprits to lead the dance,
Or in the strains of Italy to join,
Or in the rights of Venus or the Vine.
But go with me all my cares beguiling,
And place me where you'll ever see me smiling;
Place me where George and England shine to view,
And where they flourish, there I'll flourish too.

MR. EDITOR,—Should the following lines appear to you worthy of insertion, their appearance in your next paper, will oblige
Yours &c.

RETALS.

MARIA'S REMEMBRANCE TO HER HEART.

Ah! why art thou cast down my heart
And why so nearly burst;
Thy lover acted honour's part,
His treach'rous friend the worst.
Let then this thought dispel the mood,
That would thy feelings swell;
And bury in a briny flood,
Of tears, that word farewell!

MR. EDITOR,—Some of your more highly gifted correspondents will probably improve upon my attempt at rendering into metre the rhymes of your correspondent E. H., but I am of opinion, the bard must be very highly gifted indeed, that makes any thing very good out of the terminations he is limited to.

I am, JUVENIS.

What weighs most heavily upon the heart,
And bids the grief distracted bosom burst?
'Tis to be forced from those we love, to part—
Surely of human sorrows far the worst.—

Who has not known this agonizing mood—
Oppress his heart, his tortured bosom swell—
As from his eyes distilled a copious flood,
And his lips uttered their last sad farewell.
Jany 23th, 1823.

MR. EDITOR,—In attempting to fill up the blank lines given for that purpose in your Iris of last week, I may have mistaken the Author's meaning, but have drawn my supposition from the last word.

I perfectly agree with E. H. that such exercises call forth the genius of youth, and bring into action its dormant powers, but at the same time think, that your correspondent might have chosen more easy words for the first verse. I am aware this may be considered as an apology for my weak production, but shall be happy to see another communication from E. H.

Liverpool, Jany. 23th, 1823.

Farewell! I fear my beating heart
Beneath our wayward fate will burst
To think that we so soon must part:—
But could I deem this ill the worst.

Ah, no! in melancholy mood,
A thousand fears around me swell,
And drown me in the rising flood:
Farewell! again, my love, farewell!

SCIENCE, ETC.

OIL A PROTECTION AGAINST SCALDING.

MR. EDITOR,—It is a fact not generally known, I believe, that if a person dip his hand in oil, he may afterwards immerse it in boiling water without injury or even inconvenience. I have seen the experiment

made by others, and I have tried it myself. I am assured that there was, in this country, some years ago, a performer who leaped, in the presence of the audience, into boiling water, and came out unharmed. It seems to me that he must have had recourse to some such resource as that stated above, to protect him from the effects which boiling water would produce under other circumstances.

I am,
Chester, Jan. 25, 1823. A CONSTANT READER.

ON THE DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

MR. EDITOR,—I have read so much, pro and con, in different Authors, upon the subject of the divisibility of matter, that I am still at a loss to understand in what sense I am to take the expression. One writer tells me that matter itself is so divisible; another asserts that extension only is capable of infinite division; and a third contends that the conception of either of the preceding cases is an utter impossibility, to which no demonstration can apply. How, then, is one to decide amid these conflicting testimonies? Permit me to request something in the way of explanation upon the subject from some of your scientific correspondents.

Liverpool, Jany. 27th, 1823.

QUERIST.

CARBONIC ACID IN THE BLOOD.

'To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

'SIR,—In your valuable and widely circulating paper of yesterday's date, I perceive you attribute the discovery of carbonic acid gas as a component of the blood, to Sir Everard Home. Be it far from me to detract from this gentleman's deserts, but I think if you, or any of your numerous readers, will refer to "Thackrah's Essay on the Blood," he will find the above subject treated in a manner that will show in some degree that Sir Everard is not quite the origin of this important discovery. Mr. Thackrah is a surgeon at Leeds, Yorkshire, and well known in that neighbourhood for his depth of learning and research.

Yours, very obediently,

'A MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

'Surrey-street, Blackfriars, Jan. 9, 1823.'

LATE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Naples, Nov. 5th, 1822.

The eruption of Vesuvius has been one of the most striking and remarkable on record. It much resembled (but on a smaller scale) that of the year 79 of our era; and we have experienced a part of what is related by Pliny the younger.

On the evening of the date of my last letter, (Oct. 15) the fury of the volcano appeared to be considerably increased; the torrents of lava burst forth in all directions. Towards eleven o'clock the appearance was terrible; an enormous column of black ashes rose from the crater, in the form of a cone, to an extraordinary height; the lightnings darted from the mouth of Vesuvius, traversing the immense cloud of ashes in all directions, and in infinite ramifications. Issuing thence, they struck the sides of the mountain or the surface of the sea. I cannot give you a better idea of the surprising effect, than by comparing it with a sparkling magic picture exhibited in electrical experiments. The cloud was really a gigantic work of this kind, being composed of volcanic sand floating in the air. Every thing passed in the same manner, except that this magic picture was several miles in extent. When there was a superfluity of electrical fluid, it discharged with a great noise; whereas the currents of electricity, which crossed it in every direction, did not occasion any sensible detonation. The consternation was general; the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, Annunziata, Bosco tre Case, and Ottajano, precipitately forsook their dwellings. Day-light came, but all the environs of Vesuvius were involved in darkness. The shower of ashes carried by the wind was scattered to a great distance. At Naples no one could go out without an umbrella to keep off the coarser ashes. The appearance of the city was most mournful, and the news we received from the places threatened was very alarming. The furniture of the Royal Palaces of Portici and of the Favourite was removed with the utmost speed; and

four or five thousand fugitives, who had fled to the city, increased the alarm. The processions marched through the streets; the churches were filled with supplicants, who implored all the Saints to put an end to this calamity.

At length the lava stopped in its progress. It has done but little mischief, having only covered ancient currents proceeding from various preceding eruptions, but the shower of volcanic substances and ashes has caused, and still occasions, incalculable damage. All the country is covered with them, and the communications are interrupted. In many places they have fallen to the depth of five or six feet, and Pompeii is, as it were, again buried as it was in the year 79.

I have collected several ponds of these ashes, which fell in my balcony. They were of a reddish brown in the beginning, then whitish. The first appear to me to be a powder of pumice-stones, it is excellent to deaden metals.

Several chymists have analysed it, and M. P  p   has discovered in it the following ingredients: sulphate of potash, sulphate of soda, sub-sulphate of aluminine, of chalk, and of magnesia; hydro-chlorate of potash, that of soda, a good deal of oxid of aluminim, calicinm, silicinm, and magnesium; much trioxid of iron, antimony, and a little gold and silver. The chymist, who has contented himself with announcing the existence of these different substances in the ashes of the eruption, promises to investigate and publish their respective proportions. Other substances which the mountain continues to throw out are very different from the preceding.

This eruption appears to me to favour the hypothesis, that the volcanic fire may be produced by the infiltration of the sea-water, in the masses of potassium, sodium, &c. which are not yet oxidated; and the production of electrical fluid in such great abundance may arise from the same source, since the effects of the voltaic pile (*musge*) are obtained by the oxidation of metals.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

JOHN BAPTISTE NEGRETTE, of Vicenze, a domestic of the Marquis Louis Sale, was a man of a brown complexion, of a very hot constitution, by nature choleric, and by custom a drunkard.

From the age of eleven he became subject to sleep-walking, but was never seized with these fits, except in the month of March; and at the farthest they left him by the middle of April.

Messrs. Reghellini and Pigatti took a particular pleasure in observing him, while in this condition; and it is to the latter of these gentlemen, whose veracity is beyond the reach of suspicion, that we are now indebted for the following circumstantial detail.

In the month of March, 1745, towards the evening, Negretti having sat down upon a chair, in an ante-chamber, fell asleep, and passed a quarter of an hour, like any other man in the same situation: he then stretched himself for some time, and afterwards remained motionless, as if he wanted to pay attention to some thing. At length he arose, walked across the apartment, took a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and seemed desirous to have some tobacco; but finding he had hardly any left, he assumed a look of disappointment; and advancing to the chair which a certain person was wont to occupy, he called him by his name, and asked him for some tobacco: the other accordingly presented him his box open, and Negretti having taken a quid, put himself in an attitude of listening, when, imagining he heard himself called, he ran with a wax taper to the place where there usually stood a burning candle. Thinking he had lighted his taper, he crossed the hall with it, and went gently down stairs, stopping and turning about from time to time, as if he had been conducting a visitor: on reaching the outward door, he

placed himself on one side of it, saluted the company he imagined he was ushering out, and bowed as each of them seemed to pass him: this ceremony over, he returned up stairs very quick, extinguished his taper, and put it back in the place where he had found it. This scene he repeated three times the same evening.

Having left the ante-chamber, he went into the dining room, searched his pocket for the key of the beaufet, and called for the servant whose duty it was to deliver that key to him every night, before he went to bed. On receiving it, he opened the beaufet, took a silver waiter or salver out of it, on which he put four glass decanters, and went to the kitchen, in order, no doubt, to fill them with water. He came back with them empty however; and, when he had reached the middle of the stair case, he put what he had in his hands upon a kind of post or pillar, ascended the remaining steps, and knocked at a door: as it was not opened for him, he returned down stairs, went in search of the valet-de-chambre, asked him some questions, turned upon his heel, and, running precipitately up the staircase, accidentally touched the salver with his elbow, and broke the decanters. He again knocked at the door, but to no purpose; and, on his return down stairs, he took the salver with him, which, having carried into the dining room, he placed it upon a little table. Thence he went into the kitchen, took a pitcher, carried it to the pump, where he filled it with water, and then returned to the kitchen again. He afterwards went to the salver, and, missing the decanters he was displeased; said they certainly ought to be there, as he had placed them himself; and enquired of the other servants if they had taken them away. After a long search, he opened the beaufet again, took out two decanters, rinsed them, filled them with water, and put them upon the salver. He then carried the whole into the ante-chamber to the very door of the dining room, where the valet was wont to receive them from his hands. Some one took the salver and decanters from him, and a little while after returned them. On this he went into the kitchen, wiped some plates with a cloth, held them to the fire as if he wanted to dry them, and in like manner cleaned all the other plates. These preparations completed, he returned to the beaufet, put the cloth and napkin into a small basket, and went, laden with these things, directly to a table, where there used to be a lighted candle. Having seemed to search for a knife and fork, he carried back the basket, and shut the beaufet. And, having afterwards carried every thing into the ante-chamber every thing he had taken out of the beaufet, and placed them upon a chair, he took a round table, at which the marchioness, his lady, used to eat, and covered it with great neatness. Beside it was another table of the same form; this he sometimes touched by mistake, but always returned to that he was covering. Now that this business was finished, he walked about, blowed his nose, and took out his tobacco box again, but withdrew his fingers from it, without offering to take any tobacco, as if he recollected, at the distance of at least two hours, that there was none in it: yet though he could not procure a quid, he found a few grains to throw upon his hand. Here concluded the first act. One threw some water upon his face, and he awoke.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PORTRAIT OF A NUBIAN.

The Nubian is slender but gracefully made, his beauty, like that of a statue, never changes, and he is entirely free from fat; this is the more fortunate, as he

is naked:—a publican, or a coachman would make but an inelegant figure in a state of nudity. Many a Nubian who pretends to decency ties a cord round his waist, and on this is hung a screen of grass, but long before evening the grass is dried up and withered. He is as fond as the Arab is of becksheesh, and when he does ask, he asks like the beggar in Gil Blas, putting you in fear of your life; he places his spear close to your breast, and is unwilling to remove it, until either his demand is complied with or till he sees fire arms. He is as afraid as Junius of gunpowder, and he knows that the length of a bullet is beyond that of the arm bianca. He is, however, bolder than the Arab, which is owing to his freedom; at least it is but lately that Nubia has been subdued. The fellahs, when I have been shooting, have run away eight or ten together; but the Nubian, though alone, has unsling his spear and maintained his ground. The Arab is so completely in dread of the Pasha that he never carries his natural propensities beyond robbery, but the Nubian does not hesitate to commit murder. Three men at the entrance killed a traveller whom they asked to supper; a breach of hospitality unknown among the Bedouins or freebooters of the desert.

The Nubians of our crew are far too merciful when they should not be so: as soon as the sun has sufficiently warmed the atmosphere, every man takes off his shirt and commences a search after certain little animals that abound greatly in this country, and in which he is consequently very successful. When he catches any of the vermin, as he is forbidden to put them to death, he throws them into the river or gives them to the winds, and therefore often to his neighbour, so that the hunt is renewed day after day with equal success. We saw a snake in our path, one of the men threw a stone at it, which nearly severed the head from the body. I desired him to put the poor animal out of its misery, which he refused, alleging that it would be wicked to deprive it of life. The natives of Egypt are particularly merciful to all animals, as if it were a continuation of the ancient custom of the country, and it might almost be looked upon as a species of worship. It certainly is not so ridiculous as to see people of consequence in Rome go on St. Anthony's day in their coaches and six to have their horses blessed! The sprinkling holy water over these and other animals fills up three days in the year to please St. Anthony and the pigs.

The Nubian is so uncourteous that he will scarcely return the salutation of a Franc, or when he does grumble out "Aleikum Salam," he adds also, "now be off with you, don't look at our women." If he happens to deviate from this sulkiness it is because he has experienced the liberality of travellers, and then he runs up with all the interest of a "Je suis charm  ," exclaiming, Salam aleikum howbahbe, howbahbe, tyebbint, tyeb, tyeb, tyeb, wa hall tyeb,—becksheesh ma feesh? "Health to you, welcome, welcome, are you well, very well, exceedingly well, well by G— Is there no becksheesh for me?" I never could ascertain upon what plea they demanded money, unless it is, that I have come upon their land, and am therefore liable to an action for trespass. In passing a village, we observed several women in line, carrying each a platter. Upon enquiry we learnt that news had just arrived of the death of a man belonging to the place, and these people were going to assist at the ululn; as it is the custom at a wake to eat as well as administer consolation, and the widow in this case happened to be too poor to treat her friends, every one who went to weep carried a plate of provisions to the pic nic.—Hemiker.

SLAVE TRADE IN EGYPT.

At Derahvy we were informed that a caravan had just arrived, with gum, ostrich feathers, and slaves; the latter are registered at this place as soon as they are brought into Egypt, and a poll-tax is paid to the Pasha; it is one of the largest and cheapest human Smithfields in the kingdom. The price of a slave varies from seven to twenty-five pounds; they are allowed to bask during the day in a walled court-yard, and at night they are distributed among the cottages like a subscription pack of hounds. The whipper-in carried a caravan of thong, made of the rhinoceros's hide, an instrument too cruel to beat even a donkey with, and switching this about in a masterly manner, he accompanied me to the

kennel: here we found a squattee of young ladies seated in a circle; in the centre was a broken bowl, and into this they had dipping their fingers, with as much greediness as if it was hasty-pudding. My nose soon informed me that it was grease; and the merchant tells me that it is the luxury of women, and consolation even unto a slave; with this they besmear themselves from head to toe, and glisten in the sun like a newly varnished picture; they were so well pleased with the fat, that they paid but little attention to the dealer as he pointed out the particular beauties of each. Some were tattooed like aboriginal Britons, and some had their faces oiled like crimped skate; she is considered most ornamental who uses most grease; and she that does not smell offensively is looked upon as a sloven.

The merchant warrants that a slave shall not snore, nor be guilty of many other *désagréments* of nature.—*Hammer.*

MR. EDITOR.—After reading the extract given in your IRIS, of the 28th ult. from Southey's History of the Peninsular War, detailing all the affecting circumstances of the death and interment of Sir John Moore, no apology, I presume, will be deemed necessary for inserting the following beautiful LINES on the same subject, written by a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

LINES,

S X.

On reading an account of the Burial of Sir John Moore, at Corunna.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave, where our hero was buried.
We hurried him darkly, at dead of night,
The moon with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffins inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hallowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we, far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck on as calmly sleep on,
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour of retiring,
And we heaved the distant and random shot,
That the foe was sulkily firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;—
We car'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

SONG.

When, dear maid, apart from thee,
How my drooping soul complains!
Bless, content, enjoyment thee,
Hope alone with me remains;
Speak, then speak—O bid me stay,
Drive me not from life away!

Love entranc'd my days I'll spend,
E'er thought to thee disclose;
View the lily's beauties blend
With the fragrance of the rose;—
Loveliness and truth combin'd,
Nature's sweetest form and mild!

Talk not e'er that I am one
Who can female worth condemn;
True as yonder rolling sun,
Cloudless as the polish'd gem;—
Scorn I those who only view
Transient bliss with such as you!

Z.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—In a late conversation with you on the comparative merits of your paper, I remarked, that although a warm admirer of the style of your correspondent "I. B. M." as exemplified in his very interesting numbers, entitled "*The Augustan Age*," I should nevertheless, "differ from him on the Subject of

History." I also stated my intention of embracing the earliest convenient opportunity for communicating my objections.

As my former reading was superficial, I entered upon a particular perusal of "*The Augustan Age*, No. V." with a view to the fulfilment of my promise; but, judge of my astonishment, when, after the strictest scrutiny, I could not perceive an objectionable sentence throughout that excellent essay!

The fact is, my remark originated in misunderstanding; for, I conceived that the fallacious embellishment, and romantic interest of the Waverley genus was approved and commended in I. B. M.'s first paragraph. Not that the style of this gentleman is either ambiguous or obscure,—no; it is intelligible and energetic; and infinitely more creditable than the admired flippancy of the most popular novel makers. A cursory imperfect glance occasioned, and a further perusal has now rectified my inadvertent conclusion.

Whether, or not, the opinions of I. B. M. accord with prevailing views, is of little consequence; as they may be supported by numerous facts drawn from every age. I cannot but admire the judicious observation, and independent judgment of the Author of "*The Augustan Age*:" with much information, he combines a clear understanding and a well regulated taste; his ideas evidently arise from considerable powers judiciously exercised; and his decisions are expressed with a confidence in his own deliberations, which at once distinguishes him from common writers, and indicates that description of originality which benefits society and is honourable to its promulgators. Hoping for many literary favours from your correspondent I. B. M., I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Manchester, Jan'y. 24th, 1822.

MR. EDITOR.—That "an honest man's the noblest work of God," is an admitted and generally admired maxim. And, as honest men are not identified with any particular rank, exclusive of all others, it must be granted that they may be found in all the gradations of society. Now, as the poorest and most illiterate, may, nevertheless, be honest men, and in being such, are "the noblest work of God," I wish, Sir, to ascertain that point, distinction, or qualifying materials which constitutes the "Gentleman." Is it rank? Wealth? Authority? each and all of which may be hereditary. Is it Learning? virtue? benevolence? each and all of which must be acquired. Combativeness? impertinence? obscurity? perfidy? all of which are odious and diabolical. For the elucidation of this particular, I do not require your readers to trouble themselves in Antiquarian research; neither do I wish to be troubled with Greek, or Latin, or Teutonic, or even French primitives; the definition must be illustrative of the English acceptance, and in the vernacular tongue of the present race of Englishmen. I am &c.,

Chester, Jan'y. 20th, 1823.

VERITAS.

MR. EDITOR.—A few weeks since you observed that the scene of "*the infernal regions*," in "*THE LIBERTINE*," accorded neither with taste nor judgment; and now that its exhibition is discontinued, I beg to trouble you with one or two remarks, which could not fail to strike every beholder. First.—The nodding of the equestrian statue is as onfeasible as absurd.—And, Secondly.—The fall of *Don Juan*, and the appearance of 'hell's torture snakes,' and masked fiends, is weak, preposterous, and impious; and every child must pity the actor, who can be so imbecile, as to stagger off the stage, for the purpose of looping a huge 'torture snake' to his breast! This scene can have no salutary effect upon the atheist, or fatalist; it only obtains his ridicule, as to principle; whilst it panders to his worst passions by influence. It is at the same time a libel upon Divine Revelation in general, and a caricature upon Christianity in particular. *Don Juan* is a character altogether out of life; such a monster, (could such possibly exist,) would and should fall by human agency alone; and in this way only can the piece be reconciled to feeling, moral principle, or common sense. A contemptible villain may for a time evade the laws of civilized nations, or the vengeance of natural right, but he will ultimately obtain his desert from either. A Hero may revel in the mysteries of

bigots; an enthusiast may delight to step beyond humanity, and to dare supernatural visitations; but an enlightened people cannot be expected to witness a blasphemous caricature of their common religion, without remonstrance and condemnation.

I am, &c.

Manchester, 22nd Jan. 1823.

DRAMATICUS.

MR. EDITOR.—I am surprised that you should copy a commendation of Mr. Vandenhoff's person, and performance as witnessed in his representation of Coriolanus in Edinburgh, a commendation uncalled for, and much more unwarranted and unwarrantable as being so opposite to truth; as, we are assured by your correspondent, 'V. P.' from his knowledge acquired in seven years' acquaintance with that gentleman, that Mr. V.'s eyes are sunk in his head! that the whole contour of his face is incapable of varied expression!! and his gait and action are stiff and ungraceful!!! (See the *Iris*, vol. ii. p. 32.)—Did you think, in common with the Scotch critics, 'to be facetious at Mr. V.'s expense?' Or, did you hope to mislead those who were not able to judge for themselves? If you did, it appears you were much mistaken.

However to allow you, Mr. Editor, a chance of clearing yourself from any charge of endeavouring to impose upon us, which may be brought against you, I shall suppose that I may err in my information, though that information be grounded on a seven years' acquaintance; and therefore considering you innocent till proved guilty, I must in the mean time beg your pardon for the freedom of my language. I should certainly act as politely towards you and as justly, if I took the liberty to doubt a little the motives, the veracity, or, at least, the judgment of your correspondent; and consequently in turn might now require of him, Does Mr. 'V. P.' pretend to place upon a par Mr. Vandenhoff and the person who now assumes his characters in our Theatre? And therefore is he endeavouring, by detracting from Mr. Vandenhoff, to turn the attention of the public of Manchester to his present representative? The empty benches show what opinion the public entertain in regard to the superiority of the latter over the former. And 'after the wretched actors that public are and have been doomed to witness regularly belonging to the company' here during the last and present season, if a performer of such generally acknowledged excellence as Mr. V. should appear in Manchester and be well received, it will not be at all surprising.

After an acquaintance of three years with Mr. V., and a few introductions to the Tragedian of the present company, my judgment is, that in the performance of the principal characters by the former gentleman, we witness something like a classical taste, we witness a correctness and propriety of pronunciation, a grace and dignity of gesture, a suitableness of person, face, and action, which we in vain look for in the present usurper of his parts. And whatever Mr. 'V. P.' may say to the contrary, those who have witnessed Mr. V.'s performance of the chief characters in tragedy, and who have possessed and formed any judgment, will believe the critics, whether Scotch or English, who commended Mr. V. sooner than his detractor of that gentleman, even though Mr. V. P.'s decisions may be grounded on a seven year's acquaintance with him!

AN ADMIRER OF CHASTE ACTING.

January 28th, 1823.

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—"Professor Martyn was at Rome at the time when Miss Knight was there, and was improving to the utmost the advantages of her situation. I have heard him speak of the delight one of her teachers took in instructing her, and the lively warmth with which he described her uncommon progress in whatever she undertook. She was one of the many of her sex who had to remember and record the brutal wit of Johnson. The ladies of the time when his notice was considered as an honour, made it too much a point of honour to obtain an introduction:—where this honour was to be found, I confess I never could discover. For myself, I can truly say, that it was a severe punishment to me to share in any of my father's visits to him, and that I never heard him say, in any

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1823.

PRICE 3^d.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. JENNER.

Dr. Edward Jenner the discoverer and indefatigable defender of Vaccination, expired at Berkeley, on Sunday the 26th ult. in his 74th year.

This illustrious man, was the youngest son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, M. A. Rector of Rockhampton, and Vicar of Berkeley, and was born May 17, 1749. At the age of thirteen, he was placed under the care of Messrs Ludlow, Surgeons of Sudbury: and subsequently became house pupil to the celebrated John Hunter, with whom he took an active part in the formation of the Hunterian Museum.* Declining a partnership with his eminent preceptor, Mr. Jenner returned to Berkeley, and in a short time distinguished himself, by a successful practice.

Dr. Jenner's attention was first turned to the cow-pox, in 1776. Finding, from experience, that some persons, who, had been affected with the cow-pox,† were secure from the small-pox, even though inoculated with the latter; whilst others who had also been affected with the cow-pox, were still susceptible of the small-pox, without inoculation, he pursued a laborious course of observation and experiment, until he satisfactorily ascertained that the cow matter in an active state, is a sure preservative against the small-pox; and, that, when the latter takes effect upon one who has had the cow-pox, it is owing to the cow matter having lost its more active property prior to its application.—Hence, a necessity for the utmost care in this particular!

This is the discovery which immortalizes the name of Jenner!—A discovery which has already saved the lives of myriads; and which in its rapid progress from pole to pole, produces the one uniform effect—by a MILD AFFECTION, preserves from the MOST BALEFUL MALADY that ever raged amongst the human species!

That jealous, malignant, and interested creatures should oppose the efforts of this benefactor of mankind, we can readily admit; but that their sophistry should be borne with, on a subject so open to enquiry, and correct decision, is equally strange and infelicitous. However, the facts were ultimately demonstrated; the eyes of the world enlightened; and whilst his opponents shrank into contemptuous oblivion, he was congratulated and honoured by the crowned heads, and all the great and liberal minds of Europe!

We add a few illustrations from contemporary pens.—

Vaccination was introduced into the army and navy, and honours heaped on the head of its great founder. The physicians and surgeons of the fleet presented Dr. Jenner with a gold medal and suitable address. The medal represents Apollo, the god of physic, introducing a seaman recovered from vaccine inoculation to Britannia; who, in return extends a civic crown, on which is inscribed—JENNER. The motto is peculiarly happy—ALBA NAUTIA STELLA REFULSIT.

On the reverse is an anchor, above GEORGIO TERTIO REGI; below SPENCER DUCE; expressing the reign and the naval administration of the sovereign and peer under whose auspices this valuable improvement of the healing art was introduced into the navy of Great Britain.

The Empress Dowager Mary of Russia, and several foreign potentates, now sent gratulatory addresses to

Dr. Jenner on his discovery, which has been rapidly gaining ground in every quarter of the globe. A few instances are worthy of being recorded.

When Dr. Wickham was made prisoner in France, our philosopher was applied to as the fittest person for addressing to Bonaparte a petition soliciting that physician's liberation. This was at the time of Napoleon's greatest animosity to this country. It happened thus: the emperor was in his carriage, and the horses were being changed. The petition was then presented to him. He exclaimed, 'Away! away!' The Empress Josephine, who accompanied him, said, 'But, emperor, do you see whom this comes from? Jenner.' He changed his tone of voice that instant, and said, 'What that man asks is not to be refused;' and the petition was immediately granted. The ex-emperor also liberated many others, from time to time, at the request of Dr. Jenner, even whole families. Indeed, he never refused any request made by Dr. Jenner, who, of course, observed proper delicacy in not applying too often.

When the foreign potentates arrived in this country in 1814 they all expressed a wish to see Dr. Jenner; he was first introduced to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, when the conversation continued upon philosophical subjects, and her imperial highness astonished the doctor by the extent of her information. Dr. Jenner requested her imperial highness, when she wrote to her august mother, to have the goodness to say that he had a grateful remembrance of the kind attention which she showed to him. 'When I write?' she replied, 'I will write this very evening!'—At parting she said, 'Dr. Jenner, you must see the emperor my brother, who is expected here soon.' Dr. Jenner bowed acquiescence and withdrew.

The emperor arrived, and the promised interview took place in the most gracious form. The doctor was ushered into a room, which soon after his imperial majesty entered alone. He pronounced the words 'Dr. Jenner!' (which was returned with a respectful bow), and then advanced and touched his right shoulder. Alexander shortly commenced a discourse upon the astonishing effects of vaccination in Russia; and Dr. Jenner had the pleasure of hearing him declare that the vaccine had nearly subdued small-pox throughout that country. Dr. Jenner then told the emperor that he had the highest gratification at hearing such an important fact from his majesty himself. Dr. Jenner then presented the monarch with a volume of his own works upon the subject; and added, 'that in whatever country vaccination was conducted in a similar way to that which his majesty had commanded in the Russian empire, the small-pox must necessarily become extinct.' The emperor then made some observations which were highly complimentary to Dr. Jenner.

In a few days afterwards Count Orloff, with whom he had been long acquainted, from attendance on his countess, waited on Dr. Jenner, and asked him if a Russian order would be acceptable to him, should his majesty be graciously pleased to confer it. Dr. Jenner replied, that he thought this exclusively belonged to men of perfect independence. The count expressed his surprise at his not possessing a pecuniary independence. Dr. Jenner answered, that he possessed a village fortune, though not what came under the general acceptance of the term independence.

By appointment Dr. Jenner waited on the King of Prussia. And the king made, as did the other sovereigns, a general acknowledgment of the obligations of the world to Dr. Jenner. Either a child of this king, or of the Emperor of Austria, was the first royal child inoculated in Europe. After the king was gone, the crown prince, and many others of the illustrious foreigners honoured Dr. Jenner with particular notice, and gave him a pressing invitation to Berlin.

Dr. Jenner's next presentation was to Blucher. He was very polite, and rather facetious. The next interview was with Platoff. To the astonishment of Dr. Jenner, who was accompanied by Dr. Hamel (a physician born on the banks of the Don, and acquainted with the Cossack language), the count proved to be quite a polished gentleman, had a knowledge of vaccination and practised it. He said, 'Sir, you have extinguished the most pestilential disorder that ever appeared on the Don.'

Naturally, Jenner loved seclusion, and a small circle of friends. He was singularly cheerful among those to whom he could freely unbosom himself, and was 'a boy' (like Wyndham) at the age of 60. He was fond of music—and when some one urged to be favored with a sight of the magnificent diamond ring, which the Emperor of Russia's late mother had given him—'Come, come,' replied Jenner, 'let us take a stroll in the garden, and hear 'the drowsy hum' of the beetle.' He did so, and played at the same time one of his favorite airs on the flute—which he blew with a singular felicity of embouchure. He was as philosophical an ornithologist as Buffon. His essay (yet in MS.) on the music of birds, is perfectly original; and his 'Dissertation on the Cuckoo' is one of the richest gems in the collection of the Philosophical Transactions.

While you were conversing with him, or staying in his house, you could not imagine that he was a MAN, with whose fame 'all Europe rang from side to side.' He never talked of his success—of his reputation—of his numerous and great friends—of his correspondence or encomiastic letters; but would much rather converse on the fruits of the earth, or the properties of animals. He had the true test of greatness of character—inasmuch as he was SIMPLE and NATURAL.

We need not say that science has lost in the death of Dr. Jenner, a great man, but nature permitted him to complete his grand discovery, and to render his measure of service to the world—a service which will benefit all succeeding ages, who will bless the name of JENNER.

EPITAPH ON DOCTOR JENNER.

Within this tomb has found a resting place
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN OF THE HUMAN RACE,—
IMMORTAL JENNER; whose gigantic mind
Brought life and health to more than half mankind!
Let rescued infancy his worth proclaim,
And list old blessings on his honour'd name;
And radiant beauty drop one grateful tear,
For beauty's truest friend lies buried here!

CHARLES HUTTON, L. L. D.

Charles Hutton, L. L. D. and F. R. S. died on Monday the 26th ult. at his house in Bedford-row, in the 86th year of his age.

Dr. Hutton was born of humble parents at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the year 1737. His scholastic attainments were considerable; and at the age of eighteen he opened a school in the vicinity of his native town. Amidst the toils of this profession, his application to Mathematical science was considerable; in this department the 'Ladies Diary' was generally the stimulus, and also the receptacle of his labours. In 1764 he published "A Practical treatise on Arithmetical and Book-keeping," and in 1768 a copious treatise on Mensuration.—The latter brought him into considerable note. The magistrates of Newcastle employed Dr. H. to make a survey of their town about 1771. The destruction of the old bridge attracted his attention to the construction of arches, and brought from his pen a valuable little book on "The Principles of Bridges," in 1772.

* This Museum was bought by government for £15000, and presented to the College of Surgeons, under the stipulations of its being open to public inspection, and of their delivering annual lectures explanatory of its contents.

† The genuine cow-pox appears on the teats of the cow, in the form of vesicles of a blue colour, which are surrounded by inflammation." This matter Dr. Jenner transferred to the human subject, and then from each to his fellow.

Mr. J. L. Crowley about this time resigned the Professorship of Mathematics at the Cadet Academy, at Woolwich, and Dr. H. after a strict examination, became his successor. His talents were now displayed to advantage, and occasioned his election to the Royal Society. On the resignation of Dr. Hersley as Secretary to this body, Dr. Hutton was elected one of the Council and Latin Secretary; but on the appointment of Sir Joseph Banks to the Presidency, a misunderstanding arose, and Dr. H. went out of office. In 1807 he retired from his Professorship at Woolwich, and obtained a liberal pension from Government.

Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Hutton published *The Diarian Miscellany*, 5 vols. 12mo;—a Selection of useful and entertaining Parts from the *Ladies' Diary*, of which he was for a long time editor; *Elements of the Conic Sections*, 8vo. 1777; *Tables of the Products and Powers of Numbers*, folio, 1784; *Mathematical Tables (Logarithms)*, 1785—five editions to 1811; *Tables of Interest*, 8vo. 1786; *Tracts Mathematical and Philosophical*, 4to. same year; *Compendious Measurer*, 12mo. *id.*; *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*, 2 vols. 4to. 1796; and many other Treatises on Mathematics, Projectiles, and Philosophy, translations from Despin, Ozanam, and Montucl; and (in conjunction with Drs. Shaw and Pearson) an *Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions*, to which he was a valuable contributor, in 18 vols. 4to.

Dr. Hutton was exceedingly cheerful in his conversation and manner, and deliberate in expressing himself. His voice was agreeably clear and firm, with a slight northern accent.

"In the spring of the year 1822 (a gentleman writes) I called upon Dr. Hutton at his house in Bedford-row. After the Doctor's usual kind reception, I told him my object in the visit was twofold,—after the pleasure of paying my respects, to take the opportunity of requesting his assistance in procuring either a mathematical master, or school, for a young friend to devote his time exclusively to that branch of study, preparatory to his joining the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, as a cadet.

"I prefaced by saying, the lad was the son of a deceased Royal Engineer Officer, and it was on behalf of the widow that I solicited the Doctor's recommendation. 'Yes, Sir, (was the reply,) I know a good many mathematical schools, and more mathematical masters; before I specify either, tell me what the widow can afford to pay, that expense may regulate us in our choice.' I replied, I could not answer that question without reference to the widow. 'Well, Sir, perhaps then the *shortest way will be, (for you will have my say to make to the widow, and doubtless the widow will again have her say to make back to me,) to send the lady herself to me, when it can at once be despatched; that will leave us now, Mr. —, the agreeable opportunity of talking upon some more interesting subjects.'*

"After a short pause, and looking to the centre of the room, I observed to the Doctor, 'You have there, Sir, a very fine and interesting portrait of Sir Isaac Newton;—has it not lately come into your possession?'—'Yes, Sir, it is a very fine, and as you say, interesting portrait of that illustrious individual, Sir Isaac Newton, and it has lately become mine. That picture, Sir, was the last for which Sir Isaac sat to any painter; it was painted by —, and in the very last year of Sir Isaac's life—he was then in his eighty fifth year. The picture was executed for the grandfather of the present Earl Stanhope. When the late Earl Stanhope died, a few years since, he kindly remembered me in his last will, and bequeathed me that picture, which I greatly value. It was always deemed a fine and good likeness of Newton, and a pleasing resemblance it is.' After a few words more, I observed the Doctor's eyes were directed (and as I thought evidently with a wish of attracting mine also) to a print hanging by the fireplace, a portrait of Mr. Charles Hutton, from Cosway's well-known and admired picture of that gentleman, dressed in black, with a three-cornered hat upon his head, and an ear-trumpet in his right hand. *Looking immediately at the print, the Doctor said, 'Doubtless, Mr. —, you know the picture from which that print was taken; it was done by Mr. Cosway. Charles Hutton, Sir, was a man of very considerable abilities—he was a relation of mine; and you shall hear a*

story most flattering to myself. Charles Hutton's mother, Sir, and my mother were sisters; and his grandmother and the mother of Sir Isaac Newton were also sisters. *So you see, Sir, (pointing to the print, and looking at the picture of Newton,) through that man I am myself connected with that great and extraordinary person whose effigy we are contemplating.'* The solemn earnestness with which the last sentence was uttered, and the complacency of his countenance, strongly marked the Doctor's great and inward satisfaction.

"Referring to the pictures, I said, 'I hope, Sir, you will leave to the world some such memorial of yourself, which our posterity may admire with as much gratification.'—'I do not know, Sir, if I ever shall be admired in this way after I am dead; but you shall see what Gahagan has done for me,' uncovering a bust on a corner table. He continued: 'There, Sir, is a bust of me by Gahagan;—my friends tell me that it is like me, but that it is too grave for me, though gravity is part of my character. For the likeness and expression I cannot myself be the judge; but I can vouch for the accuracy, for I have measured it in every point with the callipers.'

"Upon my taking leave, the Doctor insisted he would accompany me to the door in the street of Bedford-row. I remarked to him the place was broad, light, and very airy. He stepped two or three paces on, and pointing to the end of the street, said, 'Yes, it is a very agreeable place to walk in. From the chair in my study to that post at the corner is just forty yards; and from that post to the post at the other end of the Row is exactly the eighth part of a mile: so that when I come out to take my walk, I can walk my eighth part of a mile, the quarter of a mile, half of a mile, or my mile, as I choose. When I return to my seat, I know what exercise I have taken. I am in my eighty-sixth year, and, thank God, have my health in a remarkable way at such an age. I have very few pains, but am a little deaf.'"

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Funny and free are a Bachelor's revelries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's bilases, and glances of misuses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's fare.

A wife, like a caister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread;
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with bine devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and aurres combining their curses,
Adieu to dull purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life,
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While Dad is recalling his Bachelor's fare.—

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule,
Girls through foolishness, passion or malice,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy past hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

THE HOUR-GLASS.

(FROM THE LATIN OF AMALFI.)

The dust that here, with motion true,
In silence tells the waning hour,
Once glowed with vital heat, and knew
The pride of honour, wealth, and power—
Was one, who, lost in pleasure's maze,
Relentless beauty's charms admired;
He saw, but withered in the gaze,
And in a fatal flame expired.
Still in this glass his ashes move,
Proclaiming to each pining breast,
That he, who knows the pangs of Love,
May never, never, hope for rest!

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A SOM-NAMBULIST.

(Concluded from our last.)

"The Somaambalist directs himself with unerring certainty through the most intricate windings, and over the most dangerous precipices; and, without any apparent assistance from the organs of sense, has been known to read, write, and compose."

BISHOP PORTELL.

The next day, while Negretti was yet awake, the Marquis received company in his chamber; a circumstance which rarely happened. As the visitors increased, so increased the demand for chairs. Negretti, having in the mean time fallen asleep, rose up, after a short nap; and, after blowing his nose, he paid his respects to his tobacco box, and hurried away in search of chairs. What is the most remarkable, is, that while he held one chair with both hands, he came to the door, which was shut, when, instead of knocking at it, he let go one hand from the chair, opened the door, took up the chair as before, and carried it to the very place where it ought to be. This done, he went to the beaufet, searched for the key, and seemed vexed that he could not find it: he took a candle, and examined every corner of the apartment, and every step of the staircase, walking about with great quickness, and groping with his hands in hopes of finding the lost key. The valet-de-chambre slid it into his pocket, and Negretti, soon after putting his hand there by accident, found the key. Enraged at his folly, he then opened the beaufet; when, after taking out a napkin, a plate and two rolls, he shut it again, and went into the kitchen: there he dressed a salad, producing from a closet every thing necessary for that purpose, and when he had done, sat down in order to eat it. This dish they presently took from him, and in its place, gave him one of cabbage, highly seasoned. Of this he eat freely; and for cabbage they afterwards substituted a cake, which he swallowed in the same manner, without appearing to know any difference; a circumstance which leads one to think that he had not relished the salad by the organ of taste, but that the soul alone enjoyed this sensation without the intervention of the body. While he ate, he now and then listened, thinking he was called; and once persuaded himself that he actually was. Accordingly he went down in great haste to the hall; and finding no one, he stepped into the ante-chamber, and asked the servants if he had not been wanted. Rather peevish at being disturbed, he returned to his supper in the kitchen; and having finished it, he said, in a half whisper, that he should like to go to the next public house to have a draught, if he had any money; and he examined his pockets, without success: at length he rose from his seat, saying he would go, however; that he would pay the next day, and they would not scruple to trust him. With great alacrity he ran to the public house, which was at the distance of two gun shots from the house. He knocked at the door, without trying whether it was fast, as if he had known, that at so late an hour, it necessarily must be so. On gaining admission, he called for half a pint of wine; instead of which the landlord gave him the same quantity of water; this he drank, insensible of the difference, and, at his departure, said he would pay for it on the morrow. With all haste he returned homeward, and, on entering the ante-chamber, asked the servants if his master had wanted him. He then appeared in high spirits,

and said he had been out to drink, and was the better for it. On this, a person forcibly opened his eyes, and he awoke.

In his sleep, one Friday evening, he recollected that the family tutor had said to him, that if he was seized with somnambulency that night, and would bring him a basin of soup, he would give him some drink money. On this he arose, while fast asleep, and said aloud, that he would plan a trick for the tutor. He accordingly went down to the kitchen, and repairing thence to the tutor's chamber, as directed, he reminded him of his promise. The tutor gave him a small piece of money; on which, Negretti taking the valet by the arm, carried him along with him to the public house, and, as he drank, related to him in a very circumstantial manner, how he had duped the tutor, whose money he thought he had received when he was awake. He laughed heartily, drank repeatedly to the tutor's health, and returned all life and spirits, to the house.

Once, while Negretti was in this state, a person hit him on the leg with a stick: he imagining it to be a dog, grumbled; and, as the person continued to strike him, he went in search of a switch, (and pursued the supposed dog,) brandishing it about with all his might. At length he fell into a rage, and in despair of finding the cur, he poured forth a load of abuse. He then produced a morsel of bread from his pocket, called the dog by a name, and kept the switch concealed; a muff was thrown down, which he took for the dog, and upon it he discharged his fury. Mons. Pigatti, in the course of his repeated observations upon Negretti, remarked, that every night he did something new. He likewise observed, that while his fit lasted, he did not perfectly enjoy either the sense of seeing, hearing, smelling, or tasting. We have seen that he would eat victuals of different sorts, without perceiving the change; he heard no noise, however great; he perceived no candle, though it was held near enough to scorch his eye-lids; he felt no feather, though his nose was tickled with one; yet his touch was sometimes tolerably acute, but at other times exceedingly dull.

DINNER COMPANY TO LET.—A CARD.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer respectfully invite the attention of the dinner-giving department to the following statement of facts.

It happens in London, every day, that gentlemen mount to sudden wealth by Spanish bonds, fluctuations of English stock, death of distant relations, and what not. When this event occurs, a carriage is bespoken, the ladies go to the Soho Bazaar, the father takes a house in Baker-street or Connaught-place, and the sons get blackballed at all the new clubs in the environs of the Haymarket. Yet still something is wanting. Like the Greek or Persian king (Messrs. Clack and Caterer will not be precise as to the nation) who pined to death in the midst of plenty, gentlemen thus jumping into high-life, from the abysses of Lower Thames-street and Saint Mary Axe, lament the lack of good dinner company. If they rely upon coffee-house society, their silver spoons are in jeopardy; and if they invite their own relations, they are ruined: nobody will come twice to such society. An uncle with an unpowdered pigtail, who prates of pepper and pimento: an aunt in a brown silk gown, who drinks every body's health; a son from Stockwell, who is silent when he ought to talk, accompanied by a wife, who talks when she ought to be silent, compose a species of society which may do very well at Kensington or Camden-town, but which, Messrs. Clack and Caterer confidently predict, can never take root west of Temple-bar. The consequence is that gentlemen thus circumstanced must "cut" their own relations, or nobody else will "come again."

Singers may be hired at so much a-head: every body knows, to an odd sixpence, the price of "Non nobis, Domine," "Hail, Star of Brunswick," "Glorious Apollo," and "Scots wha ha." Good set speakers for charity dinners may also be obtained, by inquiry at the bar of the tavern. These latter go through the routine of duty with a vast deal of decorum. They call the attention of the company in a particular manner to the present charity, leaving a blank for its name. They ascribe half of its success to the worthy treasurer, and the other half to the noble chairman, whose health they conclude with proposing, with three times three: and the accuracy of their ear enables them to cry "hip, bip, bip," nine times, interlarded at the third and sixth close with a hurrah! aided by a sharp yell which Messrs. Clack and Caterer have never been able to distinguish from the yelp of a trodden lapdog. All this is very well in its way, and it is not the wish of the advertisers to disparage such doings. Far from it; "live and let live" is their maxim. Many gentlemen by practice qualify themselves for public speakers; but good private dinner company is still a desideratum.

Impressed with this truth, Messrs. Clack and Caterer, at a considerable expense, have provided, at their manufactory in Leicester-square, a choice assortment of good diners out, of various prices, who, in clean white waistcoats, and at the shortest notice, will attend to enliven any gentleman's dull dinner-table. Messrs. Clack and Caterer are possessed of three silver-toned young barristers, who have their way to make in Lincoln's Inn. These gentlemen respectively and anxiously enquire after the health of any married lady's little Charlotte: ask when she last heard from Hastings; think they never saw curtains better hung in the whole course of their lives; tenderly caress the poodle that occupies the hearth-rug; and should its front teeth meet in their fore-finger, will, for an additional trifle, exclaim, "Pretty little fellow! I don't wonder he's such a favourite." Messrs. Clack and Caterer are also provided with two unbenevolent clergymen, who have guaranteed a short grace, and undertake not to eat of the second course. These gentlemen tell a choice collection of good jokes, with a rigid abstinence from Joe Miller. They have various common-places at hand, which they can throw in when conversation flags. The one of them remarks that London begins to look dull in September, and that Waterloo-place is a great improvement; and the other observes, that Elliston has much beautified Drury-lane, and that Kean's voice is apt to fail him in the fifth act. This kind of talk is not brilliant, but it wears well, and never provokes animosity.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg also to acquaint the nobility and gentry, that they have laid in a couple of quadrillers and three pair of parasites; who take children upon their knees in spite of tamarinds and Guava jelly; cut turbot into choice parallelograms; pat plain children on the head, and assure their mamma that their hair is not red but auburn; never meddle with the two long-necked bottles on the table; address half of their conversation to the lady of the house, and the other half to any deaf gentleman on their other side, who tilts his ear in the hollow of his hand. Should either of these personages be so far forgetful of his duty as to contradict a county member, introduce agricultural distress, or prove the cause of the present low prices; wonder what happened at Verona, or who wrote the Scotch novels; gentlemen are requested to write "bore" upon his back with a piece of chalk (which the butler had better be provided with), and then to return the offender to the advertisers, when the money will be paid back, deducting coach-hire. Cheap goods rarely turn out well. Some dinner-giving gentlemen have hired diners out at an inferior price; and what was lately the consequence at a Baronet's in Portland-place?—A Birmingham article of this sort entered the drawing-room with a hackney straw adhering to one stocking, and a pedicular ladder ascending the other. He drank twice of champagne; called for beer; had never heard that the opera opened without Angrisani; wondered why Miss Paton and Brahan did not sing together (forgetting that all Great Russell-street and a part of the Piazza yawned between them); spilt red wine on the tablecloth, and tried to rectify the error by a smear of salt and Madeira; left the fish-cruets as bare as the pitchers of the Celides; and com-

mitted various errors, which Messrs. Clack and Caterer scorn to enumerate. All this proceeds from not going to the best shops and paying accordingly.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg likewise to acquaint a liberal and candid public, that they have an unexceptionable assortment of three-day visitors, who go by the stage to villas from Saturday to Monday. These out-of-towners know all about Webb Hall and the drill-plough; take a hand at whist; never heat their host at billiards; have no objection to go to church; and are ready to look at improvements on being provided with thick shoes. If up hill, or through a copse of the party's own planting, a small additional sum will be required. For further particulars enquire at the warehouse in Leicester-square. If Messrs. Clack and Caterer give satisfaction, it is all they require; money is no object. Letters, post-paid, will be duly attended to.—*New Mon. Mag.*

EPIC SCINTILLATION.

MR. EDITOR,—The following bombastic lines, penned during a leisure hour, (and original every inch!) are respectfully submitted.

Liverpool, Dec. 28th, 1822.

JUVENIS.

CANTO FIRST.

Away, ye highly fam'd poetic class,
Cried Momus, as he rais'd the sparkling glass;
With wine elate he grasp'd his joggler pen,
And thus a daring rhapsody began:
"Ye worthless scribblers of poetic lore,
Pollute the peerless Parnassus no more;
Pope, Milton, Byron, Waller, all depart,
Nor move the passions—nor inform the heart.
Hence poor plebeians—Ay this sacred land,
Nor dare the efforts of my muse withstand;
She, far beyond thy vulgar herd shall rise,
And nobly soaring pierce the distant skies:
If in mid-air, her progress should incline,
To yon bright comet of the northern sign;
Round his devoted head, her shafts shall fly,
And hurl him lawless through the yielding sky.
Then o'er the clouds, by Pegasus swift led,
To where Parnassus rears its lofty head,
The sacred nine, her spirit shall inspire,
And warm a kindred soul with epic fire;
Touch with promethean hand, her colder clay
And call each latent faculty to day!
Foll'p'd—the paltry bards of ancient days,
Shall shrink to dust, and hide their feeble rays;
Virgil and Horace,—Homer,—all will die,
And their dull works in one sad rain lie!
Yet, her bright page will not condemn them all,
From memory, and the roll of time to fall;
But—as the noble lion spared the bound,
Which whin'd for mercy, as it ticked the ground;
Embrace'd the trembling catfish as his friend,
Until the luckless hour that brought its end;—
So shall my muse extol great Tully's fame,
With verse sublime immortalize his name;
In doleful epigram his end deplore,
And bode him forth, till time shall be no more."
'Twas thus our ranting hero tun'd his string,
Whilst thus a rival rhymster 'gan to sing:
"And art thou, mighty Momus—rapt, inspir'd?
Is thy dull scound with admiration fir'd?
Has Rome's great genius—Tully's flow'ry page
Filled thy exalted soul with Grub-street rage?
Forbear—forbear, that meddling hand employ,
To beat the booby—or to cane the boy;
Leave panegyric to some abler hand,
Nor join the legions of the scribbling band.
Curb thy aspiring muse, nor let her soar,
To foreign skies unknown to thee before!
Should borrow'd pinions lift her high in air,
And her dark merit's prejudice declare,
Some truth, to check her progress will be found,
To dash th' aspiring mimic to the ground.
Let truth's bright fascinating form appear,
It strikes the bolder muse with panic fear;
Nor can smooth-tongu'd deceit prolong her stay,
With shades of night, she murm'ring shrinks away.
Offspring of heav'n, fair equity! descend,—
From caustic calumny my name defend;
Aid my just cause—nor let ambitious pow'r,
Oppress the weak—or o'er the helpless tow'r!
For thy strong hand detraction can restrain,
Or slander check,—the source of all my pain;
Stem the foul current of calumnious lies,
Or shoot the swift wing'd falsehood, as it flies!
Alas! nor heav'nly truth—nor justice can
Convince of error self-approving man;
Still through the mask of candour is descried,
The child of passion, and the tool of pride,
Whatever plausible forms are framed to hide!"

• A contemporary bard.
† Momus is a schoolmaster.

Behold the fox each thorny thicket try,
To gain that shelter which his holes deny,
A short security in ditches find,
Till deep-mouth'd thunder echoes from behind,
Then starting forth—he panting licks the ground,
And falls a victim to the vengeful hound:
So, mighty Momus mars his neighbour's fame,
And triumphs o'er the ruins of his name:
But should pure justice interpose her hand,
And he convicted, in her presence stand,
How then would mighty Momus quake with shame
And shrink beneath the terrors of her name:
"How long (ah'd cry) vile creature wilt thou brave
My potent arm,—and haunt the Stygian cave;
Must I through all thy mazes still pursue,
Nor hold thy vices up to publick view?
No—vildest being of the vilest race,
Go—and thy path to Radamanthus trace;
He will consign thee to Tartarian gloom,
Ordain thy punishment, and fix thy doom!
Tho' slow my pace—what once I seize is fast,
Tho' long in coming—yet I come at last;
And thou vile caltiff—even thou shalt feel,
If lead my sandals—still my hands are steel!"

CANTO SECOND.

Now did our hero, to enrich his rhyme,
Attempt Parnassus' flow'ry steep to climb;
And straight determined, by presumption led,
The confines of the sacred groves to tread,
Like thirsty Satan, vanishing o'er the bounds,
Spurn'd at the gate that opens to the grounds:
Vampyres, and harpies, now inspire his strain,
A thousand furies hover in his train,
Scared by his discord,—startled at his cry,
Peace, friendship, happiness and virtue fly;
His murd'ring instrument he boldly draws,
To furnish morsels for his mighty jaws!
Wide op'ning these emit with horrid roar,
A rabid poison from ægean store;
The vip'rous squall cuts every social tie,
Whilst fame and reputation, wounded lie;
Dryads, and nymphs, affrighted quit the woods,
Distracted sylphs tremble in the woods;
And all bright tenants of the holy place,
Momus avoid, and fly before his face.
He eager stoops his ample paunch to fill,
With purest water from the limpid rill.
Now frown the skies, with darkness dire o'ercast,
In horror dumb our hero stands aghast;
Forked light'nings play—the dreadful thunders roll,
And shake the misty air from pole to pole;
Hoarse deaf'ning peals, throughout the hill resound,
The caves re-echo—and the rocks rebound:
Not the fell wolf can greater terror feel,
Who trembling lies beneath impending steel,
Than seized our hero's perturbed frame,
His vaunted courage shrunk into a name:
Congealed his blood—and fix'd his vacant stare,
Upraised with dread, appear'd his horrid hair;
When arm'd majestic, issued from the wood,
A guardian genius of the sacred flood;
And, slow advancing, with indignant look,
Thus to the panic-stricken Momus spoke;
"Presumptuous mortal!—offspring of the shades,
Why with thy furies thus disturb our glades,
By what satanic power hast thou been led,
To thus defile, with sacrilegious tread,
These hallowed groves, from all the world confin'd,
Except the friends of genius and mankind?
Hence, monster hence—thy Impious thirst restrain,
Nor with foul demon touch our spring profane;
Or by Alcides' arm shalt thou be hurl'd,
To seek for rivers in the nether world.
To haunt the gloomy borders of the Styx,
Where kindred harpies on thy soul shall fix;
Inflame thy breast with pandemonian pride,
And make thee pant for truth, yet truth deride:
Teach thee to cherish passions that deprave,
And make thee frequent the stygian cave!—
There, dark Alecto reigns in murky state,
And rules thy destiny, and guides thy fate!—
She—not the nine—thy barren genius fires,
And each mad bantling of thy pen inspires!
The hiss of Hydra from the Lernean strand,
When great Alcides smote with igneous brand;
The crash of battle echoing from afar,
And fierce Pelides thund'ring to the war;
When from the camp the Grecian stentor goes,
To bid defiance to the trembling foes;
The blinded Polyphemus on the shore,
When 'gainst Ulysses, he the rocks up-tore;
The raging Titans, when thy Pelion move,
And hurl Olympus 'gainst the angry Jove;
When from their han's, the pond'rous mountains rise,
And cleave with vengeance through the liquid skies;
Those hideous sounds commixed are not so dire,
As frightful din of thy discordant lyre;
Nor the rough bark of Cerberus more hoarse,
Than the harsh torrents of thy doggerl verse;
Hence, babbling hence—nor dare presume to implore;
Haste thy vile progress to the stygian shore;
Else my strong arm shall hurl you from the light,
To realms of chaos and eternal night!"
Thus spake the guardian form with mien severe;
And frowning vengeance, seized a massive spear:
With awful front in stern position stood,
To thrust the monster from the sacred flood:
When—as some thrifty pard in bloodshed bold,
Fearful of brave defenders of the fold,

Straight shrinks from sight, his thickets to regain,
And swiftly bounding flies across the plain;
So, when great Momus view'd the mighty dart,
High way'd in air, to pierce his fainting heart,
His eye-balls glaring fiercely in his head,
To the four winds, his sail-broad vans he spread,
And howling, with the tempest's swiftness fled.

THE CLUB.

No. XXVII.—FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1823.

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall:
How few now taste thee unalloy'd and pure—
Or tasting, long enjoy thee." COWPER.

OUR readers will no doubt remark a degree of similarity between the letter from Hezekiah Treacle, which appeared some time ago in 'the Club,' and that which makes so considerable a part of our paper to-day. Both these letters relate to the domestic unhappiness of the writers, but the cause of that unhappiness is, in the two cases, extremely different. The complaints of Mr. Treacle are occasioned by the alleged want of order and method in his wife's conduct; while those of Mr. Dimity result from the absurd, yet expensive education, which had been bestowed upon his spouse. Mr. Dimity is so fully aware of this difference, that his letter was accompanied by a request, that we would introduce it by some remarks on the folly of those persons who give to their daughters an education too expensive and fashionable for their circumstances. We omit to do so for no other reason, but because we think the subject too important to be dispatched in a few sentences; and shall probably, before long, consider it more at large.

The publication of Mr. Treacle's letter has considerably increased the number of our female correspondents; and we take this opportunity of assuring them, that, even before we were favoured with their letters, we were fully convinced that the ladies, generally speaking, had much more reason to complain of domestic infelicity than the gentlemen. Some of the details which have been sent to us, and which we shall certainly publish, will place this fact in a very striking and affecting light; and will, we hope, have a salutary effect upon certain persons whom they particularly concern. The writers of these accounts must, however, excuse us if we do not immediately present them to the public, but appear to give a preference to such communications as those of Mr. Treacle and Mr. Dimity. Had we no other reason for this apparent preference, than a wish to render the loveliest part of the creation still more amiable, that alone would be sufficient to account for our hastening to acquaint them with every particular in their conduct, which it is desirable they should amend.

We shall not any longer detain our readers from the perusal of Mr. Dimity's letter, except to observe that the unstudied, and somewhat abrupt manner, in which it is written, is, in our opinion, precisely that which would be adopted by a plain man, not accustomed to composition, when writing upon a subject in which he was personally and deeply interested.

MR. MEDIUM,

SIR,—My father was a respectable tradesman in this town, and bestowed upon me, his successor in business, an education which, although not so liberal and expensive as parents are now accustomed to give their children, he considered sufficient to qualify me for my station in life.

In our conversations upon the subject of marriage, his advice was, that I should not look too high for a wife, but marry a female of my own rank, as he judged it probable I should find such an one more capable of domestic management.

I married as I fondly thought, according to these directions. My wife was the daughter of a tradesman. Her parents had lavished money with unsparing hand upon her education, but it proved to be more expensive than useful—more glittering and showy, than solid and substantial. She was mistress of every polite accomplishment, and in addition, I supposed her to possess those domestic qualifications which gain the esteem of all, and which, in particular, render home more attractive to the married man. Vain supposition! my hopes have been completely disappointed, and the relation of my case is perhaps all the consolation I have now left.

The first years of our marriage were passed over without any occurrence of material consequence. We had discovered faults in each other, which we formerly fancied had no existence. This is undoubtedly the case with all married persons, but there exists in the human mind a capability of gradually becoming so accustomed to unpleasant objects or emotions, that they no longer produce uneasiness, and the faults, formerly so dreaded, become, from their frequency, scarcely noticed. The defect in my wife's education, became, however, in a few years, too apparent to be concealed. It was seen by every visitor possessed of common observation. Surrounded by a young and numerous family, instead of devoting her time and attention in endeavouring to contribute to their immediate comforts and pressing wants, her object has always been avowedly opposite. She entrusts them to the care of a hireling, to one who is destitute of maternal affection, or solicitude: apparently careless of their treatment, if they are kept from intruding upon her privacy. I contemplate the result of this treatment with the most unpleasant feelings. The children are so awed by the tyranny of the nurse, that they are afraid to give way to those lively and winning caresses which render childhood so attractive. Their look is demure and prim, totally unlike the unconstrained and joyous expression which is at their age so natural and pleasing; and I regret to add, that they have imbibed many vulgar prejudices which are common among the ignorant and uninformed. My remonstrances are urged in vain; my wife, I am sure, possesses maternal feeling, but her misdirected education, renders her insensible to the baneful effects of thus abandoning her children to mercenary care; and she declares she will not sacrifice her ease and pleasure to what she terms my ill-judged complaints, and I have, therefore, no other than the melancholy prospect, that the minds of my children will become imbued with low-minded prejudices, which will hinder them from acquiring those liberal principles which, in adult age, should form the basis and support of their conduct, and which should stimulate them to the performance of honourable and virtuous actions.

Other grievances also occur. My wife possesses a taste for reading, which she indulges in an immoderate degree. This taste, by being diverted from its proper and correct channel, has become vitiated. Historical books, or those upon general literature, have no attraction. Works of fiction alone, possess irresistible charms, and engross a great portion of her time; she peruses a new novel with all the avidity of a girl of sixteen, and sometimes de-

prives herself of sleep, in order to ascertain the catastrophe, or concluding incident of these pernicious works.

If not occupied by studies of this kind, she is either engaged in paying and receiving formal visits, or in accompanying a friend to lounge away her time, in the Square, or at an auction. This produces serious inconveniences. Mercers bills pour upon me from all quarters, which I am obliged to discharge, lest my credit in the market should be injured. The adage "Buy what you have no need of, and ere long you shall sell your necessities," has no effect. If an article is in her estimation cheap, it must be bought, for cheapness is, with her, the most convincing argument for the purchase. It is in vain for me to declare, that I could buy it much cheaper, for she constantly tells me that I am prejudiced, and that I am determined never to give her credit for judgment in any thing.

Her household duties are equally neglected. The entire management of the culinary department is given up to the servants, who act quite independently, and by their ignorance and carelessness, either waste or spoil most of the articles entrusted to their care. Remonstrance is here, also in vain; she has never been accustomed to manage the affairs of the kitchen, and she will not, therefore, interfere with the servants.

I have repeatedly represented to her the necessity of strict economy, and the importance of adopting plans more suitable to her station. I have pleaded the uncertainty of my present trade, and the gloominess of the future prospect, the enormous expense of housekeeping which such conduct has caused, and the exposure which must unavoidably be made, should my efforts in business prove unsuccessful, but all appears useless; she ridicules my arguments; insists upon the necessity of keeping up a genteel appearance, and with peculiar pertinacity, continues in her usual career. As a last resource, I have therefore adopted the expedient of Hezekiah Treacle, and hope that this public appeal will prove more successful than my private remonstrances. I remain, Sir,

Your obedt. Servant,

JOHN DIMITY.

NATURAL HISTORY.

LEVIATHAN.—The strange New Jersey monster, which was taken by the citizens of New Jersey, denominated a fish, has arrived in Baltimore, for the examination of the curious. What strikes us with peculiar surprise are the two legs, terminating with claws from the palms, and situated near the tail. They appear to be not much larger than a man's arm, and the question is, what they could be intended for, so little capable as they must have been to support a weight so unwieldy. An intelligent friend has suggested, that this animal must have derived its sustenance from the bottom of the sea; that these legs would serve to propel the body forward, where the water was too shallow for his fins. On such points conjecture is endless, and often so totally various from fact, that it only serves to confuse and perplex, instead of illuminating the subject. The six rows of teeth, with which the mouth is fortified, are remarkably small, but sharp. It has likewise five gills, folding one over the other, from which it has been conjectured, that the animal could live a long time under water. The body is perfectly free from scales, encompassed with a rough skin, somewhat resembling that of the seal. We shall not undertake to describe this phenomenon; it may well be remarked, how little we still know of nature, notwithstanding all the researches of science. This animal is welcomed by the scientific world, as a stranger, whose habits and properties we have yet to learn, and who appears amongst us just to excite, without gratifying,

curiosity. Perhaps, from the time of his creation, this is the first time that one of his species has ventured so near the abodes of inhospitable man, and this solitary adventurer pays his life as the forfeit. This sub-marine Columbus went in quest of a new world; he has found it, and met with the reward of his more celebrated predecessor—persecution and ingratitude. Shakespeare was right when he said, that there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in our philosophy.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

EVENING DRESS.—Pomegranate colour *crepe lisse* dress: corsage to fit. The stomacher is composed of double rouleaux of satin, rather more than an inch apart, and is continued over the shoulder to the bottom of the waist behind, and is trimmed with fine blond, the same as the tucker. The band, or sash, is of *crepe lisse* edged with satin, and the ends of the rosette trimmed with blond. The sleeve is formed of three rows of small festoons of *crepe lisse*, edged with satin and blond. The skirt is decorated with an elegant net-work of pomegranate and white chênille, surmounted with a row of steel beads; a steel bead is introduced at each angle of the net; beneath is a tasteful trimming of *crepe lisse* in double reversed plaitings, intersected with ornamented semicircles of satin, united by a circlet composed of four satin rouleaux, with a row of small steel beads between each; a broad satin rouleau at the bottom of the dress. Urling's lace is adopted in almost all dresses.

HEAD DRESSES.—1. Bolivar hat of black velvet; the brim narrow and equal width, is continued from the right side above the satin band of the crown, forming a double front, which is finished on the left with a small gold tassel; the centre is tasselled; small gold beads entwine the edge, and form an elegant spiral ornament. On the left side is placed a *panache noir* Aladdin, which falls gracefully to the right.

2. Cap of *tulle*; the crown covered with three satin tulip-leaves, edged with a small rouleau and double *crepe lisse* and blond beginning with a satin bow on the left side; between each leaf is generally introduced a demi-wreath of fancy flowers of a ruby or cherry colour.

3. Circassian turban of silver muslin, with a bird of Paradise, beneath which is a rich ostrich feather falling very low on the left side.

4. Bonnet of *ponceau* velvet; round the front is a rouleau of *gros de Naples* of the same colour; the velvet trimming is also edged with *gros de Naples*, and interspersed with variegated roses. This bonnet is very fashionable in black velvet and satin, with pomegranate-blossoms.

5. Bonnet composed of *gros de Naples* of two colours; the crown, which is round, and rather low, is of lemon colour; the front is of lavender colour, and very full, but confined by four flat straps, which are continued within the crown, which is plain, and has a bunch of *ranunculus* on the right side. A high trimming of lavender colour nearly surrounds the crown, and is edged with a satin rouleau, as are also the three large puffs or *bouillons* in the front.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 58, by Miss Agnes.

First, suppose each quantity variable and the rest constant:—then will, $xy - 2yz = 0$, or $y = \frac{x}{2}$; also

$$xz - 3z^2 = 0, \text{ or } z = \sqrt{\frac{x}{3}}$$

Let $x = 40$; and substitute in the given equations these values of y and z , and we shall have $(a^3 - x^3) \times \frac{2x^3}{3\sqrt{3}} \times \frac{x^2}{4} = \frac{a^3x^3 - x^6}{6\sqrt{3}}$, a maximum by the question.

Hence, in fluxions, $5a^2x^2 - 8x^2z = 0$ and $5a^2x^4 = 8x^2z$, or $5a^2 = 8z$; therefore, $z = \frac{a^2}{8} \sqrt{5}$; and $y = \frac{a}{4} \sqrt{5} = 17.09$; also $z = \frac{a^3 \sqrt{5}}{2 \sqrt{3}} = 19.73$.

Neat solutions have been received from Amicus; Mr. Jones; Mr. Williams and Mr. Hill.

Question No. 60, by Arithmeticus.

Two travellers, A and B, 100 miles distant from each other, set out to meet. A travels 3 miles in the first hour, 4 in the second, $5\frac{1}{2}$ in the third, and so on, increasing each hour's journey by $\frac{1}{2}$ of the distance gone in the preceding hour.

B sets out 3 hours later than A, and goes 10 miles in the first hour, 9 in the second, $8\frac{1}{2}$ in the third; decreasing each hour $\frac{1}{2}$ of the distance gone in the preceding hour. Where will these two travellers meet?

THE CONCENTRIC FRIENDS.

MR. EDITOR,—The Liverpool Concentric Friends are grateful for your very polite private communication; and, as soon as the different corresponding members can be apprised of the intention of publishing their papers through your Miscellany, you shall, agreeably to your desire, receive a parcel every other week. At present, I merely premise, that punctuality is a characteristic of the Concentric Friends; and that at their appointed meetings, epistolary communications are uniformly considered, before any other matters can be entered upon. I am authorised to furnish you with a report of the last meeting; and such of the subjects enumerated, as may be permitted by the respective writers, shall be occasionally forwarded. A few stanzas of my own, penned on hearing of the demise of the never-to-be-forgotten Jenner, are enclosed; they have no connexion with the Concentric Friends, but are purely the effusion of a grateful individual.

I am, yours, &c.

Liverpool, Feb. 4, 1823.

C. MAN, Sec.

In the *Reading Room*, precisely at six o'clock, P. M. were assembled, F. Medicos, President,—C. Man, Secretary,—and, H. Constant,—P. Paradox,—and C. Trueman, Members. Simon Lightfoot arrived with a note from Friend Ashbury Frivolous, assigning as the cause of his non-attendance—"A dangerous cold already indicating influenza." At ten minutes after six

THE DELIBERATION CHAMBER.

was entered, and letters and packets presented from corresponding Friends N. NOL,—L. REVIL,—and E. BURGH.

The communication of Friend BURGH related to the Theory and Practice of Physic; and, by mutual desire, was handed to the President for his particular opinion against the next meeting. That of Friend REVIL contained a hint for the getting up of four *sixpenny* tales, each of which should possess a greater portion of Historical fact, and prove more interesting in incident and narration, than the entire Peveril of the puffing Sir Walter! And Friend NOL transmitted a monthly parcel of strictures. Viz;—a few upon some of the last year's papers of the Green Dragon Club,—a few upon Matrimony,—several upon the comparative merits of the Manchester Iris for 1822,—and a lengthy article upon Mr. Abernethy's wish for certain facilities towards the practical study of Human Anatomy.

C. MAN, Sec.

Deliberation Chamber, Feb. 3, 1823.

LINES TO JENNER.

Jenner! Immortal Jenner! how
Shall we our gratitude proclaim?
Before thy shrine shall nations bow,
And sound to Heav'n thy hallow'd name!—
Thy name already spread afar,
O'er sickly realms a healing star!

Shall we the sculptur'd marble raise?—
By Chantrey's art and skill, combine
Thy form, thy country, and thy praise,
Thy infinite and blest design—
Giving to countless myriads, health!—
To friends, delight!—to Kingdoms, wealth!

Shall we thy portraiture suspend
From infant breasts, and teach them how—
Illustrious Jenner was their friend—
To lip thy name with reverent bow—
And when matur'd, the same to do
With all their young—redeem'd by you!

Yes! on the scroll of time behold
Thy honours and thy deeds sublime
Emblazon'd with the molten gold,
Radiant and durable as time!—
With mankind only to decline,
And then but for a crown divine!

C. MAN.

WEEKLY DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

TUESDAY 11.—*Shrove Tuesday.*

Shrove Tuesday (observes a lively writer) is a relic of the carnival, and is more properly called, in some parts of the country, Pancake Tuesday, the shroving or confession of sin taking place in the Shrovetide or Lent, which follows it. It was the interval between flesh-eating and fish-eating, and so they judiciously filled up the time with pudding. The making of the pancakes used to furnish as much amusement in the kitchen as their mastication did in the parlour, the operators piquing themselves on tossing them skilfully in the pan.

WEDNESDAY 12.—*Ash Wednesday.*FRIDAY 14.—*Saint Valentine.*

The custom of choosing *Valentines* is of very long standing, and, like many others of a popular nature, is no more than a corruption of something similar that had prevailed in the time of Paganism. At the celebration of the Roman *Lupercalia*, amidst a variety of ceremonies, it was the custom to put the names of several young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstition, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints, instead of those of the women: and, as the festival of the *Lupercalia* had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen Saint Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast.—The following amusing article, on this day, is extracted from the London Magazine for the present month:—

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Where is the village to which Valentines are unknown?

What *terra incognita* is there—what *Ultima Thule* (barren of love) to which the sun that rises on this day brings no joy—where the postman's double knock was never heard?

The air may no more be free from birds or summer-sporting flies, than the earth from its gay and gaudy missives (its butterflies) the February-haunting Valentines.

When letters shall cease to be written (but not till then), when love shall be no more,—then shall this amorous holiday darken and grow common: then shall it be a mere vulgar root (now, how full of rare and sweet flowers!) in the wilderness of days—a grain in the deserts of time,—Valentines pervade all space, like light.

Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!

Thus singeth the mad daughter of the wise Polonius. That a wise man should have a mad daughter! 'Tis odd, and smacks of human infirmity. Not the madness, though, that savoureth of the infirm, but the madness coming from the wisdom, the tainted current from a clear source. What say the rills to this, the springlets, the founts, the ever-noisy ever-talking brooks? Is it not contrary to good descent, to effect and cause, to the *lex naturæ*, and so forth?—But hear her, the pining and mad-melancholy maid:—

Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morn bedtime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

And thou shalt be mine, Ophelia; and I will gather pale snowdrops and the sweet-smelling violet for thee. Thou shalt have a fair nosegay of winter flowers, thou rose of the northern desert; and, if they can be had, daisies (but not the rue), fennel and columbines, as of old; and, if thou wilt,—the willow.

Yet this day was meant for merrier things, perhaps. It is a red-lettered day, half-holy; no feast, no fast; but held free of care by a gentle charter, invested with a rich prerogative,—the power of giving pleasure to the young. If the tradition be true, that on this day each bird dobooth his mate, what work hath the carrier pigeon! What rustling of leaves; what chattering and singing in the woods; what billing by the clear waters!—Methinks, on this day should Romeo have first seen the gentle Capulet. On this day should Orlando have first glanced at Rosalind; Troilus at the sickle Cressid; Slender (oh! smile not, gentles) at Ann Page. The jealous Moor should have told his first war-story to-day; and to-day Prospero should have broken his spell, and made holiday in his enchanted isle, and crowned the time by giving to the son of Naples his innocent and fair Miranda. Pain would I have Valentine's Day the origin of love, or the completion, an epoch writ in bright letters in Cupid's calendar, a date whence to reckon our passion, a period to which to refer our happiness.

Once, it is said, our "vulgar ancestors" used to draw names on Valentine's eve, and such drawings were considered ominous: as thus—if Jacob Stiles drew the name of Sally Gates, or vice versa, Jacob and Sally were henceforward considered "as good as" man and wife.—I can well fancy how the country couple would look, flying at first in the face of the augury: Sally manning and blushing, half proud and half ashamed, turning to her neighbour Blossom, and exclaiming, "nonsense!"—Jacob, on the other hand, at something between a grin and a blush, leaning on his shooting companions, or expanding a mouth huge enough to swallow every written Valentine in the village. I see him look (for help) from clown to clown; upwards and downwards; he whistles, he twirls his smock frock, he stands cross-legged, like the nephew of Mr. Robert Shallow, when the maiden Page invited him home-wards. 'Tis all in vain. The prophecy is upon them; and 'tis odds, but the name of Gates will sink and be merged in some three or six months into the cognomen of Jacob.

The diffusion of learning, and the "schools for all," have done a great deal of good. We are not, I thank my stars, reduced now to these annual or verbal Valentines. We shut up our blushes (with our verses) in a sheet of foolscap, and trust them to the protection of the twopenny post. At C— (where I spent some years) good Mrs. Baily used to go to "the box" at stated periods of the preceding evening, and relieve it from time to time of its too great burthen of love. You might see, towards dusk, girls (in pairs) or straggling youths, dropping their indiscretions into the yawning chasm; sometimes this was boldly done, but oftener timorously, and the quickened step of the amorist retreating from the letter-box, or passing, with an air of indifference, onwards, betrayed all he (or she) wished to conceal. Then the next morning! There was an additional postman employed—the ordinary man, grey-headed, and sure, but slow, was deemed insufficient. The "London letters" were not delivered at the accustomed time: and on asking the maid-servant, she would reply, with a tinge on her cheek, that "she believed it was Valentine's Day." Oh! well believed. She was never mistaken. But the postman comes. "Three for Miss L—, four for Miss C—, seventeen for Mr. —" Hush! it will never be believed. It cannot be: it is a jest—a fable—a monstrous, impossible—it is the truth—or near it. Oh! those were careless days. They were, but they are gone. No Valentines come now, as Crockery would say. I must bid farewell to all those pleasant periodicals—the pierced hearts, and the quaint rhymes, which showed my twopenny well spent—

—Oh! farewell!
Farewell the billing doves and the bent bow,
The glided arrows, the aye-furning torch,
The crooked lines, the letters huge and wrong.
And oh! you painted jokes (of man or maid)
Who humblest love's had spelling counterfelt,
Farewell! Omega's occupation's gone.

The first Valentine I ever opened was at C—. I had but lately left school, and was then a fair, young-looking, active boy of seventeen. I had read all the poets, but the style of this love-letter puzzled me. It compared me to the rose, and the violet, and the curling hyacinth (I had always been anxious that my hair

should curl)—my eyes, I was informed, were like a diamond, and my teeth like pearl or ivory. It certainly seemed odd—odd, but agreeable. I was like the bishop who doubted the authenticity of Gulliver's Travels. To say the truth, I thought the writer must be somewhat partial. That she was generous was quite clear, from the expense of which she had been guilty. The Valentine was radiant,—all gold and gay colours, red and yellow, and blue, and embossed, and glittering with devices, all of love. It was like a dream,—so fine. I had never seen any thing like it, except the last scene of a pantomime. I was like Belinda, when

—if report say true,
Her eyes first open'd on a billet doux.

In short, I was satisfied,—delighted—what is the word? *enchanted!*

As I received the first Valentine at C—, so also I wrote there my first Valentine, my first verse. The writing was disguised, the wax was dotted with a fork, the paper crumpled; and, so misused, the soft sheet of "Bath post" was committed to the letter-box. The next day how I laboured to arrive at a look of indifference. How I hoped and feared, and was perpetually hovering on a blush when the subject was mentioned. At last, I heard that "Miss — had received a very pretty Valentine." Indeed?—Yes, and by no means a common one." Oh! heart, what rich and delicious palpitations were thine. I trod on air: I bounded like a fawn: I was wild with joy. I had sent my love-verse to my fair neighbour, (at the next door) and about seven o'clock, I laid my "evening ear" to the thin partition wall, and actually heard part of the verses recited on the other side.

The advantage of Valentine-writing is, that it pleases giver and receiver, while it becomes both. It is not like a letter of business,—nor that which passes between a dun and his debtor, or between master and servant, or Editor and Contributor—nor even between lovers on ordinary occasions, for sometimes there is a freeloader even in those, a dispute to be made up. This, on the contrary, is a prize, a pleasure without alloy.

Who would not have a Valentine? Is there any one so unprofitably wise as to decline it? Let him stay at home and be thankful. Let him rail at the quick-jarring knocker and the frequent bell. They can have no delirium for him. Yet the chiming of the brass is musical to my ear, and the twanging of the wire harmonious. Oh! lads and lasses, and holiday-loving sages, is not this a delightful day,—this day of Bishop Valentine? His diocese is the air, and he, so with good Dr. Donne (mark, reader, what a fine line! reveal to thee)

—Marries every year
The lyric lark, and the grass-milksipping dove.

and fills the winds with melody, and life with hope and satisfied love that never cloy. Bright Love! Methinks I could splinter a lance in his behalf, or mark out a measure of verse.

I own that I am somewhat of a devotee. I love to keep all festivals, to taste all feast-offerings, from frumety (or frumety—*frumentum*) at Christmas to the pancakes of Shrovetide. These things always seem better on those days; as the bread "in the holidays," is ever better than the bread at school, though it come from the same oven. Then it must be the same! By no means—to us. Freedom and home plant a different relish upon the tongue, and the viands are transmuted, sublimed.

What is the + on a Good Friday's bun,—is that nothing? What is the goose at Michaelmas? What is the regale at a harvest home,—is that nothing? Are the cups, the kissing, the boisterous jollity, the tumbling on the fragrant hay, the dancing, the shouting, the singing out of tune—nothing?

Why then, the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing.

It is WE who make the world. It is our imagination which lifts earth to heaven, and robes our women in the garb of angels. And is this not better and wiser than if we were to measure with the square and the rule, and to fashion our enjoyments by the scanty materials (the clay) before us, instead of subliming them to the uttermost stretch of our own immortal capacity?

So it is, that Valentine's Day, which with the Laplander and the Siberian is clad in a cold grey habit, is with us rose-coloured and bright. We array it before-hand with hues gayer than the Iris. Our fancies, our hopes, are active. Custom has decided that it shall be a day of love; and though Custom is but too often a tyrant and spurned at, in this case he has always willing subjects. A Valentine—who would not have a Valentine? I ask the question again.

Hark! the postman is sounding at the door. How smart is his knock, how restless his tread upon the pavement. He comes burthened with gay tidings, and he knows it. Door after door is opened before he knocks. The passages are filled with listeners, and the windows thronged with anxious faces. How busy, how expectant are the girls. Observe, the copper is parted from the silver, and ready for immediate payment—or the solitary sixpence is brought forth, with a doubt (between hope and fear) as to its being required. The carrier of letters is pitied, "because he has such a load;" the neighbours are noted,—those who receive Valentines, and particularly those who have none. If you look from an upper window, you will see the parlour crowded. You may hear the loud laugh, and see the snatch, the retreat, the struggle to get a sight of the Valentine. In general the address is in a feigned hand; sometimes it is very neat, and written with a crow quill; but oftener the letters are so staring and gaunt, that the serious postman forgets his post and almost smiles. The giver, the receiver, the messenger, are all happy for once. Can a victory by land or by sea do as much? Can a dinner—a dance—a coronation? No; some of these are sensual, and all have their drawbacks. It is only on Valentine's day that enjoyment is pure and unalloyed. Never let us permit the spleenetic to rail at it without defence. Above all, never let us allow its pleasant privileges to fall into disuse or decay.

FINE ARTS.

REMARKABLE FOREIGNERS

The attention of the professors and lovers of the Fine Arts in the metropolis has been directed, during a few weeks past, towards three remarkable foreigners, M. Cleisse of Berne, M. Roussel of Lille, and M. Debrayat of Lyons, who have lately arrived amongst them. The first-mentioned person has distinguished himself as a teacher of gymnastic exercises, and is his own best example of their beneficial effects in improving the health and increasing the strength and beauty of the human figure. M. Roussel has been long known on the Continent by the appellation of "*L'Hercule du nord*," and Debrayat (although more recently) by that of "*L'Hercule du Midi*;" and both have exhibited themselves, and sat as models to artists of great reputation abroad, and at various continental academies of the Fine Arts, from which they have brought very flattering testimonials of their excellence, so far as regards the beauty and grandeur of their forms, and the spirit and genius with which they display them in attitudes, similar to those of the finest of the antique statues which have descended to us, and in others of a great and energetic character.

In the story of Roussel there is something highly interesting. Like an invincible Pancratiast of ancient Greece, who had finally retired, amidst the plaudits of the spectators from uninterrupted victories which he had gained at Olympia, or Delphi, to his native country, he returned to his loaded with honours, and, what is more useful to himself, with wealth sufficient to enable him to purchase in the neighbourhood of his native city a farm of many acres, which he carefully cultivates. His strength infinitely surpasses that which usually falls to the lot of man, and no longer suffers the imagination to be astonished at the prodigies attributed to the hero whose name he takes. It is reported of

him, that he has stood under a weight of 2000 lbs. supported by a board on his back; and has walked round the Halle au blé at Paris, carrying on his back two sacks of corn, and a man bearing another sack, making altogether a load nearly equal to eleven hundred weight!

M. Roussel having been led by curiosity and the fame of this country to make it a visit, has, with great complaisance and liberality, consented to exhibit the athletic powers and excellent proportions of his figure to our artists for their study and improvement. For that purpose he appeared at the rooms of Mr. Henry Sass, in Streatham Street, on Monday last and the preceding Thursday, before his scholars and many other persons who had assembled there, including, on the day first mentioned, several Members of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts.

Although his figure is below the middle stature, being only five feet two inches in height, yet that defect, if it is one, is immediately forgotten on a view of the grand and powerful expression of his muscles, and the agility and suppleness of his movements. He successively placed himself in the attitudes of fighting and dying gladiators, of the Hercules farnese and other antique statues, as well as in that of the Atlas of Michael Angelo; and then rapidly threw himself into numerous postures of his own invention, representing athletes or warriors engaged in combat or expiring; and into others of an equally fine character, which excited the admiration of the judicious and enlightened assembly, and merited the applause which was bestowed on him.

As the room is surrounded by plaster casts of many antique statues, a fair opportunity was afforded to the company of comparing his form with that of several of those so much celebrated; and it is but justice to observe, that although he might in some instances appear inferior in that which has been named ideal beauty, yet he excelled in energy and expression; which naturally led to this serious reflection, that perhaps too much had already been sacrificed by the artists of modern Europe to the slavish study of that part of antique sculpture which had hitherto held the first rank in the galleries of Italy.

The feats of strength and activity of M. Roussel are unexampled, of which the following are an instance or two:—He sat on the ground with his feet extended, and by the mere strength and elasticity of his muscles, he sprang on his feet, holding at arm's length a half hundred weight in his right hand; and again resuming his place on the ground, he bore two men in his arms, stretched out, and without a rest, and sprang in like manner on his feet with that great load.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

This year's Prospectus of Lectures, beginning this day, at the Royal Institution, offers much of promise to science. Those on Experimental Chemistry, including the principal operations of Chemical Analysis, are by Mr. Brander; those on the Improvements and Discoveries that have taken place in Natural Philosophy, and particularly in the subjects of Optics and Magnetism, by Mr. Millington; those on Comparative Physiology, comprising an examination of the Structure and Economy of the different classes of Animals, by Dr. Roget; those on the Scientific Principles of Arithmetic (considered as a branch of the Mathematics) and the Elements of Algebra, by Mr. Walker; and those on music by Dr. Crotch.—*Feb. 1, 1823.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—You will much oblige a constant reader by inserting the following remarks on the science of Magnetism.

Having attended the philosophical lectures of Mr. Clarke in Manchester a few weeks ago, I was highly gratified by his theory of Magnetism, as it was altogether new to me, and at the same time seemed very plausible; but being partial to the old term attraction, I determined to put it to the test.

Mr. Clarke's theory was, that an emanation flowed from the magnet, and displaced the atmosphere between the magnet and the steel: and that the pressure of the atmosphere on the opposite side of the steel forced it to the magnet. That the magnet did not throw out invisible hooks to pull the steel to it, for, that he had employed an highly magnifying power and could see none, that he had put his finger between and could feel none; and that if any thing tangible passed between them, it must be sensible to the sight or touch.

Now to examine this theory I employed a steel needle balanced on a vertical pin, and placed it under the exhausted receiver of the air pump, and found that the needle was attracted and repulsed exactly the same as it was before exhaustion, and that iron filings and other bodies were attracted in the vacuum the same as before.

As there was no air in this case in the receiver to push the needle to the magnet, I cannot conceive that the air influences it.

Mr. Clarke allowed that glass is impervious to electricity and air. But it is not so to magnetical influence; to this I gave a fair trial and used two receivers one inside the other, and the magnet acted through all.

Mr. Clarke's theory, in my opinion, implies many contradictions; for, if the emanation be sufficient to displace the air, how does it happen that the air being weaker forces the steel against the superior stream?

I hope some of your more able correspondents will take up this subject, and that one of Sir Isaac Newton's fundamental laws shall not fall to the ground unless better supported. Yours, &c.

Bradford Road, Feb. 5th, 1822.

R. L.

[In the letter of Veritas in our last, for materials, read material; and for obscurity read oscently.]

A GENTLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent Veritas wishes to "ascertain the point, distinction, or qualifying material which constitutes the gentleman;"—I shall endeavour to give him the distinguishing marks of one, as when an artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form, and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be.—I shall follow his example, with the idea that I am going to trace out a true gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete.—And in order to this I shall premise in general, that by a gentleman I mean a man completely qualified, as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passion, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence;—when I view the true gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in

the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences:—he should be no stranger to courts or camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of the natural prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercise most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress beneath his notice. It is no uncommon thing to meet men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found;—but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees!—As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life, appear in the finished gentleman with a finished gloss; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.

Manchester, Feb. 5, 1823.

ECYOB.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I did not intend to have addressed you again so early had not the intemperate zeal of an individual signing himself "A Lover of chaste acting" led him to put questions, which, however foreign from the subject of my last letter, your justice will not deny me the privilege of answering.

The 1st question is—Does V. P. mean to place upon a par Mr. Vandenhoff and the person who now assumes his characters? I answer certainly *Yes*, in despite of prejudice and many years *favoritism* on the other party.

Your correspondent asks "am I endeavouring to detract from Mr. V.?" and then he talks about the *empty benches*. Why Sir, I could not mean to detract from Mr. V. when my letter merely went to expose the misrepresentations of the Scotch paper with respect to that gentleman, and to state in reply the plain truth; and yet your correspondent has thought proper in his angry effusions to introduce foreign matter, and indulge in odious comparisons and unprovoked remarks.

With respect to the hackneyed charge of playing to *empty benches*, it is well known that Mr. Vandenhoff (as well as others) has often experienced the same unhappiness. Mr. V. last season at Liverpool, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of a newly embellished theatre, and after two years absence, played "Brutus" to £15; and his other characters to very trifling receipts; nor does this in the least detract from Mr. V. for it is the common fate of all provincial and (most London actors till their benefits take place; and does not even the lady who performs leading characters in tragedy here, and who is universally admired, frequently play to empty benches?

In conclusion, your correspondent states "in his judgment that in the performance of Mr. V. we witness something like a *classical taste*, a correctness and propriety of pronunciation, a grace and dignity of gesture, a suitableness of person, *FACE and action*, which we in vain look for in the present *usurper* of his parts."

This is so preposterous and absurd an attack on a performer who has acted nearly three seasons in a theatre with general approbation, that it requires and deserves no further answer, and must recoil on the anonymous censor.

If Mr. V. had come here and driven his respectable successor from his situation in the manner he has done at Liverpool, who would be *then* and who is *now* the usurper.

I am, Sir, yours &c.
V. P.

LITERATURE.

HIS MAJESTY'S LIBRARY.

Some difference of opinion prevails as to the fate of this immense and invaluable collection. Several illustrious foreigners have used their utmost efforts to purchase it; and the reputation of our Monarch depends in no slight measure upon his decision. It is stated by some

to contain 50,000, by others 90,000, and many hesitate not to affirm that it comprises 120,000 volumes!—It was chiefly formed by Mr. G. Nicol, our late King's Bookseller.

We, however, have reason to believe that the King has written to the Earl of Liverpool presenting this unequalled collection to the BRITISH NATION; and that the British Museum will be altered and enlarged for its reception.

VARIETIES.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—This structure was 36 years in building, and cost 736,722*l* sterling. It is 500 feet long, and 250 feet wide: the summit of the dome is 340 feet high. St. Peter's at Rome was 135 years building: it is 729 feet long, 364 wide, and 437 feet high to the summit of the cross.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.—We have just seen a letter from Edinburgh in which it is stated, that the first edition of Peveril of the Peak consisted of 30,000 copies. The work sells at two guineas. From these data it has been estimated that, after a handsome allowance has been deducted for all possible expenses, the author will not clear, by this single edition, less than £20,000. The Author had another work in the press before Peveril was published.

SINGULAR WILL.—An inhabitant of Montgaillard lately deceased, left the following testament: "It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial, the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family, the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

CARLSRUHE.—Dr. Tiedemann is publishing a great work, under the title of Representations of the course of the Arteries of the Human Body, in their regular and irregular state, designed from Nature, of the size of Life, with explanations in Latin and German. It will be completed in 4 Numbers, each containing 18 plates, engraved on stone, and the arteries colored. The work is the result of 16 years labor, and the dissection of above 500 subjects.

RESURRECTION MEN.—Mr. Abernethy, it is said, has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, on the absolute necessity of repealing the late Act of Parliament which subjects *Resurrection Men* (as they are called) to severe punishment for violating the sanctity of the tomb. Under the present restrictions dead bodies are become very scarce in London, and some of the dissecting rooms are absolutely without an adult subject.

UNFORTUNATE PRIZE.—In the Scotch rebellion of 1745, at the battle of Falkirk, Major Macdonald having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the victor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop till it was at the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander! The melancholy and at the same time ludicrous figure which poor Macdonald cut, when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life on the scaffold, may be easily conceived.

UNIVERSAL CEMENT.—To an ounce of mastic add as much highly rectified spirit-of-wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft, then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy, until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel

over a gentle heat; when well united, the mixture may be put into a pial and kept well stopped. When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, when the china or glass articles must be also warmed, and the cement applied. It will be proper that the broken surfaces, when carefully fitted, shall be kept in close contact for twelve hours at least, until the cement is fully set; after which the fracture will be found as secure as any part of the vessel, and scarcely perceptible.

PIG AND HORSE RACE.—We have heard of a gentleman in this town who has betted that in two months he will produce a pig to run against a horse for the distance of 100 yards. The race is to be in an open field, and the pig is to run to its meat. The odds are in favour of the pig.—*Glasgow Journal*.

BENGALÉE NEWSPAPER.—The Bombay papers contain a notice of a new weekly paper, published in the Bengalee language, the first attempt of the kind, and edited by a learned Hindoo. In the first and second numbers were articles on the liberty of the native press, and on the trial by jury, which had been purchased with so much avidity that both were out of print. It appears under the title of 'Sungbaud, Cow-muddy,' or 'the Moon of Intelligence.'

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday Feb. 3rd, to Friday Feb. 7th, 1823.

Monday.—The Slave: with the Vampire. Fogran, Mr. Taylenre.

Tuesday.—Henry Quatre: with the Warlock of the Glen. Jocrisse, Mr. Tayleure.

Wednesday.—The Antiquary: with High Notions. Jonathan Oldbuck and Timothy, Mr. Tayleure.

Friday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Tayleure.—Speed the Plough: with the New Marriage Act and Bombastes Furioso. Farmer Ashfield, Johnny Gosling, and Artaxominous, Mr. Tayleure.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Not having procured Nos. 9 and 10 sufficient for the completion of sets, those subscribers who do not intend to have the *Iris* for 1822, bound, are informed, that ONE SHILLING each, or four other Numbers will be given in exchange for the above—if in condition for binding.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The philosophical query of 'A Constant Reader,' is inadmissible for two reasons,—first, because it is stale and vapid; and secondly, because the discussion would prove wholly devoid of interest, and (demonstrative solution being out of the question) interminable. If our Constant Reader is really ignorant of what has been written on the subject, we refer him to the notes on Randolph's Sermons.

J. T. K. S. not having forwarded the arguments of the Members alluded to, he must excuse us for declining to insert his letter.

J. C.'s Acrostic is good as relates to intention; but the composition is incorrect and inelegant. The same answer must be given to a constant reader.—His Lines are, however, more interesting; but equally susceptible of emendation.

J. B. M.'s VI, and last No. on The Augustan Age; together with Myself on the Waverley Novels; and J. P. W.'s Translations from Horace, shall be given in our next.

Priscian;—W. L.—Xantippe;—R. S.—P. W.—and Crito, are received.

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The Manchester Iris:

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No. 55.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

THE LIVERPOOL CONCENTRIC FRIENDS.

No. I.

In the *Reading Room*, precisely at six o'clock, P. M. were assembled, Friends Medicos, Constant, Frivolous, Paradox, Trueman, and Man; and at five minutes after six, the

Deliberation Chamber

was entered, and a letter opened from Friend Nol;—Contents—

MY DEAR SIR,

The Concentric Friends have unrestricted controul over all my contributions; their pleasure has the entire sanction of

Yours, &c. &c.

To C. MAN, Esqr.

N. NOL.

Moved by Friend Trueman, and *Seconded* by Friend Constant—“That the Strictures of Friend Nol upon the attempt of Mr. Abernethy to obtain Human Bodies for the Dissecting Rooms, from Hospitals, Poor Houses, &c. be now read, and considered.”—Agreed, and read as follows:—

“A paper (by Mr. Abernethy) has been circulated in London, in which the writer remarks—‘It is true, indeed, that Medical men have by degrees converted the hospitals of this country into schools of Medical Instruction.’—that is, into THEATRES OF ANATOMY. ‘But,’ (proceeds Mr. A.) ‘this has often been done in opposition to the wishes of the benevolent directors of these charities.’

“Mr. Abernethy as a Lecturer on Anatomy, is deeply interested in this matter; unquestionably his students would be more numerous were Human Bodies in a sound state more easily obtained, and at a less expense. No doubt Mr. A. is slightly influenced by these considerations when he says—‘There are unhappily in this, as in other countries, numbers who die without friends or relations to mourn their loss. If, then, the superintendants of Prisons, Poor Houses, and Eleemosynary Establishments, would but consent that the remains of those who die in such circumstances, or are unclaimed, should be made the subjects of anatomical instruction,’ &c.—he would no longer bribe Resurrection Men to plunder graves!!! This is, indeed, an undisguised, a bold avowal! Mr. A. also endeavours to promote this object, by adulatory insinuation; he says,—‘I know of no instance, except the present, in which the Governors of an hospital have, of their own accord, established and patronized a school of medical instruction, [dissecting rooms] in connexion with the practice of the institution [the care of diseased poor]. Surely then this act must be considered honourable to the Governors [How many of these Governors were medical, or the relations of medical, men?] It claims my especial gratitude.’—This cannot be at all doubted—for how much more grateful must it be to Mr. A.’s olfactories, to be engaged over a sound, than over a putrid, subject?

But, there is a more decisive tone assumed in the anomalous address of this presumptuous man, which cannot be passed over; we are told, that—‘In other countries, hospitals have been founded and supported by the government, with a view to their becoming schools of medical [anatomical] instruction.’ And again, that,—‘In other countries the police can direct that to be done, which is contributory to the public good, THOUGH CONTRARY TO THE FEELINGS AND WILL OF THE PARTIES IMMEDIATELY CONCERNED.’

These are the avowed sentiments of Mr. John Abernethy!!

“Five hundred human bodies are obtained annually for the London Dissecting Rooms; and, as for these the Lecturers are chiefly dependent on disinterment, we can easily conceive that their students are frequently obliged to accept of quarters and members of subjects, which are, almost literally, masses of putridity and filth! Indeed, Mr. A. states, that they are obliged to depend ‘upon a precarious supply of bodies which have been suffered to BECOME PUTRID,’ even before interment! Then what condition must they be in when taken from the grave? This revolting consideration leads us to inquire—Is human dissection an indispensable requisite for the medical practitioner? It appears indispensable, inasmuch, as a student cannot obtain his diploma without exhibiting a certificate from his Lecturer, specifying that he has carefully dissected the human body. For what purposes is this complete course of actual dissection essential? Why must every muscle, from its origin to its insertion, every gland, and veins, arteries, and nerves, in all their ramifications, be traced and examined with the knife? Why have Munros, Bellis, Hunters, furnished such elaborate and exact representations from many thousand dissections, if these dissections can never be superseded by plates models, or museums? Were they, with Boerhaave, Haller, Cowper, Cheselden, Albinus, and others, urged on in these terrible investigations, by purely an insatiable propensity? Or, did they act the part of nefarious impostors, in professing, that pursuits and labours would prove useful to society, which were only calculated to enrich themselves? These queries require distinct and particular solutions!

“It is, indeed, a poor museum that does not contain subjects which are sufficient to convey as much, and as accurate, information to the student, as he can possibly obtain from the actual dissection of a human body, in which, from putrefaction, there is a general dissolution of continuity. Mr. A. would do well to consider this;—he should also fully and unequivocally explain what benefit can possibly result to society from an actual dissection of the trunk or extremities, every bone, muscle, gland, nerve, artery, and vein, nay, almost every fibre and particle of which may be now correctly shewn in plates, models, and natural and artificial subjects? Why should not lectures upon those parts be confined to these mediums? Were all the burial grounds and all the hospitals in Europe open to Resurrection Men and Lecturers, could they possibly ascertain more than that muscles, nerves, veins, &c. answer such and such purposes? Can they hope to explain the cause of muscular motion? to identify the active principle of nerves, or the nature of sensibility? Why then this disingenuous sophistry? To increase the pecuniary resources of Mr. A., Mr. B., with the entire host of dissectors, and resurrection men, must we still submit to violations of the grave? Nay, must our charitable efforts be made subservient to their duplicity, by law? Shall our chambers be opened perforce, and shall those remains which nature instinctively holds precious, be torn from us, under the most fallacious pretences? Surely, it cannot be!

“Alas!—the grave is no longer the resting place—the sanctuary—the last, the hallowed home of the mortal remains of humanity! Diabolical wretches invade it—it is robbed of the flesh and bones we loved, we embraced, we cherished!—And they are seized by Anatomical Lecturers, to be hoarded up in museums, or mangled and dispersed in rivers, ditches, and common receptacles of filth! Is this to be borne? Can the Clergy allow the consecrated ground to be thus despoiled of its sanctity? If they do we must find burial places elsewhere!

Why do not these Abernethys, these anatomical-pseudo-philanthropists bring forward their own deceased relations? Why do not they, as in the contemptible fiction of a pretended opium eater, bequeath their own carcases to hospitals and private dissecting rooms?—Then, and not till then, can we accredit them! And until then, they must (however elevated in fellowships and professorships) expect to be treated as knaves, ever remembering, that—‘Specto ad utilitas respublica ut improbus punio!’

“This is an interesting subject; it contains many important considerations and queries—queries to which it behoves civilized man to attend! Anatomical Lecturers must be observed, and where they appear, if our places of sepulture are not secure and entrusted to men of virtue and fidelity, we must seek others; and should these be also invaded, we have no other resort than that of reducing the remains of our parents, children, and bosom friends, to earth, and consigning them, literally, dust to dust!”

Friend Medicos now moved “that the thanks of the Liverpool Concentric Friends be conveyed to Friend Nol, for his judicious and very interesting paper.”—The motion was supported by all present.

“On mature consideration I am of opinion,” observed Friend Paradox, “that dissections cannot be safely abolished; it is necessary that medical men should be instructed in the use of the knife, and how to operate dexterously.” “True,” replied the President, “but operations are not demonstratively studied in the dissecting rooms; neither, if the practitioner be well informed as to the construction, situation, and connexion of the several parts,—is it absolutely necessary that this dexterity in flesh cutting should be acquired in a human body—flesh and bone generally, will answer the purpose. The parts and structure of the human body, as well as the entire circle of comparative organization, are now well understood, and general dissections might be very safely abandoned: a morbid state of some of the viscera may occasionally arise, of which we are not accurately informed; but surely in such cases, persons having in charge the lifeless body, will never withhold a boon from themselves and the world, by refusing to have it examined. The observations of Friend Nol are very just, and were practitioners candid enough to declare the truth, they would admit that their subsequent practice owed very little to initiatory dissections. Self-interest is the chief object; and Lecturers advocate demonstrative instruction from the identical feelings that urge Spaniards to prosecute the slave trade, and Resurrection Men to the stealing of inanimate bodies.”

“Every trade and profession aims at monopoly,” observed Friend Trueman, “and many have obtained, by parliamentary enactment, some exclusive privileges. This appears to me a grievance; why not allow the human mind full exercise, and human ingenuity unrestricted scope? The paper of Friend Burgh is in point, and places this particular in a very just view,—I am fully of his opinion, and hesitate not to attribute many medical abuses, to immunities which have been injudiciously granted, and which are collusively exercised.”

The paper of Friend Burgh was now referred to, and some discussion arose, in which Friend Medicos took a considerable part. By the next meeting the decision of Friend B. will have arrived.
C. MAN, Sec.

Deliberation Chamber, Feb. 10, 1823.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

No. VI.

POPE has remarked, that 'poetry is by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.' If we except the affectation of contempt with which he speaks of his favourite pursuit, this definition must be allowed to be, in the main, correct. Mankind in general are but little interested with the visionary and unsubstantial joys of the poet. He is neither revered as the instructor nor as the guardian of the world: it is for amusement only that he is prized: he is seldom called upon but to beguile the listlessness of an idle hour.

Hence it is that a poet especially requires the decorations of taste and fancy,—and that his style and language should be graceful and fascinating. In spite of prolixity, dullness, and a score of other faults, the historian or the philosopher are read with eagerness. In search of knowledge, we do not regret the fatigue of scrambling over rugged, and unbeaten paths: but where pleasure alone impels, we soon grow tired of so unpromising a pursuit. The poet who cannot charm with the graces of elegant composition,—whose style is not clear and perfectly intelligible, must not expect any great forbearance. His work will be immediately thrown aside; and himself consigned to oblivion.

The poets of the present day are not likely to obtain, in future ages, an exalted and permanent station. But their failure will not be the consequence of the want of genius, so much as a want of the right cultivation and direction of it. Byron has been pronounced not inferior in genius to the greatest poets of any age or country. His imitator, Moore, is perhaps equal in this respect, to any English poet of the last century. Montgomery certainly possesses all the feeling and sentiment of Cowper. Milman, Dale, Rogers, and some others have more strength and fire, though not equal tenderness. But we fear that few of these great names will ever occupy the highest rank amongst the poets of Great Britain. Their works are a strange medley of strength and weakness. Stars of intense brilliancy are seen here and there; but the great expanse is dark and dreary. Their ideas are frequently beautiful or even grand in the extreme; but scarce an effort seems to have been made to bring them out with elegance or precision. We are continually reminded of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe. In every joint the workmanship is visible; every thing, in short, is badly contrived and clumsily executed.

We do not intend to enter deeply into the discussion of LORD BYRON'S character as a poet: no doubt our readers have long been weary of this subject. Whether it be owing to any real or supposed falling off in his late productions, we do not pretend to know; but his Lordship's popularity seems to be already on the wane. Several satisfactory reasons may be assigned for this, independent of the intrinsic merits or faults of the poet. Few—very few of

his readers, or even of his admirers, can possess many feelings and sentiments in common with him. Raving misanthropy may attract a crowd and a stare of wonder, but it cannot long hold the bystanders in subjection.

Manfred and Childe Harold are characters which none but a man bent on suicide can fully enter into. The rest of the world—that is, all the sane part of it—look on from a fearful distance with a mixture of terror, contempt, and pity. On their first appearance these, and some other works of a similar character, had a great effect upon the public mind. They threw it into a raging fever; and for a while it could relish nothing but what was loaded with super-numerary horrors. But a more correct feeling soon returned; and nature was reenthroned in men's affections.

The Atheistical tone which pervades the works of Byron must, in the end, prevent their success. The great majority of the reading world are too well informed to be much hurt, and of too correct sentiments to be greatly pleased, with his sophistical and blasphemous suggestions. And we should think that the man who seeks for arguments or abuse directed against the Christian faith, would turn elsewhere than to the pages of Cain or Don Juan.

With far less original genius MONTGOMERY has obtained and deserved higher honours from the muses. He has not by any means so much sublimity as Lord Byron, but his style is more highly laboured, his ideas generally better expressed, his subjects more adapted to the state of society, and his manner of treating them more just and natural. He is tender and engaging; full of sentiment and feeling; and yet does not betray a want of strength.

Byron irritates, terrifies, or perhaps disgusts; Montgomery soothes, captivates, and delights. The chord he touches vibrates in the heart of his reader. Sympathy is aroused; esteem and admiration are excited. Still, he is not altogether free from the weak and story-telling character with which almost every living poet is deeply tinged. Let any of our readers compare him with Pope, Gray, or Cowper,—or indeed with any other masterly poet of the last century,—and he will then be able to enter fully into our meaning. He will immediately discover that—when contrasted with them—the works of Montgomery assume a dull, monotonous appearance. There is often a degree of weakness in the expression, or perhaps we should say in the conception of his ideas. His verse, though not so careless and unpolished as most of his contemporaries, is not sufficiently easy. An effort is required to read it so as to render it distinctly intelligible. Sometimes he is abrupt; at others languid; and he always wants compression.

CAMPBELL'S 'Pleasures of Hope' is one of the most elegant poems of which the present day can boast. It well deserves the eulogium of Lord Byron—that it is the best didactic poem given to the world since Pope's Rape of the Lock. In poems of this description, we are, at present, very deficient. And yet this is a fine field for the exercise of genius. Here incident and precept are alike allowable; and a judicious intermixture of them, can hardly fail of being highly successful. The unnatural, over-charged, and blood-thrilling romances, which have lately been dressed up in the garb of poetry, and thus palmed upon the world, cannot be read with pleasure, much less with profit, after the unfolding of the plot is made known. But the plain, and unpretending record of the poet's own feelings,—the transcript of his own mind,—is ever sure of success. Goldsmith's 'Traveller'

is a work of this description. Here we are presented with the workings of the author's mind. We have an unvarnished picture of his own feelings; and to this we return with increased delight. Nature presides in the poet's sentiments as well as his descriptions; and nothing can long please without this powerful recommendation;—with this, success is certain. It must not be supposed that the highest efforts of genius cannot be successfully exerted in descriptive and didactic poetry. Sublimity lies not in the subject, but in the manner of treating it. As in real life, so in poetry, the actions of the man, and not the dress he wears, must stamp his character.

With the poetical works of WORDSWORTH and SOUTHEY we are not well acquainted. Both these characters affect an eccentricity by no means favourable to them. This is displayed in the hexameters of the Laureat's 'Vision of Judgment'; and in the child-like simplicity of 'Peter Bell.' Perhaps both of these writers are most successful in their sonnets. Some of these display an exquisite delicacy of feeling, together with great poetical fervour.

MILMAN and DALE—both young men—are inferior in poetical talent, to few, if any, of their competitors. They have wisely chosen for the display of their talent, the most striking incidents of sacred writ. Here was a rich mine perfectly adapted to their genius, which had long been totally neglected. And the manner in which they have handled their respective subjects, proves at once the correctness of their judgments in the choice, and the powers of their genius in the execution. We are not inclined to draw a comparison between these two rival candidates for the poetic wreath; nor indeed would it be an easy task to do so. Both of them display a more than common acquaintance with the human heart. Hence their success in engaging and delighting it. They have, with more effect than we have often witnessed, combined the delightful with the sublime.—In short, they may soon stand in the very first rank of British Poets.

If in a few words we must give a summary of the prevailing character of our living poets, we should say,—that they have more genius and less judgment than the poets of the last century. There is throughout their productions, a continual aiming at embellishment,—a light, frivolous and gaudy character, which outweighs their superiority in point of talent. With regard to poetry at least, we seem to be rapidly hastening to that absurd, unnatural taste, which was predominant at Rome just before the extinction of the arts,—which event it not only indicated, but produced. Some passages in MOORE'S 'Loves of the Angels,' and Byron's work on the same subject, forcibly remind us of the celebrated figure of a Roman poet, (of the age to which we have just alluded,) in which the giant Typhon is represented carrying a vast mountain on his back, and a river flowing from it down his shoulders! Rant and bathos are scarcely marked more strongly in this instance, than in the productions of our two leading poets.

We now draw our remarks on British literature to a close. We have endeavoured to select as the subjects of criticism, those writers who are most deserving of attention, as well as those who have already obtained a decided popularity. Doubtless many, very many, have been omitted equal in talent, if not in fame, to those enumerated. But enough, it is hoped, has been done to give a correct idea of the present state of literature among us. For ourselves, we look

with far other feelings than those of unmingled, or predominating pleasure, on the taste and literary character of the present day. We are yet young,—have no antiquated feelings to humour or to suppress,—and cannot with justice be accused of the very common partiality of old age to the years of childhood. Like the works it has been our lot to review, we ourselves are but the creatures of yesterday.—But on the score of youth and inexperience, we neither expect nor desire the forbearance of our readers. We wish to stand upon equal ground with those who may see fit to differ from, or oppose us.—With this sentiment, we take leave of our readers, and conclude our remarks upon 'The Augustan age of England.' *Neve hæc nostra spectentur ab annis quæ ferimus.*

Liverpool.

J. B. M.

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," &c.

Of all the canes which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst—the cant of Criticism is the most tormenting!—STARRS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The merits and defects of the "great unknown" form subjects of controversy and criticism for every species of writers, from the ingenious scholar to the snarling, invidious, hyper-critic. We can find a *Zelus* snarling at *Plato* and *Homer*, where we cannot meet with a *Persius*, correct and generous in his opinions.—The author of *Waverley* has unquestionably conferred a great and lasting benefit on his country; he has, to all intents and purposes, combined the *utila dulci* of *Horace*—

Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
To inform the Judgment, nor offend the ear,
Shall gain all votes.—FRANCIS.

Need I reiterate the public opinion of the novels written by this author? Need I say what has been said for years, and which the people of this and other countries know already, that he has "gained all votes," for blending useful instruction with innocent amusement? To become acquainted with the history of any country or nation, how perspicuous soever in style, or faithful in narration of events, we must have some idea of the language, customs, manners, &c. of such nation. Now the history of Scotland is greatly involved in doubt and obscurity, so that no chronicle could have so effectually (and at the same time pleasingly,) elucidated the local manners, &c. as these novels; and who can charge the author with partiality to his country? Has he not portrayed the various traits of English manners, with the same masterly skill, with the same ingenious pencil as he has done his own countrymen's? Has he not fascinatingly sketched the numerous situations in life, from the "swine herd" of the "proud Saxon Chief," to the Royal Courts of *John* and *Elizabeth*? True, he has left the sons of the "Emerald Isle" in neglect as yet, though report says that he is busily employed in combining materials for a "luring mirror" of the "sweet isle of the ocean,—*Erin-go-Brah*."—But, we are not deficient in this respect; *Miss Edgeworth* has produced admirable pieces, whose brilliancy of wit, originality and moral tendency justly rank them with the first novels of the day. The novels of *Waverley* are not (properly speaking) novels or romances; they have the descriptive charms of the former, without their frivolity; and the sublime pathos of the latter, without their terrific incredibility: superadded to this, are excellently entwined historical facts, finely polished, as it were, which we had but formerly in the rough. It is with mingled sentiments of surprise and regret, that I find many critics of the day endeavouring (it can never be any thing else!) to deteriorate the merit of these productions: some write from the opinion of others, without perusing the novels themselves; others deliver their opinion with all the stentorian eloquence imaginable, because the author has written so much! A third class of people, more egregiously ignorant, if possible, than either, unhesitatingly deliver their judgment on finding the taste of a friend or two similar to their own! The first of these classes has no critical stability, because it yields to every one's opinion; the second is

too narrow-minded to allow the author a more than ordinary fund of variety; the third is composed of puerile opinionists, whose futile arguments demonstrate the extent of their knowledge.

I am sorry to find, by your last number, that your elegant and often judicious Essayist, J. B. M. has derogated, (I greatly fear) so much from his usual candour and equity of criticism, as to require a few good-natured hints from a reader of the novels of *Waverley*. He says, (*Augustan Age* No. IV.) that, "the fondness for the barbarous idioms of Scotland's rudest peasants, strongly argues against the taste of the present age;" and that "the works of *Ossian* and *Burns* introduced a rage for the scenery, dress, manners, &c. of Scotland, which was amply satisfied in these novels."—By the bye, the former quotation is subseque to the latter. But, *Ossian* and *Burns* could not have introduced this rage, if their works were written in "the barbarous idiom of the rudest peasants of Scotland."—Yet such was the fact, *Burns*'s "Hallowe'en," and "Cotter's Saturday-Night," are written in the barbarous idiom of, and describe the innocent local amusements of the "rudest peasants of Scotland." Dr. Currie, the amiable biographer of *Burns*, thought that "Burns wrote the genuine feelings of his own heart, in a language that (though common to the peasantry of Scotland) was excellently adapted to poetry, on account of its harmonious flow, &c."—Professor Stewart and others class it with the Italian for beauty in song. *Ossian* was written in barbarous, though sublime language, the *Gaelic*; but England got it in its own elegant language, and since, in Latin and Greek.* France, Germany, and Italy, have it in their several tongues. The celebrated Dr. Blair, professor of *Belles Lettres*, has not only classed *Ossian* with the German Epic Poets; but compares it to *Homer* himself; and surely there is no one bold enough to assert that the eloquent strain of *Homer* has introduced a rage for the idiom of barbarous Grecians, or the uncouth manners of the Trojans, more than the taste of ages and literature can bear! To return to the productions of *Waverley*, J. B. M. says that "they will not be allowed the lasting triumph of *Milton* and *Shakespeare*'s works;" this is true, though I think *Waverley* will find as many readers in after ages, as he does now, and certainly he now gets more than either *Milton* or *Shakespeare*; the former of these owes his fame and popularity to the exertions of the amiable Addison, and the latter, greatly to *Johnson* and *Stevens*. The Author of *Waverley*'s productions are no less esteemed on the stage, than they are in the library; add to this that if they had not intrinsic merit to support their popularity, they would not be found in the best private libraries. To read *Ivanhoe*, which is half-romance, we become acquainted with many historical traits, which *Hume* and *Smollet* could never have depicted—to peruse *Kenilworth*, we wish to know more of the minute transactions of the *Elizabethan* reign:—This author has done a public service; he has withdrawn the veil which for ages clouded individuals, and he has broken down the strong prejudice which we entertained towards Scottish literature and Scottish manners. *Waverley*, or 'Sixty years Since,' will as assuredly yield the same gratification to the fancy, and instruction to the mind, *Sixty years hence*, as it does at this day. The author has been compared to a "meteor;"—I can only say, I wish we had our horizon constantly full of such "rare and intelligent luminaries." Like *Roderick Random* and *Tom Jones*, these Novels will be always read, because they will be always new; they will ever please old age and gratify youth.

What your correspondent has said of the Lancashire dialect may be true, though I never knew that it had the fluency and copiousness of the Scotch language; notwithstanding my having compared the celebrated "Tim Bobbin," with the admirable *Burns*.

If I have in the least asserted any thing contrary to truth or analogy, or been led for a moment to give sophistical opinions, I shall be glad to stand corrected.

I am, Sir, your constant reader

MYSELF.

Liverpool, Jan. 6th, 1823.

* A gentleman of one of the Northern Universities of Scotland translated *Ossian* into Greek heroic verse; I never saw a copy in Liverpool. The Novels of the Author of *Waverley* have been translated into French and German, I believe.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Oh thou celestial maid who lov'st to dwell,
And list upon some high impending rock,
To the hoarse madden'd surge
Lashing with foam the shore!

What time the fragrant morn on beauty's wings,
Spreads o'er the meads her heavenly gifted charms;
While all around appears,
A paradise of sweets.

When up-borne to the sapphire of the east,
The lark on airy wings of fancy roves:
Soft, o'er the ambient air,
Her richest music pours:—

Beside yon dazzling streams meand'ring course,
Where myriads flow'rs the velvet banks bedeck,
And to the heav'n's high vault
Their grateful incense breathe,

His lot how blest with thee sweet maid to sit,
While thus from human turmoil far remov'd,
And with enraptur'd soul
List to thy soothing voice:—

Or when pavilion'd on her ebon car,
Eve, fair-eyed goddess, her grey mantle spreads;
Gives to the varied scene,
Her peaceful, soft delights;

When countless myriads of orient stars,
From the ethereal their bright lustre shed,
And in Elysium,
Wrap the wond'ring soul.

With thee, enchanting maiden, let me haste,
To where yon grove its front fantastic rears;
Where echo warbles back,
The night bird's tender tale.

While Cynthia from her silver fretted throne,
In majesty of sweetness beams sublime;
Luring the pleased eye,
To gaze upon her charms.

Then let me think of fairest dreams destroy'd;
Visions of joy and bliss for ever fled;
And Hope's balm-breathing smile,
Chac'd hence by lean despair.

As some pale wild flow'r rears its pensile head,
Alone and friendless on the barren waste;
Till winter comes, and then,
It with'ring droops and dies.

Oh nymph ador'd, if that a muse so young,
With earnest suit can move thee to attend;
Can woo thy lovely form
To list unto her pray'r.

Instruct her in thy dear and tranquil hour,
Thy bosom's peerless happiness to gain;
Upon thy tender breast,
Hush unto her cares to peace.

Feby. 4th, 1823. N. W. HALCESRISA.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION GALLERY.

Adam and Eve entertaining the Angel Raphael, J. MARTIN.—The first look at this picture gives the impression of strongly chequered colours, light, and shade, like the sudden approach to a bed of variegated tulips, together with that of a profusion of graceful and noble objects and immense distance, with an angel and two naked persons in discourse; altogether producing the beautiful and the grand, especially as prodigious mountains, rising in light, terminating the distance. We are next struck with the foreground, an open, undulating lawn, or, as *MILTON* well and more simply terms it, "green," where the blissful pair and their guest sit in front of a bower, consisting of a cool and caverned recess, overgrown and nearly surrounded by flowering shrubs and beautiful and various trees, and bright clustering flowers. This and the shady wood that immediately borders the enclosed plot, and the multiplied objects beyond, give by contrast an openness, a felicitous expansion, to this soft and verdantly-heaving bosom of sequestration, this mildly-cheerful and wisdom-loving spot, delicious to the eye, the heart, and the fancy. Beyond the wood the scene again opens among other lawns, slopes, campaigns, sudden and steep ascents, rocks, mist-mantled waterfalls, and trees of numerous kinds, colours, and forms, rising straight, or spreading

sideways with Asiatic grace and umbrageousness, or bending circularly and pendantsly. Beauty and variety, grace and grandeur of shape, delicate smallness and astonishing vastness, mingle among the sunny openings and shadowed coverts, among the glades and waterfall-environing rocks. All is elegant, romantic, or magnificent. SPRING'S irriguous hand moistens the greater part with a clear green, and, in the distance, a blue lustre, and strews about her flowers; and Summer, in this region yet unvisited of evil, hand in hand with her's, ripens to glowing profusion her fruits. Nature buds, blooms, and matures at once. A river, spacious and calm, gliding, reflects the sapphire sky, and looks like a bright tincture girding the earth, which appears in the cheerfulness of its various features through the serene air, and in the light that fringes with celestial embroidery the valleys and mountain sides, conscious of its peaceful condition; while the leopard is seen lying down with the hart, and the gentle deer and stately horse pluck the herbage in placid enjoyment. Mantling the whole is the unsullied sky, part in still and sublime blue, and part shining with the sun's best rays, or as if the Angel in his flight from Heaven had tracked it with unwonted light. Let no one say that these are mere overweening fancies, more becoming the romancer than the critic. They are realities—real appearances and imaginings, which the finest appearances of Art, as in Nature, create in all but callous breasts.

MORE MISERIES!

Some screaming peacock*, great or small,
Is perched on every garden wall.

MR. EDITOR,—I never suspected that attention to order, even if excessive, could be twisted into crime, until I read Mrs. Treacle's letter in your last number. And, although she is so dissatisfied with her worthy husband, "I wish kind heaven had sent me such a man," instead of the one I now have. Her's is tolerable, mine is bad. Though I am an experienced matron, and know the difference, you shall judge between us.

My first husband was an industrious tradesman, who made it his study to accommodate himself to the supposed frailties of our sex, so as justly to deserve the name of a *woman's man*. His leisure hours were devoted to such conversation as renders a husband agreeable to his wife, never attempting subjects above her capacity, nor descending to vulgarity; maintaining a happy medium between abstruse matters, and familiar topics. We passed ten years very happily together, and then Providence saw it proper to separate us; and I doubt not he is now at rest. About a year after his decease, a gentleman of equal personal accomplishments, and of superior mental abilities, engaged my affections. I expected much happiness with a man of his good sense and great learning; but, how illusory are our fondest hopes! We had not been long married before he secluded himself in his library, where he generally spends twelve or fourteen hours out of every four and twenty. Knowing that he was very fond of reading, for some time I did not interrupt him, nor intrude upon his *sanctum sanctorum*, his attention was so taken up with books, and experiments in philosophy. And though I wished to be looked upon as something more than a piece of house-

hold furniture, I endeavoured to accommodate myself to his humour, and attempted to engage his conversation by all the address of which I am capable, but without any success. If he now and then vouchsafes to leave his studies, for half an hour, he does it more to oblige me than from inclination, or rather more in condescension to my weakness than from any pleasure he expects to reap from my company; for every topic I introduce appears trifling to him, and as I am not capable of conversing with him about *geometrical figures, innate ideas, occult qualities, liberty and necessity*, &c. all my attractions have not force sufficient to engage his attention. I find myself therefore bereft of that man's company, from whom I expected to derive so much happiness; and am obliged to mingle with my servants, or pass my days alone, unnoticed by him who ought to take the utmost notice of me. When I prevail upon him to go out with me to visit a friend, (which is very seldom,) before he has got far from our door, he forgets that I am with him, and either gazes stedfastly on the clouds, or fixes his eyes on the earth, lost in deep reveries, so that he will not speak many words in a mile, but run against posts without seeing them, or stand stock still as if he were seized with a fit. He takes no more notice of those who salute him than if they were puppets: and if I were not at his elbow, he would be run over by carriages, for his attention is so absorbed, that he does not hear the rattling of a stage coach, nor see a dray till the wheel passes within an inch of his shoulder. Indeed he is so much of the child, as well as the philosopher, that it is not safe to trust him alone, any where but in his study, for the absent man is so apparent as to suggest the strongest temptation to thieves. A friend of mine once caught one thief with his hand in my husband's pocket, and another going to snatch off his hat and wig, while he was attempting, about the dusk of evening, to read through his glass, an inscription on an old pedestal; which scene was afterwards humourously set forth in a print called a caricature. We cannot pass a bookseller's shop without stopping to read the label of every book in the windows, nor the ruins of an old house without poring over its brick-bats, in hope of finding some relic of antiquity to carry home, which he values more than new gold. His gloves and handkerchiefs he leaves at any house where he stops, and sometimes comes home without his cane and pocket-book: in short, the whole tenor of his conduct is so extravagant, that strangers take him to be an idiot or a lunatic. "Let no such man be trusted" with a wife, say I. I had somewhere read, that few philosophers make good husbands, and to my sorrow I find there is much truth in the observation; but I had no idea that they were such unsocial beings. If they cannot be cured of this philosophical delirium, they would be better companions for bedlamites than sensible women. What a pity that such abstract geniuses should ever marry! Our sex naturally expect to find, in a husband, sources of connubial and domestic felicity. Dry and tedious lectures on *soul and body, matter and spirit*, have no soul nor spirit in them to a wife: however profound they may be, they afford no entertainment to her, nor can they in the smallest degree contribute to the edification of a family, where more useful strictures, on social life and manners, may be needful. When a philosopher therefore determines to take a female partner for life, let him lay aside NEWTON, BERKLEY and BOYLE, and act like other men, in a world that is common to both sexes, so that his wife may have domestic pleasure in his

society, and accompany him in his peregrinations without being pointed at by every body they meet.

Now, Mr. Editor, he pleased to decide between Mrs. T. and myself, who has most cause for complaint: but first tell me candidly, do not you think Mrs. Treacle's grief sits too lightly upon her to be real; and that she has been making herself and her friends merry at her good man's expence? Perhaps I am blameable for following her example, and for describing my husband so minutely: but, in sincerity have I done it, (not to make sport of him,) in order that he, seeing himself in your paper, may amend his manners; for he regularly reads the mathematical parts, which he says, are the only good things in it; all the others, he considers as mere trumpery. Whereas, in my humble opinion, begging your pardon, those parts my husband approves of, are the worst trumpery they contain, being so much above my comprehension.

If you approve of this scrawl, use me as well as Mrs. T. by placing it in a conspicuous part of your next number, for in doing so you will oblige
JANE NUBIUS.

THE WEARIED BACHELOR.

(Continued.)

"Gallop apace, ye fiery footed steeds," whirl round your courses in rapid succession, until that hour when I shall hear from my charmer, until that fondly anticipated day when I shall again behold the sweet radiance of my adored Selina's eyes, and press in delightful mood her beauteous hand.

But what means all this rhapsody? for, thus I ran on as Goodwill, last night, sat by my side, after delivering a note, which has given me more pleasure than all the invitations of the present season!—It was to meet her I adore on an early evening; an evening in which I may perhaps lead her down the mazy dance, and enjoy a sweet and prolonged tête-à-tête! But how, you may ask with Goodwill, can an old bachelor think of joining in the dance? will not he look so ludicrous as to offend Selina, whilst he is the innocent cause of merriment to the youthful assemblage? No; though I am out of my teens, and my head has recovered from the giddy evolutions of the fiddlestick, I flatter myself I can caper on the light fantastic toe with as much ease, grace, and good manners, as any professor of the present century!

In high good humour with myself and friend, I ordered a fresh barrel of London oysters to be produced; which, with a brim-full jug of good October, and the usual paraphernalia of a supper table, formed the evening repast. And, were Goodwill as satisfied as myself, no two princes ever sat down to a meal more contented than we two. Very few words passed between us during supper, and, not till the tankard was exhausted, did Goodwill attempt to break a silence, which was observed as rigidly as if we had been spell bound. The tray removed, we entered into a light desultory conversation, which favoured me with a recurrence every ten minutes to my favorite topic—Selina!—Surely there never was beauty equal to hers! I will attempt a faint sketch;—Rather little, but of exquisite symmetry—she carries one of the finest busts imaginable; her eyes and hair are dark, and the former luxuriantly fringed by delicate eyebrows which hang over them like guardian angels, and seem to shroud them from the piercing eye of vulgar curiosity! But, whilst I am drawing this

* It is proverbially said of this feathered biped, that it has the plumage of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the guts of a thief!

outline of one, whom Canova might in vain have strove to equal, I only do her injustice; too feeble is my pen to sketch her beauty, too feeble my eloquence to pourtray her character; lovely, mild, and forgiving—with the sweetest intelligence and most unruffled temper, she is a faithful picture of youth, benignity and grace!

But has she yet received my epistle? Does she yet know the intensity of my passion? This has been one of our chief consultations: she has sent me by Goodwill her album, a blank leaf is reserved for me, and before we meet, it must be finished. I have already begun five hundred times, and as often destroyed what I had written—at length the following was carefully transcribed. I feel as though my whole life depended on it!

TO AN ALBUM.

Emblem of Man! each clear and unstain'd page,—
A year; thy whole complete,—his life! An age
Of blanks,—most dark and joyless scene!

Hope leads us quickly on
To coming years, we sell them! and when gone,
We would recall and vainly hope to mend them!

And must I soil
Another leaf! my thoughts and hands recoil
From the dread task! Yet must my name remain
Upon it, fix'd for ever! O how fair
Would I decline, and leave this vacant space
For one more skillful; one more learn'd to grace
With poesy, or the sweet painter's art,
Or sweetly season'd wit!—but now we part,
Fair book, for ever! yet my name shall stay
When I, and thy possessor, long have pass'd away!

The happy evening approaches; when I shall follow up my recital, in the mean time, I earnestly solicit the prayers of the fortunate votaries of Hymen!

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATION OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE
THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Horace.

I shed no tear, I heaved no sigh,
As long, as thy soft beaming eye,
Upon me shone, with radiance clear,
For then no rival did I fear;
But oft around thy neck I'd ring
My arms, nor envy Persia's king.

Lydia.

Oh! Horace, whilst no other fair
Possess'd thy every thought and care,
My charms did not to Chloe's yield,
Nor was thy breast to Lydia steel'd,
I, Lydia, of far-sounding fame,
Envied not Ilia Rome's great dame.

Horace.

Now Chloe, skilled upon the lyre,
My bosom fills with love's keen fire;
Much she excels in sweetest strains,
O'er me she rules, o'er me she reigns;
If but the fates her charms would save,
For her, I'd sink into the grave.

Lydia.

The son of Ornithus inflames,
My breast, and my affection claims,
For him I would resign my breath,
For him I twice would suffer death,
For him would bid adieu to joy,
If but the fates would spare my boy.

Horace.

What if our former love return,
And with fresh fire our bosoms burn?
What if it bind us with a tie
That dies alone when we shall die?
If gold lock'd Chloe's loved no more,
And 'gain to Lydia open the door?

Lydia.

Though he be brighter than a star,
Yet lighter than the cork he is,
Though you more boisterous should be,
Than Adria's rough unsettled sea,
With you I'd live, with you would dwell,
With you would bid the world farewell.

J. P. W.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissing worth,
If thou kiss not me?

THE BACHELOR'S CARE

(In answer to "Bachelor's Fare" in our last.)

Many and great are a Bachelor's sufferings.
Wearily, dearly pass all his days;
Stranger is he to the bosom's soft offerings
That rivet affection when beauty decays.
Friend to ebriety, oft to impiety,
Foe to society, foe to the fair,
Vexation unceasing, and gloom his heart seizing,
Are ever increasing the Bachelor's Care!

See the poor devil, who joins not the revel,
Now crawl to his desert-home weary and sad,
No one to meet him, to smile, or to greet him,
Or tenderly treat him, to make his heart glad!
See the unsocial drone, eating his bit alone,
Stirring the fire up to cheer his despair,
Though burn the fire brightly, yet all goes not rightly,
For who e'er bore lightly a Bachelor's Care!

Behold here another less cynical brother,
Who reels to the tavern to banish his pain,
There like a fish drinking, is freed from all thinking,
And dozing till morning, then tipsles again.
Thus bravely he swindles, while property dwindles,
And leans his spindles from want and hard fare,
Till you hear him confess, in a tone of distress,
How devoid of redress is the Bachelor's Care!

Elate or dejected he's little respected,
His brow and his forehead distemper'd with gloom,
His intellect clouded, his eyes are enshrouded
In horrors as baleful as those of the tomb.
He ne'er knows the blisses of conjugal kisses,
That when aught amiss is console a fond pair,
Nor wife's kind embraces, nor children's sweet faces,
But all one can trace is,—a Bachelor's Care!

J.

MY SPORTING-BOX.

[This amusing article is taken from *The Album*, a London quarterly publication, which, for talent, elegance, and chaste entertainment, is, unquestionably, one of the best periodicals of our age.—Ed.]

I am a man of gentle habits and kind affections, and not at all given to violent antipathies; but never again shall I behold the bird called a magpie, without bestowing a hearty curse upon him. I have no doubt that this bitter hostility to such a respectable body of the feathered community will seem somewhat unreasonable, until I explain the extent of the provocation which I have received from an individual belonging to it. Nor, indeed, am I sure but this explanation may, *primâ facie*, appear rather insufficient to apologize for my extreme rancour, for all that I can allege against him, in this early state of the proceedings, is the crime of having made an error in judgment, respecting the proprietorship of a certain cherry-tree; but the consequences therefrom have been such as will justify my utmost malison. Had he never been addicted to cherries, I should never have sent him to his long account; consequently, I should never have felt the thrill of a sportsman;—consequently, I should never have left my peaceful home at Islington, to look out for a Sporting-Box;—consequently, I should have escaped all the miseries which I am about to relate.

"It is quite impossible," said I to my wife, "that I can endure the air of the suburbs any longer, and I shall take a house with a manor, and so forth, and turn sportsman without delay."

"My dearest love," she replied, "take time to consider, or take another shot at another magpie, for I am persuaded that you overrate your talents for a country life; you look just like what you are, and not at all like a sportsman."

This allusion to the counting-house was rather grating to my feelings, but I must freely own that there may be a certain mercantile cast in my physiognomy, which might in some degree justify my wife's waggery, and I sat very passively while she recounted to a posse of friends, how I had watched a whole week in the cow-house with the blacksmith's gun, peeping through the crannies at my unsuspecting foe,—how he hopped from twig to twig, without suffering me to take a level at him—how he at last hopped upon the muzzle of the gun, which had been all day protruding from the cow-house, like the spout of a tea-kettle, and how I was a full half hour before I could summon resolution to pull the trigger. The laugh was against me, but my mind was made up; and the next day, when I mounted my nag, at the usual hour of attendance at my office, instead of turning towards the city, I ambled away very complacently to a celebrated house-agent's. "Pray, Sir," said I, "have you such a thing as a sporting-box to let? I don't want it very far from town—only just a pretty distance, so that I can run down and kill my three or four brace of birds, and then return to my—hem!—to the opera." A book was immediately handed to me, containing the descriptions of about twenty, which seemed precisely calculated for my accommodation. Were it not rather foreign to my present purpose I should direct the notice of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice" to this identical book, for it was written with a flow of language and depth of poetical feeling, which gave a semblance of truth to fictions of a most injurious tendency. The residence which particularly struck my fancy was, "An elegant cottage, at the extremity of a delightful village, with beautiful lawn, surrounded with odoriferous shrubs and exotics of all descriptions, stables, and stable-yard, pig-sties and pig-yard, coach-house, and hot-house, and green-house, and tool-house, and hen-house, and various other appurtenances, too numerous to mention. Over and above, a manor well stocked with game, and the right of fishery on one bank of the river Mud." Was ever any thing so totally and altogether entrancing? I instantly demanded a ticket of admission, walked off to the White-horse Cellar, and mounted the coach for this fairy-land without delay. It never struck me till I got half way, that my wife would be waiting dinner for me; but "hang it," thought I, "sportsmen never care for their wives—she's beneath my notice."

When I arrived at the delightful village, I immediately proceeded to the elegant cottage, which, if I must speak the truth, was not quite so elegant as I had been taught to expect. The beautiful lawn could not possibly accommodate above one quadrille at a time, (for, be it known, I had cogitated over a *fête champêtre*, to celebrate my *entrée*,) the green-house was of about the dimensions of a cucumber-frame, and from a small stove in the middle I concluded it was to answer the description of the hot-house likewise. The rest of the premises were in proportion; but I will not enter into particulars. "A sportsman," I thought, "should never care how he is housed, by the side of a 'well-stocked manor, and the river Mud.'" I rang the bell with a heart full of expectation, and was answered by a brace of pointers, and a man with a ram-rod. The sight augured well, and I stalked into the presence of my future landlord with the importance of a dead shot. He was a tall thin man, and wore a shooting jacket, red face, and spindle shanks, and altogether presented just the wiry appearance of an old sportsman. Having laid aside his gun-barrel, which he was in the act of washing, he wiped his hands, and received me very politely. My errand was soon told, and his politeness increased. He assured me that, "if I was fond of shooting and fishing, there was not a place in the country which would suit me so well. To be sure the house was a little out of repair, which was partly owing to his being a bachelor, and living like Robinson Crusoe, with only his man Friday; and partly to his excellent sport, which scarcely left him leisure to observe what was going on within doors." The house was indeed, as he observed, a little out of repair, the walls being somewhat tattered, the ceilings a little stained with the damp, and the furniture sinking into the vale of years; but every observation which I made on these heads was instantly overpowered by some seemingly careless enquiry which he made of the man

Friday respecting the abundance of the game. "I am afraid, Sir," said I, "that this parlour will require fresh papering!" "Oh, say no more about it, my dear Sir, my man shall patch it up. By-the-bye, (turning to Friday,) how many covies are there in the three turnip fields?" "Thirteen, Sir," says Friday. "And these chairs," I continued, "are rather rickety." "Very true, very true, my good Sir,—they shall have a nail or two.—By-the-bye, do you see that old oak tree yonder, by the side of the Mud? That is where I watch for the ducks in the winter-time.—How many ducks did I kill at a shot there last winter?" "Sixteen," says Friday. I expressed my astonishment, but my landlord-to-be merely answered with Hotspur, "A trifle—a trifle, Sir." The conversation kept twisting so continually from the subject of the house to that of the game, that I soon totally forgot all the objections to the first, to listen to the astonishing feats which had been performed by this Robin Hood and Little John; for at that time I knew so little of old sportsmen, that I had no conception of the master and the man being aware that they were dealing with a cockney, who, of course, is fair game all the world over. I am a little surprised, however, that I was not let into the secret, when Robin "presumed that I was a good shot;" for when I put on a look of becoming mystery, and replied with a nod of the head, "that I brought them down now and then," I saw him decidedly wink at Little John, who grinned outright.

The fishery was by no means an unprofitable subject. There were trout, and there were carp, and there were tench, and there were perch, and there were pike. In short—there were all things, and there was every thing, from minnows and tittle-bats, to turbot and lobster-sauce. How I fancied I felt my rod bending with the own brother of the twenty-six pound pike which Robin caught last Saturday week! How I sniffed at the glorious pudding in his belly!—and how I triumphed in anticipation over my cockney friends, whose sports were confined to the bobbing for white bait at Blackwall!

Before I had been an hour in Robin's company, we were bosom friends. He showed me all his rods and his lines, and his guns, and his dogs, and told me all the secret super-excellencies connected therewith. He gave me a beef-steak of Friday's cooking, and a bottle of port from the Red-Lion;—and moreover, he gave me the refusal of a brace of celebrated pointers, and a notoriously known gun,—for in the course of conversation he had discovered my deficiency in these respects, and drawn from me the candid confession that my kennel was not quite so staunch as it ought to be, and that my patent detonator was certainly not upon the most approved principle. "Look there, my dear Sir," said he, "there is a brace of dogs which cannot be matched; and you, who are so good a judge, are the only man for whom I would part with them, for you know how to estimate them.—Look there, Sir,—when did you ever see a sporting dog with such a famous thick stern as that?—why, his tail is as big as a sheep's, and bends over his back like a bugle-horn! And look at the other,—he is none of your lop-eared, heavy-headed ones:—that short bull-nose of his will find you more game than all the dogs in the county,—and then that natural grin shows at first sight what an excellent temper he has.—But his ears, Sir,—his ears are the handsomest point about him;—they stand bolt upright, like a brace of sentry-boxes!"

The gun had no reason to complain of the character which its affectionate owner bestowed upon it; but I shall say nothing of its merits, save and excepting that it would kill a goose at an hundred yards, and that its make was so extremely delicate and beautiful, that the barrel was absolutely not thicker than a sixpence. Of course, I became the happy purchaser both of dogs and guns; likewise of all the hooks, flies, nets, fishing-rods, and other piscatory apparatus; likewise of all the ammunition, flints, turn-screws, powder-horns, and shot-belts;—and finally, I became the proprietor of the man Friday, who, in consequence of his master's secession from business, and intended trip to the Continent, would otherwise have found himself a gentleman at large.

"God bless you, my dear Sir," said he, as I wished him good afternoon, after having arranged to take possession of my new abode for one year, commencing

from that day se'nnight,—“God bless you, my dear Sir, I shall not be here when you come, but Friday will show you the bounds of the manor, and will, I am sure, take care that you have good sport.—Take my word for it, you have the best bargain to be met with.”

I was in high spirits to coincide with my landlord,—shook him heartily by the hand,—bade my game-keeper look sharp after the poachers, and jumped upon the stage-coach again to astonish my wife.

It was past nine o'clock when I arrived at home, and I found the partner of my past joys and future afflictions consoling herself for my unaccountable absence with a coterie of insatiate tea-drinkers. I found them all in high glee, of which it appeared that I was the subject, for, as I advanced up stairs, I could plainly distinguish my name in conjunction with that of the cursed magpie.

My heart burned to relate the feat which I had performed, but somehow I was puzzled how to begin. I felt like a mean fellow who has accidentally achieved a great action, and finds himself ashamed of it. At last, when the merriment had a little subsided, and my wife began to enquire seriously the cause of my absence all day, I gained courage to demand how long she thought it would take us to move house.

"Move house, my love! and where are we to move to?" "To our residence in the country," I replied; "it is not above twenty miles from town, and is really the prettiest thing in the world." My wife looked in amazement.—“What, then, have you positively taken a sporting-box?” I answered in the affirmative, and, having fairly embarked in the subject, determined upon swaggering it out, and manfully described my bargain, item by item. At every period, when I expected the astonishment due to my surprising good fortune, I could distinguish nothing but a sort of smothered titter, which I thought extremely ill-bred. But when I came to the eulogy upon my dogs and game-keeper, the mirth would really have been past the endurance of ordinary minds. In this generalisation, however, I beg not to be included, for the only mode in which I condescended to show my indignation, was giving them timely notice that all trespassers on my property would be prosecuted as the law directs.

Of all the blessings in the world, there is none so calamitous as the attentions of your worthy friends and sagacious advisers. It has been my happy fate to inherit the kind counsel of all my kith and kin, together with that of all the friends, relations, and acquaintances of each and sundry, ever since the day of my christening, on which joyous occasion there goes a legend of my having been haggled into convulsions. It is no wonder, therefore, if, after having finished my tale of triumph to a circle which included three generations of maiden aunts, I incurred a due share of tender solicitudes, respecting the perils I was going to encounter. Every misfortune which had been occasioned by fire-arms for the last forty years, was raked up as a precedent for what was likely to befall me; and though I endeavoured, with great vehemence, to assert that my patronage of a simple fowling-piece could not possibly have any thing to do with the bursting of a Tower gun, or the wilful explosion of my uncle Tom's pocket-pistol,—it was out of the nature of things to allay the fears which my desperation had occasioned. I cannot remember half the catalogue of my predicted woes.—My gun burst—my dogs went mad—my river overflowed,—and I was doomed to undergo the various operations of amputation, dipping, and reanimation;—my skull was trepanned,—my wits were bewitched—my arm was be-crutched, and, altogether, I cut a more glorious figure than any battle-battered pensioner since the foundation of Chelsea Hospital. Such was the opinion of my friends, and so firmly was it expressed, that I really believed any failure in their predictions, would cause them sincere disappointment.

I will not dwell upon the regret, which, in spite of my happy destination, I could not help feeling at my departure from dear, romantic Islington. I will not enlarge upon the compunction which was almost rising to my eyes, as, after having carefully disposed my powder and shot, and re-folded my new shooting-jacket, I looked back and saw the last twig of the cherry-tree which had been the scene of my first ex-

plot, vanishing in the distance. It was not long, however, before I re-manned myself. The day was fine and the country delightful, and our road, moreover, lay by the side of the Thames, into which the river Mud empties itself, so that I felt the pride of a sort of joint proprietorship in every fish that jumped. My wife, indeed, was not quite so aristocratical in her notions; she was not excited by the expectations which throbbed in the bosom of her lord, and appeared to be in a very abstracted reverie respecting the means of subsistence in our new abode, which, she maintained, would be very precariously supplied if my gun and fishing-rod were to be the only resources. For, it was not to be denied that, independently of my lack of practice in the use of these weapons, and the possibility that the removal of that deficiency might leave me pretty nearly as skilful as before, the fish were not always willing to bite, or the partridges to be shot. In the event of these dilemmas, she only hoped and trusted that our neighbourhood would furnish a poulterer and fishmonger, for, it was quite impossible to suppose that the numerous friends whom we had invited to stay with us, would consent to be fed entirely upon mutton. I bade her be of good cheer, and promised to supply the table in such a manner as to obliterate the above-named tradesmen from our weekly bills altogether.

It was evening when we finished our journey. One of those soft dewy evenings when the breeze speaks of nothing but love and honeysuckles. The little dilapidations of our cottage lay hidden in the friendly twilight, and the banks of the Mud, which were somewhat too appropriate to the name, had melted into a cloud-like blue. It was just the hour for a first entrée, and my wife confessed that the bargain was "not so bad after all," considering that she had not been consulted in it. I had an idea, however, that the readiness with which she praised every thing that I showed her, seemed rather dictated by an amiable resolution to be satisfied, and an unwillingness to damp my delight, than by a thorough conviction of our good fortune. But whether this was the case or not, I had not leisure to enquire. Mine was the real unsophisticated cottage contentment; and the romantic complacency with which I accompanied my man Friday to trim the night-books and set the eel-pots for the next day's supply, will never depart from my memory. This event occurred in the first hour of my domination.

Having placed all these engines of destruction in the most destructive situations, I retired early to bed that I might be enabled to reply to the summons of the man Friday, who had orders to call me at four o'clock next morning, which I thought was the proper hour for a sportsman to rise; besides which, I was anxious to procure a good show of fish for breakfast.

I was already awake when the fist of Friday beat four o'clock upon my door. I had passed a restless night. About the mid-watch I hooked a mighty jack, who had played me till half past three, when I landed him amidst the shouts of an immense concourse of spectators. The agony of my nerves during the dubious contest was indescribable. Sometimes the stupendous animal shot from his element into upper air, as though he meant to take wing; sometimes he bounced downwards as deep as the Bay of Biscay; and, then he ran me along the banks, till I had well nigh dropped from fatigue. At last I brought him to the shore, and, seizing him with the Herculean grasp of despair, flung him victoriously upon the grass. I awoke in a profuse perspiration, and in the act of tossing my wife out of bed. "My dearest love," said she, "what is the matter?" "Bless my soul," I replied, "I beg a thousand pardons—I took you for a fish."

Our first care was to examine the night-lines, which, from some strange cause which Friday was unable to define, had, each and several, nothing at the end but the bait we had placed there the preceding night. The fish were evidently more knowing in this river than in any other; and Friday assured me that it required a very clever fellow to catch them. I began to think so too. We next had recourse to the eel-pots. The river Mud was full of eels, I had been told; but, however this might be the case, it was not so with the eel-pots. One after the other, we hauled them into the punt, till I was over the shoes, and up to the elbows in mud, but the eels had not gone in, and all the grigs had got out.

"Why, Friday, what can be the reason of this?" "Very odd indeed, Sir," said Friday, "I am afraid you have come rather too late in the season." My thoughts again coincided with Friday's, and I considered it high time to produce the infallible tackle which I had purchased from my landlord. It was impossible that this could fail, for I had heard it eulogized till I almost believed that it would catch fish where fish were not. It did fail, however; and, though my game-keeper boldly volunteered to be responsible, that when I could catch one, it should be a bounoer. I own I felt somewhat chagrined that I could not take a few of the small fry in the mean time.

At eight o'clock, my stomach being as empty as my basket, I desired to be put on shore, and arrived at home in excellent time to hear the departure of the fishmonger, who had been cavalierly informed that his future attentions would be unnecessary.

"My dearest love," said my wife, as she met me at the door, "I have been waiting breakfast for you—come in—and, Friday, take the fish to the cook." Friday looked quite crest-fallen, and so did I, as she continued with a very mysterious smile: "The fishmonger has left a message for you, my love. He says, with his kind compliments, that if you have any mode of passing your time besides fishing, he would earnestly recommend you to have recourse to it; because that, in consequence of our landlord and the owner of the opposite bank of the river having drawn off the water three days ago, and sent all the fish to market, it is unlikely your success will be equal to your exertions. He advises you likewise to give permission to any one who may apply for a day's angling, because it is not civil to be too tenacious." I was petrified!

"Twas strange, 'twas passing strange.
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

But what was I to do? I turned all my wrath upon my game-keeper. "Friday," said I, with a reproachful look, "why did you not tell me this?" Friday said I had never asked him, and persisted that there were still three or four very fine fish in the river. Pardon me, reader—my choler rises, and I can say no more upon this subject.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PERCY ANECDOTES.

The 39th part of this interesting little work, consists of Anecdotes of Eccentricity—we select the following:—

POLITE APOLOGY.

In October, 1747, his majesty's ship Dartmouth, of fifty guns, commanded by Captain James Hamilton, being closely engaged off Cape St. Vincent with the Glorious Spanish man of war, blew up, and all the crew, amounting to three hundred men, perished, except seventeen, who were taken up by the boats of the Prince Frederick and Duke privateers, then in company. Of these, none was of any rank, except Mr. O'Brien, a young gentleman of Ireland, one of the lieutenants. He was taken up, floating on the carriage of a gun, on which he had been blown out of the ship into the water, and speedily recovered his senses. He was a gentleman of easy behaviour, and great readiness of wit. On seeing the captain of the Prince Frederick, his first words to him were these: "Sir, you must excuse the unfitness of my dress to come aboard a stranger ship; but really I left my own in such a hurry, that I had not time to stay for a change of apparel."

A PRODIGY.

When the Duke of Sully, in 1603, set out on an embassy for the court of England, he was attended by a numerous retinue of the principal men in France; among the rest, M. Servin presented his young son to him, at the same time earnestly begging the duke, that he would use his best endeavours to make him an honest man. This request gave Sully a great curiosity to search into his character; and he gave the following account of him.

"His genius," says he, "was so lively, that nothing could escape his penetration; his apprehension was so quick, that he understood every thing in an instant; and his memory so prodigious, that he never forgot

any thing. He was master of all the branches of philosophy, the mathematics, particularly fortification and designing: say, he was so thoroughly acquainted with divinity, that he was an excellent preacher when he pleased, and could manage the controversy for or against the Protestant religion with the greatest ability. He not only understood the Greek, Hebrew, and other learned languages, but all the jargons of the moderns. He entered so exactly into their pronunciation and accent, to which he joined such a perfect imitation of their air and manner, that not only the people of the different nations in Europe, but the several provinces of France, would have taken him for a native of the country. He applied his talent to imitate all sorts of persons, which he performed with wonderful dexterity; and was accounted the best comedian in the world. He was a good poet, an excellent musician, and sung with equal art and sweetness. He said mass, for he would do every thing, as well as know every thing. His body was perfectly proportioned to his mind. He was well made, vigorous, and agile; formed for all sorts of exercises. He rode a horse well, and was admired for dancing, leaping, and wrestling. He was acquainted with all kinds of sports and diversions, and could practice in most of the mathematical arts. Reverse the medal," says Sally; "he was false, treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; a sharper, drunkard, and glutton. He was a gamester, an abandoned debauchee, a blasphemer, and atheist; in a word, he was possessed of every vice, contrary to nature, to honour, to religion, and society: he persisted in his vices to the last, and fell a sacrifice to his debaucheries, in the flower of his age."

MR. FARQUHAR.

The world, which is ever judging of men by appearances, is for ever forming most erroneous notions of their characters. A gentleman who is possessed of untold thousands, must make a great show of his wealth in every thing about him; he must dress splendidly, and live sumptuously; never sit down to a meal without a dozen servants to wait on him; nor go abroad to take the air without a mob in livery at his heels; he must have his horses, and carriages, and hounds; his town house, and his country house; his marine villa, and his sporting box; and to all these superfluities, he must add a few very superfluous vices, which go by the tender name of follies; otherwise he is set down as a man on whom fortune has showered numerous blessings, a sordid miser, whose sole delight consists in counting and turning over the treasures he has amassed. It is the way, indeed, of the rich to launch into such extravagances; but it is taking a very false view of things, to imagine that there is in all this any thing of a just sense of the true value of riches. With by far the greater number, the ruling motive is nothing but sheer vanity, or a silly compliance with what they are told the world expects from them. Some willingly make themselves a spectacle for the world to gaze at; others reluctantly consent, for fashion's sake, to enslave themselves to a thousand things they would much rather be without. 'I have ten servants,' said an honourable baronet, once in the House of Commons, 'at least, ten persons who call themselves my servants, though, in reality, it is I who am the servant to them.' Your rational man of wealth, is one who in all points differs from the generality of his class. He is the comet of his sphere, and his eccentricity consists in doing only what good sense and good feeling dictate. He dresses plainly, because it is to his taste; he lives frugally, for he wishes to live long; he has no more servants than are absolutely necessary to his wants; keeps not a single house, nor horse, nor hound, that he has no use for; he has his pleasures, but such as are to be traced neither in the destruction of innocence, nor in the spoiliations of the gaming table; it is in pursuits of science, literature, and virtue, in study while at home, and in acts of beneficence while abroad, that his great and sole delight consists. The world resounds with the fame of Mr. Farquhar's vast wealth, and many are the exclamations of surprise at his obscure habits; but there are acts of Mr. F. unknown as yet to fame (for it is one of his peculiarities, to love to do good in secret), which show that he makes a noble use of his fortune, which, by his talents and industry, and not by his mere savings, he has acquired.

A highly respectable individual was in want of a

temporary accommodation; he applied to Mr. Farquhar for his assistance, and tendered the most ample securities for any advance he might make. Mr. F. having ascertained the amount requisite to remedy the inconvenience, immediately, in the most handsome manner, presented the gentleman with ten thousand pounds, a sum which formed a considerable surplus of his necessities, and would not accept or hear of even an acknowledgment for it.

On another occasion, as he was taking his daily airing on foot, and in that garb very probably which has caused him, at times, to be regarded as a reduced gentleman, meriting patriotic compassion, he observed a gentleman eying very wistfully a house belonging to him, at the west end of the town, which was then to let. Mr. Farquhar, accosting him, begged to know if he wished for such a house? The stranger, indicating by his looks some surprise at a question like this, from one who seemed to have so very little to do with property of any kind; Mr. F. added, that 'because if he did, he was the owner of the house, and would be glad to shew it to him.' The gentleman observed, that 'it seemed indeed a fine house, but it was needless for him to look at it, as he was afraid it was far above his means.' 'Well, but there will be no harm in your just taking a view of it; you can see how you would like it, and we will talk afterwards about terms.' Into the house they went, and all over it; the stranger was loud in his praises; he 'would be happy,' he thought, if he had such an one to live in; but, indeed, it was impossible he could pay the rent that must be expected for it. Mr. Farquhar, who had taken one of those likings at first sight, which some people have the good luck to inspire, enquired with delicacy, into the state of the gentleman's circumstances, and prolonged the conversation by various pleasant digressions, with the view, as it seemed, of drawing out a display of his new acquaintance's character. We will not say what grounds Mr. Farquhar had to be pleased with the stranger, but they were such, that at parting it was in these words: 'You say you like the house, sir, and think you would be happy in it; now, sir, as I think you are a worthy man, who deserves to be happy, I make you a present of the house, that you may be so. Have the goodness to call at Mr. —'s, my solicitor, to-morrow, when you will find a conveyance of it made out in your favour.'

Such is Mr. Farquhar, a man whose 'avarice,' we are told, 'may be considered as a disease which he cannot control!'

MATHEMATICS.

[We are at length favoured with an answer to Question No. 47, and without any comment, we present it to our Mathematical friends exactly as we received it.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Allow me to hand you a solution of question No. 47, in your Iris No. 28, which I hope you will insert,

Yours,

MUTA.

Solution of Question No. 47, in Iris No. 28, by Muta.

First, refer to the Ladies' Diary for the year 1749. Then, examine carefully the question No. 2, there proposed by the Rev. Mr. Baker, of Stokeney, Lincoln; and compare it with question No. 47, proposed in the year 1822, by Mr. W. M. Lawrie, in the Manchester Iris. The questions will appear to be IDENTICALLY the same.

If, then, you refer to the Ladies' Diary for the subsequent year, 1750, and transfer the neat and elegant solution of Mr. Baker's question to the pages of the Iris; substituting for "solution of Rev. Mr. Baker's question," the words "solution of Mr. W. M. Lawrie's question," you may then, without enquiring which of the two gentlemen is the plagiarist, safely stamp your labours with the Mathematician's seal of Q. E. D.

Question No. 61, by Mr. John Hill.

Given $x + y + z = 62$; $3x + 6y + 2z = 190$ and $x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 1452$; in which equations x , y and z represent my age in years, months, and days—Required my age?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Mechanics: New Percussion Lock.—Mr. George Forrest, gunmaker, of Jedburgh in Scotland, has made an ingenious improvement in the Percussion Lock. The chief advantages of his invention are, that the sportsman, before setting out, is enabled to supply priming for eighty discharges of a double-barrelled gun; that the explosions are certain, the lock easily kept clean, and not exposed to damp; and above all, perfect security against accident by the bursting of the magazine. The priming used is the same as in Forsyth's patent, viz. three parts oxymuriat of potash, one sulphur, and one charcoal.

Artificial Slates.—A species of artificial slates have been used in Russia, which are said to be very valuable, as being lighter than common slates, impermeable to water, incombustible, and made of any required form or size. They have been analyzed by M. Giorgi, who finds them to consist of bolar earth, chalk or carbonate of lime, strong glue, paper pulp, and linseed oil. The earthy materials are to be pounded and sifted; the glue dissolved in water; the paper is the common paper pulp, which, after being steeped in water, has been pressed, or it may be book-binders or stationers' shavings boiled in water and pressed. The linseed oil is to be raw. The paper pulp is to be mixed in a mortar with the dissolved glue, the earthy materials then added and beaten up, and the oil added during the beating as fast as it is absorbed. The mixture is then spread with a trowel on a plank, on which a sheet of paper has been laid, and surrounded by a ledge, to determine the thickness of the layer, and is then turned out on a plank strewn with sand to dry. When dry they are passed through a rolling mill, then pressed, and finally finished by a coat of drying oil.

The following are some of the various proportions recommended:

2 parts paper pulp, 1 glue, 1 chalk, 2 bole earth, 1 linseed oil; this forms a thin, hard and very smooth sheet.

3 parts paper pulp, 4 glue, 4 white bole earth, and 4 chalk, 1 oil; produce an uniform sheet, as hard as iron.

1 paper pulp, 1 glue, 3 white bole earth, 1 linseed oil; a beautiful elastic sheet.

When these plates or sheets were steeped in water for four months they were found not to alter at all in weight; and when exposed to a violent heat for five minutes, they were hardly altered in form, and were converted into black and very hard plates.—*Tech. Rep.* i. 421.

LITERATURE.

HIS LATE MAJESTY'S LIBRARY.

We have now the pleasure of laying before our readers the letter of our Sovereign, relative to this most valuable collection.—

Dear Lord Liverpool,

The King my late revered and excellent Father having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive Library, consisting of about One hundred and twenty thousand Volumes, I have resolved to present this collection to the British Nation.

Whilst I have the satisfaction by this means of advancing the Literature of my Country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a Parent, whose life was adorned with every public and private virtue.

I desire to add, that I have great pleasure, My Lord, in making this communication through you. Believe me, with great regard,

Your sincere friend,
(Signed)

G. R.

Pavilion, Brighton, Jan. 15, 1823.

The Lord of Liverpool, K. G., &c. &c. &c.

VARIETIES.

INGENIOUS ANAGRAM.—The following anagram on the well-known bibliographer, William Oldys, may claim a place among the first productions of this class. It was by Oldys himself, and was found by his executors in one of his MSS.:—

'W. O.
'In word and WILL I AM a friend to you;
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.

PHENOMENON IN OPTICS.—A lady states that she is frequently visited during the night, when perfectly

awake, her room being dark, by luminous appearances on the wall of the alcove in which her bed is placed. A light mist seems at first to float in the air of the room, then the luminous rays collect into a focus, a circular spot, such as a magic lantern exhibits; on that bright spot appear the vivid representations of natural objects; sometimes a landscape, sometimes flowers arranged in a pattern. These visions have never excited any alarm in the person liable to them, but an earnest curiosity as to their exciting cause. Her eye-sight is very good; but she is much distressed by a very strong light; is uneasy when placed opposite a window, and can manage to see to read with much less light than most other persons require. It is to be observed that these visions sometimes appear several hours after the room has been dark, and that they are by no means concomitant with any degree of fever or nervous excitement.

We should be glad if any of our friends, who honor this paper with their perusal, would oblige us by their opinions on this matter.

MORALS.—The sum of a thousand francs (rather more than 40*l.* sterling) has been sent to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Morals in Paris, by an anonymous correspondent, to be divided into two prizes for the best Essays against Gambling and Lotteries.

FROST.—The severity of the late frost has not been equalled since that of 1814. So intense has been the cold, that man, beast, and bird, in many cases, have perished. The birds were so tame that they would suffer themselves to be taken by the hand, a state of submission which generally cost them their lives.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday Feb. 10th, to Friday Feb. 14th, 1823.

Monday.—Brutus: with High Life Below Stairs.

Tuesday.—The Mountaineers: with The New Marriage Act, and The Rendezvous.

Thursday.—A Day after the Wedding: with (first time) Tom and Jerry.

Friday.—Three weeks after Marriage: with Tom and Jerry.

Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, was brought out on Thursday night with elegant, appropriate Scenery. This humorous Extravaganza is taken from P. Egan's popular work of the same title.

The characters were sustained throughout with spirit and humour; and the whole performance was received with unqualified marks of pleasure, and approbation. We must, however, remark, that the departure, of Kate, Sue and Jane, from their homes, as well as their Metropolitan adventures are almost as unfeasible as can be imagined. Few girls possessed of common sense would so risk health, reputation, and security; and none of education and ingenious feeling, could possibly so embark in riot and dissipation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Son of Erin, or The Cause of the Greeks: a Dramatic Poem in 5 Acts. By George Burges, A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Ettrick Shepherd has a new romance in Ballantyne's press, entitled 'The Perils of Woman.'

The subject of the next novel by the author of 'Waverley' is 'The Gunpowder Plot.'

We understand that the author of the 'Entail' and the 'Annals of the Parish,' is engaged in a new novel, in which John Knox will form a prominent character, and that it will be in the old covenant style. We are glad to see so good a subject fall into such able hands, and we trust that justice will be done to a body of men who have of late years been very unjustly aspersed.

Mr. Henry Neale has in the press a Volume of Dramatic and Miscellaneous Poems.

A translation, in Italian verse, of Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' by M. Joseph Indelicato, has been published at Palermo.

M. Michele Leoni proceeds at Florence with the publication of his translation of Shakespeare. The Italian critics panegyrize it in high terms.

Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the year 1819-20; compiled from the Notes of Major Long, Mr. T. Say, and other gentlemen of the party; by Edwin James, botanist and geologist to the Expedition.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This day is published, in 4 vols. post 8vo. price 2*l.* 2*s.* boards, **PEVERIL OF THE PEAK**, by the Author of 'Waverley, Kenilworth, &c.'

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall Mall, London; and Sold by Robinson and Ellis, T. Sowler, and Banks and Co. Manchester.

Of whom may be had, just published, in foolscap 8vo. with Engravings, price 7*s.* 6*d.* boards.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE HERIOT, Jeweller to King James I. With an Historical Account of the Hospital, founded by him, at Edinburgh.

The Subject of the above Memoirs is a prominent Character in the 'FORTUNES OF NIGEL.'

HUIE'S EXCISE LAWS.—NEW EDITION,

Just Published—in One thick volume, octavo, price 1*l.* 1*s.* boards.

AN Abridgment of all the Statutes now in force relative to the Revenue of Excise in Great Britain. Methodically arranged, and Alphabetically digested. The Fourth Edition, revised and brought down to the end of the Session of Parliament 1822. By JAMES HUIE, Collector of Excise.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Hurst, Robinson, and Co., and Charles Hunter, London; and Sold by T. Sowler, Robinson and Ellis, and Banks and Co. Manchester.

BRITISH ORNITHOLOGY.

This day is published, in elephant folio, price 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* plain, or 5*l.* 5*s.* finely coloured after Nature, the Fifth Number, with 12 large Plates, of

ILLUSTRATIONS OF British Ornithology.—Series First.—Land Birds.

By P. J. SELBY, Esq.

Of Twizell-house, county of Northumberland, Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, &c.

Published by Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall Mall, London; and Sold by Robinson and Ellis, T. Sowler, and Banks and Co. Manchester.

Of whom may be had the above Work, No. 1, 2, 3, and 4, either plain or coloured.

*. No. 6, which is intended to complete the First Series of British Ornithology, is in great forwardness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The interesting anecdote communicated by our esteemed correspondent S. X.; the Grammatical Query of F.; Selections from our Haddesfield Constant Reader; A Friend on Reptiles, &c.; the Lines by our Leeds Juvenis; and the chief part of E. K. shall be given in our next.

N. W. H.'s "Ode"—"most delectable Ode," is inserted in our present number—we are glad to find our friend in such very good temper; and assure him that his apology for us was perfectly, and to the letter, correct.

R. H. R. should object, from experiment, to the remarks of R. L.—It is simple and unusual to put a string of interrogatories to a man as to the accuracy of his experiments, and the sufficiency of his apparatus, &c.—R. H. R. must show that the experiments of R. L. are inaccurate, by pointing out error or probable inaccuracy; or he must prove that with the aid of a perfect apparatus, the result is different.

The communications of C. T.—J. P. W.—Romeo—Vindict—R. T.—three Constant Readers, and Philocheerus, are received.

A considerable press of articles more immediately adapted to the nature of our Miscellany, precluded the possibility of inserting the Lancaster document.—Its extreme length is a great objection, and probably abridgment would not be approved by our friend T. K.—We wait his wish.

Essayist shall be attended to—his communications are sure to meet with an impartial decision, and be inserted with due eligibility.—We wish to elicit talent, and correct taste; but must at the same time study the entertainment of our general readers.

J. T. K. S. is assured that we are not unwilling to insert the pleasing or humorous debates, or conversations of the friends; but we wish for a concise article, or condensed report, rather than an uninteresting outline.

S. X. is informed that Orthography No. VI. has not been received.

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No. 56.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre. To which are added, Recollections, Sketches, and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. BY MADAME CAMPAN, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1823. H. Colburn & Co.

ON entering upon the perusal of this interesting work, we meet with a biographical sketch of the writer, who, it appears, was born at Paris in October 1752. M. Genet, her father, was first clerk in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. At an early age this accomplished lady became an attendant on the princesses; on the marriage of Marie Antoinette, she was attached to her suite; and she soon afterwards married M. Campan, whose father was secretary of the Queen's Closet. Madame Campan continued in attendance upon the Queen until the revolution, when she narrowly escaped the fate of her illustrious and unfortunate Mistress. She died in March 1822.

Madame Campan seems to have possessed a mind which was firmly attached to truth; well acquainted with the different events narrated; accustomed to nice discrimination; and fraught with liberal sentiment, and grateful attachment. From such a source of intellectual worth and ability, our readers will readily conclude that her pen must evidently have been directed with judgment, and that the volumes before us are peculiarly interesting—such is really the fact; and we are convinced that their perusal will not only excite much solicitude and sympathy, but also afford much gratification and entertainment.

The unhappy Marie Antoinette Joseph Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, was born on the 2nd of November, 1755. At fifteen years of age her marriage with the Dauphin was arranged, and her reception at Versailles is thus described:—

A superb pavilion had been prepared upon the frontiers near Kell; it consisted of a vast saloon, connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Vienna, and the other to the suite of the dauphiness, composed of the Countess de Noailles, her maid of honour; the Duchess de Cosé, her tirewoman; four ladies of the palace; the Count de Saulx-Tavannes, first gentleman usher; the Count de Tescé, first equerry; the Bishop of Chartres, chief almoner; the officers of the body-guards and the pages.

When the dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body-linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then, rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes, and with a heartfelt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aerial gait:—her smile was sufficient to win the heart; and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendour of French gaiety shone forth,—an indescri-

bable but august serenity—perhaps, also, the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders, betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars.

The generous and humane disposition of Marie Antoinette; as well as the purity of her character; and the numerous schemes and artifices which had been used to effect her ruin, are well pointed out and strikingly illustrated by Madame C.

In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis XV. which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the dauphin and dauphiness sent their whole income for the year, to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses, which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion: but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it weeping to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: “they have at least been well punished,” added the person who related these particulars. “Oh, no! no, madam!” replied the dauphiness, “they died by the side of honest people.”

To shew that the most innocent, nay, laudable curiosity, may be made a subject for very plausible misrepresentation and slander, we quote the following:—

In the excursions to Marly, parties on horseback, and in calashes, were formed continually. The queen was desirous to gratify herself with one very innocent enjoyment: she had never witnessed the day-break; and having now no other consent than that of the king to seek, she intimated her wish to him. He agreed that she should go, at three o'clock in the morning, to the eminences of the gardens of Marly; and, unfortunately, little disposed to partake in her amusements, he himself went to bed. The queen then followed up her intention; but as she foresaw some inconveniences possible in this nocturnal party, she determined on having a number of people with her; and even ordered her women to accompany her. All precautions were ineffectual to prevent the effects of calumny, which even thus early sought to diminish the general attachment that she had inspired. A few days afterwards, the most wicked ballad that appeared, during the earlier years of this reign, was circulated at Paris. The blackest colours were employed to paint an enjoyment so harmless, that there is scarcely a young woman among those that live in the country, who has not endeavoured to procure it for herself. The verses which appeared on this occasion, were entitled “Sun Rise.”

The Duke de Orleans, then Duke de Chartres was among those who accompanied the young queen in her nocturnal ramble; he appeared very attentive to her on that occasion; but it was the only moment of his life in which there was any advance towards intimacy between the queen and himself. The king disliked the character of the Duke de Chartres, and the queen always kept him at a distance from her private society. It is, therefore, without the slightest foundation in probability, that some writers have attributed to feelings of jealousy, or wounded self-love, the hatred which he displayed towards the queen, during the latter years of their existence.

Of Madame de Joulanges, and her sisters,

we have the following painful, yet delightfully-interesting account;—

This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chaunted the *Veni Creator* upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of punishment, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to mix its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last; and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death!

THE CLUB.

No. XXVIII.—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1823.

Still to ourselves in every place consigned
Our own felicity we make or find.—GOLDSMITH.

UNDER every disappointment and difficulty a person may find some resources, if he will only take the pains to discover and employ them. The events, indeed, which we regard as unfortunate and grievous, may sometimes be made the sources of far greater delight than those which we lament. The person who wisely endeavours to turn all circumstances to good account, cannot be long unhappy.

A man of sense will, in every difficulty, reflect that he is much better circumstanced than he might be; and when any untoward disaster takes place to derange his plans and mortify his feelings, he will find some consolation in the idea that its occurrence may have the effect of preventing some more direful misfortune.

It is recorded of some distinguished man, I believe the Rev. John Wesley, that wishing to cross a part of the sea with his carriage and horses, the animals took fright, in some way or other, and it was found to be impossible to get them on board the vessel. The intended voyager, impatient to reach the place to which he was going, was much mortified by the circumstance, and considered himself in this instance to be very unfortunate. But he had little reason for lamentation. The vessel had not got out of sight before a violent storm arose which rent it in pieces, and the whole crew perished.

In many of the events which chequer human life, we see the evil and never discover the existence of its concomitant advantage. We therefore naturally imagine that the former only has existence. This is, however, a fallacious mode of reasoning. Some of the readers of this paper may recollect the anecdote of the judge who was travelling through South Wales many years ago, when the conveyances were very irregular, and the roads rough and dangerous. His Lordship met with an accident on his journey, which, to his great concern, prevented him from proceeding. He had reason, however, to be very thankful for the misfortune, as it saved him from falling into the hands of persons who were stationed at a little distance in advance, to rob and murder him.

Not only does a small disappointment protect us sometimes from serious misfortune, but even the disappointment itself may often be converted into a source of pleasure.

One of our members, who, during the Christmas recess accepted an invitation from some friends who resided at a considerable distance, was rather unlucky in respect to the road, which, besides being very monotonous, presented for many miles, hardly a single object of interest. The weather too, was rather unfavourable; and he therefore anticipated a dull and tedious journey. He was, however, very soon agreeably undeceived. His fellow travellers turned out to be persons of much intelligence, and of agreeable manners. After a little conversation, it was proposed that there should be a regular debate, in which each person in his turn should take a part. The proposal was readily acceded to, and the necessary arrangements were made accordingly. One of the strangers, who was particularly eloquent, our friend afterwards found on inquiry to be an active member of a distinguished literary institution, and much accustomed to public speaking. A variety of interesting questions were successively discussed. Our travellers examined the popular speculations on political economy, and the baseless and idle reveries of phrenology. The character of the fair sex, which occasionally presents such striking contraries, was the topic on which the principal speakers appeared to the greatest advantage; and it may be interesting to our fair readers to hear, that in this party of the other sex, thrown accidentally together, the charms of personal appearance, however heightened by art, were acknowledged on all sides to be a very inadequate compensation where there was a want of a cultivated mind, or an amiable disposition. Our friend assures us, that the journey was finished before he was aware of the circumstance, and that so far from finding it tedious, as he had expected, he has seldom passed his time more agreeably.

Happiness, indeed, depends upon ourselves more than is generally imagined. Many a train of ideas, of a painful nature, might by a little exertion, have been easily displaced at their commencement by lively and agreeable reflections. Nothing is more absurd in many cases than the plea of constitutional melancholy. Where a person's conscience is at ease there is no reason that he should not preserve a decent cheerfulness under all circumstances. Goldsmith has, in his interesting story of the old Soldier, very ingeniously illustrated the maxim which I have placed, in his own words, at the head of this paper. If we give ourselves the trouble to look at the most favourable side of any situation in which we happen to be placed, we shall find that how disastrous soever it may at first appear, it is never without sources of consolation.

I might add something respecting the value of religious impressions in enabling us to support ourselves under affliction; but the subject is so vulgar and unfashionable that a man of spirit would rather endure any consequences than seek for consolation from such a source; like poor Chatterton, in whom the aberrations as well as the splendour of genius were so strikingly exhibited, who, though he had not tasted food for nearly three days, and was upon the verge of starvation, declined a pressing invitation to dinner, under the apprehension that, if his circumstances should chance to be known, he might, by accepting it, be considered as making some sacrifice of his independence. Readers of this temper will not perhaps, think any better

of our speculations when they are told that the consoling power of religious principles is a frequent and favourite topic of consolation at the Club. The President, of whose piety we have before had occasion to speak, takes a peculiar pleasure in dwelling upon this subject. His habitually deliberate and measured expression, insensibly gives place, at such times, to a warm and impassioned method of speaking; and he is never so far from being tiresome as when expatiating on those serious and awful themes, which, as they are commonly treated of in conversation, generally serve no other purpose but to increase the number of human calamities, by wasting the time, and exhausting the patience of those to whom the cold and insipid commonplace is addressed.

C. L.

P. S. The letter of Mr. Job Peaceful is under consideration. All communications intended for the Club should be addressed to Mr. M. Medium, the Secretary, at the Iris Office.

THE SEASONS.

Sweet smiling Spring, thou com'st to bring,
Those joys which sweetly charm us;
And Phebus rays again displays,—
To sooth, and cheer, and warm us.

The chilling blast is almost past,
Cold Winter's fast receding;
And shady bow'r and fragrant flow'r,
Our fancy sees succeeding.

In lively green the fields are seen,
True emblems of life's pleasure;
And budding trees and gentle breeze,
Beguile our hours of leisure.

Sweet season thou dost overflow,
With joys for ev'ry creature;
And cold to thee that heart must be,
Which shows a frowning feature.

The warblers sweet which oft repeat,
Their charming notes in Summer;
With lively joy their powers employ,
To hail thee cheerful-come.

O, gentle Spring, could she but sing,
My muse would tell thy beauties;
But she must now proceed to show,
(Which warns me of my duties.)

How seasons roll—without control;
Vain Man! see thy ambition!
How soon life's bloom's immers'd in gloom,
And think of thy condition!

First comes the Spring on joyous wing,
And blossoms young smell sweetly;
While all things grand the thoughts expand,
And captivate completely.

Then Summer strews refreshing dews,
And all is fresh and bloomy;
Rich scenes adorn each rising morn,
No part of Nature's gloomy.

The orb of day, with brilliant ray,
Shows nature in her grandeur;
Refulgent beams, o'er nature stream,
And clouds of morning squander.

The fruitful trees all blooming, please,
No bolts'rons winds to shake 'em;
Serenely fine, no frosts incline,
From chemic course to wake 'em.

Sublimely drest, from east to west,
Revolves the orb of splendour;
And makes us stray where zephyrs play,
And crystal streams meander.

Man's hope and dream from nature seem,
On every side now flowing;
And joys of life supremely ripe,
And ecstacy bright glowing.

But as the tomb fades all our bloom,
However sweet or pretty;
So Autumn comes and slightly numbs,
While we, admiring,—pity.

The blooming flower and rosy bower,
Must fade and fall together;
They sweetly shine while all is fine,
But fly the changing weather.

Orchard and field their produce yield,
And harvest is quite ready;
Whilst mist and cloud, the morn enshroud,
Though eve is calm and steady.

The sinking Sun when he has run,
The course which was intended;
By nature's laws completely draws,
An emblem of time ended.

The herbs and trees now feel the breeze,
Which robs them of their grandeur;
Whilst every gale makes bare the vale,
And leaves, like outcasts, wander.

The Sun, sometimes, bursts out and shines,
And nature then looks bloomy;
As oft the face shows every grace,
When all within is gloomy.

Stern Winter comes and all benumbs!
Nor tree remains to please us;
Keen frost attends the glooms he sends,
And every river freezes.

Within the cot, far-far'd or not,
Man tunes his favourite lyre;
Whilst'er descends, the chosen friends,
Sit happy round the fire.

But, hark! without, old Winter's rout,
Are in their fury clashing;
The pebbly shore is calm no more,
Wild waves each other, dashing.

Now looks the eye up to the sky,
But mists and clouds hang round it;
The whole is clad in vesture sad,
No charming scenes surround it.

Though Winter blows, his power shows,
And sways his sceptre keenly;
Yet lovely spring, on spreading wing,
Views all again serenely.

In life she reigns, and keenest pains
Of pale despair soon vanish;
The heart receives, like budding leaves,
Sweet beams which sorrows banish.

Just like the flower within the bower,
Man blooms and fades no weather;
But in his prime, he fades from time,—
Death withers all together!

O, happy ye who live to see,
When this frail life is ended;
That vernal bloom o'er which a gloom,
Can never be impended.

Leeds, Feb. 8, 1823.

E. E.

MY SPORTING-BOX.

(Concluded from our last.)

I now turned my thoughts entirely to the shooting, and determined upon losing no time in ascertaining my confines, and exercising my pointers. My heart misgave me even before the commencement of my pilgrimage, for, when I desired Friday to supply his pockets with a day's provision, he appeared not to understand me; and, upon farther explanation, assured me that there was no sort of danger of our returning too late for luncheon—a reply which, as may be supposed, gave me no very favourable idea of the extent of my dominions. I was likewise considerably daunted by the sight of a very tremendous whip with which Friday had found it necessary to provide himself, which led me to believe that my dogs were rather suspicious characters, and not quite so well educated as they ought to have been. But I said nothing, and determined to trust to nothing but my own observations, for Friday had evidently a hankering kindness for his old master, (with whom, perhaps, he had the promise of being re-established whenever it should please God to make me sick of my bargain,) and seemed totally unwilling to be called in evidence against any little accidental misrepresentations which might have a chance of passing with me.

The region about my chateau de chasse was composed chiefly of rushes and red clay, with, here and there, an interesting variety of swamp, occasionally ornamented with a straggling alder, or stunted willow-tree. The first step I placed upon it was quite sufficient to establish its reputation for wild ducks, for I marched "into the bowels of the land" nearly up to those of a person for whose comfort and costume I have a very high respect. Friday very obligingly helped me out, and kindly advised me to mind where I stepped, or I should certainly get wet and take an ague, for which the marsh was scarcely less celebrated than it was for the ducks. My course was more cautiously regulated, and we marched steadily onward for about half a mile, to the tune of a long story respecting Friday's late master and a certain marvellous wild goose, when our

cars were suddenly arrested by a duet on the part of Dido and Ponto, or rather by a simultaneous bravura, which was instigated by an animal of the very species which had been occupying our conversation—save and except that he was not wild—I can safely affirm that I never before saw a respectable gander in such peril.—Ponto had fairly snapped out his tail, and, as he rose in loud expostulation to quit the marsh, Dido made a jump at his long legs, which had well-nigh proved mortal. The sagacious bird seemed to be perfectly aware of this, and increased his altitude to about six feet, which was just high enough for his personal preservation, and just low enough to tempt his assailants to the pursuit which lasted to the next farm-house, (a distance of about a quarter of a mile,) each stretching out its neck to the utmost extent, and apparently using its voice for the purpose of cursing its carcass which could not follow with greater expedition. Friday seemed to undergo considerable perturbation at this little incident. He whistled till he was black in the face, and cracked his whip till he wore out the lash; but Ponto and Dido did not find it convenient to pay him the smallest attention, and continued the sport till dogs and goose were no longer visible. Friday saw my look of astonished enquiry, and hastened to reply to it. It was, he confessed, very extraordinary behaviour for such well-bred dogs, but they wanted practice, and he had no doubt that a few lessons with the whip would make them all-accomplished; in the course of which assurance, he mentioned incidentally that they were two of the best rat-catchers in the country—a branch of the canine profession for which I began to think them peculiarly qualified.

We pursued our pilgrimage for about three miles, through the same delightful interchange of scenery which I have already described, and without any particular event or moving accident, excepting now and then the injudicious deposition of my foot in some meandering mineral stream, which crawled like a reptile across our path, all glittering in its green and yellow filth, and seemed prepared to fly in the face of all improvident travellers.—Friday continued to enliven the walk by expatiating on the sport which this morass would afford me, till we arrived where it was terminated by the turnpike-road, by which he proposed our return home. I bade him be under no alarm lest I should knock up, for I was, in fact, a very excellent walker, and intended, before I returned, to explore the partridge-ground. Friday looked rather daunted as so pointed to the quagmire, and informed me that we had already explored it.—“What,” said I, “would you make me believe that the partridge is an aquatic bird? nothing but ducks and geese could live here! where are the three turnip-fields, and the thirteen covies?” Friday pointed to them on the brow of a hill which ascended at a short distance from the borders of the bog, and I immediately began striding off for a nearer inspection of them.—“I beg pardon, Sir,” said Friday, “but we must not go there.”—“Not go! and why not?”—“Because, Sir, you have not got leave.”—“You rogue, do I not pay for it?”—“No, Sir—only for the ground I have shown you.—Those fields belong to Mr. L.—, and he is a very particular gentleman.” At this information Friday observed my choler rising to a very alarming degree, and did not, as I thought, anticipate any very abundant pleasure from the conversation which was likely to ensue. The result of it went to prove, that the “manor, well stocked with game” which had seduced me from the purlieus of the metropolis, consisted of the bog, and the bog for *as*. That the three turnip-fields, with sandy coppices and stubbles of various descriptions, belonged to Mr. L.—, who had been some time abroad, and had bequeathed the deputation to my landlord. That Mr. L.— had at length returned to repose his own, which occasioned the advertisement of the “elegant cottage,” and the departure of my said landlord to more auspicious regions.

It was some time before I had sufficient command of myself to trust my voice. This it is, I thought, to run away from one's business, in the vain-glorious pursuit of distinctions beyond one's attainment! How could such an arrant cockney expect to deal with an experienced sportsman without being humbled in spirit, and reined in reputation. My chief difficulty was how to support myself under the ridicule of my wife, and

the friends whose predictions were in such a fair way of fulfilment. My sporting-box would form a tale which would outlive my epitaph. The only expedient I could devise was to confine my calamities to my own breast. To reprove the friends who lay under sentence of sporting with me on the first of September, and to persuade my wife that it was a bad breeding season, and totally unproductive of birds. The thought in some degree patched up my wounded pride, but the wound in my expectations was incurable.—“Friday,” I said, “do you know any one who wants to purchase a fowling-piece, and a brace of thorough-bred dogs?” Friday still persisted that I should have occasion for them myself, for, that in the heat of the day when Mr. L.— was firing in the turnip-fields, the birds would fly directly for refuge into my “well-stocked manor,” which would sometimes give me three or four shots a-day—and then the winter-shooting! The snipes and the ducks! Friday was an able orator, and used the gift to the best of his ability, whilst I was a disappointed and desponding man, and felt anxious to be reassured. Under these circumstances I suffered myself to be persuaded that things were not quite so bad—walked home as patiently as circumstances would permit—assisted in the castigation of my dogs who had preceded me in my arrival—and met my wife with something like a smile of complacency.

It would be endless to narrate with what alternate hope and despondency I completed my preparations for the first of September. The obagrin which I felt on the sham illness which excused me from the visits of my friends; the exultation with which I inflicted a mortal wound upon the partridge I had chalked against the garden-gate; the dismay with which I contemplated the capacious game-bag which my wife had taken care to provide; and the comfort which I derived from the reflection that fishing was, after all, but a mawkish amusement, and not to be compared with shooting,—all these sensations served to keep me in a continual ferment, till the arrival of the day of slaughter.

It was my intention, when I entered upon this dolorous history, to give a circumstantial detail of the occurrences of this grand epoch of my life, which placed the first of September in the front-rank of days, and made it co-equal with those famous grenadiers, the first of August and the eighteenth of June, who gained so much renown at the Nile and Waterloo. My limits, however, are already overstepped, and I must, perforce spare the feelings of the reader and my own. I will only say, that, during the last night of August, like that which preceded my invasion of the river Mud, my nerves were in a state of considerable irritation. Every attempt which my eyes made to close, and my senses to reel, was disturbed by the buzzing up of a partridge under my nose; and on every such occasion I was startled into a feverish sense of existence by the electric report of my gun. I was in the field two hours before daylight,—took my station in the middle of the bog, to watch Mr. L.'s turnip-fields, and did not return till after sunset. My wife rushed into my arms, to congratulate me on my safety,—the game-bag was unbuckled from my shoulders and examined;—and, oh, ye Gods! what was the result? An empty bottle, the remainder of a half quarter loaf, and the nibbled fragments of a Dutch cheese! What! not one bird! Not a feather,—by all the Gods and Demi-gods, from Jove to the Lord Mayor! The wind had been in an unfavourable quarter, and Mr. L.'s birds had flown the wrong way.

My wife did not upbraid me—she did not ridicule me—she was all kindness and consolation—she told me the best of sportsmen would sometimes have blank days, and bade me be of good cheer, for it happened very luckily, since I had been unsuccessful, that she had just received a very fine bird from London. The vixen!—The cold-blooded insulter of her liege lord! Reader, what bird dost thou think it was? It was the magpie!—The never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated magpie, stuffed and stuck upon the chimney-piece, and looking as vivacious as on the day from which I date my calamities.

This was the most crying shame of all;—I would have been angry, but I found that justice, as usual, had sided with the opposite party, and I knew that any complaint would be answered by an enquiry respecting the divine right of man to transport a poor forlorn

woman into a wilderness, and expose her to all the horrors of solitude and starvation. All that I had to do, therefore, was to acquiesce in the opprobrium which was heaped upon me through the medium of *epicure* glances and meek congratulations, and to humble myself like a truly repentant sinner.

Days and weeks passed away, and still the rising sun found me upon the large flat stone in the morass, gazing wistfully upon L.'s turnips; but never did the rising moon behold a bird in my bag. The new year came, and still I was as constant to my watch as a broker upon 'Change, or a beggar upon his walk,—but still my game-book exhibited nothing but ciphers. I mean this, however, merely with respect to act of parliament game, for my evil genius knew his trade too well to leave me wholly without encouragement, and led me on from month to month with petty successes, which were few and far apart, till all remedy, in the way of a fresh shade for the sporting season, was too late. Thus, on the 10th of September I administered a few grains of patent shot to an owl, which was sorely troubled with the whooping-cough, and broke in upon the nocturnal harmonies of Dido and Ponto. On the 15th of the following month I inflicted condign punishment upon “two covies,” who were keeping the passover upon a lamb which had been mired in the bog. And on the 5th of November, I particularly distinguished myself, in conjunction with certain bloody-minded boys, in the pursuit of a family of squirrels, who had made a lodgment in a row of chestnut-trees hard by. They afforded excellent sport, and

“Ere a blow was struck,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear;”

for I converted his skin into a parrer, of which the teeth form the clasp, and the tail the tassel. The 17th of December, however, was the most eventful day of my sporting annals, for as Friday and I were sitting, as usual, upon the large flat stone, just about day-break, our attention was arrested by the approach of a most enormous bird, which appeared to be of the *Rock* species—better known, perhaps, to the readers of *Fairy Tales* than the sportsman, or the student of natural history. Such a dish, I thought, never administered to the cravings of an alderman, or flourished at a coronation feast. He spread his broad sails directly over my head, at the distance of about twenty paces, and I placed my finger upon the fatal trigger. The report was like a clap of Jove's thunder,—and he fell like a Titan. In my haste to secure my prize I had well nigh encountered the fate of Lord Ravenswood in the Kelpie-flow. I was, however, only up to the neck, and by dint of a persevering grasp on the bird's windpipe on my right, and the notable exertions of Friday on my left, I emerged without injury. Neither I nor my keeper could divine the species, but we both agreed that it was

“*Rara avis in terris, nigroque similis cygno.*”

It was, indeed, very like a swan; but, of course, it must be something else, for to kill a Thames swan, I had heard, was transportation, and that I should do any thing worthy of such a catastrophe was out of the nature of things. My wife, however, was seriously alarmed, and advised me to call in one or two of our neighbours, who were versed in such matters, to hold an inquest upon the body. One gentleman, who was the oracle of the rest, and known to be infallible, made his appearance with a volume of Buffon under his arm, and assured me that he would at first sight prove fully to my satisfaction, whether the bird was a goose or a swan; or, in other words, whether I was to pass the next seven years at home or in New South Wales. The corpse was laid out upon the dining-table, and the men of science commenced their enquiry. It was measured from head to tail, and from wing to wing, and turned from back to belly, a dozen times—opinions varied, and Buffon was called in as umpire, when the foreman gave his firm decision that the defunct was neither a goose,—nor a hooper,—nor a Muscovy duck,—nor any other bird in the creation, than a *tame swan*, and moreover, a *king's* swan, which was made manifest by the royal mark upon his beak. I was advised to akin and devour it without delay, as there was every likelihood of my castle being subject to the investigation of a search-warrant, which might be productive of much

inconvenience. But my appetite was gone, and as soon as the inquisitors had departed, I gave Friday a guinea to keep the secret—took a spade from the tool-house,—laid the royal victim, without tomb-stone or elegy, in a corner of the kitchen garden, and dreamt of Botany-Bay and the Tread-mill for a month after.

At last one day, as Friday and I were on the old station, and agreeing, for the twenty thousandth time, that it was very odd, the waters began to rise around me, and place me very much in the predicament of the famous king Canute. The sight verily rejoiced the heart of Friday as much as it dismayed that of his master. The river, he said, had swollen, and the country would be overflowed, and then there would be an influx of snipes and ducks, such as was never known. The snipes would be found on the islets, and the ducks would be swimming round them.

Alas! that ever I should live to say that I have seen as much as Noah! I saw the last spot of land swallowed up in the bosom of the waters, and I saw my abode insulated within a space which gave it all the horrors of an ark. Where now are the snipes to be found? On the islets!—Woe is me, there is not such a thing to be seen within five miles! But the ducks!—True; I can shoot them from my parlour window—when they come.

I went out in the punt every night for the first week of the flood, to take my position under the old oak-tree, from which my wondrous landlord massacred the sixteen ducks,—but none of their brethren ever came to enquire after them during my vigils. If any one is inclined to find fault with the shortness of their duration, I would only invite him to watch one night for about six hours, as I have done, with no comfort but an east wind and a sleet storm.—I have rubbed my frozen fingers till the skin has peeled off like that of a boiled potatoe; and I have stamped against the bottom of the punt till I have well nigh kicked it out, and committed myself and gamekeeper to the mercy of the midnight elements. Sometimes I have climbed the old oak, and lain *perdu* as cautious as king Charles,—and sometimes I have waded up to the waistband, more fearless than the Old Man of the Sea. I will ask all the sportsmen that ever died of a sore throat, or a broken bone, what mortal could do more;—yet I failed—I never shot a duck.

As all, or nearly all, of the foregoing narrative is written, like Cæsar's Commentaries, in the *past tense*, the reader will naturally conclude that my griefs are over. It concerns me exceedingly to contradict him. At this present writing Friday is punting himself to the village (in which the houses look less like houses than rocks in a rapid river), for our daily bread. The few trees which enrich my prospect are every moment growing shorter, and the retiring hedge-rows, like experienced lawyers, seemed determined to confound the property of all the farmers in the neighbourhood. In the midst of this external desolation, I am threatened with destruction from within,—for a land-spring has burst in the cellar, and advances every hour a step nearer to the kitchen, from whence it will, no doubt, be promoted to the parlour where I am sitting, in which it will probably take permanent lodgings. If it were not for this memoir, which has occasionally given me something to think of, I verily believe that the next dead shot I should make would be myself. I expected that all my time would be taken up by sporting, and all my wife's by witnessing my skill; consequently, I have no books, but the "Art of Shooting Flying," and no music but the howling of my dogs.—I dare not look out of the window for horror,—I dare not turn to my wife for shame,—and I dare not sit in the chimney-corner for the magpie;—what will become of me, now my paper is finished, I know not. I will subjoin a couple of advertisements, and trust in Providence.

TO SPORTSMEN.

TO be disposed of, considerably under prime cost, the entire equipment of a sportsman, retiring from the field; consisting of a celebrated gun, and brace of bran new pointers, which have never been used; also, of every engine for the capture or destruction of every species of game, wild-fowl, or vermin; likewise, of a variety of mau-traps and spring-guns, for the detection or annihilation of poachers; likewise, a punt, and couple of decoy-ducks in excellent voice; likewise, a considerable store of ammunition of all sorts; and lastly, the most complete collection of fishing-nets, hooks, flies, and rods, that ever were submitted to the public. Should any gentleman have taken a fancy, from the foregoing account, to

the advertiser's Sporting Box, he has no objection to under let it for the remaining six months of his lease, which would give the tenant the benefit of the floods, and likewise of all the spring fishing in the river Mad.

WANTS A PLACE,

AS Gamekeeper, a Young Man, who thoroughly understands his business, and can have an undeniable character from his present master, who only parts with him because he has no farther service for him. As a preserver of game, inspector of fisheries, and breaker of dogs, he is perfectly unrivalled, having lately had large concerns of this nature on his hands. Wages not so much his object, as a place, the advertiser having a particular objection to working upon the roads.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I met with the following interesting little story some time ago amongst a collection of short pieces, bound up with a Pocket Almanack which is published annually in Paris, entitled "*Almanach des Dames*."—It is the production of a Lady. The reading of it gave me so much pleasure, that I attempted a translation, which I venture to send you. It falls far short of the original, but, nevertheless, I trust that your readers will discover some traces of the simplicity and pathos that run through it, and, like me, when they have read it, regret that it is ended.

Feb. 17, 1823.

KYRLE.

THE RETURN.

After an absence of seven years, young Herbert the joiner, was on his road returning to the little town in which he was born. It was his last day's journey; it was not far from noon, and he had yet eight leagues to walk; he had just been taking a frugal repast in a small village, and was resting himself under an osier in a meadow hard by the high-road, to recruit his strength a little. He mused as he sat, on the happiness he should soon enjoy in seeing his relations and friends again, and the tears escaped involuntarily from his eyes; a thousand sweet recollections occupied his soul, and awakened in it a train of peculiar emotions. The season added still further to his sadness; it was the end of Autumn; a cold damp wind blew from the west, and the vapour of his breath had already assumed a visible form. The sky was cloudy, which gave to the picture of destruction and death that the landscape around him presented, a still more gloomy appearance; the corn-fields presented nothing but a dried stubble—the meadows a yellow withered verdure bestrewn with a few solitary colchicums; the woods were becoming transparent; the fruit trees stripped of their fruit let fall their brown leaves one after another; every now and then from the osier under which the young man was seated, leaves of a pale yellow were detached, which, after having been blown about by the wind, fell twirling round into a brook near him: the monotonous gryllus* chirped his farewell; and the sparrow and the wren hopped backwards and forwards through the leafless hedges.

Thus every thing contributed to augment Herbert's pensiveness, but especially the thoughts he cast upon the years that had passed, which had glided by like a dream that leaves scarcely any impression. When we feel sad in reflecting on past time, it does not always imply that it has been ill employed, and that there is cause for repentance, at least it was not so with the young workman, Herbert; this excellent young man had remained faithful to the virtuous precepts he had received in his childhood, from his good, though simple parents; his heart was still innocent and pure; none of the masters for whom he had worked had witnessed his departure without regret; he had always shewn so much fidelity—so much assiduity—so much skill:—he manifested so great an interest in every thing relative to the family—he was so mild—so complaisant, that he was always treated more like a brother, or a son, than a servant. Nor when we think on the time already flown by, with regret, does it always imply that we have an afflicting future before us. This same Time, which has marked our career, which has been a witness of all the changes that have taken place in our sentiments, in our habits, we are accustomed to look upon as a part of ourselves, and we do not separate from it without painful feelings; our heart is oppressed—we are dejected as we contemplate the past, as with the recollection of a friend who was dear to us, and whom we shall never see again. Sometimes

* An insect of the cricket kind.

we wish to recal some of these hours, and stamp them permanently upon our minds; we regret even our tempestuous days: at other times we seem to be upon the brink of an abyss, into which we have let fall something very precious, and highly prized; we look wistfully some time towards the bottom, where a pitchy darkness reigns, and it is not without a kind of combat with ourselves, that we leave the spot and proceed on our journey; we often turn our head towards the place where that we so much regret is buried for ever. Not much short of this state was the mind of our young traveller when he reflected upon his life. He recalled, as it might be yesterday, the moment of his departure from his paternal roof; he still saw his good mother's tender and anxious activity;—all the little things she had got ready,—and the tears that ran down her cheeks as she made up his portmanteau, into which she kept putting something more;—and the serious and concerned air his father wore;—and the sadness he felt from the joyful caresses of the dog, which, poor thing, did not foresee his departure;—he recalled even the crackling of the kitchen fire, by which he had supped for the last time with his dear parents—even the little dish that constituted the supper, and which was hardly touched;—he recalled also the sound exhortations of his virtuous father, and his mother's fears at the dangers he might meet with.

These recollections recalled to his mind by turns the different places through which he had travelled,—the towns in which he had made a stay, the impression made upon him by the physiognomy of strangers, and whatever he had seen or heard for the first time; he mused on the delights he had experienced, and the troubles he had undergone in his travels alone or in company—he thought of his friends—his fellow-workmen—the trade he followed—how many beds for newly married couples he had made;—how many cradles—how many coffins had gone through his hands.

After half an hour's repose, spent in vague reveries, he drew from his pocket his mother's last letter, which he had received about six weeks before, and which contained the order for his return: he had already read it more than once; but the course of his reflections gave him a desire to read it again:—It ran exactly as follows:—

"MY VERY DEAR SON,

"I begin by thanking the Almighty for having blessed you with health and strength; you will now be able to undertake the longed-for journey which is to bring you to your paternal roof; your father is anxious that you should be with us in two months at the farthest, we can no longer do without you, I am very much aged, and you'll scarcely know me; I begin to stoop, all my gowns are now too long for me; the old mantua-maker, Marianne, whom you surely have not forgotten, and who begs to be remembered, is busy altering those I mean to wear. I have put on one side all my best to give to your wife; it is to be married that we wish you to come home, and the sooner the better. Your father gets old and infirm, he can no longer use the plane or saw as he used to do; he has frequent attacks of rheumatism, and is very dull of hearing. You know there are always numbers of envious persons, who watch for an opportunity of taking their neighbour's custom; you must come then: your father will give his workshop up to you, you shall take a wife, and we will retire from business; please God you will not want work. A good old nobleman, who knew your father in his youth, is come to settle here; yesterday he came to the shop, and talked a long time with him: he is quite grey, and is so kind—so affable! one would not think he was so very rich, but he is, and wishes us well. He has a grand-daughter who is to be married next spring; he wishes us to make the marriage bed, and all the furniture, that is to say, you; for as he ordered each thing, as your father did not well hear what he said, I always went towards him, and said, making a curtesy, O yes, sure, Sir, our Henry will do that wonderfully well. He laughed, and said, I intend to furnish my town-house also; your son, good mother, shall make every article, and at last my coffin. I could not refrain from weeping as I listened to this worthy man, though I think, sure enough, your father and myself will die before him; but this is a very good beginning. With respect to your wife, we have cast our eye for you on a decent

and very pretty girl, who has some little money, and is very economical. You shall marry her, if she pleases you, but I am sure she will please you; and as to her, she'll have some difficulty to find a husband with as much good sense, and as good-looking as my Henry, though I say it. She has lost her mother, and will love me no less for it; she lives with her father, a good and respectable old man, with whom we have already spoken of the matter, and who, from hearing us say what we have of you, is very willing to have you for his son-in-law; you do not know him;—it is not above four years since he came, quite a stranger, to settle in a village two leagues hence; as soon as you are come, we'll go and see them—some Sunday. We are very great friends, and are distantly related—his great-aunt married my grand-father's brother-in-law; I am sure you'll find your great-cousin quite to your mind. She is not a coarse-looking girl; her cheeks are red and white like the bloom of the apple-tree, and her eyes as sparkling as two stars; I assure you she is very pretty, and already with a light I see her decked in the bridal gown, and the wreath of flowers on her head. Only marry her, my son, and you will be happy; I was not half so good-looking as she, and nevertheless your father took me with pleasure, and has not repented of it; as to the rest it will be as God pleases, but I have fixed my mind on this marriage.

"Your father earnestly wishes you to return; if our Henry was only here! he says every day. Dear child, come to us again, you will be our consolation and prop in old age; and God, who has hitherto protected us, will grant me the happiness of rocking your little ones yet: may he bring you back to our arms!—and soon! We pray for you night and morning."

"Your affectionate Mother,

"MARY HERBERT."

With an air of concern, Herbert folded up the letter, put it into his pocket, shook his head, and got up; and resuming his journey, he went some leagues reflecting on the latter part of it. The idea of a handsome young girl should not be painful to a young man who has thoughts of being married, however, notwithstanding the good opinion he had of his mother's intentions, he had some doubt of her judgment in beauty; he thought that a woman, even a mother, was not always the best judge of what will please a man; in the course of his travels, he had seen so many examples of ill-matched unions—of husbands and wives miserable in consequence of their taste not having been consulted, that he had formed the resolution of choosing his companion himself, and of consulting his inclination alone; he thought that this project would thwart his parents' views, and place him with regard to them in a very painful situation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. EDITOR,—From the effect I have always observed, on reading the following Anecdote to different companies of females, and the approbation they have uniformly expressed of the denouement, or catastrophe, of the narrative, I am persuaded that you cannot afford a higher or better treat to your readers in general, but more particularly and essentially, to the female part, who have it so much in their power to contribute to the happiness of society at large, than by giving it an early and very conspicuous place in your admirable miscellany. Your's faithfully,

February, 1823. S. X.

ANECDOTE

Of the late Rev. Samuel Ayscough, many years Assistant Librarian in the British Museum.*

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering Angel thou!

One day, according to the rules of his office, Mr. Ayscough attended, through that grand national magazine of curiosities, a party of

*It may be useful to remark that the mode of admission into the British Museum, was formerly on a quite different system from what it now is. The mode formerly was, to leave your

ladies and one gentleman; all of whom, except one of the ladies, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw; and really would have been so, if this "uncertain, coy," and capricious fair-one had not continually damped gratification, with such exclamations as these:—"Oh! trumpery! come along:—Lord, I see nothing worth looking at."

This lady, being the handsomest of the group, Mr. Ayscough, who, although an old bachelor, was always a great admirer of personal beauty, at first attached himself to her, as his temporary favourite; but he soon had reason to transfer his particular attentions to another of the party, less handsome, indeed, but far more amiable.—On her continuing a similar strain of exclamations, uttered with correspondent looks and supercilious demeanour, he turned towards her, and said,—“My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London!” And then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party. So much influence, however, she had over her companions, that, beaten as the round was to Mr. Ayscough, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind, or convenient to the state and ponderosity of his body.—Whilst in the last room, just before he made his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him, he smilingly said,—“Why, what a cross little puss you are! nothing pleases you! Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things, brought, at a vast expense, from all parts of the world; and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think that, with these airs, that pretty face of yours will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret that I am still on old bachelor: for I see so many charming, good-tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I cannot fall in love with you; and I'll honestly tell you, I shall sincerely pity the man that does; for I'm sure you'll plague him out of his life.”

During this singular valedictory speech, delivered with such good-humoured pleasantry, that even the reproved could not take offence at it, the gentleman who was also of the party, looked now at the speaker, and then at the lady, with considerable emotion, but said nothing: whilst she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine pair of dark eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then, with her friends, (who cordially wished their candid and pleasant Ciceroni a good morning,) withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, Mr. Ayscough was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived, according to his wonted custom, (as a sailor

name and place of residence with the porter, at the gate of the Museum, who told you when you were to call again for a ticket of admission, specifying the day and hour, when you would have an opportunity of joining a party, and of being accompanied by one of the Librarian's, through the different rooms of that extensive and splendid collection of antiquities, books, and natural curiosities.

The regulations since adopted, with respect to the admission of visitors to view the Museum, are entirely changed, and changed, too, for the better. All the open parts of the Museum may be seen between the hours of two and four, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, (Christmas week, Easter week, and Whit-un week excepted, and the months of August and September,) simply on the visitor's entering his name and place of abode, in a book kept for that purpose, and no other application or form is now requisite.

would say,) soon to near her.—Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a variety of questions; and most willingly,

“He taught his lovely fair-one all he knew:”

whilst, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities, which they would otherwise have passed by unnoticed. In short, as good old Bishop Rundle says,—she “being disposed to be pleased with every thing, every thing conspired to please her.” Nor was less pleased her worthy and benevolent guide: who, whilst she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating, not only the charms of her person, but also and principally, the superior beauties of her mind.—At length, “the wonders ended,” he was about to make his bow, when the fascinating fair-one, with an arch smile, (looking him somewhat askew in the face,) asked him, whether he remembered her? “No, Ma'am,” said he, “but I shall not easily or soon forget you.”—Then linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked, in the same engaging manner, whether he remembered him? To which Mr. Ayscough replied, he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before.—“Now, Sir,” said she, “don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing, and displeased with every thing, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill-temper?”—“Yes, Ma'am, I do.” Well, Sir; I am that lady; or, I should rather say, I was that lady: for you have been the means, in the hands of divine providence, of making me a totally different being from what I then was; and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself, and was of far more use than all that had been done before, in correcting a spoiled temper. After we had left the Museum, (continued she,) “Good God!” said I to myself, “if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends; especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me?”—You asked me, Sir, if I ever expected to get a husband;—I then had one—this gentleman—who, you may recollect, was present at your just and well-merited reproof; “he spoke not, but earnestly gazed on his bride;” and I dare say he will now join with me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and so successfully.”

The husband then most cordially repeated his acknowledgments to Mr. Ayscough, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity; “a felicity,” said he, “which, should any thing lead you, Sir, into our neighbourhood, you will equally gratify both myself and my wife, if you will call and witness.”—Then leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Mr. Ayscough by the hand, they took their departure.

Here, surely, was an heroic triumph over temper; and, as the wise king observes, greater does this sensible and ingenuous woman appear, in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city.

TO ———.

Thou charming maid, oft I survey
The sweetness that adorns thy face!—
And scarce can wrest my eyes away,
From such soul-captivating grace.

When first my eyes those charms beheld,
That lovely and attracting mein,
My heart with strange emotions fill'd,
Though erst from love estrang'd I'd been.

I felt (what I ne'er felt before)
A sweet delight within me glow;
I priz'd (and hop'd to prize still more)
Thee, as my only bliss below.

Thou source of all my earthly joy,
O grant me one expressive smile!
(Benignity without alloy.)
Twill all my tedious hours beguile.

Possess'd of thee, in bliss supreme,
Shall days and years glide sweet away;
And love and joy be all my theme,
From morning till the close of day!

Leeds, Feb. 7, 1823.

JUVENIS.

LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF CELIN.

(From Ancient Spanish Ballads, &c.)

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barr'd,
At twilight at the Vega gate there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
"What low'st thou fall'n, what star is set, what chief come these
bewailing?"—

"A tower is fall'n, a star is set. Alas! alas for Celin!"—

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the
doors they throw;

Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they muster stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery. "Alas! alas for Celin!"—

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood,
Twice at the solemn jousting, around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies bright and fair
Look'd from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing,
For he was Granada's darling knight. "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread most pitiful to view!
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapp'd in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless be-
wailing,

And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of old Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnish'd mail,
And evermore the hoarse tambour beats in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"—

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the Moor stands at his
door,

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore—
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they
strew,

Upon their broider'd garments of crimson, green, and blue—
Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the loud
bewailing,

From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people
cry;

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye. [ago;
"Was she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed him long
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall
know.

With one deep shriek she through doth break, when her ears
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas for Celin!"

ON TASTE, GENIUS, and CRITICISM.

"—There is nothing so certain we take it, as that those
who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of
genius, are the least touched with its beauties."—*Edin. Rev.*

Some of our modern literati declaim lustily on the
inferiority of the present race of mankind, with regard
to works of genius, when contrasted with the superior
fact of our forefathers. They are ever harping on that
old adage,—that 'whatever is good, must derive its
name from the ancients,'—implying a sort of sanctity
to their productions, which the geniuses of our times,
have hardly power to imitate. They further tell us, that
the world of letters is rapidly on the decline, and fast
degenerating from the purity and simplicity of the
"olden time."—that we substitute imitation for inven-
tion, and prefer artificial refinement to natural elegance.
We can boast of none of that energy and force of intel-
lect, say our pseudo-critics, which is the very soul of
ancient writings,—our genius plays the fool, in endeav-
ouring to exhibit the sober characteristics of our pre-
decessors,—and in adopting their phraseology together
with their terse and unlaboured turns of expression, we
attain to nothing beyond a sarrago of extravagant and
wire-drawn sentiments.—

Allowing that there is a good deal of ill-nature, and
dissatisfaction interwoven with this rebuke, we cannot
positively deny its justness. For my own part, I am
fully persuaded, that there is either some radical imbe-

city in our genius now-a-days, or that the means used
in eliciting its powers are insufficient or absolutely
detrimental to a fair development of them. The pro-
ductions of modern pens, certainly do not possess that
vigorous and soul-stirring influence, which charac-
terizes the writings of those golden eras: they are too
speculative in the studied graces of art and address, the
understanding, rather than the passions. Every aber-
ration from nature may be said to advance one step to
deformity; consequently the more ornament that is
appended to beauty, the more it blurs simplicity, and
destroys excellence. It is upon this scale, I take it,
that ancient productions of intellect, are almost unex-
ceptionally superior to modern ones. Native delicacy
enriches and recommends the former, whilst the latter
only trust to artificial and fading colours.

Another striking feature in ancient works, both of
fancy and imagination, and which is paramount to all
the beauties of modern composition, is originality.—
With a firm and dignified, as well as a soft and harmo-
nious expression, our predeceutors scribes possessed a
rapid creative power,—a raciness of style which played
at once on the heart and understanding. There is a
freedom of thought, an extensive range of faculties
observable in their writings, which has not yet been
realized in modern productions. They placed a confi-
dence in their own powers, and therefore had less
recourse to imitation. A writer of the present day,
is deficient of this assurance, consequently when he
hazards an opinion, it is so stilly gilded with foreign
ornament, that its native force is totally lost. Such
is our inferiority in works of pure and legitimate
talent.

Nor can we boast of our taste; though acknowledged
to be more refined than that of our ancestors, it is in
fact perverted and seduced from its proper channel;
it wears a sort of tinsel here, which is easily rubbed off
and accommodated to the fluctuations of time and
fashion. A man now-a-days can hardly be said to have
a taste of his own. He suffers his judgment and opi-
nions to be guided by all sorts of chicanery,—no matter
how incongruous with reason and common sense.
Instead of thinking for himself, and drawing substantial
inferences on passing events, by the aid of his own
reason,—he absolutely buys his opinions, which are at
stated periods—weekly—monthly—and quarterly band-
ed to him.

As our taste is adulterated, so will our genius be
deprived of that scope, and full play of its powers which
is required to give force and brilliancy to its operations.
Besides, there is an unwarrantable restraint laid upon
our talent in the present day. It is too soon put out of
countenance by the sneers of ridicule, and too easily
disarmed of its self-confidence by the cavils of malign-
ity. A man cannot fly off in the random touches of
his imagination, or strike out his sparklings of wit,—
but he runs the risk of being scouted as loudish or non-
sensical:—if he has a turn for the discursive, and
ranges the fields of fancy and speculation, he is hunted
down by a sect of majestic, pragmatical censors, who
are indeed remarkable for nothing, save their puerile
and litigious humours.

Many ingenious and ostensible reasons have been
severally adduced for this degeneracy of modern
talent,—but I am persuaded that none will be found to
warrant such effects more certainly than the present
System of Reviewing. It is this which blights the
budding of genius, and chills the flush of aspiring
talent;—this which overawes the simplicity of nature,
and compels her to borrow forms less obtrusive, but
infinitely more disgusting.—It is to the taste of a few,
that a writer must now exercise his pen, or he seldom
fails to bring on himself the censure of the public at
large. Doubtless many men of rare talent have resigned
the offerings of fame, merely to avoid the jargon and
inveective of a feverish hyper-critic. There are few
works of the present day, which exhibit the effusions of
an unbiassed and impartial mind; but much less nume-
rous are those which display unbounded talent with a
fearlessness of derision.—Works of fancy and humour,
which are by far the most numerous productions of
modern pens, almost unexceptionably betray a mind
labouring under the fear of ridicule. There are, by the
bye, a few to be found who hold at defiance the menaces
of criticism, and in these few are strikingly illustrated
the increased power of the imagination, and the brighter

pointillations of fancy, when unshackled by despotic
tyranny.—These authors carry through their writings a
vein of originality, both in sentiment and expression—
they desert art to consult nature, and only make use of
the former, when it assists in showing the latter to
greater advantage.—Without confidence genius is
reduced to the level of ordinary capacity—its powers
are benumbed,—and instead of an imagination, fervid
and expressive, it displays a feeble and rapid influence.
The age which poured forth the happiest effusions of
genuine talent, was that in which criticism pointed out
the contrast between the realities of nature and her
imitations—not that lynx-eyed scrutiny, which is ever
on the alert to discover the imperfections of genius—
but that criticism where dispassionate survey gave
beauty to defect—and support to inaccuracy. When
criticism is fairly and impartially awarded to the pro-
ductions of the pen, it proves an honorable and useful
art, and is conducive to the best interests of an elegant
and polite literature: but when it is used as a pretext
for ushering into being a train of vituperative and scur-
rious jargon,—when genius is vilified, and its opera-
tions derogated through its medium—when it is used
as a cloak, under which private animosity seeks to
obtain redress, it then becomes highly reprehensible,
inasmuch as it discourages rising talent, and warps the
youthful aspirations of genius. I blush to say, that
much of the present system of Reviewing, is built on
this liberal principle. Every absurdity which a com-
pound of ignorance, ostentation, and stubbornness can
engender, is unblushingly exercised by the slave of
criticism, without regard for either private character,
or public welfare. Under such despotism it is a natu-
ral consequence that our talent should decline, and that
our national literature should dwindle to the lowest
state of dignity.—Ridicule is the poison which hangs
on the pen of criticism, and it is also the poison which
most easily benumbs the susceptibility of genius.

Leeds, Feb. 1823.

E.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ON THE BENEFITS, &c. DERIVED BY MAN- KIND FROM REPTILES, &c.

Some weeks ago I furnished an account of a sin-
gular method of preventing the depredations of Cater-
pillars; and at the same time promised a few observa-
tions on the injuries sustained by man from the crea-
tures by which he is surrounded.

Many insects, reptiles, birds, and beasts, are per-
secuted by the vulgar from a supposition that they are
injurious to man, which to closer observers of nature
are known to be his benefactors. The most useful in-
sect possessed by Britain is perhaps the Carrion Fly;
the Bee is not to be compared with it. To butchers
and housewives it is troublesome, but for its trifling
aggressions we are repaid a thousand fold. Dead
animals, &c. which are left exposed in summer, and
which are too large to be buried by beetles, are
speedily removed by these scavengers, and thus is
prevented the formation of that deadly miasma, which
but too often fills our houses with sickness and death.
The too great increase of these flies, as well as other
insects, is prevented by the Dragon Fly, and by rep-
tiles, and birds.—It is singular that many of our most
destructive insects and vermin have been originally im-
ported from hot countries, and that, not like the plants
of the tropics, their naturalization has been extremely
rapid. The Rat is a well known instance, and I fear
the Cockroach will speedily become as notorious. The
rapid increase of the Cockroach, its great voracity,
eating every thing that is ever eaten, together with its
disgusting appearance, render it in some houses more
obnoxious than any other vermin. And but for its
fondness for damp and warm situations, which confines
it to kitchens and to the lower rooms of houses, it
would soon become worse than the plagues of Egypt.
It is mostly destroyed by Arsenic; but as there is
great danger attending the use of this, I should recom-
mend Quassia, which would perhaps have the
same effect on it as on house flies. Another trouble-
some insect, a native of warm countries, is the Peco-
ron, the different tribes of which are so destructive in
our gardens. The black kind is very ruinous to beans.
The green is much attached to rose trees. There are

of many other colours, brown, yellow, lead colour, and I believe underground species, as lettuces are frequently destroyed by a sort which surrounds their roots.—In the winged state the Puceron is often seen in our windows, in the form of a minute but elegant fly, with wings of extraordinary magnitude, many times the length of the body. In this state it is a most beautiful microscopic object. This insect has been represented as the principal food of the humming bird. We have to thank the botanists for its naturalization, happy could they have naturalized the birds which prey on it. What appears most singular is, that this insect seldom if ever attacks flowers, their fragrance is poison to it.—With such care has the Creator guarded the germ of plants! The ravages of the Puceron are best prevented by dusting the plants with air-slacked lime.

There are few Birds that are injurious to man. The Crow and Sparrow are perhaps benefactors. To the Swallow tribe we are under great obligations.

Amongst the Quadrupeds of our island, we may put down as enemies, Rats, Mice, Weasels, Hares, Rabbits, the Polecat, and the Fox; as the annihilation of which would be a benefit. Future legislators will endeavour to make a given space support the greatest number of men, compatible with the greatest sum of human happiness. It has been maintained by some naturalists, that no species of animal ever has, or ever will become extinct, and that the destruction of one link in the chain of being, would be fatal to the whole. I, however, can see no reason why we could not now dispense with many—and am of opinion that there have existed animals of which there is now none of their species remaining. The organic remains of remote ages is in favour of this opinion. The theories that have been invented to invalidate it, are too absurd to deserve serious consideration, such as supposing gigantic fossil bones to have grown in the earth, &c. In the early ages of the world, animals were not only longer lived, but larger; their longevity and their size answering to great numbers in our times. Doubtless all animals that are not particularly useful will sometime become extinct; the whole perhaps of the carnivorous kinds, except those which have been domesticated. The rapid civilization, and the numerical increase of man, seem to require this dispensation.

Pendleton, Feb. 12, 1823.

A FRIEND.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 59, by Mr. John Hill.

Let $a = 12$ the semi-diameter of the sphere. Assume $x =$ the height of the segment, and $p = 8.1416$.

Then $px - \frac{px^2}{2a} =$ the fluxion of the segment,

whose fluent is $\frac{px^2}{2} - \frac{px^3}{6a}$.

Also, $px^2 - \frac{px^3}{2a} =$ the fluxion of the momentum,

whose fluent is $\frac{px^3}{3} - \frac{px^4}{8a}$.

Now when the segment becomes equal to the hemisphere, x will be equal to a ; therefore, the fluents will be $\frac{1}{2}pa^2$ and $\frac{1}{8}pa^3$; the latter divided by the former gives $\frac{2}{3}a = 7\frac{1}{3}$ inches, the distance of the center of gravity of the hemisphere from the vertex of the segment, and per question, is equal to the height of the segment. Whence $2\sqrt{7.5 \times 16.5} = 22.248594$ the diameter of the segment; and hence $1678.7925 =$ the solidity required.

Solutions have been received from Amicus, Mr. Jones, Mr. Wilson, and Mercurius.

Question No. 62, by Mr. Jones, Chorlton Row.

There are two ships, A and B, upon the same parallel of latitude:—B is exactly one mile to the west of A, when she sets sail directly south, and sails uniformly at the rate of 8 miles per hour. In 15 minutes afterwards, A sets off at the rate of 9 miles per hour to overtake her. Quere, to what point of the compass did A sail, to overtake B in the least possible time?

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of January, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.		Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....		29.66
Highest, which took place on the 7th.....		30.14
Lowest, which took place on the 29th.....		28.90
Difference of the extremes.....		1.24
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 27th.....		.39
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....		3.15
Number of changes.....		8

TEMPERATURE.		Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....		34.7
Mean of the 30th. decade, commencing on the 5th.....		36.6
" 31st. ".....		28.9
" 32nd. " ending on the 3rd Feb.		37.4
Highest, which took place on the 4th. 29th. 30th.		48
Lowest, which took place on the 19th.....		15
Difference of the extreme.....		33
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 19th.....		12

RAIN, &c.		
1.190 of an inch.		
Number of wet days.....	8	
" " foggy days.....	4	
" " snowy ".....	10	
" " haily ".....	0	

WIND.		
North.....	0	West..... 1
North-east.....	6	North-west..... 0
East.....	8	Variable..... 2
South-east.....	7	Calm..... 0
South.....	3	Brisk..... 6
South-west.....	4	Strong..... 4
		Boisterous..... 0

REMARKS.

January 1st. very foggy all day;—2nd. a little snow in the night, rain in the course of the day; highest state of temperature at ten o'clock in the evening;—3rd. maximum temperature at bed time;—4th. a very rainy day;—7th. ice on the ground out of town; the lowest temperature indicated by the reporter's thermometer 38° , which is five degrees above freezing;—12th, 13th, slight falls of snow;—15th, snow during the day, in the evening a copious fall. Almost daily falls of snow, with low temperature, and strong north-east and south-east winds, continued to the end of the month.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A correspondent in the Iris of last week has made a blunder (whether intentionally on his part is best known to himself) respecting Mr. Vandenhoff's representation of the character of "Brutus," which your correspondent states was played to £15. The real fact, Sir, is widely different; Brutus, during the season, was produced but once; and was for the benefit of Mr. Bass, the receipts of the evening amounting to £224!

There is another circumstance worthy of notice; V. P. says, "Mr. V. played his other principal characters by very trifling receipts;"—it is but justice to the actor in question, explicitly to state (a fact well known to the theatrical public) that the LAST season here, was the MOST PROFITABLE to the Managers that had been for SOME YEARS.

I am, &c.

J. D.

Liverpool, Feb. 11, 1823.

MR. COBBETT'S GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A reader of your Miscellany would thank any of those gentlemen, who have been canvassing the merits of Cobbett's English Grammar, should they be pleased to inform him if the following sentence, taken from the dedication of the fourth edition of the said work be grammatical. "A work having for its objects,

to lay the solid foundation of literary knowledge amongst the labouring classes of the community, to give practical effect to the natural genius found in the soldier, the sailor, the apprentice, and the plough boy, and to make that genius a perennial source of wealth, strength and safety to the kingdom; such a work naturally seeks the approbation of your Majesty, who, amongst all the royal personages of the present age, is the only one that appears to have justly estimated the value of the people." I beg leave to remark, that the word "work" in the adduced sentence, is what occasions a doubt as to it being grammatical.

I remain, &c.

F.

HUMAN DISSECTION.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Induced by the interesting strictures in the Iris of the 15th, and wishing to contribute to the abolition of the unnatural (and now wholly unnecessary) practice of human dissection, I take the liberty of enclosing a short extract from the Literary Gazette of the 1st instant. I have subjoined a few remarks; and allow me, through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of every member of society to this very important subject. I am, &c.

Mosley-Street, Feb. 18, 1823.

β.

"What could be more distressing than the story, recently in the Newspapers, of the Widow, who, wishing to lay his lost baby on the mouldering bosom of its buried mother, found that the grave had been rifled, and that the last melancholy solace he had sought was denied to his aching soul! Yes, there was another late event even more agonizing than this: it appeared in the Police Reports. A son of lowly station in Kent, but of feelings which would have ennobled the highest, had interred his aged father. The body was removed during the night; and the disordered and too plainly exposed the crime. A cart was traced to London, and vile-looking men had been seen lurking about the peaceful village churchyard. To the metropolis the son followed without delay. Inspired by filial piety, this poor countryman, totally unaccustomed to the horrors of such nights, obtained a warrant, and searched for his father's corpse in every receptacle, Medical School, and Hospital. The imagination can hardly contemplate the dreadful task; we shudder while we think of it. What were his best hopes? To find the mangled limbs of the Being to whom he owed life, amid some of those masses of putridity and disgust which were exposed to his view. To turn over the gashed remains or the headless trunk, praying that he might there recognise his father and give him Christian burial. Our flesh creeps at the picture which our fancy draws. Suffice it to say, that he did recognise the mangled body, and did restore it to the earth. The Romans would have erected a statue, if not a temple, to commemorate such an act. In England it figured among the shameful narratives got up to stimulate curiosity in the reports of the lowest courts! Such shocking occurrences ought never to take place in a civilized country."

Merchants, Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, and Mechanics, all furnish themselves with stock of their respective kinds at their own proper expense; but the indigent medical man has recourse to this species of robbery! The grave, and its contents, are as much ours as any other property we possess, and none have a right to trespass upon, or disturb them. Then what can be thought of the man who resorts to this nefarious plunder? Can indigence, rashness, or inhumanity extenuate his guilt? By no means; but least of all can we submit to be tantalized with a profession of PHILANTHROPY! Philanthropy?—Let the BENEVOLENT ACTS of ANATOMICAL LECTURERS speak! In no gradation of life can we find a parallel for these men; they amass wealth without capital, without talent, without spirit, without industry, without ability; in fact, without any other quality than a formal stale jargon, and unblushing duplicity to impose upon society, despoil the grave, and exact from the anxious student! Their policy holds dissection necessary for the student, and their pompous profession obtains the attendance of a few curious individuals; but I defy them to point out any real benefit which can ever result from their investigations, save a pecuniary one to themselves, their relatives, and their dependents!

β.

VARIETIES.

GENUINE ANECDOTE.—A short time since, a respectable Medical Practitioner, not a hundred miles from Ludlow, was called up in the night by a labouring man, residing at a few miles distance, to attend his wife, who was in childbed. Mr. W., who had often attended under similar circumstances without obtaining any remuneration, asked the man who was to pay him. The

countryman answered, that he possessed five pounds, which, kill or cure, should be his reward. Mr. W. consequently paid every attention to the poor woman, who notwithstanding died under his hands. Soon after her death, Mr. W. met the widower at Ludlow, and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared to be greatly surprised, and inquired for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing;—did you cure my wife?"—"No, certainly," (said the accoucher), "it was not in the power of medicine to cure her."—"Did you kill her, then?" said the countryman. "No I did not," was the reply. "Why then, (said the countryman,) as you did not either kill or cure, you are not entitled to the reward," and walked away.

ALEXANDER POPE'S LAST ILLNESS.—During Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber, between his two Physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson, they mutually charging each other with hastening the death of their patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them by saying, Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way; therefore all I now ask is that the following epigram may be added after my death, to the next edition of the *Dunciad*, by way of postscript:—

Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last.

ANIMAL SYMPATHY.—On the day of the great thaw, a spaniel was observed, opposite to Thionville, floating down the Moselle on a small piece of ice. It is not known how the poor dog got into that situation; but he set up piteous cries. Having passed one of the dogs belonging to the decoys on the left of the Moselle, that intrepid animal dashed into the river, soon reached the unfortunate spaniel, and seizing him by the neck swam on shore with him amidst the acclamations of the spectators.—*French paper.*

AN ANGEL VISION.—A story is circulated in Coventry, which we copy from a contemporary, leaving our readers to form their own judgment in the case. On Saturday morning se'nnight, a woman living at Collycroft, Bedworth, surprised that her son, 13 years of age, did not come down at the usual time, went to him, when he made signs for pen, ink, and paper, and stated—that he had had a vision of an angel in the night, who informed him that he should be deaf and dumb for a month. He appeared unconscious of sound and incapable of utterance: he has so remained ever since. Many persons have been to visit the youth, who are satisfied with the truth of this statement. The term now is very short until the termination of this extraordinary visitation (if such it be) of Providence, when probably the lad will be able to communicate some further particulars respecting his singular case.—*Choltenham Chronicle.*

SNOW.—The remarkable phenomenon of a fall of snow in Jamaica, occurred at Anotto Bay, on the 15th December. The flakes fell to within a few feet of the earth, where they recoiled a little upwards from the heat of its evaporation, and dissolved into liquid drops.

REPAREE.—A pretty smart reparee was given the other day at a place in the Trongate, Glasgow, where some repairs were being made on the pavement, and a very confined space was left for the lieges to walk upon. A beautiful young lady was met at this narrow spot by two gentlemen, (one of them an exquisite Corinthian.) "I protest," said the dandy, "this place is as narrow as Balaam's passage." (The name of a narrow lane in Glasgow.) "Yes," said his companion, "and, like Balaam, my progress is arrested by an Angel." "True," said the lady, looking him full in the face, at the same time gliding neatly past him, "and I am stopt by an Ass!"

CHARACTER OF THE LATE GENERAL MOREAU, BY BONAPARTE.—The Empress Josephine married Moreau to Mademoiselle Hulot, a creole of the Isle of France. This young lady had an ambitious mother, who governed her, and soon governed her husband also. She changed his character: he was no longer the same man; he began to intrigue; his house became the rendezvous of all the disaffected; he not only opposed, but conspired against the establishment of religious worship, and the

Concordat of 1801: he ridiculed the Legion of Honor. For a long time, the First Consul refused to notice this imprudent conduct; but at length he said, "I wash my hands of him; let him run his head against the pillars of the Tuileries." This conduct of Moreau was contrary to his character; he was a Breton; he detested the English, abominated the Chouans, and had a great antipathy to the nobility. He was incapable of any great mental efforts, but was naturally honest, and good-hearted. Nature had not destined him to play a first-rate character: had he formed some other matrimonial connexion, he would have been a marshal, and a duke; he would have made the campaigns of the Grand Army; would have acquired new glory; and, if it had been his destiny to fall on the field of battle, would have been killed by a Russian, Prussian, or Austrian ball: he ought not to have fallen by a French shot.

ADVANTAGES OF GIBBETS.—Two highwaymen were crossing Hounslow-heath, when one of them observed a gibbet. "Curse those gibbets," said he, "if it were not for them *our's* would be the best trade in the world."—"You are a fool," cried the other; "there's nothing better for us than gibbets; for were it not for them, every person would turn highwayman, and we should be ruined."

IMPROMPTU.

On seeing a 'beautiful French girl, whose mother was English.

No wonder that her cheeks disclose
A blush so crimson, and a skin so fair;
England has lent her loveliest rose,
To bleed with France's lilies there.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday Feb. 17th, to Friday Feb. 21st, 1823.

Monday.—The Irishman in London: with Tom and Jerry.

Tuesday.—The Bee Hive: with Tom and Jerry.

Wednesday.—Bon Ton: with Tom and Jerry.

Thursday.—The Benevolent Tar: with Tom and Jerry.

Friday.—Is He Alive: with Tom and Jerry.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication a memoir of her father, the late John Aikin, M. D.; together with a selection of such of his critical essays and miscellaneous pieces as have not before appeared in a collective form. Improved editions of the most popular of Dr. Aikin's works are also preparing under the care of his family.

We are informed that a new historical romance by the author of 'The Lollards,' will shortly be announced for publication.

Mr. Henry Neele, the author of a volume of very elegant Odes, &c. has in the press 'Dramatic and Miscellaneous Poems,' dedicated to Joanna Baillie.

We understand that the 'literary remains' of the late Stephen Kemble, Esq., are now in course of being collected and arranged by an intimate friend of that gentleman; and, it is said, they will shortly appear under very distinguished patronage.

The Flood of Thessaly: the Girl of Provence: the Letter of Roccacio: the Fall of Saturn: the Genealogist, a Chinese Tale, and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall.

The author of the Cavalier, &c. has a Novel in the press, entitled *The King of the Peak*.

Major Long's Exploratory Travels in the Rocky Mountains of America will appear before the expiration of the month; as will the Third volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, illustrated by Plates.

A poem entitled 'The Judgment of Hubert' is about to make its appearance.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IMPORTANT WORKS, recently published by Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall Mall, London; and Sold by T. Souler, Robinson and Ellis, and Banks and Co. Manchester.

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3. **THE WORKS OF JOHN PLAYFAIR**, F.R.S.E. and late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, with an Account of the Author's Life, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 15s. 6d.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I am "an excellent communication" is but an attempt at humourous composition; we would recommend him to repair the "stool's leg."

Nemo's communication is generally interesting, and in some parts valuable; but we are under the necessity of objecting to its great length. It might be condensed to advantage;—the grave matter could be dispensed with, the light and descriptive parts should not be at all curtailed.

E. of Leeds, is informed that we have some objection to the insertion of any head, that implies a series of papers, unless acquainted with some of the parties, so as to feel confident of a regular succession.—All contributors are not punctual to their promise; and, we have, in, at least, one instance been the inadvertent dupes of illiberal design.—We shall be glad to see E.'s numbers; and, if satisfied of their merits, to give them a place in our pages.—His essay is inserted.

Vindicitor's communication relative to the power of the police. In taking possession of dead bodies, for the use of Lawyers and dissection, is received;—should Mr. Abernethy resort to "gross fabrication," for the purpose of obtaining certain facilities in his professional capacity, we shall be happy to give publicity to the imposture.—V. in our next.

W. S. Y.'s Valentines; More Miseries; Junia; Tom Jones; Absalom; Theocritus; An Observer; and S. Y. are received.

Our esteemed friend Jeremy Antique, seems to have entirely forgotten us.

A Friend's promised communication is requested.

Lines by a Father during his absence—in our next.

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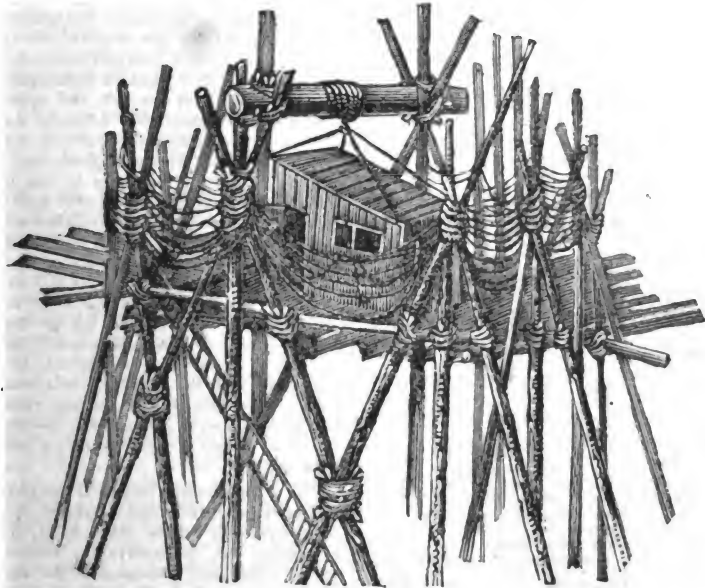
Placed over the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

MR. THOMAS HORNOR has published a view of London and the surrounding country, taken with mathematical accuracy, from an OBSERVATORY PURPOSELY ERECTED ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Mr. H. passed the summer of 1820 in the lantern of St. Paul's, immediately under the ball, in executing a general view, which from so elevated a position he was able to accomplish with great correctness. About the period when the view was nearly completed from this point, preparations were commenced for removing the ball and cross; and the scaffolding, which excited

such general admiration as a stupendous and most ingenious structure, was erected. Impelled by a wish to avail himself of this unexpected and singularly favourable opportunity, especially as he had in the mean time considerably improved his apparatus, he obtained permission to erect for it an observatory, supported by a platform several feet above the top of the highest part of the present cross: and having succeeded in fixing the apparatus in the interior of the observatory, he commenced a new series of sketches on a greatly extended scale, so as to admit the introduction of minute objects at a distance of some miles.

Of this observatory, which was placed nearly 140 yards above the pavement of St. Paul's, we give an exact representation:—



A couple of extraordinary sized Lithographic plates accompany the work, which afford a correct idea of the difficulties of the undertaking; and in a subsequent part we have the following particulars of the threatened dangers within the immediate vicinity of the author's seat of operation.

'Indeed scarcely a day passed without derangement of some part of the scaffolding, or machinery connected with it; and so strong became the sense of danger arising from these repeated casualties, that notwithstanding the powerful inducement of increased remuneration, it was difficult on these emergencies to obtain the services of efficient workmen. This will not appear surprising, when it is known that during high winds, it was impossible for a person to stand on the scaffolding without clinging for support to the frame-work; the creaking and whistling of the timbers, at such times, resembled those of a ship laboring in a storm, and the situation of the artist was not unlike that of a mariner at the mast-head. During a squall

more than usually severe, a great part of the circular frame-work of heavy planks, erected above the gallery for the prevention of accidents, was carried over the house-tops to a considerable distance. At this moment a similar fate had nearly befallen the observatory, which was torn from its fastenings, turned partly over the edge of the platform, and its various contents thrown into utter confusion. The fury of the wind rendered the door impassable; and after a short interval of suspense, an outlet was obtained by forcing a passage on the opposite side. By this misfortune, independently of the personal inconvenience, considerable delay and expense were occasioned ere the work could be resumed; and it became necessary to provide against similar misfortunes, by securing the observatory to a cross-beam, and constructing a rope-fence, as seen in the vignette. Thus fortified, the work was proceeded in without any other accidents of a nature worthy to be noticed, until all the sketches which could be taken from the observatory were completed. These sketches, com-

prising 280 sheets of drawing paper, extend over a surface of 1680 square feet; a space which will not appear surprising, when considered as including a portion of almost every public building and dwelling-house in the metropolis, with all the villages, fields, roads, villas, rivers, canals, &c. visible from the summit of the Cathedral.'

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY ROBERT SCOTT,

EDITOR OF THE CABINET OF PORTRAITS.

The distinguished subject of this sketch was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771, and is the oldest surviving son of the late Walter Scott, Esq. an advocate, or writer to the Signet. His mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, was a daughter of David Rutherford, Esq. also a writer to the Signet, from whom she received a considerable fortune. She was a very accomplished woman; and after her death, in 1789, some of her poetical productions were published.

Young Walter, being lame and of a very tender constitution, received the first rudiments of his education from his mother, to whom he was always much attached. In his early youth he displayed a considerable taste in drawing landscapes from nature, but was neither remarkable for liveliness of disposition, nor aptitude for learning. From his mother's tuition he was sent to the grammar-school of Musselburgh, where he made but little progress until his tenth year, when Dr. Paterson succeeded to the school, at which time the following circumstance is related to have taken place.—The late Dr. Hugh Blair, being on a visit to the school, examined several of the boys, but paid particular attention to young Scott, which Dr. Paterson perceiving, and thinking it was the boy's stupidity that engaged the doctor's notice, said—"Doctor, my predecessor told me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."

From Musselburgh he was sent to the High-school of Edinburgh, where he completed his classical studies, and then removed to the University of Edinburgh. Having finished his education, he was articled to a writer of the Signet, and before he had attained his twenty-first year was admitted an advocate of the Scotch bar. Here he most assiduously attended his professional duties, and in the year 1798 he married a Miss Carpenter, by whom he has several children. At the end of the next year he was appointed sheriff's-depute of the county of St. Kirk, and in March, 1806, one of the principal clerks of session in Scotland. A peculiar circumstance attended this appointment:—Mr. Scott's warrant, although drawn up, had not yet passed the seals, when the death of Mr. Pitt caused an entire change in the ministry; and his nomination to the office having been procured through the friendship of the late Lord Melville, who was then under impeachment, it was naturally considered void. To the credit of the new cabinet, however, no objection arose to the appointment; which was thus, as was wittily remarked at the time, "the last lay of the ministry."

Being now relieved from professional labours by the enjoyment of two lucrative situations, which produced from 800*l.* to 1000*l.* per annum, and having about the same period come into possession of a valuable estate through the death of his father and an uncle, he was

enabled to follow his literary pursuits at pleasure. His first productions were two German ballads, adapted to the English taste, entitled '*The Chase*,' and '*William and Helen*.' These pieces were merely written for amusement, and would not have been published but for the earnest solicitations of his friends. After a lapse of three years Mr. Scott produced a translation of Goethe's tragedy of '*Goetz of Berlinchen*.' His next pieces were '*The Eve of St. John*,' and '*Glenfahs*,' which appeared in the late Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder.

In 1802 appeared his first work of any importance, '*The Minstrel of the Scottish Border*,' and the following year he published '*Sir Tristram*,' a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, by Thomas of Ercildowne, edited from the Auchinleck manuscripts. In 1805, '*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*' was produced, and at once established his fame upon the firmest basis. This poem will be long read and admired for the interest of the story, the ease and harmony of the language, the picturesqueness of the incidents and scenery, and for the delineation of the manners of the ancient borderers. In 1806, a collection of '*Ballads and Lyrical Pieces*,' and, in 1808, '*Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field*,' added considerably to his reputation. The latter poem the author has himself characterised as "containing the best and worst poetry that he has ever written." The rapidity of Mr. Scott's pen shone conspicuously this year; for, in addition to '*Marmion*,' he published '*Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel*,' and a complete edition of '*Dryden's Works*,' with notes, and a new life of the author. Very shortly after this, he undertook the editing of Lord Somers's collection of Historical Tracts, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, and Anna Seward's Poetical Works. In the same year in which the last of these appeared he produced, '*The Lady of the Lake*,' a poem abounding in interest and poetical beauty. In 1811, '*The Vision of Don Roderick*' was published, in aid of the subscription for the Portuguese. This was followed, in 1813, by '*Rokeby*,' and, in 1814, by '*The Lord of the Isles*,' '*The Border Antiquities of England*,' a new edition of the works of Swift, with a life and annotations; and '*The Field of Waterloo*,' a poem. About the same time appeared a prose work, chiefly on the subject of Waterloo, called '*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*,' which was generally attributed to the pen of our prolific author. Two other poems, '*The Bridal of Triermain*,' and '*Harold the Dauntless*,' which first appeared anonymously, have since been claimed by Sir Walter. In 1822 he published a dramatic poem, called '*Halidon Hill*,' which was not so successful as most of his productions. This, we believe, completes the catalogue of his acknowledged writings—enough most assuredly to establish his fame, both for extraordinary genius and unwearied industry.

But report adds another very long addition to the list, by ascribing to Sir Walter Scott a series of Novels and Tales which have been received by the public in a manner unprecedented in the annals of literature. The first of these, '*Waverley*,' appeared in 1814, since which the series has extended to forty-six volumes; and it is confidently stated that they have realized to their author upwards of £100,000. It is said, we know not with what degree of truth, that the manuscript of *Waverley* remained for three weeks in the possession of a bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, being left with him by a young gentleman who wished to dispose of it; but the bookseller, having been previously unsuccessful in that branch of literature, declined the proposal. We should think this could not have been the case.

That Sir Walter Scott is the author of these Novels and Tales we feel little doubt, agreeing with the writer of a letter to Mr. Heber, that the circumstance of every other living poet of any consequence having in some way been honourably mentioned in the course of them, leaves sufficient ground for attributing them to his pen.

Sir Walter was the first baronet created by his present Majesty: he has also the honour of being President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The following extract from a letter, written a few years since, may give some idea of his general appearance and character:—

"Few travellers visit Edinburgh without inquiring whether Walter Scott is visible. In a small dark room, where one of the courts is held, he is to be seen every morning in term time, seated at a small table with the acts of the court before him. He is a short, broad-shouldered, and rather robust man, with light hair, eyes between blue and grey, broad nose, and round face. Though a great number of travellers have letters of recommendation to Mr. Scott, yet his parties are not numerous. His manners are agreeable, untainted with vanity: and the only affectation to be seen in him is, that he is solicitous not to appear as a poet. He is very lively and full of anecdote! and, though not brilliant in company, is always cheerful and unassuming. He often relates that in his infancy the old people used to take him upon their knees, call him Little Watty, and tell him all sorts of old stories and legends while his brothers were abroad at work, from which he was exempted on account of his lameness."

The character of Sir Walter Scott has been thus portrayed by Mr. Jeffrey, editor of the Edinburgh Review: "He is in a wonderful degree possessed of talents of a very rare kind, and these talents have not been allowed to lie dormant, having been employed for many years in affording amusement and instruction to the whole of this nation. Sir Walter Scott is a man possessed of a most fruitful imagination, a man of most extraordinary genius, a man who is master of almost every subject, and looks into human character, and paints what he there discovers in colours the most beautiful, and language the most sublime. In short, he is a man who combines so many rare qualities, and so much erudition, that he has raised himself to a pinnacle of glory unequalled in this, or, I may say, in any other age."

NORA'S VOW.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I,
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vow, (old Callum spoke,)
Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn.
Our killed clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river,
To shun the clash of foeman's steel:
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

THE RETURN.

(Concluded from our last.)

Engaged with these reflections, he scarcely perceived that night was approaching, and that the clouds had got thick and dense. All at once he found himself in a little dale, quite solitary, surrounded with wood,—where not the least trace of an habitation could be perceived. The rapid flight of some birds returning to their place of shelter, the noise of the trees that bordered the way, and some large drops of rain, soon turned his thoughts into another channel. It appeared certain from the instructions he had received on the road, that he had lost his way; he looked all around, and saw nothing but a thick dark cloud, which, like a huge curtain, spread round the whole horizon. The rain increased rapidly; he was very shortly wet through; the trees, stripped of their foliage afforded him no

shelter, and the night setting in made him fear he should not be able to see his way. Not knowing what to do, he stopped a moment, made up his mind, and pursued his course through the wood straight forward for an hour longer. The continual noise of the rain beating upon the trees, the screaming of wild birds, and the acute sense of his state increasing with the cold and fatigue; the weight of his clothes; the fear of passing the whole night thus in the forest, rendered his situation painful in the extreme. When, after a long journey, seated before a good fire, in the middle of our family, with a full coffee-pot upon the table, and our soup boiling, we hear the noise of the wind and rain without, we recall to our minds with a kind of pleasure, the similar storms to which we have been exposed, without shelter, and without the hope of meeting one, and the comfortable roof which protects us is doubly prized: but a poor traveller a-foot, upon whom the rain is pouring in torrents, who can hardly see his road, which is in the middle of a thick wood, is but little disposed to enjoy this consolation beforehand. At last he perceived that the darkness decreased, that the noise of the rain was getting farther off, and that he should soon be out of the wood. It is scarcely possible to represent the joy Herbert felt, without having been in his situation, when, a few moments after, he heard the barking of a dog, then that of other dogs which answered it, and at last the crowing of a cock. These certain indications of an inhabited place, caused him to double his steps, and just as he was getting out of the wood, he perceived several houses more or less distant, which he distinguished by the light from the windows. He went up to the first, and through a little low window saw a lamp upon a table; beyond this a door half open enabled him to see a kitchen, in which he could distinguish the fire place; a young female was close by, and appeared busy with her soap; the room—the fire—the soup—the young girl—all was calculated to attract a young traveller, dripping wet and greatly fatigued; he knocks, and the young person with the lamp in her hand opens the door. She was attired simply, but with much neatness; her pretty features were embellished with two fine dark eyes, and the tint of health and an air of affability and kindness were diffused over her features. Herbert forgot all he had undergone; he said he was a traveller who had lost his way, asked if he was far from the town, and if there was an inn in the village. The town is at least three leagues off, replied the young girl; there is no inn in this hamlet, but in the great village beyond the brook there's one. It still rains very heavily, added she, and the village is above a quarter of a league distant; our house is not an inn, but on so stormy a night as this, a lost traveller can have shelter.

The more Herbert looked at the girl, who spoke to him in the sweetest tone of voice, the more his emotion increased; on the other hand, it was not displeasing to her, to observe the impression she made upon a young man possessed of the most pleasing appearance, notwithstanding the miserable state of his clothes from the rain, and his long dark hair hanging upon his shoulders dripping wet: Herbert appeared the more interested for all this. Walk in, walk in, said the maiden's father, who had heard the dialogue, opening the room door; walk in young man; I know pretty well what it is to travel, and be overtaken by a storm;—I had plenty of it in my younger days; I have not been in this quiet state long. Herbert entered, related how he had been lost, and the conversation immediately turned on the pleasures and inconveniences of travelling. The old man listened to Herbert with great pleasure and much curiosity; asked him whence he came; and what town he had visited. When he mentioned Brème, where he had worked for the longest time, the old man smoothed his wrinkled brow; he held out his hand to Herbert, took hold of his, and gave it a hearty shake. Ah! Brème is a good spot! said he, in a tone that indicated emotion and joy,—a good spot indeed! He asked question upon question, and, as it happened, Herbert had been a long time with a master-joiner at Brème, who had been his host's companion in his early years. He who carries us back to the days of childhood, who recalls to our minds the hours we regret, who speaks to us of the friends we loved with all the warmth of youth, be-

comes all at once an interesting being, and almost a friend himself. Mend us the fire, Leonora, said the old man to his daughter, and then thou shalt lay the cloth, and give us some good soup, some fresh butter, cheese, and pears; this young man will sup with us; he has been at Brème, and knows my friend. He then advised Herbert to take off his wet coat, to put it near the fire to dry, and asked Leonora to go and bring one of his; the young man accepted the first part of the proposal, but refused the second;—it struck him that one of the old man's coats would not fit him like his own. He opened then his haversack, and drew from it another coat, which at once shewed them he was a young man of neatness and order. When he had trimmed himself up, he drew near his host again; replied to all the questions he asked him respecting his travels; gave him account upon account of the different provinces he had passed through. He intermingled his relations with reflections that evinced an observing and sensible mind, and an excellent heart. Leonora kept going backwards and forwards laying the cloth and getting the supper ready; she listened to every word; and every now and then her beautiful dark eyes were fixed upon the narrator: when he perceived it, he would stop for a moment, and appear to have quite forgotten what part of his tale should succeed;—then he would recollect himself and go on. Standing in the door-way with a plate or glass in her hand, she silently admired the interesting and good young man's simple eloquence, and great complaisance. At length the repast was over; they remained all three seated round the hospitable table. Herbert had never been so happy in the whole course of his life;—and still, every look he cast upon the lovely girl, caused him to feel a sweet involuntary regret—he sighed in spite of himself, and, with an unaccountable mixture of pleasure and pain, he continued his relations. The tender emotions of his heart gave an additional force and expression to his words, though at times a sadness prevailed.

Where is the youth, who, after an agreeable conversation with an intelligent and hospitable old man,—after having passed an hour by the side of a beautiful and amiable girl, does not experience the most painful, acute feelings, when he thinks he is about to leave them, and that he shall never, it may be, see them again? Then a vague and confused thought on the brief pleasures of this life,—on happy moments never to return—on the uncertainty of the future, afflicts the heart, and brings tears into the eyes. It was an emotion of this kind Herbert experienced; and the fervour he displayed in his conversation was communicated to his host and fair hostess.

There never was a prince who enjoyed a repast so much as I have mine this evening, said Herbert, in a tone of unaffected sensibility; the old man and his daughter smiled, and the old man gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder; in truth this simple repast was truly delicious,—cooked by Leonora—served by Leonora—and partaken of by the side of her. Without thinking it, she had picked out the best and finest pears. Though strangers to one another, not even acquainted with each others names, they sat round this table like three good old friends. Who can help admiring a guest so sensible of the little kindness shewn him, and who repays it with such interesting conversation, thought Leonora: the old man did not let the talk flag; Herbert was not weary of keeping it up either, and was not now interrupted by glances on the girl, for he scarcely removed his eyes from her, though his conversation was wholly directed to the father. Herbert was not naturally a great talker, but this evening he could not keep his tongue still. Love varies in its effects, sometimes it strikes dumb, at others it is extremely loquacious. Without even acknowledging it to himself, Herbert was secretly desirous of pleasing Leonora; he observed her listen with considerable interest, and smile. Herbert therefore talked away, and with increased eloquence. Nothing animates us so much as a desire of pleasing, accompanied by the hope of succeeding. When Leonora had cleared the supper table, she brought out her wheel, and began to spin; but more than once did it cease to go round, and the thread kept breaking in her pretty fingers. With her eyes fixed upon Herbert, she began to enquire how it was he produced so odd an

effect upon her—every sentence he uttered announced such sound sense—so susceptible a heart—there was such a respect and zeal for the female character displayed—such an abhorrence for vice and dissimulation! He related to the old man how a young fellow of Brème had deceived a poor girl, how she had thrown herself into a well in consequence, and the dreadful remorse of her seducer; his expressions were so affecting—his eyes were suffused with tears!—tears also ran down Leonora's cheeks in abundance.—Poor Leonora!—she felt her heart fix itself strongly on the good young man, —and I too, thought she, I too feel a wish to die!

The wooden clock struck nine. Herbert got up, and went out to see how the weather was; the sky had become clear; but our young traveller's soul was enveloped in sombre clouds; he felt this evening would cost him all his future happiness. Good God! thought he,—what is this my friends have done?—No.—I cannot love the girl they have chosen for me;—I'll go,—I'll tell them so; to-morrow I'll return here, and — of what he would now do he had but a confused idea.

During the time Herbert was out, the old man reflected also, and with no little sorrow, on this meeting; he had observed the tears his daughter shed, he remarked the afflicted look she cast upon the young man as he went out. Leonora, said he to her, this stranger seems a very nice young man, but recollect, thou'rt promised.—Herbert came in again; he heard the deep sigh, which was the only reply Leonora made; she began her spinning again, and now kept her eyes upon her wheel. It is fine now, said he,—I must proceed to the town,—I must see my parents this evening, but if you'll permit me, I'll come and see you again, and soon.—Your parents!—you have parents then living near here?—I thought you were a stranger—a traveller;—who is your father?—Old Herbert, the Joiner.—Herbert! What! Herbert! cried out the old man; God be praised a thousand times,—he has led you here; you are my cousin, and soon, very soon, — he squeeze the young man's hand with the greatest tenderness. Leonora—Leonora, on whose countenance was a blush as deep as the rose, got up softly from her wheel, drew near also, took hold of Herbert's hand, and with a trembling voice could with difficulty say the words, Welcome, dear cousin.—Has your father never written to you respecting us? resumed the old man;—he is my greatest friend; he is very fond of my daughter, and — we have already frequently talked about our children. Leonora turned about, she went and tied the ribbon that he'd the hemp upon her distaff—it did not want tying. Be quick, Leonora, said the old father,—go and get the bed in the little chamber ready,—consin stays with us to-night, and we'll go to town together to-morrow; how surprised your good father will be! said he, rubbing his hands—they don't expect you of a fortnight yet.

The young girl, as nimble as a mouse, ran to the little chamber; her cousin's bed was soon got ready; she is soon back, calls him her dear cousin—then her dear Henry—and then her dear friend. She felt a gladness—a lightness—aye, as if a large heavy stone had been removed from her breast, and a wreath of flowers put in its place. Herbert's loquacity left him, he felt so much that he could scarcely utter a word; he thought he was surely translated into heaven, and — my story is ended.

Whilst I am writing, a happy family, a joyful assembly, are celebrating not far from me, at the cottage in the village, the marriage of Herbert and Leonora, which took place yesterday; and I leave it to be decided, whether those young persons, whose hearts alone have been consulted in marriage, or they who have been matched according to the whim of their parents, enjoy the greatest share of happiness.

Translation of the last Ode of the 1st Book of Horace.

I hate the Persian pomp, my boy,
And Linden chaplets bring no joy;
Then, cease with unavailing care
To search those hidden places where
The rose is now delaying.

The simple myrtle needs no scorn,
But shall upon my head be worn,
And while thou servest 'neath this vine
Around thy temples it shall twine
And o'er thy brows be straying.

J. P. W.

CRITICISM.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—(No. VI.)

BY S. X.

"The subject of Orthography, which teaches the art of true or right spelling, is both interesting and useful, and has not, in general, been sufficiently attended to, or critically examined. This negligence, however, is not peculiar to the English, or the English language. The private letters of Buonaparte, it is well known, abounded with errors in *Orthographe*; neither, indeed, was correct punctuation regarded by him, the points being sometimes wholly omitted, and at others, used improperly."—ANON.

Wrong.

57. Assylum—

58. Center—

Right.

Asylum—

Centre—

Spelling is, in a great measure, acquired through the medium of the eye. The *centre* of a circle, for instance, so frequently mentioned in Euclid, and the *Centre-Hotel*, casually noticed, in the middle of the Crescent, at Buxton, will be easily remembered (as ending in *tre*) by the students in geometry, and by the visitors of that fashionable and greatly improved place of resort, from all parts of the kingdom, during the summer, and greater part of the autumnal, months.

59. Centry—

Sentry, corrupted,
Dr. Johnson says, from *Sentinel*.

"Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
O'er my slumbers *sentry* keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close." BROWN.

60. Cephalic—

Cephalic, from
céphalique, Fr.
Error—

61. Errour—

This word is spelled with a *u*, by Johnson, although in the quotation he has given from the bible, Heb. ix. 7, the *u*, is properly omitted. Mr. Todd, in this instance, has introduced the *u*, in contradiction to all the modern editions of the Sacred Text, including the Family Bible, lately published by the Rev. Dr. Mant and the Rev. G. D'Oyly. In the old Black Letter copy of "The Bible, translated according to the Hebrew and Greek, imprinted at London, 1589," which, in the margin, is rendered "errors."—Many improvements have doubtless been made in Orthography, in the course of the last 230 years.

Intire—

Entire, from the
French, *entier*.

This word was formerly, and by some illiterate sign-painters of the present day, is still written *intire*;—as, "Calvert's Intire Butt Beer." But this mode of spelling the word is nearly, though, it appears, not entirely obsolete.

63. Leger—

Ledger, from the
Latin, *legere*, to gather.

The ledger being the principal book used by merchants and tradesmen, in which all the transactions which occur in business are ultimately placed, or, as it is technically called, posted, to each individual account. In this sense of the word, the orthography, as now stated, is established by long custom; and as in any other sense the word under consideration is perfectly obsolete, no advantage can possibly arise from any attempt to alter the spelling, by omitting the letter *d*.

64. Metalic—

Metallic, from
metallum, Lat.

Here the accent being on the penultimate syllable, the consonant *t*, is doubled, according to the spirit of a rule that is given in Lowth's Grammar, viz. words of one syllable, ending with a single consonant; and that consonant being preceded by a single vowel,—or if of more than one syllable, double the consonant when another syllable is added to it, having the accent on the penultimate syllable.

65. Moveable—

Movable—

This word has sometimes been written *moveable*, and also its derivatives, *moveably* and *moveableness*, in the same manner, retaining the *o* mute; but there is no necessity, says Mr. Todd, for retaining this letter, in the present word, any more than in the words, *improvable* and *unmovable*, where Johnson himself omits it; and, certainly, he was not wont to dismiss, either idly

or inconsiderately, what he deemed superfluous or redundant letters. On the contrary, he has, in some instances, retained letters, which have, since the publication of his Dictionary, been decidedly and universally rejected.—With respect to the word under consideration, it may be proper to remark that in the Bible the *e* mute is retained, in the word *unmoveable*, which occurs in the last verse of the 16th chap. of the First of Corinthians, being the portion of Scripture, appointed to be read in the Burial Service.

66. —————

Steadfast—
Stedfast—

This word, being compounded of *stead* and *fast*, is, perhaps very properly spelled, by Johnson, with an *a*, in the first syllable, like its primitive *stead*. Nevertheless, it is invariably printed without this letter in every passage where it occurs in the Bible. See Eccles. xxii. 23. I Peter, v. 9. and I Cor. xv. 58. The authorities quoted by Johnson, from Dryden and Spenser, are the same; which may fairly be considered as exceptions, of an obsolete complexion, to the more general and prevailing method of writing the word at the present time. Spenser flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the orthography of the English language was very lax and unsettled. The common words, *steady*, *unsteady*, *steadily*, are never written without the *a*; and if the *a* be omitted in *stedfast*, it should seem to be on the same account that the vowel *u* in *odour* and *valour*, and the vowel *i* in *villain*, are omitted in the derivatives, *odoriferous*, *odorous*, *valorous*, *villany*, and *villanous*.

GRAMMAR.—(Communicated by S. X.)—The following exemplification of all the ten parts of speech, in one short sentence, may possibly be new to some of your readers:—

In English, there are *ten* sorts of words, called parts of speech, namely the article (1), the noun (2), the pronoun (3), the adjective (4), the verb (5), the participle (6), the adverb (7) the preposition (8), the conjunction (9), and the interjection (10). All these are found in the following short sentence:—

I (3) now (7) see (5) the (1) good (4) man (2) coming (6), but (9) alas (10)! he (3) walks (5) with (8) difficulty (2).

MR. COBBETT'S GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A correspondent, "F." in your last week's Iris, desires to know if the following passage, which commences the Dedication of the Fourth Edition of Mr. Cobbett's Grammar, be correct:—"A work, having for its objects, to lay the solid foundation of literary knowledge amongst the labouring classes of the community, to give practical effect to the natural genius found in the soldier, the sailor, the apprentice, and the plough boy, and to make that genius a perennial source of wealth, strength, and safety to the kingdom; such a work naturally seeks the approbation of your Majesty, who, amongst all the Royal Personages of the present age, is the only one that appears to have justly estimated the value of the people."—I know not whether I understand the gentleman right; but as it regards the word referred to, I do not see that it is at all ungrammatical. If your correspondent had been a little more explicit in the respect of his doubts, one might have answered to the point at once. Had your correspondent signified his difference from Mr. Cobbett in regard to the propriety of "A work," I might have agreed with him; as, a work implies any work, while Mr. C. intends it, no doubt, in this place exclusively to apply to his Grammar, therefore he ought to have said, *this work*, or, *the work* here submitted to your Majesty's perusal, &c. But if your correspondent means to object to the repetition of the word *work* to the one verb *seeks*, I do not still see any irregularity or impropriety; for after the detail of the different objects of the work, as "to lay the solid foundation of literary knowledge, &c. to give practical effect to the natural genius, &c. and to make that genius a perennial source of wealth, &c." it becomes necessary, the nominative case, "A work," being at so great a distance, to repeat it to its verb, thus:—"such a work seeks," &c. and the two nominative

cases may easily be reconciled on the grammatical principle of two words being put together in *apposition*.

If your correspondent would pardon me, I would beg leave to substitute a query as to the correctness of the passage, "Your Majesty, who is the only one," &c. And in order that some idea might be formed of the nature of my objection, I would query whether the phrase, your Majesty, were in the second or third person; if in the second, how comes it that Mr. Cobbett reads *who is*? And if in the third, does the relative *who* agree with *Majesty* as its antecedent, and in that case of what gender is *Majesty*? and should not the relative be *which*? These queries I should be much obliged by any of your correspondents resolving grammatically, and in the mean time remain,

Sir, your constant reader,

Manchester, Feb. 26, 1823.

B.

THE LIVERPOOL CONCENTRIC FRIENDS.

No. II.

In the *Reading Room* at six o'clock, were assembled, Friends Constant, Paradox, Frivolous, and Man; satisfactory reasons were assigned for the non-attendance of the other Members, and the

Deliberation Chamber

being entered, the *Sociability of Man* was pitched upon as the topic of discussion. Much interesting debate arose;—the *prone* and the *erect* postures were considered, and the former was unequivocally rejected. A paper on the Matrimonial compact was referred to; and, calamitous as this state is, in many instances, yet it was unanimously held to be legitimate, necessary, and honourable. Bachelorship was viewed as being little better than represented in the humorous stanzas entitled "the Bachelor's Care," and the decision was drawn up as follows, viz:—

CLASSIFICATION OF BACHELORS.

Of the *confirmed Bachelor* the Concentric Friends are agreed that there are, or ought to be, four species; viz:—

Species.

Characteristics.

1. The B. *Scientific*. The attention wholly engrossed by abstract studies.
2. The B. *Enthusiastic*. The views and tempers estranged from common things, by the intellect being habitually engaged in the regions of fancy.
3. The B. *Eccentric*. Constitutional imbecility, exemplified by penuriousness or instability.
4. The B. *Execrable*. Confirmed misanthropy, licentiousness or dissipation.

It is admitted, without the slightest difference of opinion, that it would be extremely difficult, if not altogether impracticable, for the man of science to descend from his aerial altitude; to detach himself from his metaphysical reveries; or to suffer obtrusion upon discoveries and demonstrations of magnitude and infinite moment; or upon researches, the intensity of which, absorbs every intellectual faculty. It is improbable that the eye that is intent upon ethereal grandeur should relish the tawdry embellishments of human life! And equally so that the mind that is involved in abstruse theories, or profound calculations, should submit to the interruptions of domestic incident, or to the dangers and derangements arising from childish levity!—The man of sublime, of scientific soul, will, or should, ever remain a Bachelor!

The Enthusiast of the entrancing daughters of Jupiter—the man who makes a world, and who revels amid beauties and perfections of his own creation, can rarely find sublunary realities so exquisitely fascinating. The complexion, the features, the symmetry, and the graceful evolutions of his ideal fair, are, in the earthly sex, seldom combined with simplicity of mind, sweetness of disposition, and sincerity of affection. He is too sanguine—his estimate is above the standard of humanity—he should only dwell with imaginary forms, and ever remain a Bachelor!

The *Eccentric species* contains four varieties; viz:—the *amorous*, the *capricious*, the *penurious*, and the *extraneous*. The *first* is a harmless, accomodating creature; fond of the smiles of the sex, he is their most devoted gallant, at routs, parties, and entertainments; and is ever languishing, but when at their "service to command." The *second*, being liable to perpetual change, would keep a family in constant solicitude and anxiety. The *third* would keep—nay, would not keep, a family at all. And the *fourth* would reduce a family from ease, affluence, and felicity, to toil, indigence, and the grave.—They should remain Bachelors!

The *fourth species* contains two varieties; viz:—the *dissipated* execrable, and the *lascivious* execrable. The *first* is a mean, low-minded, contemptible creature; detached from domestic, and alienated from social interests; he is devoid of moral worth, and desires only a life of insensibility, and riot. The *second* is of all civilized monsters the greatest, and the most to be dreaded. His look is full of guile; his word is pestiferous; his touch is moral death! He is the despoiler of innocence, the bane of beauty, the corrupter of fidelity! He betrays the simple, blasts the lovely, violates the affianced! Individual peace, domestic felicity, social purity—all, all are to him, as nothing! He sneers at the distraction of an injured, of a disconsolate husband! He knows not the remorse, he alleviates not the wretchedness, of his victim! He feels not the excruciating pangs, the writhings of a deserted parent!—And he is regardless of the disgrace of unconscious children, and worthy connexions! Let no such man partake of your festivities, let no such man enter your domestic circle—in short, let no such man be trusted.

Deliberation Chamber, Feb. 24, 1823.

THE IMPERFECTION OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Nihil est ab omni parte beatum.—Hox.

There are but few persons who will allow the truth of the maxim, that *there is no human happiness without some admixture of affliction*.—Men in general, are willing to think that happiness may be obtained in certain pursuits of life, which they call pleasures, and for this reason they direct all their attention to some one of them;—but experience, in the end, shews them the vanity of their expectations, and fully proves, that instead of finding happiness, they are filled with discontent at the disappointment.

The covetous man employs all means possible to obtain riches, and even denies himself the common necessities of life for the attainment of what he will not allow himself to enjoy; he is continually tormented with the fear of losing what he has obtained with so much labour, and anxiety of mind: and thus he leads on his miserable existence in a state of the greatest wretchedness, and at his death, leaves all that he has amassed together, and hoarded up with so much care, to his heir, perhaps a man quite the reverse of himself, who, foolishly supposing that the riches he is so easily put in possession

of will never have an end, launches out into the greatest extravagance, and consumes, before he is well aware of it, the vast riches which he imagined would secure to him all the happiness he could wish for, and, never expecting a reverse of circumstances, he is totally unacquainted with any means of industry to support himself, and his unhappy family; so that, in his turn, he becomes a flatterer to those, whom, in his prosperity, he had despised, and is reduced to the necessity of living on the scanty bounty, thus meanly obtained. Though all men are not so completely wretched as these two characters, yet, with very few exceptions, we all come short of happiness by misplacing the object: if, instead of doing so, we should believe that there is no real happiness to be obtained in any worldly pursuit, and endeavour to obtain it by our expectations in another world, we should have a greater share of happiness here, and after death, we should for ever enjoy the real happiness, without any admixture of affliction, for which, the miser, if duly sensible of it, would cheerfully resign his gold, and the spendthrift, the pleasure of spending it.

B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOPHISTRY DETECTED.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The strictures on Human Dissection contained in Paper No. I. of the Liverpool Concentric Friends, appeared so extraordinary as to induce me to take some pains for further information. I obtained a copy of Mr. Abernethy's Address, perused it with care, and after making every reasonable allowance, am constrained to pronounce it a most illiberal, insulting, fallacious composition. I would require the writer to substantiate his statements with recorded facts, and particularly that relative to the *interposition of police in favour of Anatomical exhibitions*. I would require to be specified, the Country, the Law, and the Execution of the Law.

Mr. A. refers to the practices (or properly speaking foists in a whim of his own as being the practice) in Paris. I am of opinion that this dissector is wholly ignorant of the French laws on this point, else he would never so commit himself. Allow me, therefore, to put two or three questions for the consideration of this gentleman who deals so liberally in gross fabrication. In the city noticed, on the death of an individual what is required to be done by the person having the care of the house, and under what penalty? What step is taken in consequence? What is particular before fastening the coffin? And how is the funeral ceremony attended? The solutions of these queries will amply refute the falsehoods of Mr. Abernethy; and clearly show that the human dissectors in France, as in England, are dependent upon practices which should be abolished by the prohibition of dissecting rooms.

VINDICATOR.

[See Notices to Correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Suffer me to awaken your Liverpool correspondent J. D. as to the real causes of the productiveness of the last Liverpool season, which he is gross enough to attribute to the amazing powers of Mr. Vandenhoff.

J. D. sets out with a falsehood in asserting that Brutus was acted only once during the last season at Liverpool, viz. Mr. Bass's night, and brought £224. Brutus was acted there on Thursday June 13th, and by the scanty appearance of the audience that night, it may be supposed £15 was the extreme of the receipts. The success of the last season is solely attributed by J. D. to Mr. V. Why does J. D. omit the attraction of *Miss Clara Fisher*? Why forget the houses brought by Mr. Liston's engagement? Why sink the comforts of a newly painted and upholstered theatre? Why not mention the unusually great combination of auxiliary talent afforded throughout the season by the long vaca-

tions of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane? And above all, why does he not allow some share of the profits to the amazing popularity of *Tom and Jerry*, played 17 nights to about £2000? If J. D. be at a loss to account for the failure of his memory in these instances let me answer for him—it was because Mr. V. was not concerned in the majority of these great resources. Taking a Benefit for an aggregate is ridiculous. Mr. Bass had £224, but it was not the play of Brutus or Mr. V.'s acting that drew the money (I beg pardon I mean the tickets). An Actor's connexion and system of Benefit making is the grand cause of a good night, and had the performances on that occasion been *Tom Thumb* and *Bombastes Furioso*, no doubt the same results would have been experienced.

Trusting this to your liberality for insertion,
I remain your's,
Manchester, Feb. 25th, 1823. VERITAS.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday Feb. 24th, to Friday Feb. 28th, 1823.

Monday.—Hamlet: with Winning a Husband. Hamlet—Mr. Young.

Tuesday.—Julius Caesar: with the Citizen. Brutus—Mr. Young.

Wednesday.—Coriolanus: with the Weathercock. Coriolanus—Mr. Young.

Friday.—Macbeth: with Past Ten o'Clock. Macbeth—Mr. Young.

The admirers of the drama have this week been highly entertained by the representation of four of the popular tragedies of the unrivalled Shakespeare, viz. *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Macbeth*: and in addition to this excellent selection, they have been gratified with the performance of MR. YOUNG in the principal character of each.—This gentleman's expression and acting are so chaste and noble, as to render him an admirable study for all who would acquire a classical style from the best living models.—His pure enunciation and commanding attitudes are peculiarly striking; and whatever shades of excellency may remain undecided between him and our other leading tragedians, we hesitate not to pronounce that in the points just noticed he is excelled by none.—We should not do justice to MR. SALTER, nor be for a moment reconciled to ourselves, were we to pass him over without particular commendation; his *Cassius* (which part he played for the first time) could not be objected to in the first performer of the day; nor did our townsmen fail to appreciate his performance;—it was honourably distinguished by reiterated applause. MR. BASS, as *Mark Antony*, was very efficient, and played the part with much pathos and discrimination.

THE LINKER'S LINES ON MEETING A FAIR FRIEND.

I left ye, Janie, blooming fair,
'Mang the bourock's o' Bargeny,
I've foun' ye on the banks o' Ayr,
But sair ye're altered, Jeanie.

I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,
In rustic weed befitting—
I've foun' ye buskit like a queen,
In painted chambers sittin'.

I left ye like the wanton lamb,
That plays 'mang Hadyart's heather—
I've foun' ye now a sober damc,
A wif an' eke a mither.

Ye're fairer, stateller, I can see,
Ye're wiser, use doubt, Jeanie,
But O, I'd rather met wi' thee
'Mang the green bowers o' Bargeny.

A HOMELY COT.

Tell me no more of pleasure's airy flight,
The gay delusions of romantic youth;
Can fancy's schemes afford a just delight,
Unfolded by search, unreal'd by truth.

Ah! tell me not of ever during bliss
For us who roll on life's tempestuous wave,
Not purest love can soothe to constant peace,
Nor firmest friendship from afflictions save.

Fresh as the morn, the traveller essays
His destin'd journey, while deceitful views
Beguile the tedious road, o'er which he strays,
And through the day his unknown way pursues.

At length, o'erroll'd, the sheltering home he gains;
Bleak blew the winds, and darkness veils the sky;
He crowds the fire, and in his cottage reigns.
Content no more the devious maze to try.

So we, enamour'd of life's gaudy scene,
Through youth's short period, grasp the painted air;
Still disappointed, still in hopes to glean
Unfading harvests from a field so fair.

Weary, at last, we seek a rest to find;
And, though but mean, or irksome be our lot,
Still 'tis our own: and, with a quiet mind,
Earth's greatest blessing is a homely cot.

EPITAPHS.

At Oakham, in Surrey, 1736.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.

At Selby, in Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and grave-stone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others used to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

At Northallerton.

Hic jacet Walter Gun,
Some time landlord of the Sun;
Sic transit gloria mundi!
He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a high day,
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

On Mr. Turner, a great Usurer, who died in the Year 1648.

Turner, the miser, is depriv'd of breath,
And turn'd into another world by death;
Twas a good turn for some that 'twas in dearth;
He lov'd the world, and so did turn to earth:
His wealth his heirs had, the worms a feast,
For Adam's forfeit death had interest.

On the Tombstone erected over the Marquis of Anglessea's Leg.

Here rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid—a British calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh were premature,
For here too lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now *adieu*.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rest here of one commanding
Who though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns with thunder fraught,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe *leg-bail*.

And now in England just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm,
And when she lopped the hero's leg,
She did not seek his *h-arm*;

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one,
She saw two legs were lost on him,
Who never meant to run.

WEEKLY DIARY.

MARCH.

Among the Romans, March, from Mars, was the first month; and marriages made in this month were accounted unhappy.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SATURDAY, 1.—*Saint David.*

Saint David was the great ornament and pattern of his age. He continued in the see of St. David's many years; and having founded several monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints, both British and Irish, he died about the year 544, at a very advanced age.—Early on the 1st of March, the young maidens of the village of Steban Hethe, now called Stepney, used to resort to Goodman's Fields (the only remains of which now not built upon is the Tenter-ground) in search of a blade of grass of a reddish tint; the charm being, that the fortunate finder obtained the husband of her wishes within the month. The leek worn on this day by Welshmen is said to be in memory of a great victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats, to distinguish themselves, by order of St. David.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 61, by Miss Agnes.

In the first equation, $x = 62 - y - z$; in the second, $x = \frac{190 - 6y - 2z}{3}$; hence, $62 - y - z = \frac{190 - 6y - 2z}{3}$

and $z = 3y - 4$. If we substitute these values of x and z in the third equation, we shall have $26y^2 - 552y + 4372 = 1452$; or, $y^2 - \frac{276y}{13} = -\frac{1460}{13}$

Whence, $y^2 - \frac{276y}{13} + \frac{19044}{169} = \frac{61}{169}$, by completing the square. And, $y - \frac{138}{13} = \sqrt{\frac{64}{169}} = \pm \frac{8}{13}$ by evolution. Consequently, $y = \pm \frac{8}{13} + \frac{138}{13} = 10$ or $11\frac{1}{13}$.

Take $y = 10$; then $x = 26$ and $z = 26$. The gentleman's age is therefore 26 years 10 months and 26 days.

Messrs. Jones, Wilson, Andrews, Williams, and Jack at a Pinch have favoured us with solutions.

Question No. 63, by Mr. Williams.

What is the least velocity with which a body must be projected from the surface of the earth to reach the moon; supposing the quantity of matter in the earth a , in the moon m ; and their distance from each other, d ?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

An account, though circumstantially received, we are rejoiced to learn, affords fair hopes of the safety and success of the Expedition under the command of Captain Parry. It is derived from Russia, and communicated to our Board of Admiralty. The particulars are, that several fishing vessels, belonging to Kamschatka and the Aleutian Islands, saw our illustrious Navigators OFF ICY CAPE. The Russian Commandant states, that on receiving this intelligence he examined the masters of the vessels separately, and that their relation of the fact agreed in every circumstance; and he expresses himself to be entirely satisfied of the truth of their report. This is great and gratifying news; for if it be correct, which there is good reason to believe it is, then is the great geographical problem solved which has excited so intense an interest, and to British intrepidity and perseverance is owing another of those grand discoveries which form epochs in the history of the

world. As Icy Cape has been reached from Behring's Straits; as it is indeed yearly visited by small Russian ships, all apprehension about our bold navigators will be at an end as soon as the tidiags are confirmed, and we shall only have to curb our impatience for letters from our noble Countrymen, now happily, we trust, ploughing the Pacific Ocean on their homeward way.—*Lit. Gaz.*

EDINBURGH WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

On Saturday, 26th ult. a very able scientific essay on different modes of applying the power of the steam-engine towards impelling vessels through the water, was read at the meeting of the Wernerian Society. The advantages, the different construction, and the application of the paddle or wheel, to this purpose, were detailed at considerable length; and were followed by statements of several other ingenious contrivances: such as a spiral worm working in a cylinder, which receives the water at the bow, and expels it at the stern; a series of horizontal pumps, &c. &c. It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of the author's theories in the short space which is allowed us, much less to state his calculations and arguments. We can only say, that it struck us as being a memoir which would not long remain unpublished; and in the hope of its soon appearing, we forbear regretting that we cannot give a fuller account of it. Professor Jameson read an article on the natural ferocity of beasts of prey; combating the notion that the same species of animal was naturally more savage in one part of the world than in another; and attributing the apparent difference to the knowledge which the animals may have obtained by experience of the power of man. He gave several instances in corroboration of the position; stating that the authors who have affirmed the contrary have drawn their facts from the habits of those animals which have existed in the neighbourhood of civilized human beings; and have thus, apparently, assumed the effect of locality as an original difference of disposition. The horn of a rhinoceros found in Scotland was then produced: it was rather more than two feet in length; slightly curved; of very great weight; and of large circumference at the base. It was a very interesting subject for reflection, as well as an object of admiration. A stuffed specimen, and also a skeleton of the Dugong, was then produced to the society. This animal is of the whale tribe, inhabiting the seas about Java. It wants the blow-holes of the whale. The anterior part of the skeleton has much resemblance to that of quadrupeds. The head exhibited many peculiarities; amongst which the teeth were the most remarkable; besides incisors and molars, there was an intermediate range, distant from the others, of what might be called canine were they not too numerous to make that designation correct; there were three of them on each side of the jaw; they are supposed to discharge the first functions of the molars, that is, of dividing previous to grinding. The molars were round and flat; the distinctive characteristics of animals not carnivorous. The stuffed specimen might be about three and a half feet long. This animal has large mammae in the anterior part of the body. It frequently raises itself out of the water; and its round face, together with the mammae, have given rise to the fable of the mermaid. A living ichneumon was let loose upon the society, which caused no small disturbance, by running about amongst the legs of those present.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

MORE MISERIES.

MR. EDITOR,—Your fair correspondents, Diana Treacle, and Jane Nubibus, may have some cause for complaints. So have I; and, as my case is rather extraordinary, I wish you to publish it for the benefit of the nation.

When a man lives unmarried till he is sixty-one, as I did, he had better never marry at all. There are many ways by which a woman may torment her husband beside being jealous of him.

Take the general outlines of my history. The earlier part of my life was spent at College, in the study of Physic; and, I do not know why, I acquired the character of an odd learned fellow,

when I arrived at the age of thirty, a vacancy happening in the neighbourhood of my birth, I was invited, by an uncle, to take upon me the infirmities of all the folks within the circle of twenty miles. Before I set out, I ordered the cottage barber to make me a good physical wig; under the shadow of which, with the assistance of a handsome cane, and a few very significant shrugs and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician. Fees came in apace; so that in the course of thirty years, I had saved more money than I really knew what to do with: whether it was my learning, my person, or my money, I cannot say, but a lady of my acquaintance took a vast liking to something belonging to me. I was not so blind as not to see the conquest; in short, I married her.—I was past the years of discretion, so I married her. Oh, what a condescension! a lady of her family, rank, and fashion in life! As for age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself; and for fortune, if she ever had any, she had spent it,—and yet I was such a fool as to be convinced that she was conferring the greatest obligation upon me.

No sooner had she taken upon her the management of my family, than adieu for ever to all order, peace and comfort. She began with discharging old Jonas, because he cut so queer a figure in a long queue, and white stockings, (which she insisted upon his wearing,) that the poor fellow could not help laughing at himself. She next discarded my old wig. It certainly was worse for wear, not sitting so close to my head as it did when it was new; but I continued it in service, purely from this consideration, that the older it grew it had the less occasion for combing. A new fashioned wig was instantly substituted, which has no warmth in it, and I am never suffered to stir out, however pressing the occasion, until it is dressed and powdered. Our prigg of a footman is so long twirling and frizzing it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees been lost, ere I was able to set out and relieve them. My snuff-coloured suit had been reinstated every year, from a pattern left in the hands of an honest country tailor, who was forbidden the house, because, agreeably to my direction, he made all my clothes wide and easy.

A more fashionable habit-maker was charged to prepare a new suit, of the dandy kind, which fit me so exactly, that I dare not cross my arms, for fear of exposing my back bone. I am no longer suffered to wash myself, according to custom, every morning at the pump in my back yard; though nothing was more refreshing, nor any thing more handy than the towel which revolved on a roller fixed to the kitchen door.

On my return home the other day from visiting my patients, I found the chambermaid setting my study to rights, as she called it; but the confusion this regularity has occasioned is almost inconceivable. My shoeing horn and tobacco stopper are irrecoverably lost; and my papers are disposed in such order that I know not where to find any thing I want. Two pair of Manchester velvet breeches, which I left on the back of a chair, have disappeared: and, instead of the easy slippers which I made out of an old pair of shoes, by cutting the straps off, I found a new pair of red leather, adorned with white stitches round the edges, and made so neat that I can not bear to walk in them. My woolen night cap is condemned to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists upon my wearing a fine cotton one, with a large tassel on the top. I took such a violent cold the first night that it brought a

defluxion of humours into my right eye, as very nearly to deprive me of sight.

The stair-case and floors are all waxed; it saves the expense of mops, but I have had such falls, that I have almost dislocated every joint about me. I must not appear in my broad brimmed heaver, not even in the summer months, however distressing the sun may be; while my neck-cloth is so stiff that I am apprehensive of having my throat cut with the paste board. When I remonstrate against any of these things, my wife stops my mouth with a kiss, and says,—my dear angel—we must pay some regard to appearances. She is, as I said before, but six years younger than myself, yet, she dresses, dances, and drives about as if she was but five and twenty.

N. B. The old blacks are condemned to the carts, and we have a pair of nagtailed bays. These things she may continue to do; nay, she may wear veils, dress herself as foolishly as she pleases, and play at cards for a shilling a fish, if she will only let me have my study to myself: and if she will restore my night cap and old slippers, I will submit to wear the new coat and wig every Sunday. I am, Sir, Your's,

R. T.

P. S. I long to take poor old Jonas again; for he was very particular about greasing my boots in wet weather; and never lost his time in polishing them with either Warren's or Turner's blacking. Besides, on dark nights, he always rode before; and, drunk or sober, he knew the shortest ways all over the country.

THE EXISTENCE OF CRIME IN ENGLAND AT THE PRESENT TIME AND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY COMPARED.

Nothing is a more common complaint, than that of the degeneracy and wickedness of the times. That a more general laxity of morals and manners prevails at the present day than at any former period, cannot be denied; but that capital and flagrant crimes, among the lower orders, are more common and prevalent, is much to be doubted.

From official documents presented to the house of commons, it appears, that in 1810 the number of persons committed to the different jails in England and Wales amounted to 5337, of whom 404 were sentenced to suffer death. In 1815, the committals amounted to 7818, and the capital condemnations to 533; and in 1819, the committals increased to no less than 13,932; and one thousand three hundred and two were capitally convicted.

Let us now see what was the state of society in England, with respect to crimes and outrages, three centuries ago.

"In Henry the Eighth's reign," says Harrison, "there were hanged 72,000 thieves and rogues, besides other malefactors: this makes about two thousand a-year."

This is more than double the average annual number of even capital convictions in England at the present day; and yet the population has been trebled within the last three centuries. Considerable allowance is, however, to be made on account of the far greater degree of rigour with which the laws were administered in the sixteenth century than in the nineteenth.

An eminent justice of the peace in Somersetshire, in the year 1596, in an account of England, says, "that there had been, in that county alone, forty persons executed in a year for robberies, thefts, and other felonies; thirty-five burnt in the hand; thirty-seven whipped; and an hundred and eighty-three discharged; that

those who were discharged were wicked and desperate persons, who never would come to any good, because they would not work, &c.; that, notwithstanding this great number of indictments, the *fifth part* of the felonies committed in the county were not brought to a trial; that the number of robberies committed by the infinite number of wicked, idle, wandering people, was intolerable to the poor countrymen, and obliged them to keep a perpetual watch over the sheepfolds, &c. &c.; that the other counties of England were in no better condition than Somersetshire, and many of them were even in a worse; that there were at least three or four hundred of these vagabonds in every county, who lived by theft and rapine, and who sometimes met in troops of fifty or sixty, and committed spoil on the inhabitants; and that the magistrates themselves were intimidated from executing the laws upon them; and there were instances of justices of the peace, who, after giving sentence against rogues, had interposed to stop the execution of their own sentence, on account of the danger which hung over them from the confederates of these villains."

"In the year 1575, the queen (Elizabeth) complained in parliament of the bad execution of the laws; and threatened that, if the magistrates were not for the future more vigilant, she would intrust authority to *indigent and needy persons*, who would find an interest in a more exact administration of justice." This was a dangerous and impolitic expedient: it would however appear that she was as good as her word; for, in the year 1601, there were great complaints made in parliament of the rapaciousness of justices of the peace; and a member said, "that the magistrate was an animal who, for half-a-dozen of chickens, would dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

SONG.

On those eyes a moment gazing,
Care of life no more control,
Joy and hope the bosom seizing,
Love inspires the drooping soul.
Should thy features so transcendent,
Change beneath a sickly ray,
Thou hast beauties more resplendent,
That adorn, nor fade away.
Sweetest temper, mind enlighten'd,
Talents that respect engage,
Graces that by time are brighten'd,
To the farthest day of age.
These exhaustless sources flowing,
Sooth and charm life's rugged way,
And in softest fervour glowing,
Melt into celestial day.

Z.

LINES

Written by a Father during his absence from Home, and addressed to his Wife.

The delight dearest Helen—the bliss is all thine,
Our sweet one this day to caress;
Whilst far from her prattlings, one comfort is mine—
In my prayers my dear infant to bless!
Yes, Helen can feast her bright eye on *the* traces
The beauties which nature has given,
Can fondly exult o'er the infantile graces,
Bestow'd by the bounty of heaven.—
Whilst the Father his gratitude pours in his lay
To the Father of all on his child's natal day!
In the season of spring—'tis the gardener's pride
Each floweret and plant to support,
And screen them from winds that so ruthlessly ride—
Destruction their business and sport.
But, Helen with tenfold the gardener's care,
Will foster her infant with joy,
Will delight every blessing and comfort to share,
And kiss the young tear from its eye.—
Whilst the Father his gratitude pours in his lay
To the Father of all on his child's natal day.

I remember my sweet one thy parents and friends,
Rejoic'd on thy first natal day;
But what their delight when another extends
Thy promise of bloom to display!—
They rejoice and they pray that no cold chilling frost,
May injure the bud of thy youth;—
Nor thro' life on the world's heaving ocean be tost
But repose in the calmness of truth.—
And thy Father all grateful, his Maker will praise;
And his child be the pride and delight of his days! G. I.

VARIETIES.

A MONUMENT bearing the following inscription, has been lately placed in the chancel of the parish church of Preston:—

In memory of
Henry William Hulton, aged 31 years,
Nicholas Charles Grimshaw, aged 30 years,
George Henry Grimshaw, aged 17 years,
And Joseph Kay, aged 30 years,
Who

In a moment of youthful enjoyment,
Were drowned in the River Ribble,
By the oversetting of a boat,
On the 24th day of April, A. D. 1822.
Several of their friends and companions,
Have united to erect this Monument,
In testimony of their deep concern,

And
With a desire to perpetuate the salutary impression
Of this truly awful dispensation.

They sailed in hope, but they returned no more;
Youth, health, and pleasure, cheered them on the way;
Brief was the voyage, yet they reached a shore
Beyond the seaman's track, ere close of day.
Low in the grave their *ashes* slumber now:
Reader, their days are numbered—Where art thou?

Though on the stream of time thy vessel glide,
And pure as heaven the waters seem to roll,
Ere long, in calm or tempest, shall the tide
Cast on a land unknown thy naked soul:
Ah! then, when life and death no more shall be,
Where, reader, wilt thou spend eternity?

ANECDOTE OF LAVALETTE.—When Lavalette had been liberated from prison by his wife, and was flying with Sir Robert Wilson to the frontier, the postmaster examined his countenance, and recognised him through his disguise. A postillion was instantly sent off at full speed. Many times Lavalette urged his demand for horses. The postmaster had quitted the house, and given orders that none should be supplied. The travellers thought themselves discovered, and saw no means of escape in a country with which they were unacquainted. They resolved upon defending themselves, and selling their lives dearly. The postmaster, at length, returned unattended, and then addressing himself to Monsieur de Lavalette, he said, "You have the appearance of a man of honour, you are going to Brussels, where you will see M. de Lavalette, deliver him these two hundred Louis d'ors, which I owe him, and which he is no doubt in want of;" and without waiting for an answer, he threw the money in the carriage, and withdrew, saying, "You will be drawn by my best horses—a postillion is gone on to provide relays for the continuance of your journey."

NAPOLEON AT A MASQUERADE.—I am told that the late Emperor used frequently to attend these masked balls, and an anecdote is related of him, which rests on good authority. Napoleon was at a masquerade two years preceding his downfall, in a brown domino, and with very high heeled shoes, and large feathers in his hat, to increase his apparent height, and prevent recognition. As, notwithstanding his disguise, there was still a commanding air about him, he was *istrigué*, as the French call it, by several females; but particularly by one in a white silk domino, who at length fixed his attention. The coquette drew him into a *Loge Grillee*; to which he was followed closely by General D—s, the officer in attendance. Napoleon ordered refreshments, and, whilst the waiter went for them, shut the door. When the waiter returned, the lady took the refreshments from his hand. They consisted of a glass of orgeat, a glass of lemonade, and some biscuits. D—s stood at this time in the passage, so situated as to have a perfect view of the box when the door was open, without being seen himself; at the moment when the female had taken the lemonade from the waiter, and as she stood with her back towards Napoleon, she drew a paper from her sleeve, and poured the contents into the glass. D—s, who had heard the Emperor order lemonade for himself, and orgeat for the lady, was instantly on the alarm. He listened at the door, and when he heard the Emperor toast his companion, rushed forcibly into the box. Napoleon had the glass to his lips. D—s cried out to him not to drink. The contents of the glass were examined, and it was found that a quantity of poison more than sufficient to produce death, had been introduced. The lady, Napoleon, and D—s, went away together in a coach: the affair was kept secret for some time; but

it was rumored that an attempt had been made to poison Napoleon, by a member of his own family, and a month after the abdication, D—s himself confirmed the report, but without stating any other particulars than those which I have mentioned.—*Museum.*

FUNERAL SERMONS.—Mrs. Creswell, a noted courtesan who flourished, or rather decayed, in the reign of Charles the Second, from the natural effects of her infamous profession, was far advanced in the decline of life, before she had arrived at its meridian. At her decease, she desired, by Will, to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds; but with this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was WELL of her. A preacher was, with some difficulty, found, who undertook the task. After a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, he concluded with saying,—*By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was WELL of her. All that I shall say of her therefore is this:—she was born WELL, she lived WELL, and she died WELL; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in the parish of Bridewell.*

Dr. Fuller, in one of his publications, tells us, that when one was to preach the funeral sermon of a most vicious and generally hated character, all wondered what he would say in his praise; the preacher's friends fearing, and his foes hoping, that, for his fee, he would force his conscience to flattery. *For one thing, said the minister, this man is to be spoken WELL of by all; and for another thing, he is to be spoken ILL of by none: the first is, because God made him; the second, because he is dead.*

AN ENORMOUS PUNCH BOWL.—On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honourable Edward Russel's House, when he was Captain General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hog-heads of brandy, eight hog-heads of water, twenty gallons of lime juice, twenty-five thousand lemons, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and lastly a pipe of mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain: and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company; and in all probability more than six thousand men drank thereof.

DEATH EXTRAORDINARY.—A cat belonging to a lady in Dumfries, guillotined herself in the following manner:—Having strayed into the drawing-room, which fronts the river, and one of the windows being open, she jumped up to observe what was passing outside. Unfortunately, a small piece of wood that fastened the window up caught her eye, and examining it she pulled it out, when down came the sharp-edged window, and literally guillotined her, sending her head out and her body in.

MR. FOX ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—Mr. Fox, during his illness, breakfasted with one or two of his most intimate friends, by his bed-side, and talked with them as long as his physician permitted. It was during one of these morning conversations, that he first expressed his persuasion that his disease would terminate fatally. Lord — said, that he had made a party for Christmas, in the country, and that he had taken the liberty to include Mr. Fox in it, without his knowledge. 'But it will be a new scene, sir,' added he, 'and I think you will approve of it.' 'I shall indeed be in a new scene by Christmas next,' said Mr. Fox. 'My lord, what do you think of the state of the soul after death?' Lord — (confounded, I believe, by the unexpected turn which Mr. Fox had given to the conversation) made no reply. Mr. Fox continued, 'That it is immortal I am convinced. The existence of the Deity is a proof that spirit exists; why not

therefore the soul of man? And if such an essence as the soul exists, by its nature it may exist for ever. I should have believed the immortality of the soul, though Christianity had never existed; but how it acts as separated from the body, is beyond my capacity of judgment. This, however, I shall know by next Christmas.' Mrs. Fox took his hand, and wept. Mr. Fox was much moved; 'I am happy,' said he, 'full of confidence; I may say, of certainty.'

WOMEN OF KNOWLEDGE.—'I shall be glad to know,' said a lady angrily, 'how knowledge is incompatible with a lady's situation in life. I should like to be told why chemistry, geography, algebra, languages, and the whole circle of arts and sciences are not as becoming in her as in a man!' 'I do not say,' replied a gentleman of plain sense, 'that it is unbecoming, but I think a little of it would serve her purpose; in my opinion, a woman's knowledge of chemistry should extend no farther than to melting of butter; her geography, to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner of the house; her algebra, to keeping a correct account of the expenses of the family; and, for her languages heaven knows that one language is enough in all conscience, and the less use she makes of that the better.'

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, was the thirteenth of the fifteen children that the great Earl of Cork had by his second lady, the daughter of Sir Geoffry Fenton. She was married to Charles, Earl of Warwick, whom she survived about five years. She was so eminent for her bounty to the poor, that the Earl, her husband was said to have left his estate to charitable uses.

Such was the fame of her hospitality and charity, that it advanced the rents of houses in her neighbourhood, where she was the common arbitress of controversies; which she decided with great sagacity and judgment, so as to prevent many tedious and expensive law-suits. The Earl, alluding to her economy as well as her other excellences, frequently declared, that he had rather have her with five thousand pounds, than any other woman with twenty thousand. She died April 12, 1678. Her funeral sermon was preached by A. Walker, D. D. Rector of Fyfield, in Essex, who described her as "eminently religious and charitable, the most illustrious pattern of sincere piety and solid goodness this age hath produced."

DOCTOR GIDEON HARVEY, who was esteemed little better than a pretender to physic, wrote against the frauds and empiricism of the physicians and apothecaries, as well as those of the quacks of his time. He made it his business to cry down the faculty, and published several books with a view of making people their own doctors. His "art of curing diseases by expectation," is the most remarkable. In this he intimates, that nature, aided by expectation only, may be more safely relied on, than the prescriptions of the generality of physicians; and that those who employ them are frequently amused with such things that have no real effect in working their cure. He was very dogmatical; and consequently, as far as he was so, was no more to be trusted than the worst of those against whom he exclaimed.

There never was, perhaps, any thing more remarkable than the fortune of this man. There was a great debate who should succeed the deceased physician of the Tower. The contending parties were so equally matched in their interests and pretensions, that it was extremely difficult to determine which should have the preference. The matter was, at length, brought to a compromise; and Dr. Gideon Harvey was promoted to that office, for the same reason that Sixtus V. was advanced to the pontificate, because he was, in appearance, sickly and infirm, and his death was expected in a few months.—He, however, survived all his rivals, and died in 1700, after he had enjoyed his sinecure above fifty years!

A GENTLEMAN.—BY THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.
(From *Mad. Campan's Memoirs.*)

"Madam,—a man may be the son of a general, and yet have no talent for command. A man may be of a good family, and yet possess no other merit than that which he owes to chance, the name of gentleman."

"I know your son, and I know what makes the soldier; and this two-fold knowledge convinces me that your son has not the disposition of a warrior, and that he is too full of his birth, to leave the country a hope of his ever rendering it any important service."

"What you are to be pitted for, madam, is, that your son is not fit either for an officer, a statesman, or a priest; in a word, that he is nothing more than a gentleman, in the most extended acceptance of the word."

"You may be thankful to that destiny, which, in refusing talents to your son, has taken care to put him in possession of great wealth, which will sufficiently compensate him for other deficiencies."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. William Daniell, we are informed, is preparing for publication the seventh volume of his *Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain*, which will comprise the range of coast from the North to Weymouth.

We understand that "Thomas Brown the younger," will publish, early in April, "Fables for the Holy Alliance," with other Poems, &c. &c.

J. H. Wiffen has in the press a translation, in English verse, of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Castilian Poets; with a Critical and Historical Essay on the rise, progress, decay, and revival of Spanish Poetry, and a Life and portrait of the Author.

Dr. Meyrick has for a considerable time been employed on 'A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour,' with a view to its chronological arrangement. Such has long been a desideratum in literature, as it is impossible clearly to understand our early history without some information of the kind; and Grose's Treatise affords no help whatever. We understand that the work is in the press, and in such forwardness, as is all probability, to be shortly produced to the public.

Sharon Turner, Esq., P. S. A. is about to publish, in 4to., the third volume of his *History of England*, embracing the Middle Ages.

Mr. Scott's *History of England* during the reign of George III., designed as a continuation to Hume and Smollett, will appear in the course of the month.

An *Encyclopædia*, or General Dictionary of the Science of Music, is about to be published under the direction of Mr. Bacon, assisted by Messrs. Clementi, Bishop, Horsley, Wesley, Shield, and Hewitt. The work will be illustrated by numerous engravings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. J. on the performances and the receipts at the Liverpool Theatre Royal, last season, is not inserted.—The substance of his communication will be found in the letter of *Veritas*. V. P.'s "*Facts are Stubborn Things*" came too late to supersede *Veritas*.—Otherwise, being more particular, they should have been given. We subjoin an extract:—

"J. D. also says, *the last Season in Liverpool was the most profitable that had been for some years.* Here, I doubt not, he is well informed; but why did he not favour us with the cause of such success? No,—that would not have suited his purpose. Then permit me, Sir, to enumerate the attractions of that season. First, a newly and splendidly decorated theatre, with a reduction of prices of admission: then the following *Stars* in succession:—

Miss Clara Fisher	Mr. Harley	Mr. Cooper
Mr. C. Young	Mr. Knight	Mr. Davison
Miss M. Tree	Mr. Farren	Miss Booth
Mr. St. Albion	Mrs. Faucit	Mrs. Bann
Mr. Blanchard	Mr. Dowton	Mr. Russell
Webb	Miss Halliande	Mr. Norman and
Miss Smithson	Mr. Fawcett	Mr. Liston.

The following new pieces:—*Kentworth*, which was played every evening for a fortnight to great houses; *The Law of Java*; *The Vampire*; *The Libertine*, &c. all got out with splendid new scenery and decorations; and last of all, *Tom and Jerry*, which had not been previously acted at the Minor Theatre there, as it had been in this town. This piece was acted 15 nights, and brought £2000 into the treasury!"

"A Reflection at Sea."—These beautiful lines are omitted.—They will be found in the *Iris*, vol. I. p. 248.

T. K. will find the substance of his favour in our next, when the original shall be returned.—We are obliged by his indulgence and complimentary condescension.

Albert Montgomery; Maxims of Health; The Ancient hypotheses of Heaven and Earth; Mourning to-morrow; with Lines on Beauty, on Ale, and on Everlasting Shoes, are received. Ignorance will oblige us by sending the conclusion of the *Wearied Bachelor* in time for our next; we shall then insert what has this week come to hand.

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AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.	Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.	Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
Bury, J. Kay.	Nottigham, E. B. Robinson.
Chester, Poole & Harding.	Oldham, W. Lambert.
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THE CLUB.

No. XXIX.—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1823.

“Mindful of disaster past,
And shivering at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hour, the evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid spring.”—WATSON.

MR. MEDIUM,

SIR,—No season has been so much celebrated by poets and descriptive writers as the Spring. Every person who is at all conversant with our general literature, can recollect many beautiful passages of which this loveliest portion of the year is the subject; and almost every volume of poetry which makes its appearance, exhibits another attempt to communicate to the reader that delight which the writer has felt, or affected to feel, amidst the zephyrs and flowerets of the vernal months. Many of these descriptions have, no doubt, been written in situations very distant, and under circumstances very different, from those which they attempt to delineate. The balmy airs laden with odours, have been imagined amid the smoky eddies of a metropolitan atmosphere, and the perfume of the March violet has shed itself over the descriptive page, in spite of that “rank compound of villanous smells,” which is inhaled,

“Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air.”

The leafy grove, and extended landscape, have been manufactured out of the narrow lane, and the chimneys which nod over each side of it; the kennel—

which, too long,
Had crept inglorious, and unknown to song,

had become a meandering stream, and the dingy half-starved sparrows, who sit drooping and complaining on the tiles, are metamorphosed into the coy quiriters, beautiful in plumage, and varied in song, who fill the groves with melody, and express their loves by the sweetest notes, and most rapid motions. The swains too, (for no description is worth reading that does not speak of swains), the swains, and the nymphs; so faithful, and beautiful, and tender, these had their prototypes, in the dust-men, and milk-women, whom the poet, in a town, must consider as the representatives of the ploughmen and dairy-maids of rural life.

Such is the prerogative of genius. It strips real life of all its coarseness, and gives to airy nothing, the form and impress of reality. But Spring, as it appears in the country, is a subject so hackneyed, that it is scarcely in the power even of genius itself, to impart an air of novelty to descriptions of this season.

Swift has given us a poetical description, abundantly humorous, of a shower in the town; but I do not remember that any writer has attempted to delineate the appearances of Spring, except in connection with rural scenery and rural life. Yet Spring in the town has characteristics as strongly marked as those by which it is distinguished in the country; a position which I shall proceed to exemplify, by detailing some of those appearances which I have ob-

served to take place with great regularity in Manchester, during the progress of this season.

The genial beams of the sun which, in the country, cause the buds to unfold, and the flowers to disclose their beauties, produce an effect somewhat of the same kind upon the population of our town. The great coats, and fur cloaks of our beaux; the thick and ample shawls, and kerchiefs, in which our belles were wrapped up during winter, like flowers in their *hybernaculae*, gradually disappear. One of my friends, who is a florist, from repeated observations on the times at which this blossoming, as he calls it, takes place among the ladies, has nearly completed a floral catalogue of our fair townswomen. He begins with those who are the first to disclose their charms, and whom, from the time of their appearance, he terms the *snow-drops*. Proceeding through the violets, daffodils, primroses, cowslips, and lillies, his list terminates with the roses. I must, however, be permitted to add, that he has been obliged to leave a large space for the *everlastings*, and that he has several specimens of *sweet-briar*, minuted in his collection. “When,” says he, “I look upon an assemblage of the different species and varieties of these human flowers, as they are to be seen in our public walks in the month of May, I scarcely find it possible to regret that I am not in the country, and should willingly consent to match such a collection of the beauties of nature, against all the prize flowers which shall be exhibited at the different shows in the neighbourhood during the present season.

Our amusements, as well as our dress, feel the influence of Spring. Winter is undoubtedly the fittest time for political disquisitions, learned speculations, and tragic performances. Our literary societies, and alehouse clubs, are so fully aware of this fact, that their operations are usually suspended during Spring and Summer. Nor are the managers of the theatre deficient in the necessary information on so important a point. As the days lengthen, the buskin gradually gives place to the sock; “Love in a Village” takes the place of “The Mourning Bride,” and the “Fair Penitent” quits the stage to make room for “Miss in her Teens.” Why it is that we can argue most closely in cloudy weather, and are more inclined to weep when we are pinched by the cold, I leave to be investigated by those philosophers who delight in deep researches. It is sufficient for my purpose to have stated the fact, nor shall I be at all inclined to envy the fame which may be acquired by the writer who shall settle these points to the entire satisfaction of the learned world.

Besides the change which is effected by the Spring in our standard amusements, several recreations peculiar to the season, arise during its progress. I cannot but reckon amongst these the exhibition of the spring fashions in the windows of drapers, milliners, bonnet-makers, and hair-dressers. I am willing to give due value to the pleasure which may be derived from the appearance of Spring in the country,

but I will appeal to the majority of your fair readers, whether they ever received half that delight from grass and flowers, and the songs of birds, in rural retirement, which they have felt in looking at the newest patterns, and trying on the most fashionable *shapes*, during a morning’s ramble through the shops in St. Ann’s-Square?

In speaking of Spring in the town, it would be unpardonable to forget either the pancakes which are the peculiar treat of this season; or the valentines full of bleeding hearts, true love-knots, sprawling cupids, and doggerel rhymes, which are distributed in all quarters, and produce throughout the town such an agreeable flutter. Neither ought I to overlook the gaieties of May-day, or the antics of the Morrice dancers, or the equestrian performances of those adventurous young men who, at this season, escape from the desk or the counter, and, with a most praiseworthy disregard of their personal safety, exhibit themselves on horseback, to the general amusement of all who behold them.—But I perceive that my paper is nearly filled; and as I have perhaps already exceeded your customary limits, I shall reserve what I have to remark on these, and other particulars connected with the subject, to another opportunity; warning you, however, that, if the weather proves fine, the amusements of the season may leave me little time or inclination for writing letters, in which case it will be some weeks at least, before you hear again from,

Sir, your humble Servant,

BARTHOLOMEW BLOSSOM.

March 4, 1823.

ALBERT MONTGOMERY.

A TALE.

Farewell, cried I, taking my friend for the last time by the hand, farewell, do not forget me; I felt the grasp of his hand tighten as I pronounced the words; he spoke not, but I felt, that had he uttered volumes, I could not have been more moved—farewell murmured I again, as I tore myself away, and mounting my horse began my melancholy journey. It was November, and the hoarse wind blew long and dismally as I journeyed over the barren moor of —, I had travelled for some time lost in anxious thought, ere a stumble of my horse which almost threw me to the ground, brought me to recollection; what was my surprise on discovering that I had lost the road! When I had left it I knew not; nor had I a single idea whither I had wandered; the moon was in her wane and by her small flickering light, I perceived I was not many yards from a wood, which spread itself like a dark cloud along the horizon. To endeavour to recover my lost way by the uncertain light of the moon, I considered would be unavailing—what then was I to do? At this moment a light like the rays of a lamp caught my eye, it came from a rude built hut at the edge of the wood. Thither I proceeded, and dismounted; the door was half open; uncertain who might be the inhabitant, I resolved to be cautious. As I drew nearer, I heard some one in prayer, and the name of Eliza breathed in every line, convinced me that I had nothing to fear. I walked directly to the door; never shall I forget the scene which was developed before me; the room was filled with rude furniture, yet clean; in the middle was a small table on which stood the lamp, and by this table knelt the owner

of the cottage. His long white hairs which fell around his shoulders, and his lengthened beard proclaimed his age; his hands were clasped upon his breast; and his pale eyes, raised to heaven, held communion with their God! For worlds I would not have broken the pause,—in this posture he remained a few moments, then, with a sigh, arose; I now knocked at the door, is any one there, said the old man; a stranger who has lost his way begs shelter for the night, I replied, will you receive him father?—he had opened the door while I was speaking, and now stood on the threshold, the faint beams of the moon played on his snow-white hairs as he bade me welcome;—thou shalt rest and partake of what I have, but thou wilt find no dainties in this hut, my son. The bleak wind of the moor, said I, will convert even the coarsest food into delicacies. I now threw off my cloak and hat. Have you travelled far, asked the hermit (for so I found afterwards he was called)—I told him from whence; and thy name? Albert Fitaroy;—and thy father's name is Edmund, cried he breathlessly; it is;—but, good father, what can thus distress you? (he had burst into tears)—Thou askest me why I weep?—thy father I loved,—'twas not the friendship of a day; thy voice brought a remembrance of times long past—I am old, and feeble, and tears will flow now when the heart is wounded; I knew the time when—but he will know my story when I tell my name, murmured he,—didst thou never hear of Albert Montgomery? I recollect, I answered, asking my father why I was called Albert?—I had once a dear friend of that name, he replied, and he is dead. The tear started in the Hermit's eye, he looked mournfully on me for some time; then exclaimed, if you love your father ask him that question no more; I vowed my intention of observance. Then he knows not my tale, poor Edmund—but we shall meet again. Albert, I love thee for thy father's sake; wouldst thou hear my story? Oh father, cried I, if to relate past sorrows will not wound your bosom afresh.—To me, my son, the griefs which rend this heart are ever present—there is a voice which renews them in the day, and there is a form which at eve—I am guilty, he exclaimed,—but, I have suffered;—Again his eyes were raised to heaven, as if from thence alone he expected peace. But, thou shalt hear my story:—“My mother died ere I could be sensible of her loss, I was the only offspring, the only comfort, left my widowed parent; and, for my sake alone, he wish'd to live!—I was his child, his companion, his dearest friend. He seemed to have no joy when separated from me, and his whole time was devoted to my bodily and mental improvement. Thus we lived till I arrived at manhood; till then my love was his, unshared, undivided. One night, returning from our usual stroll, we were alarmed by a shriek which echoed across the lawn, and presently a horse galloped furiously along the road, on which sat a lady whom I expected every moment would be precipitated and dashed to pieces; at the imminent risk of my life I rushed forward, and fortunately seized the bridle; the lady by the shock was thrown into my arms, while the horse proceeded with the swiftness of lightning. Never did I look upon one so lovely,—her fine brown hair played in graceful ringlets over a bosom fair as heaven; her cheek, although pale from terror, looked beautiful as the rose! Never shall I forget the moment, when blushing she thanked me for her life; there was magic in the sound, I could have listened to it for ever. She added, that whilst riding in company with her father and her cousin, her horse, on the flight of some birds, took flight; it was her father who shrieked, fearful that by following he should make the horse still more wild;—to you, Sir, he owes that he is still a father! The gentlemen now came up and loaded me with thanks—her cousin was your father, Albert! After this we were never separated—that hour commenced a friendship which will never be forgotten—a love which can only fade when I shall breathe no more. One evening we had strolled along the road where first I saw her—this road, Albert, said she, do you remember our dangers? Remember them!—I had never told my love, but now upon that spot where first we met, I spoke with all a lover's eloquence; she heard, she whispered back her maiden vows and I was blest—oh conceive my transport—loved by her I adored! I was in Elysium!—but fleet, fleet are the hours of bliss!—the following morn I received a letter in words of

friendship, bidding me beware lest I should prove the dupe of Eliza.—“Watch well your bride that is to be; it would gild me to the soul, to see one I respect clasp to his breast a flower on which the bee has rested. Look to your friend, Montgomery; he, like the fruit with fair outside, is rotten at the core? You'll ask if I'm a friend, or if 'tis friendship's part to wound you with a tale like this?—I answer, yes! 'tis better that your bosom now be torn, than that you should live to infamy and dishonour!”—Is this my Eliza, I exclaimed,—and have I a perfidious rival! Stabbed to the soul—I lived but for revenge. With prying eye I watched her slightest movements. The friendship between your father and Eliza seemed to me to be no other than love, and I wondered that I had never before marked what now appeared so clear. I slept not; my nights were spent in plots of deep revenge.—“give me a time just heaven and to his heart my wrongs shall speak”—the time arrived. One evening when I had wandered amid the moss grown ruins of E— Abbey, as was my wont in many a happier hour—words met my ear, my name was repeated,—'twas Eliza's voice, and a man in low accents made reply!—my bosom swelled: a pillar concealed me—I drew my poniard—my wrongs nerved my arm—my rival was within my reach—my brain grew wild—I struck the blow, and he fell writhing at my feet! A shriek of agony burst from Eliza's lips—I stood rivetted to the spot, and lost to myself and to the world, till the low moans of my victim reached my ear—Oh horror! it was my father! Distraction seized me—I dropt by his side and implored heaven to hurl lightnings on my accursed head. He took my hand, raised his eyes to Heaven, he seemed to speak—no sound escaped him—his arm wound insensibly round my neck, I felt his kiss upon my lips—I watched those eyes I loved dear as my soul, close for ever—his form stiffened in my arms—my brain turned, and I fell senseless on his corpse! But I awoke—awoke to thought and madness. I am a murderer, I cried,—I am a murderer, echoed along the walls! Eliza lay senseless; I have killed thee too!—oh, I loved ye!—to adoration loved ye—and I have murdered ye! A distant hallo pierced the still air, I kissed those lips dead, which oft had blest me living; I cast a look upon Eliza and fled a blasted, an accursed being. The night passed in torments such as hell can only parallel—often I had raised the blade yet reeking with a parent's blood; I follow thee, I cried, my father! But, methought I heard his voice whisper—Live my son, and we may meet again! Yes, my father! 'twas thy peace-whispering voice which spread a calm upon my soul, and held my uplifted arm! The next day I fled from my native home for ever. I purchased a hermit's dress which completed my disguise, and in this hat formed by my own hands I have dwelt for fifty years. One night (since which nearly twenty tedious years have passed away) 'twas in Autumn, the hoarse wind blew its dreary blast across the heath, the rain poured down in torrents, and the loud thunder shook the quivering earth with reiterated peals—I thought that mid the strife of elements I heard voices high in contention, a pause ensued,—a groan as if the last of some poor dying wretch broke on my listening ear—snatching my lamp, I hurried to the spot from whence the groan proceeded; stretched on the earth, and lifeless to all appearance, a sufferer lay; I raised him in my arms and bore him to my hut, he had fainted but the movement revived him. The rays of my lamp fell on his face and form, they were far from prepossessing; his long black hair fell in rude elf locks over his shoulders; his bushy eye-brows, and dark lowering eye—his wild disordered dress covered with blood and soil, seemed to bespeak one of a ruthless banditti. Give me water, he cried; eternal curses seize thee—I am murdered! He tore open his vest and exhibited a wound which witnessed to the truth: Look here old man, can your grey hairs find out a salve for 'his, or am I (and his gaunt frame trembled as he spoke), ere the moon shall rise—to die! I shook my head. Speak, he shrieked out; say, that in a few short hours I shall be like tainted carrion on the earth—tell me that my soul will sink to hell and torture! He dashed his clenched hand against his forehead, and fell grovelling to the ground.—In a few minutes he became more calm, but dismay still sat upon his features, and showed the powerful working of his guilty mind. I prayed by his side—scorn sat upon his lip

and his scowling eye lit with a savage glow, as seizing my hand he said—“I've heard you, now you hear me—and speak of hope to devils! “My birth was noble, my fortune splendid, my youth past in scenes of drunkenness, debauchery, and guilt. Could such a mind feel love? It did and loved to madness!—my love was scorned!—even to this hour it shakes me, I learnt the cause, a rival held the heart I sighed to gain. I asked his character from the world, 'twas amiable; it could not be blackened; burning with rage and grief, I penned a letter, said that his love was false, and as a cheated, laughed-at dupe; I made so artful, so plausible a tale, that he believed me. Intent on his revenge, damned chance, he embroiled his hands in the blood of his father—and broke for ever the heart, the innocent adoring heart of his bride!—He fled.” Then she was true—say that she was spotless, and I'll forgive thee; say that she was true, and I will bless thee! A death-like groan burst from his lips; “I am dying,” he moaned, “Eliza was pure as angels are; I leagued myself with villains, we quarrelled, and they murdered me—vilest of traitors. Forgiveness? ask forgiveness? crawl on the earth and kneel for pardon? No!—come, curse me; those forms I see are come to hush my soul with torments: O, horror!—she there, who I betrayed and poisoned—thy child too? I killed him not; he died—died in his cradle—who brought him here to damn me?—his blood still wet?—and so long past—ah, whip me furies with your serpent fangs—and around and thrust your poisoned darts into my soul;—but, take, oh take away that child!” His eyes rolled furiously—his hair stood erect—his frame shook with terror, and with a shriek of agony and a tremendous struggle he expired. I buried him beneath the shade of the broad oak—the night raven oft makes it her abode and screams wild and mournfully o'er his grave. I am now old and feeble, and I bless God my journey is so near its close.”

Thus ended the old man his tale of sorrows. Years have past, and the long grass now waves over the lone grave of the hermit—there is a soothing balm in solitude, and often when the stars shed their faint rays and the wild blast whistles across the plain—with lonely step I bend my way to the churchyard.—“No eye will weep for me,” he exclaimed, when last we parted. Yes, victim of passion! there is one who will shed a tear for thee, one whose bosom will heave a sigh to the remembrance of thy misfortunes! but thou art happy; thy expiation is complete—on earth thou wast forgiven, and “the recording angel” has blotted from his book thy past errors, and in the regions of the blessed thou art once more restored to the bosom of those who but lived to give forgiveness!

Manchester.

N. S. C.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Emma! It once was said by Pope,
(No harm in quoting him, I hope)
“Most women have no characters at all;”
But, though exceptions may be few,
All readily admit that you
Within the happy number justly fall.
Surely, in gentle womankind
Virtues and graces we may find
Enough to call forth all the poet's skill;
But when your sex I wish to praise,
This Pope—ill-natured fellow! says,
“Woman's at best a contradiction still.”
Ladies there are, it is most true—
Perhaps exceptions these, like you—
Who wit with judgment join, O union rare!
Whilst others always in the extreme
Of ever-varying humours, seem
“For ever in a passion or a prayer.”
I own it seems quite strange to me,
That those who perfect else might be
To spoil their charms so foolishly endeavour;
More circumspect at least are they
Who fewer wide extremes betray,
“Content to dwell in decencies for ever.”
Now, Emma! is our poet right—
Or does he only utter spite—
The point's important—tell me—ay or nay?
He says—(you surely are belied)
Two passions the whole sex divide,
“The love of pleasure and the love of sway.”
Nay more—for poets will go on
When once a favourite theme upon,
However involved in contraverted strife—
That man, good-nature'd creatures all!
Take thankfully what'er befall—
“But every lady would be queen for life.”

A thousand graces surely pay
For this your loathsomeness to obey,
And for usurped prerogative again:
Or, woe to husbands! they shall rue
Their bridal room, if it be true,
"A woman's seen in private life alone."

Yes—though at home resolved to reign,
Man's just dominion you restrain:
By woman's love what wrong's not more than paid?
For though more faults we there decry,
Searching with less impassioned eye,
"Your virtues, even foreseen in the shade."

'Tis there the female heart is found
With all that's kindly to abound,
There all its inborn loveliness displays:
Sheds gladness on the social hour,
And when it most exerts its power,
"O'ercomes by accepting, by submitting suays."

Brama! for you who never kneel
At Billy's shrine, nor ever felt
A wish from pure domestic joys to stray;
Whose temper never ruffled seen,
But always placid and serene,
"Can make tomorrow cheerful as to-day."

May every earthly comfort meet
To make joy's office complete,
And no rude gale of fortune overthrow it—
Still grateful to o'er-ruling fate,
Which, vexing some with rank and state,
"To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet."

Manchester.

S. W.

THE KING OF PERSIA'S FEMALE GUARDS.

(From the London Magazine.)

Every one has heard, or every one may have heard, that his Majesty the King of Persia has eight hundred wives, or ladies, in his harem, and that every other man in the country has as many as he can keep, and more than he can manage. European husbands, who have only one, and yet find it difficult enough at times to be masters in their own houses, can hardly imagine the straits their eastern brethren in matrimony are sometimes driven to by thus multiplying their domestic blessings. A man can with little propriety, in this country, talk of his rib, or his better half; he is the mere stem of a cluster of dates—a poor dry stick, surrounded and weighed down with rich ripe fruit. Yet he must endeavor to subdue the inveterate animosities of interested rivals, and contrive to preserve some order amidst the discordance of the divided wives of his bosom (peace and quiet he never hopes for). As this must absolutely be effected by his own exertions, it being indecent even to name his wife or wives to a neighbor, or to ask his advice or assistance under any circumstances; the science of managing one's own family has long been the favorite pursuit, and intricate study, of the most learned philosophers and able diplomatists. Many are the schemes, good and bad, to effect this great purpose, which have been proposed, adopted, and rejected in their turn. The last, and perhaps one of the best, is that devised, and at present actually practised, by the Moolah Alaverdi, of the Ibrahim Mosque. It is concise, simple, and, as far as it goes, tolerably efficacious; but it is extremely limited in its action. It consists in hanging up a small whip, with a whistle-attached, to the right hand door-post of the ladies' apartment. When the venerable Moolah enters, he unhooks his whip, and first gives a neat distinct whistle, which immediately assembles the ladies around him; as the pipe of the shepherd collects together his dispersed flock. He then lays the whip smartly over the back of the first, or head wife, and continues to apply a similar discipline to every one present, till each has received her portion, strictly observing the regular order of precedence and rank, and carefully avoiding all partiality, by giving out his whole strength to each blow. He has hitherto invariably found himself respected, loved, and obeyed at the conclusion of the ceremony by his affectionate and dutiful spouses. He now boasts of his method as infallible, asserts that his theory is now confirmed and established by experiment, and that this is the true and only way to manage a family. The Moolah, like many other men, is the devoted bigot of his own system, and blind to its imperfections as a general practice, or he must feel conscious, as any impartial observer does, that it never could be applied with any advantage in a large marriage establishment. Taking his own world

for it, I make no doubt that he has found it perfectly successful in his own; but the Moolah should recollect, that the discipline adequate to maintain order and regularity in the house of a parish priest, whose whole inside (as we correctly translate Haram Khonar) contains but four wives and nine concubines, would prove totally insufficient for the extended interior of a Khan, or Bey It Beggy. In the first instance, any man, endowed with ordinary strength and facility of wrist, can sufficiently illustrate the necessity of passive obedience to thirteen wives in one quarter of an hour, allowing one minute to each, and two for changing places. But—but to proceed from the fountain head, let us turn our eyes for an instant on the Brother of the Sun, our most merciful King, first Cousin to the Moon, Light of the World, and Glory of the Universe, and conceive his having to whip eight hundred wives daily. The thing is in itself impossible. His Majesty might neglect the most important of the state affairs, might abstain from all amusement and recreation, not even witness the bastinadoing of a Khan, or the bowstringing of a single Mirza exhausting his precious and celestial powers in useless efforts, and not accomplish the work to his own satisfaction in the course of one sun. The very few eunuchs attached to the court, and their inability to afford any assistance, (except by good wishes) would always leave the whole burthen on his own illustrious shoulders, and convert his Sublime Majesty into a mere carrier of raw hides.

This weighty enterprise has been regulated and conducted in a much more dignified and certain manner by his Majesty's glorious progenitors, predecessors I would say, the Crown here not being exactly hereditary in descent; indeed, our present gracious Sovereign is the first of his race who has reigned by succession. His worthy uncle, whose title he justly inherits, de-throned his master, the then reigning tyrant (all de-throned kings are fools or tyrants). They have ever wielded the sceptre with paternal solicitude, chastising their refractory subjects as a tender parent corrects his disobedient child with the rod. Within the harem is established a regular court, in exact imitation of the exterior one, with officers of state, guards, attendants, &c.—she-duplicates of all, excepting priests. As it always has been a very disputed point, whether women have souls or not, it is deemed more prudent to leave that question undetermined. The establishment of a female priesthood must be expensive, and, without any certain benefit, would tend to confirm them in their ambitious belief, that in the eyes of Providence they are equal to men; yet such is the affectionate lenity of these patriarchal rulers, that every woman asserting herself possessed of a soul is permitted the entire keeping and exercise of it for her own private advantage. To these lady-ministers and generals is entrusted the entire administration of all the interior affairs, the strictest precautions being observed to exclude all communication with the exterior. When his Majesty intends to dispel the clouds of the harem by the joy of his presence, he is conducted by his male guards to the entrance of a certain crooked narrow passage, where they are drawn up to present their parting homage. When the darkness of night falls upon the eyes of the exterior, by the setting of the sun into the afore-mentioned crooked passage, he dawns forth resplendent from the little door at the other end, to enliven with the radiance of his countenance the day of the interior. He is there received by his attendant female goulams and feraches, (or cut-throats) who conduct him through the assembled ministers to the numnah or carpet of state, where he seats himself to administer (first calling for his calcoon or pipe) impartial and severe justice to his faithful female subjects.

One of these trials, or courts-martial, (for the offender, it seems, was a military lady) has lately come to my own knowledge; how, I need not explain. I was always inquisitive, and liked to have a friend at court. As the proceedings are rather singular, and in some measure illustrate the interior economy of the royal household, they may not, altogether, be unacceptable to a European reader. I shall therefore transcribe them, deferring to another occasion my further animadversions and objections to the Moolah Alaverdi's plan, as entirely inapplicable to large insides.

I shall omit the Persian titles of Serang, Sultan,

&c. and adopt, as near as may be, the corresponding terms in English, as more intelligible.

The court being solemnly assembled, seated, and served with pipes and coffee, the charges were brought forward and read aloud by the secretary, Minikin, with all the emphasis of nasal monotony of which the language is so peculiarly susceptible.

The indictment, or accusation, is against Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, and is divided into three separate charges of impropriety.

First, for most improper, indecent, disorderly behaviour in the public bazaar; having walked across the same without a veil, contrary to all military discipline, and the strict decorum of deportment absolutely imposed on all officers of the rank of Ensign Chubby.

Secondly, for unofficer and unlady-like conduct, totally subversive of all military discipline, in wantonly and cruelly wounding Corporal Dimple; and in using indelicate language to Major Rosebud, of the laundry department, an officer of irreproachable reputation, undeniable virtue, and mother of a large family by a lawful husband, from whose violent temper and cruel stick the Major had every thing to fear, had this scandalous imputation reached his ears.

Thirdly, that, in consequence of certain suspicions excited by the frequent absence of Ensign Chubby from duty, without assigning sufficient cause, a jury of discreet matronly officers had been appointed to examine the case; who, after the most careful investigation, report the aforesaid ensign to be some months advanced in a state, utterly unbecoming the character of a single officer and girl of honour.

Upon the first charge, it was clearly proved, by the testimonies of Captains Sloe-eye and Beauty, confirmed by Sergeant Languish, that on Thursday, the 6th of last moon, at or about the first hour, after calling mid-day prayers, Ensign Chubby walked twice across the jeweller's bazaar, with a veil immodestly arranged, and only partially covering the face with one corner of it; two-thirds of the nose, at least, and one eye of the said ensign, being absolutely exposed to the public gaze. Moreover, that on turning the corner, just by the shawl-mender's stall, leading to Hassan Ali Mirza's, the said Ensign stopped, and familiarly conversed, full five minutes, with a He Sergeant of the Sheganhies, then quartered in town, or passing through. The facts being clearly proved, the guilt of the Ensign was fully established.

Upon the second charge, the following facts were advanced, and most distinctly proved by a number of reputable witnesses. The respectable Major, whose superior knowledge and skill in all kinds of needle work is undisputed and admired by the whole corps, was kindly giving some instructions, how to cut out six chemises to the greatest advantage from a piece of Indian muslin, to Corporal Dimple, who had undertaken to make and embroider them down the front, with the new Isphahan pattern, for the lady Fatima. Ensign Chubby entered the chamber, and commenced conversation so as to bring a blush into the cheeks of every young soldier present. The Ensign continued in the same strain for a considerable period; at the same time throwing on one side the scissors; wilfully burning a thread paper of green silk; at last, heating the Major's best chased silver thimble in the mangal, and privately and maliciously replacing it at the moment that the honest corporal looked out a superfine needle to backstitch the left hand gusset of the second chemise. A horrid wound was inflicted upon the sewing finger of the unfortunate corporal; the celebrated Bandinjon cataplasma was speedily provided, and applied by the active exertions of the party; but unfortunately without that happy success which so frequently attends the operation of this far-famed remedy. The suffering object of this diabolical joke remains yet incapable of duty, civil or military; and, in consequence, the lady Fatima is deprived of the advantages of clean linen. No superior officer could witness such outrageous conduct without giving a reprimand to the offender, which, although couched in perfectly genteel and lady-like language, provoked a most sippant reply. Finally, that the scandalous tongue of the aforesaid Ensign dared, in the presence of numerous witnesses, to contaminate the pure name of the virtuous Major with an odious appellation.

To the third charge, the person of the Ensign bore

ufficient testimony of guilt. Accordingly, the court found the prisoner guilty on all and each of the accusations; and, without hesitation, unanimously declared their verdict. The president, Colonel Simper, of the kitchen guard, a chaste maiden officer, advanced in years, after a most delicate and pathetic discourse on the loveliness of virtue, in which the spotless purity of conduct requisite to embellish the character of a young soldier was finely illustrated, pronounced the sentence of the court:—That Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, be degraded to the rank of a common soldier, and rendered incapable of ever again bearing a commission. The court, in the mean time, to prevent disgrace to the corps, will take care to provide a husband suitable to the present rank of the late Ensign.

In consequence of this trial, the following general orders have been issued and enforced through the whole harem. That no officer capable of bearing children shall presume to frequent the bazaars, markets, or other public places, without being attended by a reputable old woman. It is also highly recommended to young officers to wear the Indian corsets, for the better preservation of their shapes.

The practice of soldiers suckling their children on parade, having introduced various and considerable disorders in the discipline requisite for all good troops, male and female; the same is strictly forbidden from this day. Nevertheless, the king of kings ever careful of the well-being of his army, condescends, in his excellent bounty, to grant one hundred and eighty days leave of absence to all soldiers seven moons gone with child, for the purpose of being confined, and suckling the said child during its tenderest infancy; provided always that the same be lawfully begotten in wedlock, and that no disparagement be brought upon the corps by its birth.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

CATULLUS TO LEBBIA.

Nolla potest mulier tantum, &c.
Let woman boast,—the boast is vain,
That she is loved as much as I,
My Lesbia, love the silken chain,
Which binds me to thy destiny.
For in the love, which I did pledge,
There was a faith not often found;
And in the vows, which I allege,
Did constancy and truth abound.
Though I was constant, yet hast thou
Believed the tale which slanderers told;
And left me faithless, mourning now,
O'er broken vows, and slighting cold.
And thus, my Lesbia has thy mind
Been fed away, and done me wrong;
Though 'twas the right it sought to find,
It lost itself a maze among.
And now I cannot wish thee well,
Though virtue be in every deed;
Nor can I lover's thoughts repel,
Though you to every fault succeed.

Manchester.

P. W. H.

SONG.

Oh! Love is like the spring flower,
Which boasts no dazzling dress;
But blooms in solitary bower,
Array'd in loveliness.
And love is like the spring flower,
Which sheds a breath around,
More sweet, when adverse skies do lour,
And beat it to the ground.
And love is like the spring flower,
When wintry blasts assail;
It bends beneath the tempest's power,
The sport of every gale.
And love is like the spring flower,
Wak'd by some sunny ray,
It blossoms ere its woe'd hour,
And sinks into decay.
And love is like the spring flower,
When brighter skies illumine;
Then beauty claims it for her dower,
Within her breast to bloom.
And love is like the spring flower,
Which even there will fade;
And when Love fades with youth, no power
Can raise its drooping head.
But if like many a spring flower,
Its sweets when dead remain,
In peace, and joy shall pass each hour,
And age those sweets attain.

Manchester.

P. W. H.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Bright star of eve! how sweetly dost thou smile
Upon the flowers which sleep beneath thy beam
This summer night: oft does this hour beguile
The cares of day; no more do sorrows stream
Upon the heart, which, worn by grief and toll
A respite finds beneath thy glancing ray:
For rapt on thy beauty, sleeps the while
Each anxious thought, that haunts the breast by day.
To thee I raise my humble vesper song:
Mother of love! I own thy gentle way;
Oh grant me thus life's stream to pass along,
Thou the companion of its toilsome way;
And many an hour of peaceful rest, may I
In years to come, beneath thy beams enjoy.

Manchester.

P. W. H.

LETTER FROM WATTY.

I am glad to see the improving style of your Paper. You do things better than you had used to do, which is a proof that you are following the advice I have occasionally given you. I left you a long while to your own devices and wilfulness, for I thought you were dead to my instructions: but I find now that you are one of those prudent fellows, who wait to go along with opportunity, and who will neither run after nor before her. Well, well, you are right, and I suppose I was in the wrong, though it goes against the grain to confess so much.

However, that Poetry page was a sad bore, it is certain, and I did not think you could get without it too soon. Iris was like an ill made plum pudding, such as I have seen, where the raisins had all fallen together into a nook. Not that I think your poetry was ever particularly good, that is, not of as much consequence to your Paper as the fruit is to the dumpling. You began better this year. The distribution has a neat effect, and subtracts something from your ancient resemblance to a Pot-House Chronicle, the 'British Muse,' or 'Sprigs of Parnassus,' choking a whole column with their musty sweetmeats. The general character of your verses too, is better than formerly: 'The Romaunt of Llewellyn,' though on the whole it was hungry-looking stuff, (being about as unoriginal and pedantic as — I cannot stop for a simile) had a glimpse or two of genuine feeling not quite sunk in the darkness of copyism. The author, I should opine, cannot always have inhaled the cottony particles of your atmosphere. Why don't you continue it? Then the 'Beauties of the English Poets.' But those really were not so good: all hum, I assure you. How could you think of taking a judgment upon English Poetry from such a half-starved, Frenchman-like-looking, name as Eustace de St. Clere? However, the thing had an air with it, and was perhaps in the better fashion of make-believe criticism, in spite of the bookish, unnatural fust about nature 'and that concern.'

So you have begun of reviewing; and very prettily you manage it considering. 'Considering what?' you will say. Considering that you are only beginners:—you will improve yet, take my word for it; and here's some advice in your ear; don't be so straight forward in your detail; run in a circle and use cant enough. I'm up to it.

It was a silly trick of you giving that extra half sheet. Your Paper is big enough in all conscience, if people could know when to be satisfied. If matter accumulate on your hands, (which I am pleased to hear it does) beat out the chaff better, or if you give more charge more. I see no reason for squandering your profits in the prodigality of gratis appendages. None of your readers would give you the remaining twopenny half-penny of their sixpence, because they might have it to spare.

I continue sending 'The Club,' but if you've had enough of it tell me. I know you won't refuse it, so long as I think proper to give it you, and as it costs me no trouble, I may never know when to stop. I'll tell you how I do it. I lay a sheet of paper (foolscap size) on my writing desk, and place it before an Automaton doll, that I have invented for the purpose, who instantly commences scribbling at a furious rate. The pen, from long habit (for it is the same 'The Club,' has been written with from the beginning) turns off its periods in rapid succession, and I have nothing to attend to but regulating the length of the article, which I do by the winding up of the machine; and as I took especial heed never to suffer thought to have any thing

to do in the composition of the papers, the mere mechanical part of it was easily acquired by my pen, which I flatter myself can produce as pretty a specimen of that amiable reading, designated by Hamlet 'words, words, words,' as any man needs to desire.

You have rather a prosing correspondent, who signs himself S. X. whose articles contain a deal of information, though of somewhat too pedagogical a kind. I always read them, however, which is saying as much for them as I can, for they must be something more than tolerable to meet with such attention from me. I had always a liking for nick-nackeria of knowledge, and (will you believe it?) I read Sir Richard Phillips' 'Hundred Wonders,' from the beginning to the end. I made a note of the fact, in red ink, at the end of the volume, and Sir Richard will publish it as an additional wonder in the next edition of the book.

You seem to have many correspondents in Liverpool, though, I must say, the saltiness of the air they breathe finds none of its savour in their writings. Yet, don't think I despise them by any means: (and once for all let me tell you, I am giving my 'worst of thoughts the worst of words' in every point I touch upon) I don't think, take them altogether, they're a bad race of writers. A little too much of the *deek and stool* about them, that's all, and I can fancy their manuscripts are replete with long-tailed, well-rounded, flourishing capitals, and that they make the prettiest small figures imaginable. It would be invidious to say which I think is the best of them; but I tell you candidly, I hate the *Conceitrick* for its very name's sake. There's something contract in the notion of it, and so true genius would adopt it. 'Let me have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind for so —' (fill the space to your liking) have.' Let me be free, unfettered, *eccentric*, sailing round the world of thought, and ballooning in the regions of fancy, I may hit upon a discovery sometimes, and when I do, let Americus fix what name to it he choose, mankind will remember Columbus.

ON BENEVOLENCE, THE CURE OF DISEASE, AND THE MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

"As it is evident that every human being is sent into this world for some wise and benevolent purpose; and as it is also evident that every rational creature, of mature age, is endowed with a power of being useful to his fellow-creatures, I think it would not be as unprofitable question, were we occasionally to ask ourselves, 'Of what use can I be to society this day?'"

"If we make as ingenuous an answer as its importance demand, would it not be after this manner?—I can bestow a superfluous garment to assist in clothing the naked, I can give a portion of my bread to feed the hungry, I can send some cordial to him that is fainting, I can supply the poor widow with her winter's fuel, or I can instruct the ignorant, direct the unwary youth how to tread the dangerous path of life with safety and honour, and in a variety of ways lend assistance to the young, the aged, the feeble, and unfortunate. We shall find this employment the most effectual means of escaping from the disgust and languor of a consuming indolence, of imbuing our minds with pleasant and peaceful thoughts, and of cultivating a cordial goodwill and a generous benevolence to the whole human race. We shall be less disposed to lend an ear to the suggestions of pride, resentment, ill-humour, slander, censoriousness, or any moral defilement, that derogates from the dignity of man. If we thus act in unison with the honest suggestions of our minds, and attentively consider the great power we have of preventing evil, and relieving distress, and the moral degradation we incur from passing our lives in indolence and sloth, and by this means lay the foundation of vicious habits, how speedily should we be sensible of a very pleasing change in the rational and moral world? We should behold the countenance of the broken-hearted beaming with contentment; we should find the interior of the poor much more orderly, cleanly, and comfortable, their manners improved, their habits more industrious, and a variety of indisposition, arising from filth, intemperance, idleness, and disorderly practices, banished. We should find the sum of our happy moments increased, and society at large would be the gainers."

The writer then proceeds by recommending simplicity of diet; he quotes experiments from Dr. Adair to shew that duck or goose is less digestible than any other food; and from Drs. Hoffman, Young, Pye, Reynolds, Lyberkin, and Hunter, he shows the salutary effect of milk diet in cases of gont, dysentery, consumption, and diseases of the stomach. Cures of indigestion by a simple diet of beef and mutton; and several instances of restoration to health and vigour effected by vegetable food, and even by mere abstinence from sauces, wines, and strong liquors are given from Rush, Tissot, Engel, Parmentier, Mackenzie, and Priestley. The impropriety of giving wine to children is stated as follows:—

"A late ingenious surgeon gave to one of his children a full glass of sherry every day after dinner for a week; the child was then five years of age, and had never been accustomed to wine: to another child, nearly of the same age, and under similar circumstances, he gave a large china orange for the same space of time; at the end of the week he found a very material difference. In the first, the pulse was quickened, and the heat increased, while the second had every appearance that indicated high health. He then reversed the experiment: to the first-mentioned child he gave the orange, and to the other the wine; the effects followed as before described;—a striking and demonstrative proof of the pernicious effects of vinous liquors on the constitutions of children in full health."

We conclude our abridgment of "J. O.'s" interesting letter, which has been kindly handed to us by Mr. Kaye of Liverpool, with the following extract:—"Dr. Mackenzie directs this simple and easy method of preventing impendent disease, frequently practised with good success, viz. that when a person finds himself indisposed, to go directly to bed, and there lie for one, two, or three days, until his complaints are removed, living all the while on water-gruel, or panado, for food, and on water or small negus, or white-wine whey, for drink. The gruel or panado may be made more or less substantial, according to circumstances. Though some may deride the simplicity of this prescription, they will find, where such food agrees with the stomach, and time can be spared to make the experiment, it will prove more beneficial than they imagine. The Dr. adds, 'I have often been told by a lady of quality, where circumstances obliged her to be a good economist, and where prudence and temperance preserved her health and senses to a great age, that she had kept herself out of the hands of the faculty many years by this simple regimen.'"

MATHEMATICS.

MATHEMATICAL PLAGIARISMS DETECTED.

MR. EDITOR.—In the Iris No. 41 you have inserted a "Question No. 52, by Philomathe;" this, Sir, is incorrect; the same question was proposed in the Ladies' Diary of 1769, by Mr. W. Spicer; for Philomathe, we must read, therefore, Mr. W. Spicer.

You have also in the Iris No. 44 inserted a very neat solution to this question, which you say is by "Mr. W. M. Lawrie, Schoolmaster, at Hulme." This, too, is incorrect, for in the Ladies' Diary of 1770, I find *literally the same solution* to the same question, by Dr. Charles Hutton; for "Mr. W. M. Lawrie, Schoolmaster, at Hulme," we ought, therefore, to read Dr. Charles Hutton.

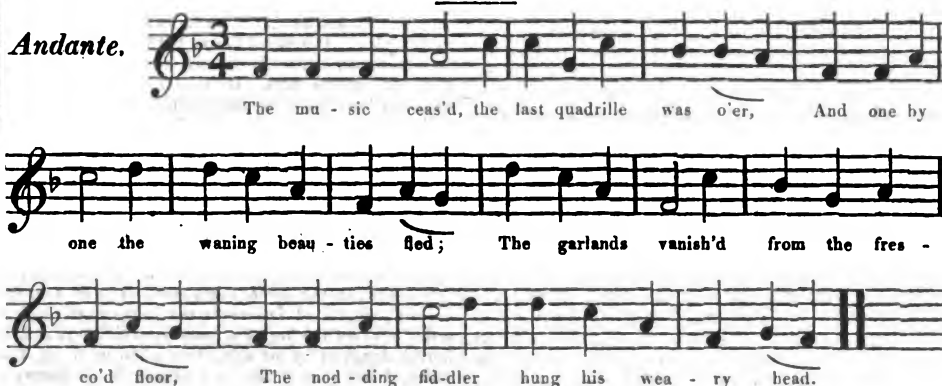
The discovery of these errata reminds me very forcibly of a Fable which I recollect, when a lad at school, used to afford me much amusement. I allude to the fable of the "Jackdaw in borrowed feathers." Do you think, Sir, that your mathematical correspondents, Philomathe, and Mr. W. M. Lawrie, ever read the fable? I would persuade myself they have not, for if they had, I think that the poor Jackdaw stripped of his borrowed plumage, would have appeared to them so perfectly ridiculous and contemptible, as ever to deter them from turning Jackdaws themselves, or, indeed, from playing tricks that would be likely at any time to place them in a similar situation.

Yours, MUTA.

N. B. To assist me in my Mathematical researches, I have recently been presented with copies of the Ladies' Diary, for many years back. These will probably enable me to make further discoveries, if they do, you shall hear from me again.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

(THE AIR WRITTEN FOR THE IRIS.)



And I—a melancholy, single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.—
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blushing Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses,
And when I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances and the infants' kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective, sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,
The children playing and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was changed.—In came the Baker's bill:
I stared to see the hideous consumption
Of pies and puddings, that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating—legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host;
To see them, you'd have thought each tiny glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smoked upon the platter,
The pond'rous sirloin rear'd its head in vain,
The little urohins kick'd up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the School bill: Board and Education
So much per annum; but the extras mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And every little bagatelle was counted:

To mending tucks.—A new Homeri Iliad.—
A pane of glass.—Repairing coat and breeches.—
A slate and pencil.—Binding old Virgilina.—
Drawing a tooth.—An opening draught and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Here Kate began to scold,—I stamp'd and swore,
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,
I thank'd my stars that it was but a dream.

[See note to Readers, page 84.]

EXTRACTS, ETC.

BONAPARTE, TALLEYRAND, AND LORD WHITWORTH.

The following is a translation of Bonaparte's instructions to Talleyrand:—

"I received your letter at Malmesbury. I desire that the conference" (with Lord Whitworth) may not turn into talk—put on an air, cold, high, and even a little haughty.

"If the (British) note contains the word *ultimatum*, observe to him that this word includes the word war—that such a style of negotiation is that of a superior towards an inferior. If the note does not contain that word, *make him put it in*, by observing to him, that we must know clearly and finally what we are about—that we are tired of this state of anxiety—that never shall they obtain from us what they obtained during the last years of the Bourbons—that we are no longer the same people who submitted to have an (English) commissary at Dunkirk—that if the ultimatum be postponed all will be broken off.

"Frighten him on the consequences of the postponement.

"If you cannot shake him, accompany him through the outward room, and just when you are about to quit him say—'But the Cape and the island of Gorée, have they been evacuated?' (which he knew they had).

"Soften a little towards the end of the conference, and invite him to see you again before he writes to his court, 'in order that you may tell him the impression it has made upon me, which may be diminished by the assurance of the evacuation of the Cape and Gorée.'"

"This would not be the place to make any historical

* This relates to the conference of the 20th of April, 1803. It will be seen, in the papers laid before Parliament, that Lord Whitworth baffled Bonaparte's trick, by not delivering any note, and by confining himself to a VERBAL explanation of his former communications.

observations on this very important document as connected with the rupture with France in 1803, nor shall we attempt to decide how far diplomacy may justify such tricks as the above paper prescribes. The Chancellor Seguier said, two hundred years ago, "Qu'il y avoit deux sortes de conscience—l'une d'état, qu'il falloit accommoder a la necessite des affaires: Pautre a nos actions particulieres." But under any circumstances a person who thinks himself justified in practising such falsehood and duplicity, has no right to charge such errors, in the grossest language, on two persons, one of whom was the instrument, and the other the object, of his own intended fraud.—*Q. Rev.*

PORTRAIT OF A GRECIAN DOCTOR.—"His riding dress can scarcely be imagined without a drawing; but I have seldom seen a more grotesque figure than his, when he set out for the town of Leondari on that journey. His hat was not unlike that of a capuchin with a slouched brim, but the crown had a broad silk hat-band and large steel-buckle. His hair, which had not been untied for months behind, showed that several attempts had been made to comb it, which had only succeeded in tearing out or breaking off locks which originally belonged to the queue. He wore a large and long robe of cloth, which once had been sky-blue, lined with thick fur, with a broad cape of the same. Under this was a tunic of dark colours to conceal the dirt, also reaching to the ground; beneath this, again, were other dresses altogether invisible, but forming a prodigious mass of inconvenient appurtenances, which when prepared for a journey were all thrust together,—fur, pelisse, tunic, and all the rest into a tremendous pair of Turkish trowsers, composed of many yards of light-blue cloth, which being sewed together between his legs, as all Turkish trowsers are, in spite of an essay in one of the English newspapers to prove the contrary, were so much forced upwards by the saddle,

that several inches of septennial cloth stockings were visible, between them and a huge pair of Turkish jack-boots which had once been black.—*St. W. Gaz.*

HORSEMANSHIP OF THE GUANCHES.

From his youth the Guanche is nursed in ideas of independence and activity. The exercise which he loves best is riding; and he piques himself on his skill in breaking in his steed. The plains through which he wanders feed an immense quantity of horses and wild mules. Along with the favorite weapon, fathers give their sons lessons of skill and intrepidity. Mounted on their well-timed couriers, they dart on a troop of wild horses, the *lazo* is thrown, and one is caught; the others gallop off, and the captive, full of impatience, turns to recover his liberty, which is lost for ever. The Guanche is already dismounted; whirling another *lazo* round him, which serves to strengthen the first, and throws it with skill round the legs of the captive, who falls, and must bear his conqueror. Without stirrups or bridle, merely with spurs and words of command, the Guanche masters the impatient animal, which paws the ground and darts away like a flash of lightning. He soon stops; indignant at his burden, he prances and rolls in the dust, and the Guanche rolls along with him. Deceived in his expectation, he gets up fiercely, darts off again, and feels the merciless spur, till he is quite furious. He stops again, and looks round for some danger, to terrify his adversary; he hastens to it, traverses rocks, clears precipices, and swims the streams. At length, worn out with fatigue, he falls, and submits to the bridle. But it is not enough that he becomes obedient, and transports his master from one country to another: he must also brave the same dangers with him, and second him in his boldest attacks.

Almost every animal takes to flight at the mere sight of a tiger; and his appearance has something in it peculiarly terrific to the horse. Yet is this animal here brought to look his foe in the face, and not to run off till a certain signal is given.

The Guanche sets out without the smallest supply of provisions; immense barren plains are before him, which only produce a few stalks, that serve for the nourishment of cattle. When the Guanche is hungry, he seeks after, and soon finds, innumerable herds of wild horses; he catches one of these animals, throws him down, cuts off a piece of his flesh with a knife, and restores him to liberty. He quenches his thirst at a spring; and then begins his chase after wild beasts. He calls aloud for them, and spurs on his horse towards the monster he intends for a victim. The hoarse roar of the tiger is heard,—there he stands and a terrible combat begins. It is not force, but skill, which conquers. The Guanche whirling his *lazo*; he speaks, he calls aloud, he is ready for his enemy. His terrible enemy, with his belly almost touching the ground, is astonished to see any being awaiting his approach, and provoking him; his eyes roll furiously, he opens his vast jaws still red with the blood of his last victim; and, indignant at finding an opponent, he seeks with his eye for the place on which he means to spring. The Guanche is all the time tranquil, firm, and prudent, governing his astonished, but obedient courser with his feet; he makes him retreat without turning his face from the tiger, who follows him step by step watching for a false movement. The Guanche knows this; he makes his horse rear; the tiger darts forward and is caught; the horse springs away on his hind legs with all his power, dragging the ferocious beast after him. The Guanche turns round at times; and if his *lazo* has caught only the neck, he flings a second, which binds his legs; he is now the conqueror. He dismounts, arms himself with two knives from his boots, and his victim expires. Having finished his day's work, he returns to Mont-Video, sells the skin of the animal he has killed; caresses his horse, and hastens to seek new danger.

You may easily suppose, however skilful these astonishing people may be, that the irregular springs of such an enemy as the tiger, may often enable him to escape the *lazo*, and compel the Guanche to engage in another species of combat more dangerous than the former. In such cases the horse plays the principal part, though the man makes the attack. When it happens that the *lazo* has missed, which I can assure

you is very seldom, the Guanche arms himself with his two knives, and defends himself very courageously. The horse sees the danger of his master, and in place of galloping off, presents his chest to the enemy. He knows that if he turns away he will have no defender. His blood flows, but his courage never for one minute fails; he knows also that his master will not forsake him. If the tiger, exhausted by fatigue allows the horseman a single moment's respite, it is all over with him; the *lazo*, which is always ready at the saddle-bow is again laid hold of; and for a Guanche twice to miss his aim, is almost unexampled.—*Argus.*

THE PRINCE DE CONDE.—The Prince de Condé acquired reputation in his youth.—Instances were related of his courageous behaviour, at the battle of Ardenbeck, in the seven years war. It was said that on being requested to remove ten paces to the left, in order to avoid the fire of a battery, which was making horrid slaughter by his side, he replied to M. de Turenne, *I find none of these precautions in the history of the Great Condé.*

He afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Minden, in 1759, charging the enemy at the head of his reserve, over a piece of meadow, strewn with the bodies of officers of the gendarmes and carabiniers. His talents displayed themselves to still greater advantage when he had a separate body of troops under his command, with which he gained several advantages over the Prince of Brunswick. Louis XV. in way of reward, gave him the enemy's cannon; and the Prince of Brunswick, afterwards visiting him at Chantilly, and not finding the guns there, the Prince de Condé having had them removed out of sight, said, *You were determined to conquer me twice—in war by your arms, and by your forbearance in peace.* The battle of Johannesburg carried his reputation to its height alone, for with an inferior reserve, he gained a complete victory over Prince Ferdinand. He held his council of war in the midst of a fire of musketry, and remained master of the field of battle.—*Med. Campan.*

DR. FRANKLIN AT THE FRENCH COURT.—Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Doctor Franklin, who, to the reputation of a most skilful philosopher, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medalion was sold under the king's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain.

When the news of his (Franklin's) death arrived in Paris, in 1790, a society of printers met in an apartment of the Cordeliers convent, to celebrate a funeral festival in honour of the American philosopher. His bust was elevated upon a column in the middle of the room. Upon the head was placed a civic crown: below the bust were compositors' cases, a press, and other emblems of the art, which the sage had cultivated. While one printer was pronouncing an eulogium upon Franklin, workmen were printing it, and the speech composed and pulled off as fast as uttered, was copiously distributed among the spectators brought together by this entertainment.—*Med. Campan.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

A contradiction of the account in our last Number relative to this interesting Expedition has appeared in several of the daily papers; but as we have heard nothing from any official authority on the subject, we are inclined to place confidence in the reports which reached

us, and which were derived from a source than which there is none better entitled to credit in the Kingdom. From the language which we employed in communicating the intelligence, it must have been evident that the facts stated were vouched with some degree of doubt, though we very naturally fell into the sanguine and gratifying hopes they were so well calculated to excite. If in this we have run any risk of causing severe disappointment to the relations and friends of our gallant Countrymen engaged in the arduous service, we can only say that our own disappointment will be equally bitter; but one of the contradictions, insinuating that our motive was cruel towards these parties, is unworthy of any answer. We are not in the habit of inserting the slightest matters without as far as possible investigating their truth, and had we not had good grounds for the statement in question, we should not have ventured to publish it. We know not what reason may exist elsewhere for concocting or keeping back the news.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PROSPECTS OF CAPTAIN PARRY.

An interesting paper has been read to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, on the probable situation, condition, and prospects of Captain Parry, and his brave fellow-adventurers, an inquiry surely not ill-timed at a season to us of joy and festivity, to them of dreariness and darkness. "It shewed the probability of their having succeeded in getting a passage through some inlet in the N.W. of Hudson's Bay, since, if this had not been the case, they would have returned, or at least been heard of. If they should have got beyond the Copper Mine River the first summer, it is a subject of hope rather than expectation, that they may have passed Mackenzie's and pushed through Behring's Straits, in which case we may expect intelligence very soon. But in this case, probably Franklin would have heard of them.—Or they may have been taken short by the climate before reaching the Pacific, and are now passing a second winter on this side of Behring's Straits;—still a fair hope may be entertained of their ultimate safety; but it may be the end of this year or the spring of the next, before we hear of them.—Or, thirdly, they may not have been able to find a passage to the Pacific; and then the question is, can they get back to the Atlantic before the open weather closes; or have they the means of passing a third Polar winter? Various presumptions are in favour of this.—But on a fourth, not improbable, supposition, of damage to the ships, or deficiency of, or injury to the resources, or sickness, disabling from exertion, their situation must indeed be wretched; and what ought the country, in contemplation even of its possibility, to do? First, to despatch directions to the governors of Canada, Hudson's Bay, and the North-West Company, directing them to equip different parties of natives, with proper supplies, to go in search, by the Copper Mine and Mackenzie's River, and other routes, with a security of being rewarded at any rate, and munificently in case of success. Secondly, that two or three small vessels be sent in different directions. Thirdly, that the Davis Straits ships be encouraged to sail a fortnight or more before the usual time, and explore the coast before they come to the fishing ground." Accounts have reached England since the above was read, *via Russia*, that two vessels answering to those of the expedition, had been seen by some Russian Colonists off Icy Cape. If so, the ships are now on their return by the Pacific Ocean.

FINE ARTS.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

BY B. R. FAYDON.

With the most perfect sincerity do we congratulate Mr. Haydon on having accomplished the *FINEST PICTURE* which his pencil has yet executed. We hope that we shall have to say of him, what Reynolds said of Rembrandt:—that 'his genius expands with his canvass.' The picture measures 22 feet by 15; and there is not a portion of it but what is appropriately occupied. We shall endeavour to describe this picture, and to tell our tale in as few words as possible.

Nearly about the centre of the composition stands the Saviour of the world. The words, 'LAZARUS, COME FORTH,' have passed his lips, and he waits in tranquil and confident expectation of the fulfilment of his command. His countenance, which is in profile, is calm, sweet, and godlike: a small bright glory in-circles his head; above which, his right hand is raised, as if accompanying, or following, the words just uttered! His drapery is well disposed, and of a subdued tint, in French grey and crimson. You look for Lazarus, in the direction of our Saviour's eyes, and you absolutely start—as you see him in the corner of the picture—erect—with opened eyes of astonishment—his grave-clothes flung from off his head and breast—and his attention intensely fixed on the Power that had raised him from the dust. There is a very unusual, preternatural, ghost-like air, about this figure of Lazarus, which not only differs from all those of him which we have seen, but which we think singularly powerful, and appropriate. It has been usual with many of the old masters to occupy half their canvass with an ugly common-place object of an excavation of the earth, meant for a grave. Mr. H. has nothing of the kind. It is the occupier of the grave, and not the grave itself, which he wishes the spectator to behold. Two grave-diggers, however, of muscular forms, and starting back with amazement bordering on horror, occupy the foreground very successfully; and tell the tale as well as if we saw the excavation full 'eight feet deep.' Nor is the raised figure busied in disentangling himself from his bandages and cords, as in the famous picture of Sebastian del Piombo—with which, if report speaks true,* Mr. H.'s performance will probably ~~soon~~ come in competition; but it obtrudes just sufficient to convince us that the *GREAT MIRACLE* has been accomplished, and that the raised Lazarus is not less sensible of it than the surrounding spectators.

Of these 'surrounding spectators' we could say a good deal more than our present limits admit of. Among them, the father and mother of Lazarus are particularly conspicuous—in fine character, and full of expression; and are among the finest parts of colouring in the picture. The head of the father is full of nature. Below them is Mary, the sister of the recently deceased. She is utterly absorbed in grief; and has not yet gazed on her restored brother. In the foreground, before our Saviour, is the figure of *MARTHA*, kneeling, with extended arms, and a handkerchief in her right hand. But we submit, either that the body and head are too large, or that the arm—particularly the right—is too small. And we would further observe, that the handkerchief appears of rather too modern a shape or character. There is one figure in the piece, above Martha—that of *ST. JOHN*—which is not only the finest in the composition, but perhaps one of the very finest in the modern school of painting. This tender-hearted disciple is, apparently lost between devotion to his master, and astonishment at the miracle just wrought. His whole figure, especially his countenance and clasped hands, are indicative of an intensity of feeling. We never noticed any thing finer; and the colouring is worthy of the drawing. Above, are two well-known Judaical characters—a pharisee and a sadducee, with phylacteries on their foreheads. The reluctant admission of the miracle performed is finely delineated in their countenances. To the right, is a most beautifully drawn and coloured head of a young woman, with a cinerary vase on her

head, apparently copied from the Portland vase. Above, is a fine figure of a youth pointing with both arms, as it were, to the object of the miracle; and turning his head over his left shoulder, with an earnest entreaty of expression in his countenance, for his companions to come and witness the miraculous scene. Again, by the side of this youth, and a little above him, is a remarkably well conceived and coloured figure of a man, kneeling on a wall, in the act of prayer, in perfect rapture and astonishment at what has taken place. Several figures, to the left of him, half seen, scrambling over the same wall, denote the prevalence of the same feeling.

The back ground is a scene of temples and buildings near Jerusalem, irradiated by the partial gleams of light, which seem to dart along the picture from a passing thunder-storm. We do not pretend to have described all the principal figures in this very fine performance; but after observing, in addition, that the colouring throughout is sober, and yet glowing; after passing an unqualified commendation on the *ochres* and *dark greens*, which keep down the more radiant hues—and after expressing our intire conviction that the story is better told than we have ever yet seen it told—we beg to congratulate both Mr. H. and the public on this very fine acquisition to the *BRITISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING*. We do indeed sincerely hope, that no ungovernable prejudices on the one hand, and no precipitate, ill-judged encomiums on the other, may intercept the free exercise of every man's opinion, who has eyes to see, and a heart to feel. And we say, in conclusion, with the characters engaged in the transaction, 'COME AND SEE' for, of all the miracles performed by our blessed Saviour, this was one of the most solemn in its procedure, and most astonishing in its results. It was the type of his *OWN AWFUL FATE*.—*Museum*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COBBETT'S GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I see that my query on Cobbett's English Grammar, which you were so kind as to insert, has been answered in the last number of your Miscellany by one of your Correspondents; and, though much obliged to him for his candid opinion, I hope he will not be displeased at my giving proper reasons for not agreeing with him on the sentence in question. B. seems somewhat dissatisfied at my not being more "explicit" with respect to my doubts; in answer to this, I say that I did not consider it at all necessary, as my object was to know if the word "work" should be repeated in the same sentence, as it appeared there was only one verb; and by expressing it as I did, I could not suppose any person to be ignorant of my meaning. However, it has given B. an opportunity of introducing a part of the sentence to which I did not advert: but immediately after he comes to the point; and says that, a "work" being at so great a distance, he saw no great impropriety in the verbs being repeated. In answer to this I beg leave to say that how distant soever the nominative case and verb be, or how numerous soever the intervening clauses be, the same nominative case should not be repeated to the same verb: for "*non scribitur Canibus*," we are not to suppose that any person acquainted even with the rudiments of syntax would be at a loss to find the nominative case to "deserves." But repeating it is contrary to rule, therefore it is wrong. B. next says that "the two nominative cases may be easily reconciled on the grammatical principle of two words being put in apposition; here I would inform him that the same word was never put in apposition with itself; for by apposition is meant, that affinity which is between two different words, each pertaining to the same person or thing, and is so binding that it will admit of no variation of case: thus, "*Cicero the greatest orator of the age*;" we say that the word "*orator*" is put in apposition with "*Cicero*." But according to B.'s reasoning we could say, "*Cicero*" the greatest "*Cicero*" of the age; this requires no contradiction, as the impropriety of it is palpable.

It now of course devolves on me to answer B.'s query. He questions as to the correctness of the sen-

tence "Your Majesty who is the only one." I say it is strictly correct; however, in order to be as explicit as possible, I shall answer his queries one by one. "Your Majesty who is the only one." Query, of what person is "your Majesty?" I say it is the 3rd person. Q. Does the relative who agree with Majesty as its antecedent? I answer yes. Q. In that case of what gender is Majesty? I answer of the feminine. Q. How so, as "Majesty" cannot properly be called masculine or feminine? I give it gender by a figure of speech.* Q. Is that conformable to rule or custom? In answer to this I will give you the words of an author: "Yes: and it has been justly regarded as a great advantage in our language: we can whenever our subject will justify it, transform into masculine or feminine, nouns, which are strictly speaking neuter; and thus by giving the functions of life to inanimate objects enliven and elevate our style, and give to our expressions great additional dignity and force." There now remains one point more to be cleared with regard to the relative. B. says "and in that case should not the relative be which?" By making the relative "which" it must have "Majesty" as an inanimate thing for its antecedent, and of course of the neuter gender; and then the word *Majesty* as an inanimate thing "can be the only one that appears to have justly estimated the value of the people." I need not waste any time in proving the inconsistency of such language, as I am inclined to think that B. himself will find that I have been clear enough; observing however that "Your Majesty who are the only one" would be equally as correct as that in question.

With much respect I remain your's

Manchester, March 5th, 1823.

* Personification.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—

"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

[The pronoun me, in the following lively and ingenious composition is printed with a capital, because it partakes, in some measure, of the nature of a proper name,—being the representative of the Subject of the Riddle,—one of the longest certainly, and perhaps one of the best Riddles that ever was composed.—Indeed it scarcely deserves the name of a Riddle, as the veil is so thin, and the features so prominent, that the Answer is discoverable on the first glance. As a mere Riddle, its length alone would be objectionable; but in the way of description, it might still admit of extension.—S. X.]

A RIDDLE,

BY A LADY.

Ladies, I your attention claim,
Nor doubt but soon you'll know my name;
And if my presence you're possessing,
You scarce need ask another blessing.
I am not power, I am not wealth,
Nor joy, nor innocence, nor health;
I'm not a husband, nor a wife,
(By some esteem'd the sweets of life);
Love I have known, but often fly,
The moment he approaches nigh.
I am not Hope,—Hope oft beguiles,
Smiles, and deceives you as she smiles;
But I, a friend, sincere and warm,
Profess no more than I perform.
I'm not Religion, but depend
On her, as on my dearest friend;
And have the privilege and honour
Still to attend and wait upon her.
Nor Cheerfulness herself am I,
Though of the selfsame family;
Allied by a fraternal band,
You often see Us hand in hand.
Perhaps you'll fancy that content
By this description must be meant;
But no,—'tis said Content will dwell
With the lone hermit in his cell;
But should you seek for Me, I fear,
You would not often find me there.
The beggar, on his bed of straw,
From sloth itself content will draw;
In rags and dirt will sit and sing,
As blithe and merry as a king;
But I ne'er came within his hut,—
I hate a sluggard and a slut;
And as for rags and dirt, I ne'er
In them did ever yet appear.
England's my birth-place—'tis averr'd
No foreign language knows the word;
And English travellers declare,
I cannot live in foreign air!

* We allude to the renowned sale of the Gallery of Pictures of the late J. J. Angerstein, Esq.

But English travellers are nice,
And this, you'll say is prejudice;
Yet foreigners themselves have found
My native soil is English ground.

But I fear you grow weary; and so for your pleasure,
To finish my story, I'll alter my measure.

With a cheerful Old Maid, who, well pleas'd and contented
Has refus'd some good offers, yet never repeated,
I oft am an inmate; on her I attend,
But am not so much the Old Bachelor's friend;
Since he frequently finds, if the truth be will own,
Man never was meant to enjoy me alone.
The truth is I'm shy, and on others depend,
Before I am fix'd as a permanent friend;
Must have all things neat and convenient about me,
Or else you'll soon find you must e'en live without me.
For instance,—in winter I always require
A hearth that's clean swept, and a good blazing fire.
At night, a warm room, with an excellent bed,
Beside some soft pillows to solace my head;
With a daily supply of good drink and good meat,
For I cannot exist where there's nothing to eat;
Yet I'm no epicure;—although I must own,
I would rather each day have two dishes than one.
But this as you please; I shall never contend,
For if you are happy—it answers my end.

But beside all these requisites, mentioned to you,
There are others,—and those of more consequence too;
Things which you must either possess or provide,
Before you can have me with you to reside:
Good sense, in the first place, I cannot omit,
Although I can live very well without wit;
But as for good temper, if ever she flies,
Be certain the full better half of Me dies.
With Jealousy, Envy, and low-minded Pride,
I cannot,—'tis not in my nature,—abide;
But Hatred and Malice, Contention and Spite,
If e'er they come near Me, will kill Me outright.
In fine, would you have Me, with all my perfections,
You must cherish good-will and the social affections;
Attend to my wants, and remember my threats,—
Preserve a clear conscience, and pay all your debts.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday March 3rd, to Friday March 7th, 1863.

Monday.—Pizarro: with the Prize. Rolls—Mr. Young.
Tuesday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Young.—Man of the
World: with the Promissory Note and For England,
Ho! Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant—Mr. Young.
Wednesday.—Mr. Tibbs: with Tom and Jerry.
Thursday.—Ways and Means: with Tom and Jerry.
Friday.—The Bath Road: with Tom and Jerry.

We understand that Miss Hammersley has concluded
a most advantageous engagement, for a term of three
years, with the Managers of the Theatre-Royal Covent
Garden. Mr. Brown also leaves us for the Theatre-
Royal Drury Lane; and, during the Liverpool season,
Mr. Salter is engaged for the Theatre-Royal Bir-
mingham.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

BALL DRESS.—Round dress of amber coloured crape, a
puckering of gauze of the same colour at the border, finished
by *rouleaux*, wadded very full of white satin, with full blown
white roses, and a few leaves of green foliage: under each
rose is an antique ornament of the *rosace* kind, composed of
white satin, with a tuft of amber in the interior. The body of
this beautiful dress is of satin, and is elegantly diversified by
white silk *cordon* and fine blond; the front of the bust is
finished by a narrow falling tucker of blond; and the shoulders
ornamented by bows of white satin ribbon. The sleeves are
white, and are trimmed to correspond with the skirt, except
that the flowers are left out; they are finished by the *rouleaux*
in points, with the *rosaces* in the centre of the sleeve, encir-
cling the arm. The hair is arranged *a la Sappho*; and round
the Lesbian braid at the back part of the head is placed a
wreath of full blown roses and laurel leaves. The earrings and
necklace are of fine pearls; the ear-pendants superbly set.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of Urling's Patent Lace over a
slip of lilac coloured satin. Three French tucks of white satin,
falling one over the other, are placed at the edge of the border.
These are surmounted by a rich festoon trimming of white
crape, consisting of full puffs, each festoon headed by an
Astatic diadem, divided by pearls, which gives a most splendid
effect to this truly novel and unique kind of trimming. The
body and sleeves are elegantly simple, the former having only
a slight ornament of fine lace round the bust, with a few puffs
of lilac satin; the sleeves are very short, not full, and are bound
tight round the arm with a broad band of satin.

WALKING DRESS.—A deep amethyst-colour silk pelisse of
gris de Naples, wadded, and lined with pink sarsnet; a little
wrapt and fastened down the front with hooks and eyes: *cor-
sage*, made plain and high, ornamented with tasselled chev-
ronnelles: circular projecting collar of velvet, of a deeper hue,
than the silk; two rows of velvet are placed down the front

and round the bottom of the skirt: sleeves nearly to fit, with
velvet cuff, and full epaulettes, intersected with velvet straps.
Ruff of Buckinghamshire lace; cap of the same, fastened under
the chin with button and loop. Bonnet of the same silk as the
pelisse, bound with broad velvet, and lined with pink satin:
the front bent *a la Marie Stuart*; the crown surrounded with
inverted conical *rouleaux* of velvet, equal-distant, commencing
with a silk knot: plume of ostrich feathers of a bright amethyst
colour, placed on the right side, and falling low on the left
shoulder.

VARIETIES.

MISTAKEN CIVILITY.—A gentleman mistaking a
very small lady,—who was picking her way over a
dirty channel,—for a very young one, snatched her up
in his arms, and landed her in safety on the other side,
when she indignantly turned up a face expressive of
the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared
to take such a liberty. "Oh! I humbly beg your
pardon," (said the gentleman,) "I have only one amends
to make;" and he again caught her up, and placed her
where he had first found her.

**GANGANELLI (POPE CLEMENT XIV.) AND VOL-
TAIRE.**—In the course of an interview which an Eng-
lish gentleman had with the Pope at Rome, the latter
inquired of the former the route he had come, which
inquiry introduced his mentioning that he had visited
Voltaire at Ferney, and indeed had charge of a message
from that philosopher to his holiness. If he would be
pleased to permit him, he would deliver it in the words
in which he had received it. The gentleman said, that
Voltaire had charged him with his very best respects to
his holiness, and requested, as a great favour, that he
would send him the eyes and ears of his Inquisitor-
General. "Ah!" replied his holiness, "the old man
has a mind to be pleasant; and, sir, if you return the
same way, be pleased to deliver to him my best res-
pects, and assure him, if it had been practicable, I
would readily have obliged him; but the inquisitor-
general of Rome has had neither eyes nor ears since
Ganganelli has been pope."

BUTTON-HOLES.—A grave-digger, having buried a
Mr. Button, sent the following curious bill to his ex-
ecutors:—

"To making a Button-hole.....3s."

On reading this, one of them exclaimed,

O sun! O moon! and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into Button-holes!

DR. JENNER.—The medical men of Gloucestershire
have had a meeting for the purpose of promoting mea-
sures in honour of the late Dr. Jenner. It is proposed
to erect a monument to his memory in, or near, the
city of Gloucester.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—We understand that several
valuable papers of this celebrated mathematician are in
the possession of Lord Portsmouth, who has intrusted
them to Dr. Latham for the purpose of publication.

PARACHUTE ROCKET.—On Friday night week a
newly-invented rocket was let off on Chatham lines,
in the presence of the officers of the garrison, of a
very peculiar and curious construction. After rising a
considerable height in the air, it explodes, when a
parachute, contained in the head of the rocket, is sepa-
rated from it and suddenly expands, which has, de-
pending from it, a fire-ball of considerable magnitude,
which gives a most powerful light, illuminating the
country for nearly a mile round. The parachute pre-
vents the ball from descending to the earth, over which
it hovers like a satellite. The rocket is intended to
show the position and movements of an enemy's army,
or any body of troops, by night.—*Maidstone Gazette.*

EPIGRAMS.

How D. D. swagers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the Care of souls,
And M. D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure,
One has the Cure without the Care,
And one the Care without the Cure.

To Flavia's shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave
Depends upon this rule:
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool.

My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She doats on every thing she sees,
And every thing she doats on buys.

I with her taste am quite enchanted;
Such costly wars, so wisely fought!
Bought, because they may be wanted;
Wanted, because they may be bought.

TO OUR READERS.

The Readers of the *Iris* will perceive from the "*Ba-
chelor's Dream*," (our *Compositor's* initiatory lesson)
that we are now prepared to redeem our promise of
presenting them with "an occasional treat."

A quantity of **MUSIC TYPE** having been **CAST**
in London, at considerable expense, **EXPRESSLY**
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without infringing upon any other department of our
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to elicit talent, and to foster unassuming merit; to
correct taste by liberal strictures; and, for our ge-
neral readers, to combine a select variety of amusing
and instructive subjects. We can, in a very great mea-
sure assume, that our efforts have not been unsuccess-
ful; and the pleasure we derive from this consideration,
with the reliance we have on the same discerning Pub-
lic, induces us cheerfully to submit to the present ad-
ditional expense, in the pleasing expectation of rendering
our publication still more entertaining and useful.

To our Musical Friends who have kindly offered
their services in this department of our Miscellany,
the *Iris*, we trust, will prove a most eligible medium
for conveying Specimens of Talent and Scientific
Attainment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Watty is as usual—humorous and hard to please!—Why, in
the name of common sense, should he object to the originality,
or want of originality, of *The Romanist of Llewellyn*?—
Our learned correspondent XI is seriously implicated, and
we certainly think that he should resort to defensive mea-
sures.—*Eustace de St. Clere* might have been better in his
selections; but we think as a dissenter, he has given as
much in a few paragraphs, as Lecturers usually comprise in
as many pages.—*Watty* is generous, we have no doubt; but
we are not of opinion that, because our readers will not give
us an extra twopence-halfpenny, we should not study the
wishes of our contributors.—We shall, on this score, be fre-
quently open to W.—y.—See *Notice to Readers* above.

The Romanist of Llewellyn—The first part of the second
Canto is received.—The difficulty of deciphering some cha-
racters, and of modernizing some parts of the style, unavoid-
ably subjects this poem to irregularity in publication.

Mr. Gerard's humorous epistle; the Wearied Bachelor; R. T.
on Peevishness, &c.; Juvenis on Death; J. W. to Mary;
J. A. Parnell; and Clio—are received.

An Eton Scholar's Lines have too close an affinity to "*The
Bachelor's Rejoinder*."

J. W.'s Lines to Mary are susceptible of much improvement.
Edmund and Ann is not a plausible fiction; it is also ungram-
matical, and devoid of melody.

Our Oxford-Street correspondent should prefer his complaint
to the Managers of our Theatre. We, however, think that
the removal of the evil stated is impracticable.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH,
St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Commu-
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AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.	Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.	Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
Bury, J. Kay.	Nottingham, E. B. Robinson.
Chester, Poole & Harding.	Oldham, W. Lambert.
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No. 59.—Vol. II.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

THE LIVERPOOL CONCENTRIC FRIENDS.

No. III.

All the Home Members being assembled at six o'clock, the

Deliberation Chamber

was entered, and, after the reading and approval of sundry communications from Friend Nol, a discussion took place upon a paper entitled—"Observations addressed to the Editors of the Public Journals upon the present mode of procuring bodies for the Schools of Anatomy."

The Human Dissectors have had many queries put to them, all of which, it appears, they decline answering; and we must still receive—instead of dispassionate sound argument, a string of interrogatories that pre-suppose us to be fully acquainted with all the arcana of surgery and medicine. The absolute right of having bodies procured, is assumed, without a single illustration of the necessity of dissection; and the ridiculous notion is foisted upon society, that, because a fracture or injury now and then occurs which renders amputation necessary, we must all, forsooth, consent to have the Burial Grounds robbed of the remains we instinctively regard, nay venerate—and all this for the purpose of supplying each student with a perfect, an entire body for dissection,—although, not one of these in every 500, will, when in practice, ever be adequate to, or have occasion for effecting amputations. But, the Dissectors' argumentative queries shall be put, and distinctly replied to.—

1.

"Will these gentlemen [the Editors of the Public Journals] point out how Anatomy, and consequently Surgery, are to be taught without dissections?"

Now, that a Professor should call upon opponents to advocate his system—upon mere tyros to demonstrate the accuracy of his peculiar views—and upon those who demand particular arguments, to accede to the truth and positive necessity of his general assumptions—is, to say the best, somewhat paradoxical, and savours strongly of weakness, if not of sophistry.—But, in this way alone can human dissection be defended!

2.

"Do they [Editors] expect an honourable and enlightened body of men to acquiesce in sentiments, and act upon them, to the subversion of their own profession, and of the science and practice of Surgery?"

That men should subvert sentiments, however dis-"honourable" and impious, by which they obtain an easy and affluent support, can hardly be expected. Nor can even "honourable and enlightened" dissectors suppose that mere egotism should cant an enlightened public out of reason and nature, and into an acquiescence with a contemptible jargon of the benefits it derives from—unsupported assertion.

3.

"Is it not already melancholy enough in its effects upon the Surgeon, and in its consequences to Society, that the supply of bodies is not to be obtained but by bringing him in contact with, and compelling him as it were to employ, a set of wretches, who, by the VERY ACT, are rendered fitter for every species of Plunder, and Devastation, and Violence, and Murder?"

Here is, indeed, work for the Legislature; has there been such a declaration ever before made to the world? It must also strike every reader how careful the Dissector is to identify himself with the entire body of Surgeons!

4.

"Will these gentlemen, [Editors] who are at the same time so fond of giving publicity to the transaction, and so suppliant in their invectives against it, point out some better mode by which bodies may be obtained, and thus insure to themselves the gratitude of the Surgeons more than of any other class of men?"

Surgeon and Surgeons, are irrelevant in all these sophisms, they should be expunged, and Dissector and Dissectors substituted. Surely "the honourable and enlightened body of" Dissectors ought not to be such monopolists of gratitude—let the Editors put merchants, tradesmen, and shopkeepers, in possession of a good trading commodity, or material, and without expense, and unquestionably, the latter will prove equally as grateful as the above "honourable and enlightened!"

5.

"Do they [Editors] wish that Surgery should no longer be taught in this country—that its study and improvement should not keep pace with the advancement of the other arts and sciences—and that we should retrograde to those ages of ignorance, when our fellow-creatures were to be tortured with dressings of scalding oil, or subjected to all the horrors of the actual cautery for the stopping a bleeding vessel?"

Surgery cannot retrograde! The human body has been microscopically investigated, and, every part, not only fully described in words, but accurately delineated by the engraver, and most faithfully represented by the modeller. The words of a corresponding member are quite to the point:—"Why have Munros, Bells, Hunters, furnished such elaborate and exact representations from many thousand dissections, if these dissections can never be superseded by plates, models, or museums? Were they, with Boerhaave, Haller, Cowper, Cheselden, Albinus, and others, urged on in these terrible investigations, by purely an insatiable propensity? Or, did they act the part of nefarious impostors, in professing, that pursuits and labours would prove useful to society, which were only calculated to enrich themselves? It is, indeed, a poor museum that does not contain subjects which are sufficient to convey as much, and as accurate, information to the student, as he can possibly obtain from the actual dissection of a human body, in which, from putrefaction, there is a general dissolution of continuity. Mr. A.

would do well to consider this:—he should also fully and unequivocally explain what benefit can possibly result to society from an actual dissection of the trunk or extremities, every bone, muscle, gland, nerve, artery, and vein, nay, almost every fibre and particle of which may be now correctly shewn in plates, models, and natural and artificial subjects? Why should not lectures upon those parts be confined to these mediums? Were all the burial grounds and all the hospitals in Europe open to Resurrection Men and Lecturers, could they possibly ascertain more than that muscles, nerves, veins, &c. answer such and such purposes? Can they hope to explain the cause of muscular motion? to identify the active principle of nerves, or the nature of sensibility?"

6.

"What are the people, on whose minds this pregnant mischief [the effort to abolish human dissection] is intended to operate? Chiefly the poor; the ignorant, and the unprotected!—Those very men for whose benefit our Dispensaries and Hospitals are founded,—who of all men are most exposed to external injury, and therefore of all men are most to be benefited by the improvement of Surgery—the Soldier and Sailor, whose station subjects them to every wound and violence which the human frame is capable of receiving! Good God! is it men like these, who stand in the hourly need of our services, that are to have their feelings excited?"

This is as false as it is fulsome, and as impious as false. For injuries amongst the lower orders generally, let us take Manchester as an example. Perambulate the streets of that town; visit its extensive manufactories (in which there are surely all the necessary facilities for the confusion of limbs); and sum up the number of those who have undergone amputation. Inquire next what proportion of these have been operated upon in the public Hospital, and then divide the remainder amongst the entire number of medical practitioners, and declare whether one living subject will fall to the lot of each Surgeon in the course of a dozen generations!! On inquiry amongst the sailors in our own town, we are at a still greater loss to account for the temerity of this contemptible sophist. What "wound or violence," that requires surgical aid do they acknowledge themselves peculiarly subject to? With soldiers, and the navy it is otherwise; but what situation furnishes the best treatise on gun-shot wounds? The Dissecting Room or the Field? The Anatomical Theatre or the Cockpit? Or how many of the students of Mr. Abernethy, of Mr. Brooke, or of any other of the Anatomical Lecturers, can, on receiving a military or naval appointment, proceed in the discharge of his professional duties, without further instruction? That there are many who do—soldiers and sailors can painfully demonstrate;—but, that there are great pains taken to initiate young Medical Officers into the duties of Hospitals, &c. may be readily ascertained at any of the principal depots.

Soldiers and sailors are seldom amongst their relatives; when deceased their mortal remains lie wholly under the controul of the medical officers; and these persons may and do examine them till curiosity is fully satisfied; when the parts all receive christian burial. Thus military and naval medical men, are, subsequently to their appointment, qualified in their respective departments, and soldiers and sailors seldom, scarcely ever, require the assistance of civil practitioners.

Now then, seeing the false assumption of the writer of the "Observations," what shall we say of his indignant exclamation? What shall we say of Human Dissection after hearing this, its audacious advocate? Is it really necessary? Society must decide. Yes, every individual must consider the subject, and determine how he shall resolve. Efforts are making to seduce the public writers; the New Monthly and others have already shown their liberality by affecting to despise the instinctive feelings of humanity; and a general bias in the same track is what is wished for. Hear the Abettor of Resurrection Men, declare his own views;—"All that I at present wish, is to secure a more rational view of the subject, and MORE FRIENDLY CO-OPERATION on the part of the EDITORS of the Newspapers."—i. e. He wishes to sound the public so as to obtain the liberty of transforming seats of benevolence into schools of pr fit. In conclusion, it may not be extraneous to inquire—What is to be expected from the dissections insisted upon? Are the Lecturers themselves intent over every subject? Or, do they merely endeavour to explain to their pupils what is already very well known? Unquestionably the latter is the real case; and all that they ever look for, or ever expect, is, now and then a solitary preternatural discovery which they add to their collections as a curiosity—but not as a matter that can ever benefit one in MILLIONS of persons.

EPISTLE TO ———, MANCHESTER.

(FROM A SCHOOLFELLOW OF LORD BYRON'S.)

DEAR SIR,

I sent you twenty stanzas in my last—
And therefore owe you nothing—on that score.
And now the breaking of the ice is past,
I am about to "challenge twenty more;"
And "kill them too" (providing that thou hast
Patience to read—like Bobadil of yore
I'll challenge them by twenties—run them thro',
And when they're finish'd, salt, and send them you.—

Now twenty verses, are one hundred lines
And sixty—what a deal for me to spin—
In such dull days too—when the sun scarce shines
As many minutes—but I weave them in
The evening. 'Tis dark ere th' immortal dines.
To waste God's daylight so—it were a sin
So after dinner—as the lesser crime,
Rather than "rin-thier-out," I rest and rhyme.

Pity but I'd a more poetic name,
(Curse on't, I've the cognomen of a dog)*
It shoves one wonderfully on to fame.
Who would read poems written by a Hogg?
Or dream that he'd of poetry the fame?
The name would drag him back, as would a log
About his neck—(In this I'm not mistaken)
Bloomfield is better, to my taste—or Bacon!—

"The Ettrick Shepherd" charms us—say why this is?
We all dance to the music of fine names—
Yea, even the Muses do—these oft sought misses.
These antiquated Heliconian dames;
'Twere time they brought their matters to a crisis
For Time the toughest of all tempers, tames.
They "stoop to conquer" as they older grow—
Cobblers and cow-herds, cau content them now.—

They've got a Lord of late into their train,
And by the Lord! they give themselves such airs—
When Southey knocks—they bid him call again,
And Hunt—has more than once—been kick'd down stairs

* Ebenezer—Anglice Help.

Wordsworth, (who seldom took their names in vain)
They've sent him back—unanswer'd all his prayers—
Campbell has one in keeping—as I guess
And Rogers too—but both in idleness.—

Sweet is the dawn of youth and love's bright day—
Sweet 'tis a sweet-heart's favours to obtain—
Sweet too is pleasure's rosy thornless way—
Sweet to a gamster's hearing—"seven's the main!"—
Sweet friendship's sacred barter, let me say—
Sharing each with the other joy and pain—
Sweet to a German palate is sour-croût
And sweet is sugar-candy—(that's sans doubt)

Friendship! above the rest—to thee be given
Due praise—thou art my ev'ry earthly joy—
Thou art man's foretaste bright on earth—of heav'n
God's only gift to him—without alloy—
When on life's ocean—we are tempest driv'n
Anchor and cable gone—still thou can't buoy
Our hopes—to where—when earthly friendships' die—
(Your own good sense the next line can supply!)

Lord Byron talks about a "dreamless sleep,"
Uninterrupted by a single snore,
Calls Death—"the land of desolation deep"—
(And Life—a song to which there's no 'encore!')
A Night—on which no morning's dawn shall peep—
An Ocean bounded by no farther shore—
This may to him no cause of grief afford
Who all his life has liv'd—ay like a lord!

But hackney coachmen—or a galley slave
Or those who light our lamps—or black our shoes
All those who ev'n on Sundays do not shave
All vagrant Christians, and all wand'ring Jews—
And all the tribes, our charity who crave—
To this vile creed—their credence must refuse:
And oyster dredgers, justly might complain—
And wish that heaven had made them Musselmen.

(The last verse was the ninth, and this the tenth
I soon shall get on to my journey's end—
These pages are of such confounded length,
That if my muse, she will not condescend
To help me—I must trust in my own strength
And scribble on, whatever fate shall send;
'Better wear out, than rust'—a maxim true)
(When this line's finish'd, I am half-way thro'.)

If death (as he says) be a "dreamless sleep,"
We (Archy) have been dreaming all our lives
Striving to get, and when once gotten keep—
Health, wealth, and wisdom, children too and wives
We sow a field, which we are not to reap;
'Tis smothering us, when we have fill'd our hives:
It is a doctrine which I do abhor,
To say a man is no more—when he's mort.

All who are born must die. Spencean Death
With his dread scythe, does to a level bring
Without distinction, all who have the breath
Of life within their nostrils—cobblers, king,
Churchman and chimney sweep, lye underneath
His sovereign sway—but this is not the thing
I meant to treat of—underneath the sod
Do we still lye, or rise to meet our God?

Mind is imperishable—well he knows
Byron who writes—"there's no returning spring
Which shall revive our ashes"—the repose
Of Hades has with him no terminating—
I wish some other subject I had chose,
For this to a conclusion I must bring;
I've beat him oft at marbles, but, ye gods!
To challenge him at rhyme, were dreadful odds.

If e'er I go to Scotland—"back again!"
(But that you'll say's a most unlikely thing
For any Scotsman—let the if remain)
I'll bring the very stone, that held the ring
On which our marbles lay—and be as vain
As if it had been trod on by a King;
If by the Lord o' the Manor I am bor'd
I'll "set him down" as an ill-manner'd Lord.

You put my last epistle in the Iris
"With all its imperfections on its head"—
And should this follow—what I would desire, is
That you revise the same; great is the need!
Of this said RAINBOW what I most admire, is
The very great diversity indeed
Of matter it contains—but query, whether
It looks not strange, to send for fustian hither?

Poets, and Painters, (Peter Pindar says)
Should never, if they wish for fame, get fat;
If leanness constituted claim to praise
I am the immortal G—r—d, still for that—
But well I know that this is not the case
(I wonder what dame Fortune would be at)—
I know, indeed my knowledge is a curse
Lean is my person, lankier still, my purse.

I covet little, I am not like some
Who look with envy on a neighbour's lot
Wishing that they'd my crust—and I their crumb
With justice you will own that I am not.
(Of their own merits, modest men are dumb)—
I only wish that I—like Walter Scott,
Could get a half a crown for every line,
O dear! what sterling merit, then were mine.

To think it should be so, how mad am I—
That brethren of the art cannot agree—
That ev'n the Royal Academy,
Is torn with envy and with jealousy—
Of all the vagrant-painting sons of Adam, I
Am most averse to grumbling—Give to me
Those scenes of nature, smooth, and calm, and still
The thunders, and the tempests, take, who will

I think the sea air, has improv'd my style
Given it a kind of piquant attic salt
For inspiration—I just walk a mile
On the sea beach—and when I make a halt
I take my tablets out—then a muse a while
(Wetting my wizen, with the juice of malt)
Then as the images pass thro' my brain
I note them down—for you to see again.

But, for the present—I'll lay down my pen
Seeing my paper draws toward an end;
And shall resume the subject once again
First time I have "anorra hour" to spend,
In sermon phrase I scarcely can refrain
From wishing that a blessing may attend
On what has now been said; and to his name
Be all the praise, who truly can lay claim.

E. G—R—D.

Liverpool, Feb. 10, 1823.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

(Abridged from *Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren*.—By James Elmes, M.R.I.A.)

Sir C. Wren was born at East Knoyl, Wilts (the rectory of his father Dr. C. Wren.) on the 20th Oct. 1632. His family produced several individuals distinguished for learning, at various periods from the time of Henry VII. Christopher being a delicate child was educated at home, till at an early age he was placed under Dr. Busby at Westminster. His genius soon began to display itself; for in 1645, when only thirteen years of age, he invented a new astronomical instrument which he dedicated in Latin, of a superior style, to his father; and also, in the same year, wrote an exercise on Physicks, and invented a pneumatic machine. Soon after this period, the Royal Society originated in private meetings, and when founded (Restoration of Charles II.) young Wren became identified with all its proceedings. Previously, however, he pursued his studies at Wadham College, Oxford, with extraordinary eclat, so as to be considered a prodigy of universal science.

His Juvenile Essay (it is justly observed) proved the fecundity, the ripeness, and the highly cultivated state of his mind; his zeal and his ardent enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge and literary honours.

This year, while the incipient architect of our beautiful metropolitan cathedral was cultivating the abundant soil of his natural genius, St. Peter's at Rome, its prototype and rival, was declared to the world of art as finished, under the auspices of Innocent X. and the superintendence of Bernini. This announcement of the completion of the largest and richest Christian temple in the world was an epoch in art, and was an affair of sufficient consequence to attract the attention, and secure the investigation of architectural principles by the youthful and aspiring Wren, who, more than any man, could say, *Nulla dies sine linea*.

Of the superiority of St. Paul's over St. Peter's, is point of mathematical construction, I shall speak in its proper place; but the completion of such a structure as St. Peter's, which was intended as the central church of the Christian world, was an affair of too much importance to the world, particularly to that of science, such as congregated about the Wrens, the Wards, the Wilkinsons, the Oughtreds of the day, the patriarchs of English science and art, not to have attracted notice and excited disquisitions.

This highly important epoch had doubtless an influence on Wren, and assisted him to accomplish St. Paul's alone, while St. Peter's was the work of more than twenty architects, supported by the treasure of the Christian world, and by the protection and under the pontificates of nineteen successive popes.

While Wren was pursuing, by sure and certain steps, his road to fame and eminence, Inigo Jones, his great predecessor and most formidable rival in architecture, died; as if to make way for his worthy successor in proper time, before he was thrust from the stage.

It would far exceed our limits to follow Mr. Elmes into the particulars of young Wren's scientific inventions and literary productions: suffice it to say, that he was eminently conspicuous in many of the greatest improvements of an age fertile in wonderful discoveries.

In 1657, he succeeded Mr. Rooke as Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College; and in 1660, the Royal Society commenced its meetings on the days, weekly, after his lectures were delivered. The Memoirs now are almost a narrative of the early progress of this Society: but Wren having been appointed Assistant Surveyor General, was soon called to more obvious public works. The theatre at Oxford, 1663, was his first public building, and the fame of its erection added largely to his celebrity. Pembroke College, Cambridge, was his next work; but even in the midst of these important concerns, he still continued devoted to his beloved philosophy.

A trip to the continent was the next important feature in the life of our immortal countryman. The attractions of Paris under the magnificent Louis XIV. were worthy of the closest investigation; and, perhaps, there never was a finer study for an English architect than France exhibited at the precise period of Sir Christopher Wren's visit. The building of the Louvre alone was a school of art. In 1666 the great fire of London seems as if providentially sent to open the widest possible field for the exercise of such a genius as London then possessed; and to call forth all the faculties of Wren.

The fire commenced on September 2, kept burning till the 8th, and on the 10th was still a heap of blazing ruins. On the 12th, Evelyn presented the king with a survey of the ruins, and a plan for a new city, with a dissertation upon it. Whereupon, after dinner, his majesty sent for him into the queen's bedchamber, her majesty and the Duke of York being the only other persons present; they examined each particular, and conversed on them for nearly an hour, and were extremely pleased with what he had conceived and delineated so promptly.

This model, or design, was soon after laid before Parliament and (though not executed)* having been preferred before those of Hooke and others, Sir C. was appointed deputy surveyor-general (to Sir John Denham, whom he afterwards succeeded,) and principal architect for rebuilding the whole city; having previously been nominated architect, and one of the commissioners for the reparation of St. Paul's. The Monument was begun in 1671, and finished in six years. It was at first used for astronomical observations, but the Royal Society were obliged to abandon their experiments on account of its vibrations. It is certainly, though hardly looked at in London, the finest column of its kind in the world. Bow church, Chesham, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals, and other buildings, make part of Wren's admirable works: but to detail them all would fill our paper, and we must refer our readers to a position as near Mr. Horner's as they possibly can reach over the dome of St. Paul's, for the clearest view of his astonishing labours, and say to them, in the emphatic words of his sepulchre,

Si Monumentum requiris Circumspice.

Till his 86th year (A.D. 1718) Sir Christopher continued his mighty labours, and was then overthrown by the court influence of Mr. Benson, who superseded him, and disgraced his situation for only one year; while Wren retired to a peaceful retirement at his house at Hampton Court, full of years and honours, saying, 'Nunc me jabet fortuna expeditus philosophari.' In this philosophical retirement he passed the greater part of the remaining five years of his life, occasionally coming to London, to inspect the progress of the repairs at Westminster Abbey, visiting his great work St. Paul's, and indulging, after such an active life, in contemplation and studies.

The life of this great and useful man began now to draw near a close; but accident, and, perhaps, disap-

pointment at the ungenerous conduct of the king to him at so advanced an age, shortened that life which temperance and activity had so prolonged beyond the usual term of man's life. Till the time of his removal from the office of surveyor-general, he had principally resided at a house appropriated to his offices in Scotland Yard, Whitehall; but afterwards he dwelt occasionally in St. James's-street, and remained surveyor of the Abbey till the time of his death. He also rented a house from the crown at Hampton-Court, to which he made great improvements. Here he would often retire from the hurry and fatigue of business, and passed the greater portion of the last five years of his life in this calm recess, in those contemplations and studies which I have before enumerated.

In coming from Hampton-Court to London he contracted a cold, which, perhaps, accelerated his dissolution: but he died as he had lived, with the greatest calmness and serenity. The good old man, in his latter days, had accustomed himself to take a nap after his dinner; and on the 25th of February, 1723, the servant, who constantly attended him, thinking he slept longer than usual, went into his apartment, and found him dead in his chair. From a mask taken shortly after this event, which I have contemplated with calm delight, it was as placid as sleep, and resembling, as his admiring friend Steele says of Dr. South, 'that of the saints,' and might well be called 'falling asleep': for the innocence of his life made him expect it as indifferently as he did his ordinary rest.

STANZAS

TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

Fair Lady! 'midst the many smiles
Of love, of friendship, and of joy;
Amidst the many happy wiles
Which shed around their witchery;
Amidst the many gifts, that shower
Upon thy happy favour'd head,
Amidst this gay, and joyous hour,
No dazzling gifts have I to spread;
But tune my lyre, and raise my voice,
And bid my silent heart rejoice!
Could I but grasp some magic power,
To guide the hand of ruling fate,
Thou ne'er should'st know one gloomy hour,
Nor find one moment, desolate.
Turn not, then turn not from my theme,
However poor the simple lay,
For though it boasts no golden dream,
Thy worth, thy kindness to repay;
Yet would it ev'ry thought expel,
That did not spring to wish thee well!

Now is the world before thee—Life!
Like to the ever varied sea,
That rises into jarring strife,
Then calmly sleeps—so silently!
Life, troubled life, is now thy share,
Then look around, and mark the spot
Where 'midst its grief or frowning care,
Such sorrows and such thoughts forgot;
The soul may brood o'er joys to come,
And glory in a welcome Home!

Yet still beware, for there are joys
Which oft the weary heart elate;
Whose sweets, are merely fantasies,
And leave the poor heart desolate.
I've known them come in friendship's guise,
And win the too confiding breast;
Then, like the treach'rous tempest, rise,
And end the sunny hour of rest;
Dash from the lips the cup of joy,
And ev'ry cherish'd hope destroy.

But there's a bliss, e'en in a tear
That rises from the heart of worth,
It chases ev'ry anxious fear—
It gives our sweetest moments birth.
Whilst truth and virtue reign within,
And peaceful reason hovers aigh,
Strife, will not, cannot enter in,
But all is one soft harmony;
And ev'ry sweet, and tender tone,
Breathes purest happiness alone!

Oh! may such moments find thee here,
That like the silent, silver stream,
Enrich'd with sweets, and flow'rets near,
Thy life may pass one fairy dream.
And when at length the soul shall wake
To life, and light, and endless day,
When death this earthly spell shall break,
And sink to dust, this mortal clay,—
Then may thy happy spirit rise,
And claim high heaven's extatic prize!

Manchester, March 10, 1823.

P.

THE FALLEN SON OF SWITZERLAND.

STRANGER.—I love a tale of tears—
Told specially at eventide
I love it—
For its enchantment ever breathes o'er me
Like distant bells upon a summer's eve
Stealing away earth's grossness
By their most simple ravishment.

Old Play.

I was born in Switzerland in the Canton of Uri. My parents inhabited a small village at the foot of St. Gothard, perhaps the most lofty mountain in Europe. Its situation was most romantic—above, rose stupendous crags covered with eternal snow, seeming as it were to form an imperceptible union with the white fleecy clouds—sometimes presenting a dazzling glimmer through the gloomy mists that rolled over them. The barren surface presented no species of vegetation, save a kind of moss and short grass, and a little stunted furze, which served for food for the Chamois goat; almost the only animal which nature exhibited. Our humble hamlet was situated at its base, so that it was protected from the heavy and frequent snow drifts, and from the excessive cold and boisterous wind. Sheep and goats, together with a few cows, were all our riches; yet we were in want of nothing—they supplied us with food and clothing, and our chief occupation was in providing for their sustenance. Each day brought its accustomed and constant employment, and each setting sun beheld us happy and content. My father was now old, his head was honored with hoary locks, and his brow with the furrows of venerable age;—his chief delight was to watch the innocent gambols of his grandchildren, in which he would frequently engage; or in beholding his two sons (myself and an elder brother) prosecuting our labour. To us would he recount the acts of his ancestors—the first inhabitants of the valley; whenever he touched upon these topics his countenance assumed a sudden glow, and patriotism appeared in every aged feature; he spoke feelingly and made a deep impression upon our youthful hearts. Many were the songs and traditions which he related, handed down from father to son, for many generations.

There is one in particular, which, though I could disregard, I shall never forget; and even now, while I repeat it, the recollections of former days, the remembrance of my boyhood, and the image of my departed sire, as he sat and sung, all crowd into my imagination, and fill my soul with indescribable emotions.

1.

Sons of freedom wake to glory,
Draw the blade in freedom's cause,
For your sires and grandsires hoary,
For your liberty and laws;
See the drooping bride is clinging
Like the ivy to the tree,
And her arms is round you flinging,
Look on this—and dare be free!

2.

Spirit of departed Tell!—
Hear within thy sainted grave!
Shades of those that with thee fell,
Rise and bid your Sons be brave!
If the foeman at a distance,
Threaten blood, and sword, and fire,
May they meet a stout resistance,
May they meet a Switzer's ire!

In the same village lived a young man, the son of the chief or patriarch of our little State. While children we were intimate friends; but as we grew older, we became rivals and bitter ene-

* His plan, which has been engraved and is well known, was so arranged that the chief streets crossed each other in right lines, with smaller streets between them: the churches, public buildings, and markets, were so disposed as not to interfere with the streets, and four piazzas were designed at proper distances, into which several of the streets met.

mies of each other. We both placed our affections on the same lovely object, and jealousy soon ripened into deadly hatred.

One evening whilst returning from a visit to the fair Lisette, I met with Thierry (for that was the young man's name); high words passed between us, and a quarrel (for love is none of the coolest passions) soon ensued—we fought, and he fell! In vain I endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and convey him to the village—"William," said he, with his hand pressed upon his side, endeavouring ineffectually to stop the gush of blood, "your kindness is useless, for death is upon me—leave me to my fate—fly and save yourself." My attentions were, indeed, unnecessary, for he had scarcely said farewell, when he sunk back into my arms and expired!

How to act I knew not—my destruction appeared inevitable; besides, the disgrace and infamy I should bring upon our hitherto spotless house!—I was utterly ignorant in what course to direct my flight—unacquainted with the rout to any foreign country, without money, and without a friend. No time, however, was to be lost; I set off immediately, and passing through the Canton of Berne, soon gained the French frontier. As I was wandering onward, weary and exhausted with my journey, I perceived, approaching, a troop of horse; I cast a wistful glance towards them, and could not help reflecting on my own unfortunate condition;—worn out with hunger and fatigue, and covered with dust, while they were careless, happy, well mounted, heedless, and without anxiety for the morrow. I saw that they observed me, and this affected me the more; two of the officers whispered together for some time, and one riding up to me addressed me in my native Swiss. Rejoiced at this unexpected circumstance, my face brightened up immediately, and I answered several of his enquiries. He informed me that he and his men belonged to a regiment in the French service; that my person had attracted their notice, and asked if I was willing to go with them? After a little discourse, I consented, and was soon initiated into the tactics and duties of a soldier's life. Without vanity I may say that I possessed a tolerably fine appearance—just in the prime of life, tall and well proportioned; bred up in a wild and barren country, I was enabled to endure the fatigues of war. Being of the same nation as my commander, I obtained first his good opinion, and then a considerable share of his favour and confidence. By his interest and exertions I was promoted in a short time from the ranks, and in a few years after, having served in many battles, I had the honor of being entrusted with a pair of colors.

Rocquener and I were the warmest friends; and the acquaintance of such a man, the gayety of a military life, the perpetual change of place, scene, and character, had almost obliterated from my mind the thoughts of by-gone days; yet, notwithstanding this, when the boisterous mirth had somewhat subsided, when I had retired to rest, imagination would paint in forcible colours the hoary Gothard, our little valley, and still more strongly the innocent and no doubt disconsolate Lisette. But the morning came, and, with its cares, duties, and pleasures, banished the musings of an unhappy man.

The day of battle was near; the clouds of night were dispersing and the morning was to prepare us more fully for the engagement. The morning came, the battalions were reviewed, the lines were formed, and terrible was the conflict? Rocquener did all that bravery could do: twice I saved him from the foe's steel; but in vain—his days were numbered—and he died

gloriously. We were maddened at the sight—charged furiously—and the day was ours!

My actions had not been unobserved by the Colonel; he bestowed great encomiums on my valour, and advanced me to the vacant post of my departed friend. My misery now drew on apace: for the greatest elevation of fortune can never secure against a reverse; nay, the sunshine of our life, is generally a forerunner of clouds and storms.

A few months after this broke out the celebrated wars between France and Switzerland, my native country. We marched immediately to the border of the empire, and into the Canton of Berne—need I say with what a heavy heart I obeyed the orders of my general; but a soldier must follow wherever he is led—the command is imperious. Happy are they who fight only against the foes, the unjust enemies, the oppressors of their country.—But what were my feelings, when we were commanded to proceed into Uri, my own district, the place of my birth, yea, even to St. Gothard, where lived all that I held dear in life! The Swiss were assembled in the valley of my fathers, we were at some distance from them; I was put at the head of a detachment, with orders to encamp near them for the night, and reconnoitre their numbers and strength.—This was indeed the most miserable night I ever spent—my soul was rent asunder—I felt all the desolation of grief, and the wildness of despair—I could not sleep—in vain I threw myself down in my tent, and endeavoured to get a little repose. And must I then (thought I) raise my traitorous arm against the land of my brave and patriotic ancestors—against the companions of my childhood—against my own blood. Must I see my native village in flames, and myself light the torch which is to consume and destroy it—unhappy man! to what a state has thy first crime reduced thee! Thou art lost for ever! I could not compose myself to rest, and looking out of my tent, I beheld the antique church and spire of our little hamlet, and could distinguish by the light of the moon my own happy and peaceful home.—What recollections then crowded upon me, and harrowed up my soul with keenest sensations. I threw a cloak over my shoulders, and with feelings which it is impossible to describe, wandered over the well known scenes of my boyhood. With what emotions I wandered over the little green where I had spent the innocent and only happy days of my life, I shall not attempt to express. I arrived undiscovered at my father's cottage—there he was, little altered from when I left home, surrounded by the most valiant youths of the place, who, regardless of repose, were keeping their vigils and preparing for a vigorous defence.

I was on the point of rushing in and throwing myself at his feet, when the door opened and my brother came out, apparently with the intention of carrying some communication to the main body of their little force. He was passing forwards, thinking I was one of the men, when I exclaimed in a tremendous voice, "Henry, Henry,"—"What, William!" said he, starting back in astonishment, "our long lost William, welcome to St. Gothard in the time of danger!" it cut me to the heart—I could not speak—but threw open my cloak, that the sight of my uniform might save me the painful expression—"Ha, is it so," said he, recoiling—"William, and a Gaul—impossible—forbid it heaven—but it must have been to escape suspicion.—Speak, relate what has befallen you since you retired so suddenly from our village, and say why this disguise!" "Oh, my brother," I answered,

"this is indeed no disguise—my fate is hard—but-but—" said I, choking with emotion, "is Lisette yet alive?" "No," said he, "but thy country still is free, live for Switzerland!"—"Henry," replied I, "it must not be—I belong to France—I have served long—been treated well, and sworn allegiance!—I cannot bear my poor father's looks, tell him cautiously my misfortunes and my grief;—Brother, farewell! farewell for ever!—we meet not again!"—I forced myself from him, and wandered on to the church-yard; there I saw, and in the inanity of grief, worshipped at the grave of Lisette, the poor fallen lily!

As I returned, I could not resist the desire to have another and a last glance at my aged sire.—He was seated as before, with my brother and the other youths around him. His eyes were lit up with a sort of phrenzied fire, while his venerable locks fell over his face and shoulders. I never saw him so animated, he was exhorting the young warriors to deeds of valour, in one of the old mountain songs. His voice was clear and distinct, and his words were expressed with a pathos which might have moved the coldest heart. I knew them well, for I had sung them while a child; and the ideas associated with them were more than I could bear—I cast a parting look through the casement, and hurried away.—Restless and miserable, I passed the night agitated and harassed by the thoughts of my duty, and the yearnings and impulse of nature, and the love of my country!

The sun arose, and soon beheld the contending parties drawn out against each other. Not knowing what I did, careless of life, and abandoned to despair, I looked forward to death with pleasure. Amid the ranks of the patriotic Switzers, I beheld the form of my father, laid on a kind of wicker couch, and supported by four of his countrymen—my conscience smote me almost unbearably—we were commanded to charge—I moved instinctively, and advanced amidst the thick fire of my own countrymen—we fired, that is, the men did—I would rather have shot myself than fired upon my own friends—I may say relations; I looked upon my beloved father—there he lay raised on his couch—his eye beaming unutterable brightness, his white locks streaming over his unbonnetted brow, and one hand pointed in defiance against the invaders of his country;—his voice I heard, loud above the tumultuous war and din, encouraging and bidding his sons on to victory—I saw him fix, as I thought, his unearthly, bright, and glittering eye on me, but it was for an instant only—he sunk back—a ball had struck his aged temples—he fell bathed in blood! my brother rushed to him, his dying hands clasped him, and his dying lips blessed him; my brother looked with a deep feeling upon the enemy;—but his hour had also arrived, another ball smote him on the breast—he reeled back, and fell a corpse on the lifeless body of my father!

I uttered a scream of horror, and, turning my horse's head, galloped away; the Colonel ordered the men to fire upon me—they obeyed—but they discharged their pieces in the air.

EPIGRAM

Sent with a couple of Ducks to a Patient. By the late Dr. Jenner.

I've dispatch'd, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss ——— is very much better:
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

DEATH OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

The following melancholy intelligence has been communicated in a letter from Lausanne, dated 28th February, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—I have not forgotten your request, that, on my arrival at Lausanne, I should present your best recollections to your friend Kemble. I came here on Monday evening, the 24th instant, and the first news that I heard was, that he was expiring—not exactly so, however, in point of fact; for he died on the 26th instant. But, in fine, our great tragedian is no more! And he who, in histrionic art, could so well depict the final pangs of nature, has been called on, in turn, to act the part in sad reality. I have seen the physician who attended him, and, anxious to obtain particulars of the latter days of so great and worthy a character, for my own satisfaction, and your information, I hastily subjoin the result. On Sunday, the 23rd instant, he was, in his own estimation, so very comfortable that, on sending away his hair-dresser, he requested that he would say to his friend, Mr. Precote, that it would give him pleasure to learn, that, after the operation of shaving, his friend was as well as he was. In fact, he seemed on that day in particularly good spirits. The next morning he rose apparently quite well, breakfasted at nine, and subsequently went to an adjoining room to speak to Mrs. Kemble; and then, returning to his room, was observed to totter in his gait. Mrs. Kemble noticed this with anxiety, and assisted him to his chair, and, when seated, he took up a number of Galignani's Messenger; but, getting worse, his friend and physician, Dr. Schole, was sent for, who arrived instantly, and found him in the position described, but already altered and exhibiting very unfavourable symptoms; his left side had suffered a decided attack, and he could with difficulty articulate. He seemed extremely anxious to spare the feelings of Mrs. Kemble. Dr. Schole, with the assistance of his old-attached servant, George, helped him to his bed, and, in the act of conducting him there, a second attack took place, so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might be the more speedily let blood. But nature was fast exhausting; nor could he ever make use of his speech after a few words which he had uttered on Dr. Schole's arrival. He, however, assented or dissented by signs of the head, until within two hours of his complete extinction. His last intelligible words were, "George, George;" and you may imagine the feelings of an attached servant to an excellent master, under such circumstances. In fine, a third attack on Wednesday, the 26th instant, just forty-eight hours after the first, proved fatal: and though, to a stranger, he might appear to suffer, it is the opinion of the Doctor, that he was long insensible to acute feelings of pain. The English clergyman was also present. His occupations here were his books and his garden: the latter was his predilection, and it was resorted to by him with the first rays of the sun, and kept in a state of cultivation rarely to be surpassed. The funeral is to take place to-morrow, and will, doubtless, be numerously and respectfully attended."

VARIETIES.

SCOTCH WIT.—Mr. Skirving, a Lothian farmer, immortalized, in a doggerel ballad, Lieutenant Smith, one of Sir John Cope's officers, at the battle of Preston Pans, in which the English were routed by the Scotch rebels. The affronted soldier challenged the poet to single combat at Haddington. "Gang awa' back," was the rustic bard's answer to the bearer of the challenge, "and tell Mr. Smith that I have no leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him, an' if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

INFANT ADMIRATION.—A boy of three years of age, bearing a visitor of his father's make use of the popular saying, that "an honest man's the noblest work of God;" made this innocent annotation upon it: "No, sir, my mamma is the noblest work of God."

BOOKS.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large sales of this article to lie in the London

docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

SWALLOWING PINS.—Death is not unfrequently caused by swallowing pins, fish bones, &c. In these cases, the patient should immediately take four grains of tartar emetic dissolved in warm water, and then swallow the whites of five or six eggs; which will generally cause the substance swallowed to be brought up with the coagulated mass of eggs. "A maid servant of the Hon. Mr. Baillie, of Millerstone, in Scotland (says Dr. Turnbull) went to bed with 24 pins in her mouth. The consequence of which was, that in the night the family were alarmed with her cries. She was given the emetic and eggs above mentioned, and all the pins came up."

BRITISH INDIGO.—A discovery has been recently made, which promises the most important consequences in a commercial and agricultural point of view. About two years ago, 280 acres of land, near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common holyhock, or rose mallow, with the view of converting it into hemp or flax. In the process of manufacture, it was discovered that this plant yields a beautiful blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the best indigo.

INFORMATION TO THE LADIES.—Plaid stuffs will neither shrink nor lose their lustre, by the following simple method of cleaning them, viz. wash them with soap and cold water, and starch and iron them before they are dry.

ASTRONOMY.—The planet Mercury is seen at present in great perfection, about an hour after sunset, in the western quarter of the heavens. It resembles a fixed star of the first magnitude, both in its size and by its twinkling, differing only in having a paler white light.

RECIPE FOR MAKING WOMEN.

A flit of spirit; gleam of love;
A spot of polar white;
A tint of beauty stain'd above;
A ray of summer light.

A still small accent whispers o'er,
And music aids the birth;
A soul of glory beams before,
And woman walks the earth.

EPITAPHS.

That thou wouldst pity take I humbly pray,
O Lord, on this my wretched lump of clay—
A broken pitcher do not cleave in twain,
But let me rise, and be myself again.

I went and listed in the tenth Hussars,
And galloped with them to the bloody wars—
"Die for your Sovereign,—for your country die!"
To earn such glory feeling rather shy,
Snug I slipped home; but Death soon sent me off
After a struggle with the hooping cough.

Here lie in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection
The bodies of

Prudence }
Martha } Wilcox.
and }
Obadiah }

Aged one—two—and three years.

Three children small
Composed my all—
But envious death
Has stopped their breath,
And left, d'y'e see,
My wife and me,
Above the knee,
In sorrow's slough—
To help us through
The Lord alone,
Who hears our groan,
Knows how and when!
AMEN, AMEN.

There down at Katherines I kept a school,
Vended small wares, caught rats, and carded wool;
My wife excelled in making British wine,
But she's alive and is no longer mine;
For I am dead and she won't follow—
I can no longer whoop and hollow—

Reader, if thou dost wish to know
The name of him here lying low,
Look down upon this stone, and see
Wilcox conjoined with Timothy.

Tread soft, good friends, lest you should spring a mine!
I was a workman in the powder line.
Of true religion I possessed no spark
Till Christ, he pleased to stop my gropings dark.
The Rev'rend Vicar seconded the plan,
[A temperate, boly, charitable man,
Who left the foxes to enjoy their holes,
And never hunted aught but human souls]
To this Director's care 'twas kindly given
To point my spirit, bolt upright, to heaven.

Here lies John Adams who received a thump
Right in the forehead from the Parish pump
Which gave him his quietus in the end,
For many Doctors did his case attend.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

MR. EDITOR.—The superior excellence of the following composition will, to the judicious, be an ample apology, at least, for its unusual length. If a Riddle, or as it is now, perhaps, more generally called, an Enigma, possess genuine and intrinsic merit, the candid reader will not object to the number of lines which it contains; but, on the contrary, prefer one good riddle before two indifferent ones, of only half its length.—Should this composition meet the approbation of your readers, in general, I will, with pleasure, furnish you with copies of some other Riddles, from the same pen, neither shorter in extent, nor inferior in quality, to that which is now offered for insertion in your truly amusing and interesting Miscellany.

Your's, &c. S. X.

A RIDDLE.—BY A LADY.

(Never before printed.)

Dear Ladies, I come not your favour to court,
Since I have it already by common report;
And some of you certainly deem me a prize,
As dear to your hearts as the light to your eyes.
My character's dubious—nay, rather suspicious;
Though oft I am harmless, and sometimes judicious;
Sometimes at a very high price I am bought,
And often you'd think me too dear at a great;
Beware for your purchase of paying too high,
As those often do who are anxious to buy;
Who, when they have suffer'd and done much to gain me,
Oft find it a difficult task to maintain me.
I'm frequently useful in matters of weight,
Nay, oft am an agent employed by the state;
As a person of consequence sometimes I come,
Though never announced by a trumpet or drum.
Sometimes I'm a mean little venomous thing,
And oft in my tail I have carried a sting.
A cheerful appearance I sometimes put on,
Am serious sometimes as a grave Spanish Don.
Yet though various my nature, and different my aim,
I'm still in reality always the same.
My power is extensive, despotic my reign,
Since even the freedom of speech I restrain;
And many a fair female, loquacious and free,
Has really been awed into silence by me!
I'm often in love, as the ladies well know,
And while I exist shall ne'er cease to be so;
From his fetters I never can wish to be free,
For what's life without love, and what's love without me?
A little song wedding's my joy and delight,
And there I appear in my element quite.
But when to a funeral I am invited,
The grave undertakers themselves oft are frightened:
So solemn my looks, and so dismal my dress,
I serve but to darken the scene of distress.
I often the sweetest sensations impart;
Sometimes I, assassin-like, stab to the heart.
I'm oft entertaining, oft quiet and mild;
Nay sometimes appear in the form of a child;
Yet even in that form much mischief have made,—
Indeed, to speak truth, 'tis a part of my trade;
And yet, I believe, I shall always find friends,
Though 'tis but to answer their own private ends.
Yet those whom I serve will too often disown me,
And frequently wish that they never had known me.
If you value your peace, my acquaintance you'll shun,
As some, I confess, have by me been undone.
And thus, as I've given you some reason to doubt me,
You're certainly better and easier without me;
But let me not, Ladies, your comfort annoy,
Since the breath of your lips can my being destroy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. COBBETT'S GRAMMAR.

MR. EDITOR,—I am surprised that your correspondent "F." who seemed to be soliciting a favour, should be so little ready to acknowledge it: he says, "though much obliged for the candid opinion;" a very negative way of acknowledging a favour. I can assure him I did not write merely for the sake of writing, though your correspondent, it appears, did; it seems, that he has been setting a trap, pretending in the first instance merely to doubt whether the passage he quoted were grammatical, and now being certain, from my reasoning to the contrary, that it is wrong as being contrary to rule: what rule, however, he refers to, I know not.—He says, his "object was to know if the word 'work' should be repeated in the same sentence, as it appeared there was only one verb." Now how easy it would have been in his query, as I should have considered it quite necessary, to have said so; for though your correspondent F. in this instance "non scribit canibus," that is, is not writing to dogs, yet it appears there are persons, and those of the man-kind, who can be ignorant of his meaning when so vaguely or indefinitely expressed. In one part of his epistle he treats "work" as a substantive, and in another he represents me as saying that, I saw no impropriety in the *verba* being repeated. Another error he makes in regard to the word, *deserves*, which he seems to quote, but from whence I know not.—With respect to the propriety or impropriety of repeating a nominative case after the introduction of many lines so dependent on that nominative as to make it necessary in repeating them in that connexion to separate the nominative case to a considerable distance from its verb, I do not consider that your correspondent has proved any thing; as to what he begs leave to say, he surely is not vain enough to expect that we should rest satisfied with his mere assertion. If there be a rule forbidding the repetition, he ought to have named it; I know of none. Now if we are right in paying any respect to the language of the Holy Scriptures, we shall find abundant examples of such repetition, and this in cases where the repetition is by no means so necessary as in the passage from Mr. Cobbett. I mention the Sacred Scriptures not because examples cannot be found in classic authors, but because the two or three instances I shall quote from thence, are such as have fallen under my observation since Mr. "F." did me the honour of a reply:—"No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said to me. The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. The Comforter whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you. What man is there of you, who if his son ask bread will he give him a stone. For this cause I Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you Gentiles," here follows a digression of 20 verses, after which St. Paul resumes "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you." Will your correspondent say, that this last passage is ungrammatical? Can he prove, by authority or rule, that any of the passages I have quoted from the Sacred Writings are ungrammatical? If they are not, then Mr. Cobbett's introductory sentence to his dedication also is not ungrammatical.—"F." says, according to my reasoning "we could say, 'Cicero' the greatest 'Cicero' of the age;" my reasoning warranted no such conclusion, but my reasoning was, as it is, that, if we could say, "Cicero, the greatest Cicero," which, however, I acknowledge is palpably improper, as there has been but one great orator of that name; then we could say the last Cicero was put in apposition with the former, in like manner as, if the repetition be correct, and I see no reason why I should alter my former opinion, "such a work" referring to, I still insist is put in apposition with, "a work having for its object," &c.

He proceeds:—"It now of course devolves on me to answer B.'s query." I do not see how, at least I did not intend, it should devolve on him; I took him merely to be an inquirer, and therefore in this respect to be ignorant, my query in common with his being intended, through the medium of your favour, Mr. Editor, to be addressed, as I conceived, to the public.

I have therefore, it appears, been greatly mistaken in regard to your correspondent's knowledge and intentions. I am sorry, however, I cannot agree with him in the decision he has made in his last paragraph: he tells me that "'Your Majesty who is the only one' is strictly correct, and that 'Your Majesty who are the only one,' would be equally as correct." This is very strange. What! may we either say "Your Majesty is the only one, or, Your Majesty are the only one?" Does he mean to say that *Majesty*, by a figure of speech of the feminine gender, is the antecedent to *who*, and *who*, so referring to and agreeing with that antecedent, is the nominative case to *are*; and that in sense it reads *Majesty who are the only one*?—I am satisfied of the propriety of "Your Majesty is the only one;" my query was, does *who* refer to *majesty* or to *your*? and I do not see that your correspondent has at all cleared up the difficulty. We need not be told that the Latin word *majestas* is of the feminine gender; we need not be told of the personification of words; that, in speaking of the sun, we may say "He is rising, he is setting," and that we can speak of *virtue's* fair form, that *she* is lovely, amiable, &c. This we all know very well; yet *majesty* as a female, I think, is something new, and I cannot see how your correspondent can separate the *Majesty* from the *Queen*, and, personifying it, say, that the *Majesty*, an animate thing, can be "the only one that appears to have justly estimated the value of the people." It should be kept in mind that Mr. Cobbett is addressing the late Queen, "Your Majesty," &c. I am, Mr. Editor,

March 12th, 1823.

Will any of your correspondents take the trouble, and have the goodness, to furnish me with an elegant translation of the following brief Latin Essay on Hypocrisy! I shall be much obliged.

Yours, Mr. Editor,

Tu recte vivis, si curas esse quod audis.—HON.

Nullum tam valde Virtuti præbet auxilium, in excellentia ejus monstranda, quam simulatoris labor, ad speciem solum sibi assumendam. Ex hoc datur menti verè sincere, præsidium contra pravos oppugnantes firmissimum.

Illis, qui externa ad leges virtutis conformant, ac simul animi correctionem haud unquam querunt, castigationis plurimum debetur severæ. Qui honorem regis ac imperium usurpare conatur, sciens quòd nata alienus est, non tantum perpetrat malum, quantum qui sibi Virtutis arrogat privilegia, conscius quòd caret in mente ad ea iuribus.

Ex illis minantibus hypocritæ periculis horrendis, judicari potest, quanta sincero isti accidant beneficia, qui pro regnorum copiis perversilibus, mentis probationem commutare spernunt.—Nunc, dobitans! "utrum horum" persuadet tibi Ratio, id oncta per secula retineas futura.

[The following two letters are replies—the first, to a few lines addressed by the Editor to the writer of the Strictures on the paper of Mr. Abernethy; the second, to a communication which was transmitted through the Iris Office.—ED.]

MR. EDITOR,—Your anxiety springs from a delicacy which reflection cannot fail to remove. Have, I, Sir, animadverted upon Surgeons generally? Have I stigmatized Medical Practitioners indiscriminately? Certainly not;—the enlightened, the qualified, the liberal, —cannot, will not, be offended! The galled jades are, the incompetent, the illiberal, in short, Sir, the *Professional Aristocrats*!—These men would involve their practice in profound mystery; they would attach to it the most ridiculous importance; they would persuade the multitude that every licensed practitioner, concentrates in his own breast, nice discrimination, profound knowledge, and the most elaborate skill; and these qualities they would render still more exclusive, by a mystified representation of long, of arduous, of appalling investigations. The ann-scored missionary is not influenced by a philanthropy—The enterprising navigator cannot feel a love of science—The most intrepid warrior never experienced a courageousness and fortitude—no, none of these, even in the pursuits or undertakings of their own choice and discretion, can be actuated by a ruling passion, at all, or in any de-

gree, equal, to the love, the perseverance, and the magnanimity, which necessarily support, the medical aristocrat in his self-disinterested practice. Believe me, Sir, the able, the judicious practitioner, rests calm and confident in the evidences of his skill which every where surround him; he depends upon a reputation in which mystery, and arrogance have no share; and he warmly approves of every just exposure of duplicity and impudence. I am, &c. N. NOL.

TO MR. TENACULUM TOURNIQUET.

SIR,—Passing over the mighty import of your *non de guerre*, I shall proceed to answer your inquiries relative to my health and profession. 1.—I am in good health. 2.—I am not a Medical Practitioner. 3.—It is now ten years since I have been visited as a patient.

Now, Sir, although entitled to a reply, I shall not require why these interrogatories have been put; because they appear to me frivolous, absurd, and in no manner connected with my essay, which you affirm to be "superficial and extremely fallacious." But, Sir, if superficial, it is the more easily refuted; it will need the less labour of research and of penmanship. The essay is before the world—it is a direct attack upon the assumed importance of certain clandestine practices, for which the sanction of law is implored; and it behoves all who would attach utility to the dissection of human bodies, to reply to it by a full and fair refutation of its errors and falsehoods. However, this, I presume, cannot be so easily effected; facts are stubborn things, and these are what I have exhibited, and what my public opponent must contend with. You speak of "Amputations"—pray under what professors do our most expert and successful operators study? where do they qualify themselves with most effect? Can the Dissecting Room ever supersede the Hospital? A Dead subject the Living one? No; no, Mr. Tourniquet, the pupils of Mr. Abernethy will appear very dolts, bunglers, mere stalking horses for death and torture, in the schools of Cooper!

You wish me "to re-consider the subject—the benefits the living derive from anatomical examinations of the dead"—All this I have done, and am the more thoroughly convinced of the truth of my former writing; and, with regard to myself, I most solemnly protest that I would not deliver up a deceased infant of my family to be backed, mutilated, and carved on your tables, and to macerate in your tubs—no, not for all the blessings the most interested (who are the only eloquent) of your school can describe, or even imagine. I remain, &c.

N. NOL.

MR. EDITOR,—Observing a notice of Dr. Franklin in your last week's Iris, I thought another of a different description would not be unacceptable. It is taken from a little work called "La Cassette Verte," (a kind of Twopenny post-bag of its day) published at the Hague in 1779: the author giving as a reason for retiring into Holland to publish his work that the Bastille was a sworn enemy to the Liberty of the Press.

Manchester, 10th March, 1822. Your's, T. V.

TO M. DE SARTINE.

My dear Friend,—I have been to the Queen's Levee, which was of a frightful duration: and your ambassadors from America have had their audience. Enough in all conscience to give me the head-ache and to excuse me from writing; but as I am aware you are very anxious to know if they were to her taste, or passable. All considered, so so! But to whom are you obliged? To the Countess Jule de Polignac, and to me. We had great difficulty I assure you in prevailing upon the Queen to endure them. Unfortunately Mademoiselle Bertin had been with the Queen in the morning; and she had so ridiculed these ambassadors, that, on their entrance, her Majesty had the greatest difficulty to keep herself from laughing. I am not surprised at it, for in truth my dear friend they were most slovenly dressed; and what is singular, there was not one that had an air of distinction about him. It was in vain we praised the simplicity of their manners, and their contempt for all formality—"On my word (said the Queen) it must be confessed that they are but

rabble!" But, said I to her, did you look at the white hat of Dr. Franklin, it is the emblem of innocence; his spectacles, said the Countess, that of economy (*one of the glasses was broken*). "Assuredly (said the Queen) this Dr. Franklin is very singular in every thing." We all laughed at this sally, and the Queen recovered her good humour. The Duke de Coigny who was present, assured the Queen that the Dr. singular as he was, with his white hat and his one eyed spectacles, had discovered the secret of putting lightning into bottles; that he could by uncorking them, cause as many evils as Pandora did, by opening her box, or the companions of Ulysses, by untying their leathern bags. This made us all laugh heartily, though we did not understand the meaning of it. In short we have hitherto managed things pretty well. But for God's sake, my friend, send some dancing masters and French tailors to these barbarous ambassadors, and above all prevail upon his Excellency the Dr. to get his spectacles repaired. Adieu. LAMBALLE.

Versailles, 22nd March, 1788, Sunday Evening.

STENOGRAPHY.

Pray, Mr. Editor, have you, or any of your ingenious Correspondents, who may have acquired "*a liking for the nick-nackerils of knowledge*," heard any thing of a most curious and novel invention, constructed on the principle of a keyed instrument, being a kind of mechanical Short-hand Writer? The person using it as I have been informed, in following a speaker, instead of writing the words, or the letters of which they are composed, plays upon the machine with his fingers, the characters employed being those which are used in printing, and the spelling, according to the abbreviated mode practised in Short-hand, where, on an average, about ten letters out of every thirty, are omitted.

An American invention has also lately been mentioned, for the purpose of setting up printing types, by the means of a keyed instrument, contrived for that purpose. Really, Mr. Editor, I should not be at all surprised, if we were soon to hear of the singular experiment of a compositor, in the gallery of the house of commons, setting up the type for the columns of a newspaper, at the same time that the members are delivering their speeches! Should this ever be accomplished, I dare say your *vicarious* correspondent, Mr. Watty, will think it quite as deserving of being commemorated by Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Book of Wonders*, as his own marvellous feat of reading that extraordinary volume, "from the beginning to the end," as proposed in his Letter to you, printed, like all other musical compositions, without a date, in your publication of Saturday last.

March 12, 1823.

S. X.

ON CLERICAL CRITICISMS.

The improvement of society depending so greatly upon its moral principles, and these principles being by the bulk of mankind, in a great measure, derived from the cheap and periodical diffusion of knowledge, by the means of the literary journals of the day, the conducting of these journals has, in consequence, obtained a higher claim to notice than that to which they would at first appear entitled. Every man who uses the means which the power of the press gives him of scattering the seeds of knowledge, at a cheap and accessible rate among the people, is deserving of the respect of his countrymen; provided he uses his power with that due caution which its importance demands. It ought not to be considered sufficient, that at the end of his editorial career, he should be able to say that the public have received no injury from his exertions—for the public do, and ought to expect that the evident tendency of his writings should be directly beneficial. We will, therefore, in examining the propriety of the Clerical Criticisms, which have appeared in a weekly paper lately published in Liverpool, set down as an established principle, "That not only every subject of a directly evil, but also all those of a doubtful tendency, ought to be excluded from the pages of a public work."

The church, I believe, ought not to be considered

as a school of eloquence, but as an establishment for the dissemination of the precepts and doctrines of Christianity; and consequently that every thing which may tend to obstruct this end, though it may possibly increase the taste of the public in critical oratory, ought to be considered as an evil; allowing this to be true, let us see how far strictures upon the eloquence of the Pastors of the church can aid the religious improvement of their flocks.—To assist us in this inquiry, we will divide the Ministers of the Gospel into two classes, ranging under one those who are eloquent, and under the other those who are not; that we may be able to judge of the effect which such critiques would be likely to have upon their respective congregations. We will then, in the first place, take a glance at the probable effect of such criticisms upon the flock of an eloquent Pastor.

Consistently with the acknowledged frailty of human nature, it is impossible that any man should be so perfect an orator as to escape faultlessly the scrutinizing eye of the refined critic; I think it, however, very possible for a minister to have that share of eloquence which will cause him to be thought almost perfect by the less censorious eye of a general audience. When, therefore, a congregation has this opinion of the excellence of their minister, they hear him with unmixed delight, and his precepts sink into a somewhat prepared soil. But the moment the officious critic draws the veil from their eyes, or rather renders their sight keener, they begin to perceive imperfections in their Pastor, which otherwise would have remained disregarded; and from doubting his merit as an orator, they begin to question his capacity as a teacher. If this be the probable effect of these criticisms with those who sit under an eloquent preacher, *a fortiori* this pernicious effect will be much increased with those who have as their Minister a perhaps able Divine and good man, but one who is deficient in many of the requisites of the accomplished orator. His hearers were formerly to hear him for the sake of the wholesome and saving doctrines he administered, and did not regard so much the manner in which they were wrapped up; but having read and learned something of criticism, they now look for the harmony of periods, and the delicate artifice of connexion; they now scrutinize his mode of delivery, and the inflexions of his voice, and thus becoming dissatisfied with their Minister for having faults about which they before were indifferent, the probability of their receiving benefit from his instructions is much diminished.

The doctrines and exhortations which the Minister has been delivering in the pulpit, formerly had an opportunity of producing their proper effect upon the congregation, by their becoming the subject of conversation among the people after having left his presence, but now his mode of delivery forms the only topic for discussion, and his merits and demerits as an orator are fully canvassed. This, I acknowledge, may tend to cultivate in them a taste for oratory, but, what is of infinitely greater importance, it will at the same time tend to obstruct their religious improvement.

From the principle I laid down at the commencement of these remarks, I think it would follow, that if I could merely prove that the tendency of clerical criticisms was merely *negative*, that they ought not to fill up the columns of a public journal. But if I mistake not, I have proved that their tendency is not simply negative, but directly evil; and, therefore, that there can be no doubt of the impropriety of their admission.

These remarks have not originated in any offence which I have taken to the manner in which the particular criticisms to which I advert, have been conducted; for I have no doubt they have been penned with a due attention to candour and impartiality; but it is to clerical criticisms in general that I object. At least to the insertion of them in those publications, which, from their cheapness, form the source of information to so large a portion of the community. With persons who have had a regular classical education, and who have laid up a large store of knowledge, their effect would of course not be prejudicial, but as these form comparatively so small a part of mankind I think the clerical notices which have appeared in a Liverpool paper, by infusing a smattering of the art of criticism among its readers, have caused a cavilling spirit to be

introduced where humility and a teachable spirit ought alone to prevail.

Liverpool.

R. H.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell! whate'er my lot,
Oh thou canst never be forgot!
No change of fate, no change of clime,
Not absence, nor the lapse of time,
Can dull the feelings of the breast
Once with thy pure affection blest.
Though that affection bless no more,
Though ev'ry joy of life be o'er,
Though hope no more can bloom for me,
Yet mem'ry fondly turns to thee,
And fancies, that, as once thy smile
Could sorrow's keenest pang beguile,
It still may some kind balm impart
To calm and soothe a broken heart.

Thus, when the dove forsook the ark
To wander o'er that ocean dark,
The vast abyss whose billows curl'd
Triumphant o'er a rain'd world,
Anxious she roam'd the boundless space,
But no where found a resting place,
Till wearied, and of hope bereft
Again she sought the friendly ark,
And found in that frail, lonely bark
One melancholy refuge left.

March 11th, 1822.

GIACOMO.

STANZAS.

Oh, sweet is the eve to the bosom that loves,
Delightful the stillness which reigns;
When nought can be heard in the walks of the grove,
Save the night-bird's melodious strains.

And sweet is the smile that fair Cynthia bestows,
As she tinges the meads with her light;
And the brook, by yon cot, which meandering flows,
Breathes a charm to the beauty of night.

Ah then as the hours imperceptibly fly,
With the maid I adore let me rove;
And hear her lov'd voice in kind accents reply,
While I vow that for ever I'll love.

Oh, blest be the hour, when she said she'd be mine,
And I caught the dear maid to my bosom;
And blest the affection which two hearts entwined,
The love which e'en death cannot part.

Manchester.

ECHIVIS ARLASAN.

TAKING ADVICE.

Sir John Danvers once sent an invitation to Sir Richard Onslow, and Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury), to dine with him at Chelsea; he requested they would come early, as he had affairs of moment to communicate to them. When they arrived, and had taken their seats, Sir John opened the business, by saying, that he had made choice of them both, on account of their correct judgment, and particular friendship for him, in order to consult them on a subject of the utmost consequence to himself. He had, he said, been a widower many years, and he began to want some person to relieve him of the trouble of housekeeping, as well as to take some care of him, under the growing infirmities of age. For this purpose, he had thought of a suitable person, who was well known to him; this was, in short, his housekeeper.

The gentlemen knowing the woman very well, and thinking it by no means a suitable match, particularly as Sir John had sons and daughters marriageable, to whom it would be mortifying, were much against it. Sir Richard Onslow frankly began to point out to Sir John the impropriety of a person, of his age, marrying; and particularly such a woman. He was going to enter upon a description of her person, and to set her out in such colours, as could not have pleased any man in a wife; when Sir Anthony interrupting him, said, "Give me leave, Sir Richard, to ask our friend one question before you proceed;" so addressing himself to Sir John, "Tell me truly, Sir John," said he, "are you not already married?" Sir John, after a short pause, answered with a smile, "Yes, truly I was yesterday." "Well, then," replied Sir Anthony, "there is no more need of our advice; pray let us have the honour to see my lady, and wish her joy, and so to dinner." As they were returning to London in their coach, "I am obliged to you," said Sir Richard, "for preventing me running into a description which I

am sure could never have been forgiven me. But how could it enter into your head to ask a man who had solemnly invited us on purpose to have our advice about a marriage he intended, and gravely proposed the woman to us, and snuffered us seriously to enter into the debate; I say, Sir Anthony, how could you ask him, after all this, whether he were already married, or not?" "The man, and the manner," replied Sir Anthony, "gave me a suspicion, that having done a foolish thing, he wanted to cover himself with the authority of our advice."

JEMMY DAWSON.

Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson has drawn tears from every person of sensibility, or possessing the feelings of humanity; and it will continue to be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2nd of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows—

"A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kensington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence of death being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution: she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"That excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered in her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

In the *Whithall Evening Post*, August 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that "upon enquiry every circumstance was literally true."

A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on this melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.—*Relics of Literature*.

MELANCHOLY MISTAKES.

A few years ago, a fire took place in Whitechapel, in some houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty that the wretched inhabitants could be rescued. A poor woman, with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return God thanks for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, alone could have prompted, she flew, half naked as she was, up the blazing staircase, flew into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group; a triumph, alas! short-lived, for the child was not her own. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbours, instead of her own. She hastened back, but by this time, the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died in a few hours.

A somewhat similar, though not so distressing, an event, occurred during the rejoicings at Paris, on the marriage festivities of the Dauphin, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI. In the Place Louis XV., there were very brilliant fireworks prepared; but by some accident, the scaffolding prepared for them took fire; the rush of the crowd, and the crash of coaches, was such, that several persons were trampled to death under the horses' feet, and others were killed by the pressure.

One man, of the name of Pierre Dubois, who went to see the promised amusements, took with him a young woman, to whom he was next day to have been married. When the disaster of the scaffolds caused every person to seek his safety in immediate escape, Pierre and his mistress hastened from the fatal scene, and being strong and athletic, he was enabled for some time to protect her from the immediate pressure of the crowd; but the danger and the terror increased, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I am falling, I can go no farther." "Courage!" cried the lover, "I can still save thee, if thou wilt get upon my shoulders." He soon found that his shoulders had received their burden, and animated by new courage, he forced his way through the crowd, and reaching a place of safety, he set down his precious burden, expecting, in the smile that would greet him, an ample recompense for all his toil. Half intoxicated with joy at his having rescued his beloved, he turned round to receive her embrace, when, alas! he found that it was a different person, who had taken advantage of his recommendation, and that his own Henrietta had been left to perish in the crowd.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday March 10th, to Friday March 14th, 1823.

Monday—Kenilworth: with No Song no Supper. Queen Elizabeth—Mrs. Bunn.
Tuesday—Kenilworth: with how to die for Love. Elizabeth—Mrs. Bunn.
Wednesday—Kenilworth: with Lock and Key. Elizabeth—Mrs. Bunn.
Friday—Kenilworth: with the Agreeable Surprise. Elizabeth—Mrs. Bunn.

The New Play of KENILWORTH has been the chief attraction of the week; the scenery was elegant, and Mrs. Bunn appeared as Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Salter as the Earl of Leicester, Mrs. McGibbon, as Amy, Mr. Browne, as Michael Lambourne, and Mr. Bass as Tressilian. As much of the effect of our best theatrical pieces unquestionably depends upon the ability and spirit of the principal actors, the play of Kenilworth could not fail to afford much pleasure.—The *Dramatis Personæ* were illustrious and their representatives did them ample justice. The deportment, and tone of voice of Mrs. Bunn, were such as characterised her illustrious archetype.—The self-assurance and weakness, the conflict between the high and politic feelings of majesty and the almost irresistible power of the softer passion—were peculiarly striking. The very person of Mr. Salter obtains a prepossession in his favour in every distinguished character;—but this were saying little, Mr. Salter personified Leicester with judgment, spirit, and ability. His retort upon the "Princess" when she would intimidate him by reminding him of the fate of his ancestor, contrasted with his silence under her former animadversion—was prompt and spirited. Mrs. McGibbon was most happily cast.—Amy's filial and conjugal feelings,—her affection for an aged parent and her regard for the wishes of her husband,—her remembrance of early attachment to a man from whom she is separated by being affianced to another, and her entire demeanour under a mysterious treatment,—are all such as we must ever approve; but, under the magic influence of Mrs. McGibbon, these, and all the better feelings of the heart, command unmingled admiration. Mr. Browne's Michael Lambourne was the genuine Lambourne of Sir Walter. We like to see Mr. Bass in honourable character—his Tressilian gave the utmost satisfaction.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The forthcoming romance, by the author of *Calthorpe*, the *Lullards*, &c. is entitled 'Other times, or the Monks of Leadenhall.' It relates to the period when the Monastery, so called, flourished on the site of the present market.

The Memoirs of the celebrated and eccentric General Rapp, the first Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon, written by himself, are preparing for publication, in French and English.

The entire works of Demosthenes and *Æschines*; with the Greek text selected from the different editions which have been published of the whole of their works.

Integrity, a Tale. By Mrs. Hoffland, Author of the "Son of Genius," "Tales of the Manor," &c. &c.

Anecdotes of the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions. By Count Pecchio, an Italian Exile.

A Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Gout and Gravel. By Charles Scudamore, M.D.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published, in 8vo. price 12s. boards, LETTERS, LITERARY AND POLITICAL, on POLAND; comprising Observations on Russia and other Slavonian Nations and Tribes.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall-Mall, London; and Sold by T. Sowler, Robinson and Ellis, and Baucks and Co. Manchester.

Just published, in post 8vo. price 8s. boards, ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL; on Scenes in ITALY, SWITZERLAND, and FRANCE BY AN AMERICAN.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall-Mall, London; and Sold by Robinson and Ellis, Baucks and Co. and T. Sowler, Manchester.

Just published, in 8vo. price 9s. boards, THE PROUD SHEPHERD'S TRAGEDY, A Scenic Poem, in Eighteen Scenes; Edited by JOSEPH DOWNES.

To which are added, Fragments of a Correspondence and Poems.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall-Mall, London; and Sold by Baucks and Co. T. Sowler, and Robinson and Ellis, Manchester.

Just Published, price 2s. THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER REID, A SCOTTISH COVENANTER.—Written by himself, and Edited by ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, his Great-Grandson. With Notes and an Appendix, forming a brief History of the attempts of Charles II. and James II., to establish episcopacy in Scotland.

"This is a peculiarly interesting memoir. . . . We have here a simple and touching picture of the trials and fortitude of the Covenanters,—a class of men to whose resistance of tyranny we are mainly indebted for the rights which we enjoy at this moment."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

"The Editor has certainly done the cause of truth an important service by republishing this interesting memoir of his ancestor."—*Literary Reporter*.

Sold by Silburn and Richardson, Ebenezer Thomson, W. and W. Clarke, T. Sowler, and Robinson and Ellis, Manchester; and by all other Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. K.'s communication has ceased to be a novelty; it is so well known as to be comparatively uninteresting.—It is returned. W. L. L. has our thanks for the *Fallen Swiss*.—We happen to know the author.

R. H.'s Essay is inserted.—Future favours, on other subjects, shall have an early attention.

T. V.'s humorous Sketch of the next Campaign has too strong a tincture of politics for our columns.

'Lines to a faded Beauty' appear to us to contain some personal allusion: our correspondent's assurance that this is not the case will obtain their insertion.

A Sonnet by P. W. H.; 'Oh, if it be a crime to gaze:' Lines to E. C.; 'The Maniac'; Essayist; and Verses by our Tricahum friend, are received.

The first part of the second Canto of the *Romanist*, and the conclusion of the *Wearied Bachelor*, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

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This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.
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No. 60.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

THE CLUB.

No. XXX.—FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1823.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. WORDSWORTH.

IN a former paper we stated a few particulars respecting an excursion made by the President and his nephew; and, as nothing particular occurred at our last meeting, we shall now, in performance of our promise, resume the subject.

A person seldom experiences more genuine happiness than in setting out upon a journey of pleasure. Some of our enjoyments arise from hope, and others from possession; but there are very few of them in which these circumstances are combined. The case alluded to is, however, of the last mentioned description. We partake of all the charms of variety and contrast, while we delight ourselves with the contemplation of those prospective treats which have all the interest of uncertainty.

During their ride in the stage coach our friends met with nothing particular. The only interesting passenger was a quaker, with whom they had much conversation, and who evinced that shrewdness and caution for which his fraternity are so remarkable. His questions were so imposing, and his remarks, though always general, so very keen, that our President thought for some time he was a man of superior attainments; but when, with much difficulty, our friend succeeded in his attempts to get some knowledge of the stranger's real acquisitions, he found, to his disappointment, that the stranger owed the impression he had produced entirely to his manner; and that while he artfully concealed his own ignorance, he shewed much acuteness, and seemed to experience much gratification, in detecting and exposing that of others.

The President, to assist his nephew's observation, remarked, on the first opportunity, "I hope, William, you did not neglect noticing the address of that quaker gentleman. That person," he added, "little as he knows, would be applauded for his intelligence, where another man, with ten times his information, would be overlooked."

Early the following morning, the weather being very fine, our travellers were in a Liverpool steam packet, on their way to the Welsh coast. The old gentleman was particularly cheerful. The dock, covered with spectators, which appeared to be receding from the vessel, was to him an object of interest; and the sea fowl which sported above the surface of the water, in which, as if to exhibit feats of their agility, they sometimes dipped the extremities of their wings, afforded him a topic for remark. "You see, William," said he, "that providence has given every creature some peculiar advantage. Man ought, therefore, to contemplate his own powers with becoming humility, since there is no animal, how insignificant soever he

may consider it to be, which is not superior to him in some particular.

"What is yonder large black object which we see at some distance?" said the old gentleman to the Captain. "That, Sir," replied the Captain, offering our friend a small telescope which he held in his hand, "that is the wreck of the Dutch vessel which left Liverpool a few weeks ago, laden with a valuable cargo. She had made a good speculation, and was upon her return." "Was the cargo saved?" inquired the President. "No, Sir, such was the nature of it, that it was all lost excepting a small quantity of tobacco." "Alas!" said our worthy friend, "how uncertain are our hopes, even when they claim our greatest confidence! The crew, after having crossed in safety the ocean, and having made an advantageous exchange of property, were probably rejoicing at their success; and hardly suspecting that, while they were yet in sight of the port from which they had departed, their little wealth, and the vessel which contained it were to be scattered upon the waters." "It is often thus, William, with human life," continued he, addressing himself to his nephew, to whom he seemed anxious to convey instruction through the medium of every new object, "our hopes on land are often as frail as upon the ocean. I have known a young person begin his career of life, elated with all those hopes which the smiles of fortune and the caresses of friendship could impart; he has proceeded for a while, like that vessel, the envy or the admiration of those who witnessed his progress, until he, too, has struck upon a quicksand, and presented a wreck as sudden and unexpected.

"This sole memorial of his lot
Remains.—He was and he is not."—Montgomery.

The old gentleman, after he had finished his reflections, turned quickly round to look at some other object. If he did so with a view to conceal his emotion, let it not excite surprise; he had, perhaps, more cause for his feelings than the reader may imagine, or need to be told.

The waves which, with silvery lustre, trembled in the sunbeam; the light-house, surrounded by its signals; and the Welsh scenery, presenting, in the most favourable part of the year, its mild and diversified beauties, called forth in succession the observations of our excellent friend.

The passengers were much amused during the voyage, with the anxious care which an elderly Welsh woman took of her husband, a good tempered old man, who on all occasions was ready to offer his assistance to the crew. When the sailors were shifting the sails, he insisted upon helping them; and it happened several times, that, while he was pulling at a rope, his good lady was, in a pretty similar attitude, holding him by the skirts of his coat. If he looked over the side of the vessel, she generally laid hold of him and intreated that he would beware of any accidents; and she seemed never content except when he was seated by her side on one of the benches in the middle of the

vessel. There, however, he seldom remained long at a time; for his own restless disposition, or the mischievous invitations of the passengers, whose mirth was always excited by the distresses of the old lady, rarely allowed her to be at ease for many minutes together.

Our friends, after taking a little refreshment at a small public house near the place where they landed, proceeded towards the ruins of Flint Castle. Being overtaken by a shower, they were obliged to seek shelter in a little cottage on the road side. The inmates, who spoke English very imperfectly, shewed our friends much civility. Observing our President to fix his attention upon a small engraving of our late queen, which hung against the wall, the host and his wife expressed great zeal for her cause. "You find, William," said our worthy friend, "that her Majesty, whose imputed frailties and faults have been equalled at least by her misfortunes, has found persons to commiserate her sufferings, even in this remote and humble cottage."

The rain having ceased, our travellers lost no time in getting to Flint. The sight of the interesting ruins of the castle, and the commanding and picturesque situation which it occupied, did not escape the observation of our worthy friend. They reminded him of the historical interest of the place; and he could not repress a sigh, while he recalled to the recollection of his nephew, that this bleak castle was the last retreat of the unfortunate Richard the Second,—the place where the royal fugitive was deprived of the last remnants of regal authority. Our travellers viewed the ruins in every point of view; and, before they left the place, the President put a few small fragments into his pocket, to carry home as memorials of his visit.

When they returned to the inn, our friend inquired at what period the castle had ceased to be inhabited, and he was answered that it had been reduced to its present ruined condition by Oliver Cromwell. "Ay, ay," said the old gentleman, "there is hardly a ruin in the country which has not been imputed to Oliver. He was, indeed, a wonderful personage, and he made sad devastation among the castles of the country; but tradition, which always magnifies extraordinary achievements, has given him credit for having done more than one man could accomplish. Whether he was justified in demolishing the castles of the nobility, I am not called upon to say: but, judging of the act by its effects, which were the diminishing of civil broils and petty tyranny, it is not going too far to claim the gratitude of posterity for a person, who, to say the least of him, had the spirit and energy of an Englishman."

He had scarcely finished his remark, before the sound of the horn announced that the packet was about to sail: they, therefore, hastened on board, and, without any further occurrence of particular interest, they were, in a short time, once more landed in Liverpool.

THE ROMAUNT OF LLEWELLYN.

(Continued.)

CANTO II.

I.

Upon the wound, the corporal wound, there grows
Another outcure, but 'tis a scar,
And o'er man's mind weeping with inward woes,
A gleam may sparkle like a lonely star,
And nerve his pilgrim steps against the war
Of troublous thought; that strife element.—
But grief deep fixed, that fiercest, deadliest bar
To human bliss, that e'er pale Ate sent
Is as a sore fresh pricked, yftraught with anguishment.

II.

The waling scourge may rangle and may bite,
May cut and torture; mercy 'twere to slay
The miserable, bleeding, writhing wight
That groans beneath the lash his hours away!
But virtue's soul it never can affray—
The mortal perisheth, th' immortal ne'er,
And souls that heavenward choose their sacred way,
Like pure integrity, with conscience fair.
Man's puny torments here, firm and unshaken bear!

III.

What leech can cure the breast that bleeds with woes?
What leech can cure a hidden malady?
What hand can quell grief's deneful hidden throes?
Or heal the wounds deep in the heart that lie?
Who can escape the lightning of heaven's eye?
Mountains may screen, unsounded billows rise
And swallow and devour, he cannot fly!—
Nor can one fly from grief which will surprise,
The soul that shuns it most, and with mad pleasure flies!

IV.

The revel and the masque with wassail dight,
The ball of pleasure, and the bourne of bliss,
The garment, decked with gold and trappings bright,
Shroud many a heart that throbs in deep distress—
Covering the naked form of wretchedness!
As in the sheening waste the glittering wave,
Gleams o'er the wild and desert emptiness—
As lovely flowers are strown upon the grave
And as the Asphaltic fruits, no strength or substance have.

V.

So is it with them, theirs is outward gleaming,
The raven's gloss, the bitter smile of death,
The icicle ybright to outward seeming,
Sparkling and glittering but cold beneath,
And smelling of stern winter's horrid breath—
So is it with them, they may smile but smiling,
They gi'd a heart that deeply sorroweth,
They may sing high, shout loud, derne care begniling,
There is a wound within in all these joys defiling!

VI.

There is a poison in the wassail cup,
A taint in beauty, and a withering blight—
Mildews the flowers we fondly gather up—
The good, the fair, the beautiful, the bright,
The crested warrior and the statesman dight;
The Paladin and lozell—all must feel
The woes that gnaw the heart no longer light—
There is no armour proof—no triple steel,
To guard against the griefs these earthly scenes reveal.

VII.

Thus thought Llewellyn, as the vessel bounded
Over the billows, and the breezes sung
In her white sails, and like strange music sounded,
From some forgotten lyre unearthly rung,
And as the rolling surge she backward flung,
Cleaving the dark blue waters all before her,
She seemed some wild thing from the ocean sprung,
And as the brinish deep in restless triumph bore her,
She looked as one who called the proud heart to adore her.

VIII.

There is upon the ocean far away,
A rank, uncultured, and uneasured isle,
Where misty mountains rear their summits gray,
Where forests darken, and fierce currents boil,
Where hapless wretches in unceasing broil,
Consume beneath the scourge their manhood's prime,
Where despot tyrannie holds his dark coil,
It is the realm of slavery and crime,
Of deepest, keenest woe not to be seared by time.

IX.

Thither the vessel bears Llewellyn wight
Aboon the billows—and as one blind goes
Over an unknown path in wintry night
Without one guiding star, one ray that throws
Its glimmer after twilight's sudden doze,
May wander on unconscious, careless where,
While gathering danger round and round him grows,
And death and peril on each hand do stare—
So he rushed on his fate, nor seemed one jot to care.

X.

Meantime a heavy swell comes o'er the sea,
The surge beats lustily the vessel's side;
And the celestial fire conspicuously
Gleams o'er the surface of the waters wide.
The night winds o'er the exulting surges ride,
And from their home the huge sea lions creep,
Endarkening the rolling mighty tide,
That rushes onward still with swirl and sweep,
Cresting with foam and spray the bosom of the deep.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Notes taken at advising the Action of Damages and Defamation, Alexander C.m, Jeweller, in Edinburgh, against Mr. James R.ll, Surgeon there. By G. C. Esq.

Lord P—nt (Campb—l.) Your Lordships have Petition of Alex. Cunningham against Lord B—m's Interlocutor. It is a case of Defamation and Damages for calling the Petitioner's Diamond Beetle an Egyptian Louse.

You have the Lord Ordinary's very distinct Interlocutor on pages 20 and 30 of the petition: "Having considered the concordance of the Pursuer, answers for the Defendant, and so on, finds in respect it is not alleged that the diamonds on the back of the Diamond Beetle are real diamonds, or any thing but shining spots, such as are found on other Diamond Beetles, which likewise occur, though in a smaller number of other Beetles, somewhat different from the Beetle libelled, similar to which there may be Beetles in Egypt, with shining spots on their backs, which may be termed Lice there, and may be different not only from the common Louse mentioned by Moses as one of the plagues of Egypt, which is admitted to be a filthy, troublesome Louse, even worse than the said Louse which is clearly different from the Louse libelled; but the other Louse is the same with or similar to the said Beetle, which is also the same with the other Beetle, and although different from the said Beetle libelled, yet as the same Beetle is similar to the other Beetle, and the said Louse to said Beetle, and the said Beetle to the other Louse libelled, and the said Louse to the other Beetle, which is the same with or similar to the Beetle which somewhat resembles the Beetle libelled, assolizes the Defender, and finds expenses due."

Say away, my Lords.

Lord M—b—k. This is a very intricate and puzzling question, my Lord. I have formed no decided opinion, but at present I am rather inclined to think the Interlocutor is right, though not upon the ratio assigned in it. It appears to me there are two points for consideration:—1st, Whether the words libelled amount to a convicium against the Beetle. 2d, Admitting the convicium, whether the Pursuer is entitled to found upon it in this action.

Now, my Lord, if there be a convicium at all, it consists in the comparatio, or comparison, of the Scarabæus, or Beetle, with the Egyptian Pediculus, or Louse. The first doubt regards this point, but it is not at all founded on what the Defender alleges, that there is no such animal as an Egyptian Pediculus in rerum natura; for though it does not actually exist, it may possibly exist, and whether its existence is in esse or posse is the same to this question, provided there be termini habiles for ascertaining what it would be if it did exist. But my doubt lies here—How am I to discover what is the essentia of any Louse, whether Egyptian or not? It is very easy to describe it by its accidents as a naturalist, Aptera (or that it is a little, filthy, yellow, greedy, despicable reptile); but we do not learn from this what the proprium of the animal is in a logical sense, and still less what are its differentia. Now without these it is impossible to judge whether

there is a convicium or not; for in a case of this kind, which sapit naturam delicti, we must take the words in meliori sensu, and presume the comparatio to be in melioribus tactum. And I here beg that the parties, and the bar, and general—(Interrupted by Lord H—m—d.)—"Your Lordship should address yourself to the chair." I say, my Lord, I beg it may be understood that I do not rest my opinion upon the ground that veritas convicii excusat: I am clear that although the Beetles actually were an Egyptian Pediculus, it would afford no relevant defence, providing the calling it so were a convicium; and there my doubt lies.

With regard to the 2d point, I am satisfied that the Scarabæus, or Beetle himself, has no personi standi in judicio, and therefore the Pursuer cannot insist in the name of the Scarabæus, or for his behoof. If the action lies at all, it must be at the instance of the Pursuer himself, as the Verus Dominus of the Scarabæus, for being calumniated through the convicium directed principally against the animal standing in that relation to him. Now abstracting from the qualification of an actual damnum, which is not alleged, I have great doubts whether a mere convicium is necessarily transmitted from one object to another through the relation of a damnum subsisting between them; and if not necessarily transmissible, we must see the principle of its actual transmission here, and that has not yet been pointed out.

Lord H—m—d. We heard a little ago, my Lord, that this is a difficult case. I have not been fortunate enough, for my part, to find out where the difficulty lies. Will any man presume to tell me that a Beetle is not a Beetle, and that a Louse is not a Louse? I never saw the Petitioner's Beetle, and what is more, I don't care whether I ever see it or not; but I suppose it's like other Beetles, and that's enough for me.

But, my Lord, I know the other reptile well. I have seen them, my Lord—I have felt them ever since I was a child in my mother's arms; and my mind tells me that nothing but the deepest and blackest malice ranking in the human heart could have suggested this comparison, or led any man to form a thought so injurious and insulting. But, my Lord, there is more here than all that—a great deal more. One would think that the Defender could have gratified his spite to the full by comparing this Beetle to a common Louse—an animal sufficiently vile and abominable for the purpose of defamation.—Shut that outer door there.—He adds, my Lord, the epithet "Egyptian." I well know what he means by that epithet—he means, my Lord, a Louse which has fattened in the head of a gipsy or tinkler, undisturbed by the comb, and unmolested in the enjoyment of its native filth. He means a Louse ten times larger and ten times more abominable than those with which your Lordship or I am familiar. The Petitioner asks redress for this injury so atrocious and so aggravated, and as far as my voice goes, he shall not ask it in vain.

Lord C—g. I am of the opinion last delivered. It appears to me slanderous and calumnious to compare a Diamond Beetle to the filthy and mischievous animal libelled. By an Egyptian Louse, I understand one which has been found in the head of a native Egyptian, a race of men who, after degenerating for many centuries, have sunk at last into the abyss of depravity in consequence of having been subjugated for a time by the French. I do not find that Turgut, or Condorcet, or the rest of the economists, ever reckoned combing the head a species of productive labour. I conclude, therefore, that wherever French principles have been propagated, lice grow to an immoderate size, especially in a warm climate like that of Egypt. I shall only add, that we ought to be sensible of the blessings we enjoy under a free and happy Constitution, where Lice and men live under the restraints of equal laws—the only equality that can exist in a well-regulated state.

Lord B—l—to. Aww for refusing the petition. There more Lice nor Beetles in Fife. They call Beetles Clokes there. I thought when I read the petition, that the Beetle, or Beetle, had been the thing that the women has when they are washing towels or aperty, and things for dadding them with. And I see this Petitioner is a jeweller till his trade, and I thought that he had made one of their Beetles, and set it all round with diamonds, and I thought it an extravagant and foolish idea; and I see no resemblance it could have

to a Louse. But I find I was mistaken, my Lord, and I find it is only a Beetle Cloke the Petitioner has; but my opinion's the same it was before. I say, my Lord, Awn for refusing the petition I say.

L—d W—st—lee. There is a case abridged in the 3d volume of the Dictionary of Decisions (Chalmers versus Douglas,) in which it was found that veritas convicii excusat, which may be rendered not literally, but in a free and spirited manner, according to the most approved principles of translation. "The truth of a calumny affords a relevant defence." If, therefore, it be the law of Scotland, which I am clearly of opinion it is, that the truth of a calumny affords a relevant defence; and if it be likewise true that the Diamond Beetle is really an Egyptian Louse, I am really inclined to conclude, though certainly the case is attended with difficulty, that the Defender ought to be assoziated.—Refuse.

Lord J. C. R—e. I am very well acquainted with the Defender in this notion, and have a great respect for him, and esteem him likewise. I know him to be a skilful and expert surgeon, and also a good man, and I would do a great deal to serve him, or to be of use to him, if I had it in my power to do so; but I think on this occasion that he has spoken rashly, and, I fear, foolishly and improperly. I hope he had no bad intention—I am sure he had not. But the Petitioner, for whom I have likewise a great respect, has a Clock, or a Beetle—I think it is called a Diamond Beetle—which he is very fond of, and has a fancy for; and the Defender has compared it to a Louse, or a Bug, or a Flea, or something of that kind, with a view to make it despicable or ridiculous, and the Petitioner so likewise, as the proprietor or owner of it. It is said that this beast is a Louse in fact, and that the veritas convicii excusat. And mention is made of a decision in the case of Chalmers against Douglas. I have always had a great veneration for the decisions of your Lordships, and I am sure will always continue to have while I sit here; but that case was determined by a very small majority, and I have heard your Lordships mention it on various occasions, and you have always desiderated the propriety of it, and I think have departed from it in some instances. I remember the circumstances of the case very well. Helen Chalmers lived in Musselburgh, and the Defender, Mrs. Baillie, lived in Fisher Row. And at that time there was much intercourse between the genteel inhabitants of Musselburgh, and Fisher Row, and Inveresk, and likewise Newbigging; and there were balls, or dances, or assemblies, every fortnight, and also sometimes, I believe, every week. And there were likewise card-assemblies once a fortnight, or oftener, and the young people danced there also, and others played at cards; and there were various refreshments, such as tea and coffee, and butter and bread, and I believe, but I am not sure, porter and pegasus, and likewise small-beer. And it was at one of these assemblies that Mrs. Baillie called Mrs. Chalmers a —, or an adulteress, and said she had lain with Commissioner Carnel, a gentleman whom I knew well at one time, and had a great deal of respect for;—he is dead many years ago. And Mrs. Chalmers brought an action of defamation before the Commissaries, and it came by advocacy into this Court; and your Lordships allowed a proof of the veritas convicii, and it lasted a long time, and answered in the end no good purpose even to the Defender himself, while it did much harm to the character of the Pursuer.

I am, therefore, for refusing such a proof in this case; and I think the Petitioner and his Beetle have been slandered, and the petition ought to be seen.

Lord P—k—t. It should be observed, my Lords, that what is called a Beetle is a reptile well known in this country. I have seen many a one of them on Drumshierlein Muir. It's a little black beastie about the size of my thoom-nail. The country-people call them Cloks, and I believe they call them also Maggy wi' the many feet. But this is no the least like any Louse I ever saw; so that in my opinion, though the Defender may have made a blunder through ignorance in comparing them, there does not seem to me to have been any animus injuriandi; therefore I am for refusing the petition, my Lords.

L—d M—n. If I understand this—a—a—a—In-terlocutor, it is not said that the—a—a—a—Egyptian Lice are Beetles, but that they may be, or—a—a—a—

resemble Beetles. I am, therefore, for sending this process to the Ordinary to ascertain that fact, as I think it depends upon that whether there be—a—a—a—conviction or not. I think also that the Petitioner should be ordained to—a—a—a—produce his Beetle, and the—a—a—a—Defender an Egyptian Louse; and if he has not one, he should take a diligence—a—a—a—to recover Lice of various kinds, and these may be—a—a—a—remitted to—a—a—a—Dr. Monro, or to—a—a—a—Mr. Playfair, or to other naturalists, to report upon the subject.—Agreed to.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE WEARIED BACHELOR.

(Concluded from page 57.)

The happy day arrived; with dark and unpropitious scowl the clouds hung over head, and threatened to deluge the town: the morning passed slowly but quietly over, and four o'clock had tolled its grateful sound, when I sallied forth towards home. Scarcely had I commenced my route, when the long threatening clouds announced the approach of the tempest by gathering more densely together, and a few straggling drops, like scouts sent from an army, warned me that the whole force of the collected mass was about to descent. It were needless to observe, that when I reached home, I was as completely drenched as if I had been dragged through a horse-pond, which, together with a most violent head-ache, augured a blight to all my expectations. However, not to be daunted, I sat down in a comfortable flannel dressing gown, and, all things considered, I think I did not fail in my duty towards one of the finest turkies my furin-yard ever produced, which, together with a string of delightful sausages, made by the never-failing Jenny, soon put me to rights, and, when the labours of the toilet were completed, I flattered myself, as I looked in the full length glass, that the *tout ensemble* was *tout comme il faut*.

The coach was rather tardy in arriving, and every five minutes I grew more nervous lest I should be disappointed, and obliged to walk, in a torrent of rain, through the muddy streets—but, at half-past eight, my ears were regaled by the sound of the carriage wheels, and in less than a quarter of an hour I was at Goodwill's door.

My heart beat high as I entered the room, which was, by the time of my arrival, unpleasantly crowded, and as my name was announced, that most awful ceremony to a bashful man, I fancied every eye was turned upon me, as if they had known where and for what my own glance; Goodwill drew me on towards a very agreeable young lady, a particular friend of his: but I was too much absorbed in my own thoughts to pay any attention to her, and, when dancing was announced, I darted to the door, leaving my new acquaintance to find a partner elsewhere, in hopes of encountering the eyes of Selina.

Every one had left the room, and on looking round I saw not one remaining to keep me company.—In the greatest anxiety I threw myself on a couch which was at hand, and lay in a kind of stupor for a length of time, without any interruption.

After a lapse, as I suppose, of about an hour, I was aroused from my lethargy by a gentle tap of a fan upon my shoulder, Mrs. Goodwill at the same time introducing me to Miss L—, a young lady of no great beauty, but with a very amiable expression of countenance. After a few remarks, such as generally pass between partners, who never before met, she observed my almost total silence, and with that significant and searching look by which a female

may almost penetrate into the deepest thoughts; hoped that nothing of a serious nature had transpired. When I had assured her to the contrary, and endeavoured to enter more into the spirit of the evening, she informed me of a most melancholy event, which had thrown my Selina, and her relatives into the deepest affliction and distress—a near relation, in all the ardour of youth had, after a slight frost, been tempted upon the ice, which breaking, he sank in the flood to rise no more. She then told me that, having seen Selina in the morning, she was requested to deliver a packet, at the same time giving into my hands a sealed paper, and perceiving that the chord was touched, in the most obliging manner requested me to permit her to withdraw, which afforded me, as intended, an opportunity of escaping the busy throng.

I immediately drew from my bosom the sacred charge; it was in the fair characters of my lovely Selina's hand; and, although in the utmost solicitude, and full of expectation, yet some indescribable sensation almost prevented me from opening it.

Reflection for a moment succeeded; the most unfavourable result was anticipated; and hopelessness being predominant, I was prepared to enter upon the perusal, whatever should be the decision.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am sorry that a regard and attention which arose from respectful friendship, have unfortunately excited feelings in your breast, which I never intended nor for a moment thought of. Single life may, in some stage or other, prove lonely, and not altogether the most desirable; but, I assure you, Sir, I cannot be yet persuaded to exchange it for the matrimonial.

The cares of a family require a mind that has some experience; in fact, that is in a degree matured. And, Sir, whilst my own tender age inclines me to question my capability of maintaining that order and discipline, without which, domestic life is irregular and often distasteful, candour obliges me to declare, that the disparity of our years must ever preclude the possibility of our union. What, my dear Sir, is the misery of a widow lady with a young family! And should my thread of life prove shorter than that of mortals generally, and yours not be considerably prolonged, what would become of a family of tender orphans! These, Sir, are considerations which should have some weight, as well as those arising from a dread of single life.

SELINA.

This is a BACHELOR'S FARE! And, I presume, unless I can thaw and wheedle some frozen maiden heart into a supposed attachment, I must accept of some old widow, whose affection can only spring from interest; unite with some hare-brain, who cares only for dress, novels, and Lord Byron; or submit to the solitary or villanous life of a Bachelor!—Oh, dear! oh, dear!

But, pray Mr. Editor of Miss Iris, to which species, in your "*Classification of Bachelors*," do I belong?—Hear my confession. First, Sir, a pretty face and well-proportioned form; a lively address, with a little see-saw of the hands and expressive twitch of the features; a smart taste in my costume; and a liberal supply of cash. Then, Sir,—(to describe my internals is not quite so easy) a few grains of levity; a few more of affectation; and a decent quantum of arrogance. My literary acquirements not too profound; and my general sentiment a little sarcastic. In fact, Sir, I begin to dread that I am confirmed in some pernicious habits which will, or ever should, keep me a bachelor. Yet, I am neither treacherous, nor licentious; never could feel reconciled to injure the sex of my mother and sisters; nor to debase myself by giving occasion to my being pointed at as a libertine, or seducer. This description of crea-

tures I abhor; they are my scorn; and, however elevated they may be in life, I hold them as being only deserving of contempt, even the contempt of the most humble. Thus, Sir, I consider there are many worse, but that there are few possessed of honourable feelings, more unfortunate than the wearied bachelor—

IGNOTO.

THE GLODWICK HERMIT.

There is now living at Glodwick near Oldham, a person of the name of William Butterworth a very singular and eccentric character. About five years ago he built himself a cot with the voluntary assistance of a few of his nearest neighbours, which is finely situated upon a hill; the prospect from it is beautiful and extensive.

The populous towns of Manchester, Stockport, Oldham, and Ashton under Lyne, besides several smaller villages; the counties of York, Chester, Derby, Stafford, and the Welch Hills, may all be seen at or within a few minutes walk of his residence, and with the help of a glass the ancient City of Chester. His cot is rudely built, on one side nearly level with the ground, but in the inside it has a very comfortable and neat appearance. It was his intention originally to have lived retired, but the number of his visitors increasing daily, particularly on Sundays, (none of whom he admits during divine Service) induced him to make an addition of several tents, &c. for their convenience, so that, if wished for, he can accommodate parties with tea &c. His person is as singular as his habits—a red coloured suit, made after the Spanish costume, is his common dress, with boots and hat to correspond.—Add to this a beard, about nine inches long, and you will conclude that the recluse makes no ordinary appearance. He appears very comfortable and contented, and is always glad to see any persons whose curiosity induces them to pay him a visit.

HORACE.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleam'd from grated cells;
When wild astrology's distorted eye,
Skimm'd the fair field of true philosophy,
And, wandering through the depths of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light;
When curious alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things which science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose, she consults
In vain chimeras, and unknown results.

In those grey times there liv'd a rev'rend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its light on that dark age;
A monk he was, immur'd in cloister'd walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls,
'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose
The noisy world disturb'd not that repose.
The flow of murmur'ing waters day by day,
And whistling winds, that forced their tardy way
Through rev'rend trees of ages' growth, that made
Around the pile a deep monastic shade;
The chaunted psalm, or solitary pray'r;
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

'Twas here, when his sacerdotal rites were o'er,
In the depths of his cell, with his stone-cover'd floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He form'd the contrivance we now shall explain:
But whether by magic, or alchymy's powers,
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours;
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear;
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and grey.
But an 'cess is scarce unless energy fails,
And at length he produced the 'Philosopher's Scales.'
What were they? you ask—'you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
Oh, no! For such properties would'roun had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or plants to atoms of sense.
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay,
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will shew.

The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
When the skull rose aloft, with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.
One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment, that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
And, though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.
A long row of alms-houses, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded the scale, while the other was prest,
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down the farthing's worth went with a bounce.
Again he perform'd an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climb'd into the scale, in the other was laid
The head of our Howard, now partly decay'd;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weigh'd less by some pounds than this bit of the other.
By further experiments, no matter how,
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanc'd by only a tuppenny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chaunc'd to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than a few grains of candour and sense.
A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potatoe, just wash'd from the dirt.
But not mountains of silver or gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the pearl of great price.
Last of all the whole world was bow'd in at the gate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escap'd at the roof,
Wherec balance'd in air, it ascended on high,
And sail'd up aloft a balloon in the sky,
While the scale, with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self deception prevails,
We pray you to try the philosopher's scales;
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:
Let judgment and conscience in circles be cut,
To which strings of thought may be carefully put;
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And let impartiality serve for a beam.
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your motives in bits for the weights.

OLD CHINA.

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on terra firma still—for so we must in courteous interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the bither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hats.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay!

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state;"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent to it in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

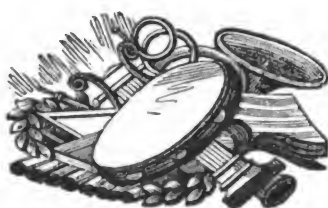
"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night, from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and final, give you half the honest vanity, with which you have flattered it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeas—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's (as W—— calls it) and buy a wilderness of Lionardoes. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth,—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners,

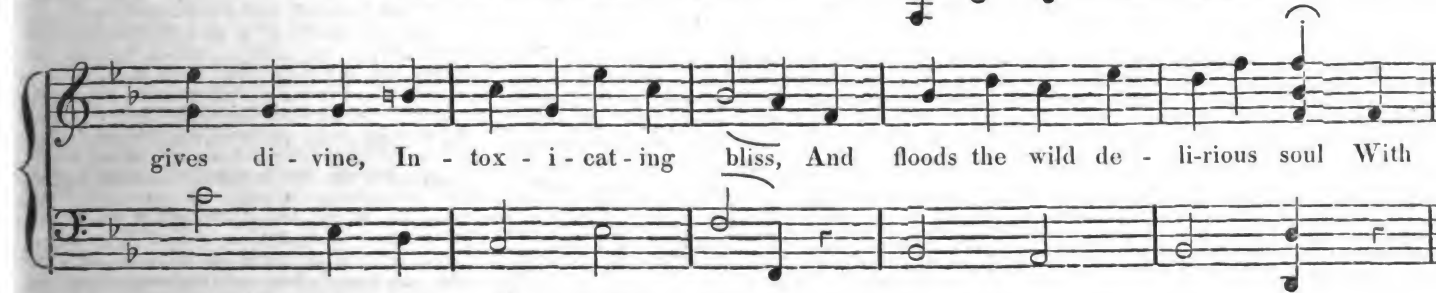
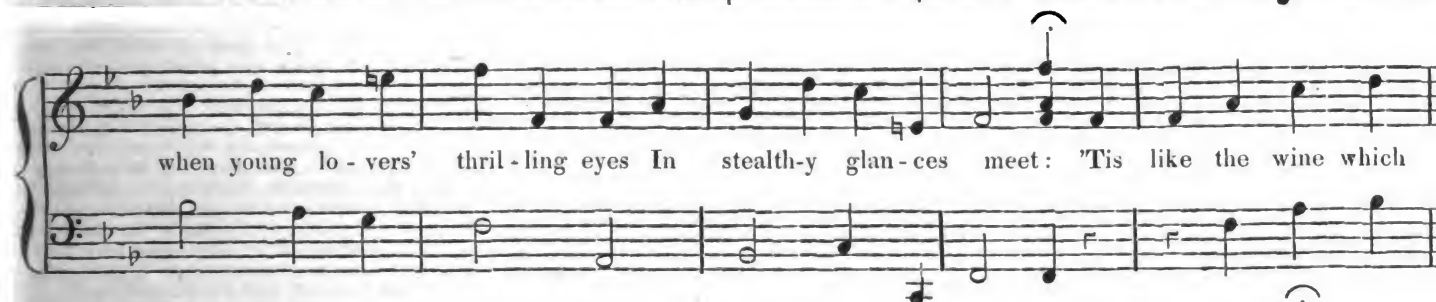
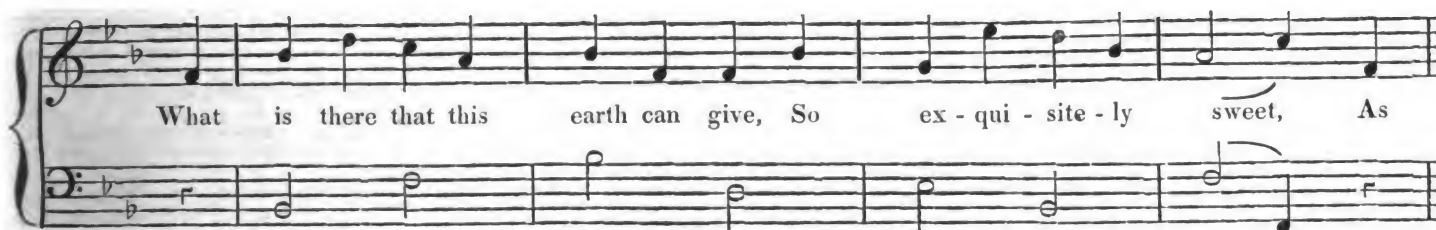
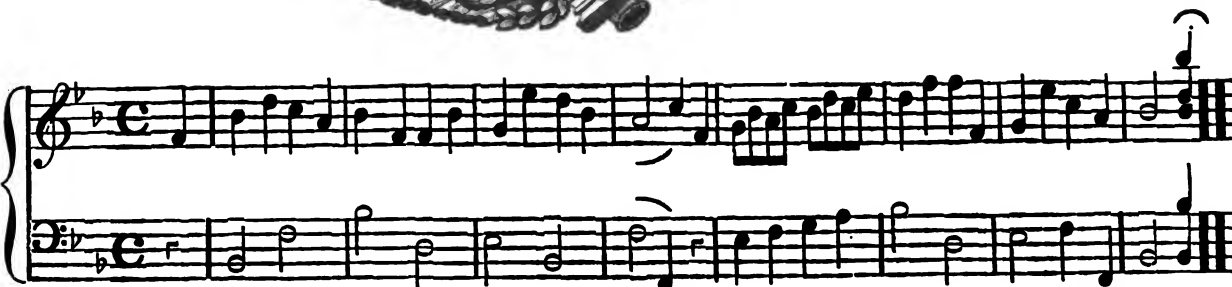
WHAT IS THERE THAT THIS EARTH CAN GIVE.

Written and Composed expressly



for the Manchester Iris.

Andantino
con
Expressivo.



'Tis all of heaven this earth can give,
'Tis an immortal dream,
To revel in their sunny light,
And bask beneath their beam:

For when young eyes stray looks surprize
They melt young souls away—
As mists exhale beneath the blaze
And lustre of the day.

221. 10. 21.

never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play any where now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up these inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we have ever found it in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over our puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now, we have no reckoning at all at the end of an old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also

younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superfluous into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplemental youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked; live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair-cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the top-most stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth than Cressus had, or the great Jew R—is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonnaish ohit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."—*Lon. Mag.*

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq.

From the Literary Chronicle.

"Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu.—CAMBRILL.

Such were the opening and the concluding lines of the ode which one of the first of living poets addressed to the first of living actors, on his retirement from the stage; and they may now be addressed to him with equal propriety, when he has quitted the scenes of life, for the realities of eternity; for even

"The player must desert his mimic scene,
To die indeed,"

and pay that debt of nature from which no portion of humanity is exempt.

John Philip Kemble, whose death has been announced, in a letter from Lausanne, as having taken place in that city, on the 25th of February, was born on the 2nd of February, 1757, at Prescott, in Lancashire. His father, Mr. Roger Kemble, who married Miss Ward, the daughter of a country manager, in Wales, was manager of a company of comedians, and thus the subject of our memoir was not only connected with the stage by descent, but by early association. His father was a Roman Catholic, who, after placing his son at the seminary of Sedgely Park, in Staffordshire, sent him to the English college at Douay, with a view to qualify him for the priesthood. This celebrated seat of learning has produced many learned, accomplished, and eminent persons; and, at the time Mr. J. P. Kemble was a student, he distinguished himself by the strength of his memory and his talent for elocution. Having gone through his academical course with much reputation, he returned to England before the age of twenty, without the consent of his family. He arrived at Bristol, and walked to Gloucester, when, finding that his father's company was at Brecknock, he followed him to that place, but

met with a cold reception; his father, not only refusing to acknowledge him, but even to relieve his necessities, which were urgent. The performers, however, with that liberality which eminently distinguishes the perhaps too thoughtless but amiable character of the profession, entered into a subscription for assisting him, to which, it is said, his father, with great reluctance, was induced to contribute a guinea.

Denied paternal support and protection, Mr. Kemble left Brecknock, and joined Chamberlin's itinerant company at Wolverhampton. Here, in 1776, he made his first appearance on any stage, in the character of Theodosius, in the *Force of Love*, with considerable success. His profits, however, were scanty, and his wants great; in order, therefore, to procure more money and reputation than his situation afforded him, he joined with the manager of Cheltenham Theatre, in order to give a miscellaneous entertainment. Young Kemble was to lecture, and his partner to entertain the company with legerdemain. Kemble gained great credit by his eloquence, and his coadjutor by his dexterity, but neither of them made money. After this, Mr. Kemble joined a company at Worcester, where he remained until his sister (Mrs. Siddons) introduced him to Mr. Younger. From this time his improvement was rapid, until he attained the highest reputation and celebrity in his profession. It was about this period he produced *Belshazzar*, a tragedy, and *The Palace of Mercy*, a poem.

He afterwards united himself to the York company, and went with the manager, Tate Wilkinson, to Edinburgh, where he delivered a lecture on oratory, which was highly spoken of. In 1782, he joined Mr. Daly's company in Dublin, where he first appeared in *Hamlet*. In *The Count of Narbonne* he likewise acquired great applause. His attempts in comedy were certainly not attended with equal success. When Mrs. Cowley's *Belle's Stratagem* was first represented in Dublin, he performed the part of Sir George Touchwood; and here his biographers observe, that he discovered more spirit behind the scenes than before them; for the manager, Mr. Daly, who played Doricourt, having requested he would exert himself a little more, and take example from him, it so offended our hero, that he immediately changed his dress, and could not be prevailed upon to resume it until an apology was made by Mr. Daly.

A curious anecdote is related of Mr. Kemble, which happened about this time. During his first performance of Mark Anthony, in *All for Love*, his attention was arrested by an antiquated figure, with a listening trumpet to his ear, and he could scarcely preserve his gravity. Being in a very pathetic scene, his endeavour to restrain his muscles was mistaken for agitation. At length, unable to contain himself, to the great astonishment of Octavia (Mrs. Inchbald) and her children, and the still greater astonishment of the audience, he burst out into an immoderate laugh, and it was a considerable time before he could sufficiently recover a command of countenance to enable him to conclude the performance.

Mr. Kemble had before this time commenced author. At Liverpool, in 1778, he produced a tragedy in the story of *Belshazzar*, in the following year, a farce, entitled, *The Female Officer*, (sometimes called *the Projects*), produced at York; and, in 1780, an alteration of *The Comedy of Errors*, called, *Oh! It's Impossible*. About the same time, he published a collection of verses, under the title of *Fugitive Pieces*, with which he was so much dissatisfied, that,

the very day, after they were in print, he destroyed every copy of them he could recover from the publisher, or elsewhere: and rendered them so rare, that a copy of these birth-strangled poems, a few years ago, sold for 3l. 5s. At York, Mr. Kemble tried what was then called, a new species of entertainment, consisting of the recitation of popular pieces in prose and verse; and, in Edinburgh, he delivered a lecture on sacred and profane oratory.

On the 30th of Sept. 1783, Mr. Kemble made his first appearance on the London boards, at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Hamlet, and was received with immense applause. In the year 1787, he was married to Mrs. Brereton, widow of the late Mr. Brereton, and daughter of Mr. Hopkins, formerly prompter of Drury Lane Theatre. We shall venture to relate an anecdote which led to this event, though we have reason to believe Mr. Kemble has never had occasion to regret the circumstance which accelerated the attainment of his domestic felicity.

"A certain nobleman having discovered in his daughter symptoms of a lurking passion in favour of our hero, sent to request an interview. In the course of the conference which took place, his lordship very politically observed, that to prosecute the enterprise, on the part of Mr. Kemble, would be a fruitless and vain attempt—that proper and effectual means of precaution would be adopted to render the completion of such a project abortive; and finally, that even in an extreme case, no pecuniary advantage would accrue. Yet, as he wished to keep his mind at ease, and not be under the necessity of standing sentinel over his daughter, he was willing to make a proposal, by acceding to which, Mr. Kemble would at once consult his own interest, and secure his lordship's peace. His lordship then proceeded to state, that provided Mr. Kemble would quiet his paternal apprehensions, by taking to himself a wife, he would give him the sum of 4000l. within a certain given period, after the celebration of the nuptials. With respect to the person of his future partner for life, he left Mr. Kemble (with the exception of one lady,) to his own unbiassed choice, only stipulating that the match should take place within a fortnight at the farthest.

"In consequence of this conversation, our hero began to cast his eyes about him, and soon fixed his choice on Mrs. Brereton. The courtship was instantly commenced, and Mrs. Brereton once more consented to become a bride.

"In due course of time, Mr. Kemble waited upon his lordship to claim the performance of his promise. His lordship received him with great politeness, and congratulated him on his nuptials; but when he proceeded to refresh his lordship's memory with respect to the promised dowry, he was rebuffed in a strain of the most cutting and severe irony;—a talent, indeed, for which his lordship was eminently celebrated. He was asked what interest his lordship could have in his domestic arrangements? On what plea he expected to be paid 4000l. for marrying a pretty girl? Was he in earnest, or was he acting? His lordship was fully sensible of, and duly admired, his great theatrical talents, but there was no occasion for him to assume the actor in the present instance—his lordship would take an early opportunity of witnessing his excellent performance on the public stage; meanwhile he begged leave to assure him of the high sense he entertained of his professional merit; and, with these remarks, his lordship very politely took his leave."

(To be concluded in our next.)

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION GALLERY.

Rubens Chapeau de Paille.—This picture well merits the celebrity that has resounded throughout the world of Art, though it is confined to the portraiture of a handsome and engaging young woman. It is one of the most perfect portrait specimens of the chief attributes of the Flemish Printer's works—splendour of light and colour, and a penetrating spirit of nature. Nothing on canvass was ever more vital. Genius has almost "breathed into it the breath of life."—She is dressed in a large black Spanish (not straw) hat and feather, with her flaxen hair seen under it on each side of her smooth and broad forehead; a black bodice or waist, crimson and swelled sleeves, grey scarf, and white open cape. This dress is different from the flowing simplicity of the Greeks, so nobly adopted by the Italian Painters, but possesses much constrained elegance, especially in the felicitous way in which the light waving feather and scarf and full sleeves give ease and contrast to the more compact bodice, and in the relief which the white, black, and red dress gives to the fair face, hands, and bosom. The bosom is collapsed, but notwithstanding this defect, Rubens and Nature have rendered it a pillow for Affection and for Care to repose upon. The light in the picture, which shews every part of it with an unglaring distinctness, and which shines from a blue and nubilous is here brightest, so that the bosom, with its azure streaks and alabaster surface, looks like a double domed sanctuary of light—that emblem and effluence of Deity. The spectator's attention is divided between this duplicated delight, and the throne of the soul's expression, the face. It possesses the sweetness of innocence, and the sobriety of thought. The eye, in its living liquidness, is a clear grey, large and reflecting, and would become the face of even one of Raffaele's pictures of *Minerva*. The nose, which appears a little too decidedly Roman, and which the painter has therefore given nearly in front, is otherwise well formed. The mouth is a poet's and moral philosopher's exemplification of goodness, of tranquillity of mind, and beauty. The chin becomes and aids its expression, and finishes the fine oval of the entire head. The hands are lifted up towards the bosom, one resting with mild grace on the left arm, the other holding the scarf with a contrasting earnestness. The complexion throughout is a delicate carnation whiteness, tinted here and there with blue. Throughout there is nothing of the coarseness so common in Rubens's women, but a refinement of sentiment, and in many respects of shape, that would become any Italian Master, with a correspondent finish in the execution. The utmost harmony and richness address the eye in the picture colour, as does the most delicate character in the complexion and mind of the represented lady. The flutes of Rudel and Nicholson are not more delicate and mellifluous. She is one of Art's blandishments, or rather of Nature's representatives. In the meridian of youth, the visual epitome of mental and of much personal beauty, and painted by one of the most favoured sons of Genius, in his most felicitous hours.* The pictured fair has become one of the darlings of taste—of all who see her.

* She was Rubens's first love, but died without being married to him. In the painting there is indication of a delicate constitution. It has been an heirloom in the possessor's family at Antwerp: 20,000l. are said to have been refused for it, and it has come into England in consequence of the death of the last heir. No copy has ever been permitted to be painted from it.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 46, in the Iris No. 33, by Jack at a Pinch.

The 12 gallon cask will evidently be filled in 28 minutes, and the liquor will then instantly begin to overflow, and continue to do so for 28 minutes.

Let us then suppose s equal to some exceedingly small portion of time; $m = 480'' = 8'$; $a = 12$ gallons,

and $b = 8$ gallons. Now, as $m : 1 :: s : \frac{s}{m}$ the

quantity of inferior gin run into the cask during the

time s ; and, as $a + \frac{s}{m} : \frac{s}{m} :: b : \frac{bs}{am + s}$ the

quantity of the superior kind of gin run over in the same time. Consequently, the quantity of the best gin left in the cask, at the expiration of the time s , will be,

$$b - \frac{bs}{am + s} = \frac{bam}{am + s}$$

$$\text{Again, as } a + \frac{s}{m} : \frac{s}{m} :: \frac{bam}{am + s} : \frac{bams}{(am + s)^2}$$

$$\text{And, } \frac{bams}{am + s} - \frac{bams}{(am + s)^2} = \frac{b(am)^2}{(am + s)^2}$$

$$\text{Also, as } a + \frac{s}{m} : \frac{s}{m} :: \frac{b(am)^2}{(am + s)^2} : \frac{b(am)^3}{(am + s)^3}$$

$$\text{And, } \frac{b(am)^2}{(am + s)^2} - \frac{b(am)^3}{(am + s)^3} = \frac{b(am)^3}{(am + s)^3}$$

A series is hence evident, of which it is necessary to determine the last term.

If we now take t for the number of times s is contained in 28'; we have

$$\frac{b(am)^t}{(am + s)^t}, \text{ a formula that will}$$

designate the quantity of superior gin left in the cask at the expiration of 28'. The quantity s may be here taken at pleasure; let us then suppose $s = 1''$; the

formula, $\frac{b(am)^t}{(am + s)^t}$ will then in numbers, be, $8 \times$

$(5760)^{1680} \div (5761)^{1680}$; which, in log, is $\log. 8 - (\log. 5761 - \log. 5760) \times 1680 = \log. 5.976$ gallons, the quantity of superior gin in the cask at the end of one hour.

The value of the mixture left in the 12 gallon cask will then be $(5.976 \times 10) + (6.024 \times 6) = 95.904$ shillings = £4 15s. 10d. 848; and the value of the mixture run over, will be $(2.024 \times 10) + (3.5 \times 6) = 41.24$ shillings = £2 1s. 2d. 88.

Question No. 64, by Miss Agnes.

The frustrum of a cone, whose solidity is 500 feet, height 10 feet, and whose top and bottom diameter are to each other as 5 : 6, is rolled upon a horizontal plane:—What is the area of the ring that it will describe in performing a complete revolution?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DESCRIPTION OF A PIECE OF PLATE PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

The most minute description of this splendid specimen of British art, can convey to the mind only a very faint idea of the richness and beauty of the original. It is a centre ornament or candelabrum, forty-two inches high, and upwards of sixty in circumference at the base. It is silver gilt, and weighs upwards of one thousand ounces. The base is in the tripod form, and rests upon three tortoises. In the plinth are three compartments, six inches wide by two and a half high. The first compartment contains a view of the port of Liverpool. A ship under sail appears in the foreground of the picture, and in the background George's Dock Pierhead, with St. Nicholas's Church, the Town-hall, St. Paul's, St. George's, and St. Thomas's Churches in the distance. The second compartment contains a representation of a section of the Town-hall. The scene chosen is that of an election. Hustings are erected in the front: bars for several candidates are open: a crowd of spectators is congregated before

them; and a coach, filled with voters in the interest of Mr. Canning, accompanied by music and flags, having inscribed on them "*The British Constitution*," "*The Friend of the Pilot that weather'd the storm*," "*Canning for ever!*" &c., is in the act of approaching Mr. Canning's bar. The right honourable gentleman appears in the centre of the bar, surrounded by his friends, in the act of addressing the multitude of spectators, some of whom are elevated upon the hustings, loudly cheering their favourite candidate. The "*State of the Poll*" appears on the side of Mr. Canning's bar; and, in the distance, the lofty buildings on the north side of Dale-street are seen, their windows and roofs crowded with spectators. The third compartment exhibits a view of the interior of the House of Commons. The speaker is in the chair: the mace is on the table before him: the benches are crowded with members; and Mr. Canning is represented as standing on the floor, in the act of addressing the Chair. The base of the pedestal represents a coral rock. Upon it, at the angles, are seated three beautiful classic figures, under palm-tree leaves. The first figure is emblematical of SCIENCE. In her hand she holds a book, written in Oriental characters, which she is in the act of perusing. At her feet are spread a variety of appropriate scientific instruments and symbols. The second figure is a personification of NAVIGATION. The compass rests upon her knee; and in her hand she holds the log-line and lead. On the right, at her feet, a staff, with a union jack on it, an anchor and cable, a rudder, a capstern, and other nautical emblems are appropriately disposed: on the right, a buoy. COMMERCE is the third figure. She holds in her right hand a laurel crown, and in her left a palm branch, emblematic of the peace and harmony which commercial intercourse creates amongst the different nations of the globe. Various appropriate symbols are displayed at her feet. On the right appear a bale of goods and other articles of commercial traffic: on the left, a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, the caduceus, &c. &c. These three personifications of the Geniuses of Science, of Navigation, and of Commerce are exquisitely beautiful. The figures are most chastely executed, and the drapery is well disposed. They are amongst the most prominent excellencies of the design. On the pedestal, between these figures, are three tablets. The first tablet exhibits the arms of the borough of Liverpool, tastefully executed. The next displays Mr. Canning's arms, richly embossed, with the motto—*Ne cede malis sed contra*. The third contains the inscription, very neatly executed, on a flat gold field, in raised bright letters. It is as follows:—

PRESENTED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING,

BY A NUMEROUS BODY OF HIS FRIENDS,

FREEMEN AND INHABITANTS OF

LIVERPOOL,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF

INDIA,

JULY, 1822.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF HIS ZEALOUS AND IMPARTIAL ATTENTION

TO THE INTEREST OF ALL HIS CONSTITUENTS,

FOR A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS,

IN THE COURSE OF WHICH

HE HAS BEEN FOUR TIMES ELECTED

THEIR REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT;

AND IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR RESPECT,

AS WELL FOR HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES

AS FOR HIS DISINTERESTED AND INDEPENDENT

PUBLIC CONDUCT;

AND OF THEIR ADMIRATION

OF THOSE TRANSCENDENT TALENTS,

AS A STATESMAN AND AN ORATOR,

WITH WHICH HE HAS UNIFORMLY AND FEARLESSLY

MAINTAINED THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

A handsome fluted naval column springs from the pedestal. Its base is begirt with a cable; and three dolphins are represented disporting themselves at the angles. On the upper part of the column, and surrounding it, are inscribed, "Election of 1812," "Election of 1816," "Election of 1818," "Election of 1820;" the four periods at which Mr. Canning was returned to Parliament as representative of Liverpool.

Above these inscriptions appear the prows of three

ships, with figura-heads; the first representing a native of Asia, the second of Africa, and the third of America. The capital of the column is beautifully obaste. From it issue acanthus leaves; attached to which are branches for nine lights. The summit of the whole is crowned by a beautiful classic figure, emblematic of the Genius of Liverpool, her right hand resting on a ship's rudder, and her left on a broad and glittering shield, with the fabulous bird, the LIVER, depicted on it. On her head she wears a mural crown; and her drapery falls in simple elegance over her finely proportioned form.

As a work of art, this splendid piece of plate is decidedly of the first class. There is an unity and elegance in the design, equalled only by the exquisite manner in which its various parts are finished. The work reflects the highest credit on Mr. Chantry, the designer, and on the various artists who have been employed in executing this beautiful specimen of British genius and skill.

We understand, that the whole cost of the plate will be about one thousand guineas.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—In a contemporary paper of the 18th instant, a writer who signs himself "Who would be an Emperor?" introduces a list of the Roman Emperors thus:—

"Perusing lately the History of the Empire of Rome, I was led into a melancholy train of reflection on the instability of human greatness. If the following table will be at all interesting to any of your readers, it is much at your service. Perhaps it may not be strictly correct to call Julius Cæsar the first Emperor; but, as he was the first who assumed absolute authority, I have ventured to call him so, in preference to his immediate successor.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

WHO WOULD BE AN EMPEROR?"

Now, Sir, in a small volume, published a century ago, and entitled "*THE MORALS OF PRINCES*," page 388, there is an interesting table, a copy of which I enclose you, and from which it may be left to your readers to decide which of the two persons, "*Count Comassi*," or "*Who would be an Emperor?*" really is the *Historical reader, reflector, and writer!* The public is now so imposed upon by would-be-writers, readers, reflectors, and mathematicians, as to make it incumbent upon every man of sense to explode the pretensions of these insignificant "*MAGPIES*."

Your's, &c.

WHO WOULD BE A PLAGIARIST?

TABLE

Of all the Emperors who Reigned in Rome.

Julius Cæsar,—assassinated in the Capitol.
Octavius Augustus,—died of a natural death.
Tiberius,—assassinated by Caligula.
Caligula,—assassinated by Cherea and others.
Tiberius Claudius,—poisoned by his wife Agrippina.
Claudius Nero,—stabbed himself.
Sergius Calbo,—assassinated.
Marcus Silivius Otho,—stabbed himself.
Aulus Vitellius,—murdered in an ignominious manner, by the soldiers and populace.
Flavius Vespasian,—died of a natural death.
Titus Vespasian,—died of a natural death.
Domitian,—assassinated.
Cocceius Nerva,—died of a natural death.
Trajan,—suspected to have been poisoned.
Publius Ælius Adrian,—died of a natural death.
Marcus Antoninus Pius,—died of a natural death.
Marcus Aurelius,—died of a malignant fever; but his fate was hastened by his son's corruption of the physicians.
Commodus,—poisoned, and afterwards stabbed.
Publius Hælvius Pertinax,—assassinated by his guards.
Didius Julianus,—assassinated by order of the Senate, though they pretended he had poisoned himself.
Septimius Severus,—died of a natural death.
Bassianus Antoninus Caracalla,—assassinated.
Opillius Macrinus,—murdered by the soldiers.
Heliogabalus,—thrown into the Tiber with a stone about his neck by the Prætorians, after having treated him in a most opprobrious manner.
Alexander Severus,—murdered by his soldiers.
Maximin,—murdered by his soldiers.
Maximus Poppian,—murdered by the Prætorians.

Gordian,—murdered at the instigation of Philip.
Philip,—murdered by his soldiers.
Decius,—drowned himself.
Treboianus Gallus,—killed in battle.
Emilian,—killed by his soldiers.
Valerian,—murdered, after seven years imprisonment, by order of Sapore, King of Persia.
Gallien,—killed by the treachery of his Generals.
Claudius Secundus,—died of a natural death.
Quintilius,—caused his veins to be opened, and bled to death.
Aurelian,—murdered by a conspiracy formed by his secretary.
Tacitus,—died of a natural death.
Florian,—caused his veins to be opened, and bled to death.
Probus,—murdered by his soldiers.
Carus,—killed in his tent by a thunderbolt.
Dioclesian,—died of a natural death, after having renounced the Empire, to live a retired life in his own country.
Constantius Chlorus,—died of a natural death, in York.

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE DEAD.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—From the considerations which have recently appeared in your paper, relative to the present greatly agitated subject, the disinterment of the dead, I have been induced to send the following observations, which, though hasty and unconnected, will, I trust, prove acceptable. It may appear ill-timed, and even presumptuous, in an individual like myself, endeavouring to ratify a practice which has received the disapproval of the legislature; and which has likewise been so strenuously advocated by the prompt and able endeavours of Mr. Abernethy; but, nevertheless, since an peculiar interest still hangs on the subject, I feel justified in offering my opinion.

Perhaps no subject ever presented itself, on which the public were more closely linked by concurring sentiments, and certainly none ever had a greater claim to their unanimous attention.—It is, as one of our literary friends aptly expresses it, a plea to the 'sympathies of nature,'—a call to humanity herself. Admitting this, we cannot wonder that the public should take umbrage at a practice so discordant with the finest feelings of the breast, nor can we be surprised that the heart should sicken at the brutality to which it seems allied.—But this subject, moreover calls their attention, inasmuch as the most valuable of earthly blessings is through its means so carefully maintained: and though the idea of dismembering a body chills their senses with horror, they cannot but admit that their sympathy is awakened with feelings of a kindred nature.—They prize the effects, yet condemn the cause. While they would willingly sacrifice the root as noxious and offensive, they would preserve the stem as salutary and beneficial.—Feelings so instinctively woven with each other, and yet affecting the mind so differently, must consequently operate strongly on the sceptical and inconsiderate, and cause them to disavow the usefulness of that which wounds their sensibility. They judge from their momentary feelings, and applaud or condemn indiscriminately, without reference to that cool and deliberate reasoning which is the test of every species of knowledge. Under such influence, I repeat, it is not to be wondered at, that so universal a censure should have been passed on the practice of disinterment and dissecting the human subject.—But though the mind recoils at the thought of disturbing the sanctity of the dead, does it not feel a corresponding satisfaction in the assurance of its contributing to the welfare of the living? Is humanity to blush because she finds a certain but painful remedy for counteracting the evils of the afflicted? Let us pause ere we too rudely designate a practice that is only offensive in the thought.

The late proceedings of the legislature on this subject, together with the clamour of contending parties, have done much to prejudice the public mind, and have so far excited in it a disgust that no subsequent argument or representation, however clearly illustrated, will easily appease.—The practice which has ever been equally unnatural and disgusting, was before viewed by the more rational portion of the community, as one in

which they were vitally concerned,—but now, through the interference of a few petty scribblers, who have represented the acquisition of medical knowledge as totally unconnected with the examination of the human body, and who have promulgated a notion that it is a mere compulsory measure specified in the existing laws of the college,—the public deem it nothing less than a gross infringement on their rights and religious enactments. The offence seems rather to exist in giving publicity to the practice, than to the practice itself.—But in considering this subject;—the most prominent question is, can anatomical knowledge be gained by any other means less repugnant to the feelings than human dissections?—or what will compensate for the want of this practice?—Every one who can lay claim to common candour or common sense, will be readily convinced that anatomy and physiology form the basis of medical science, and that without them the hand of the surgeon is benumbed, while the sagacity of the physician is mocked. Then who can affirm that an *actual development* of the structure of the human fabric is unnecessary or uncalled for in the study of this art?—Nature herself must be consulted,—and her innumerable springs of vital action, too minute for the pencil of art, must be severally traced before she rewards her votaries with a knowledge of her secret wonders. What avails the most accurate delineation of the whole, or a portion of the animal frame, or even the most perfect anatomical preparation to the practical surgeon? Is a detached engraving, with a few petty references, or a mutilated viscus, an adequate substitute for the solid and undivided parts of the body, whose connections and approximations with each other, constitute the essence of anatomical knowledge? Can the scalpel be confidently employed on the living subject, when its only guide is a superfluous admixture of light and shade?

That the actual demonstration of the human subject may be superceded by plates, models, and museums, is almost too absurd to merit the pains of refutation. Neither descriptions by language nor pencil, nor any other artificial means, can give to the medical practitioner that confidence and noble daring which is an essential in the proper exercise of his art. Moreover, were it not for a minute survey and demonstration of the human subject,—a close observance of its mechanical organization,—the memory of the student, however close his attention, could not retain one third of the requisite information. In short, the whole frame must meet his touch, as well as his sight.

Notwithstanding the rapid progress which the noble art of medicine has made during this and the last century, (which in the main may be attributed to the accessory means of hospital dissections), it should be remembered that it is as yet only in its infancy. The prevention, therefore, of anatomical demonstration is the removal of its firmest support—and will not only retard its future progression, but hazard its downfall. The recent proceedings of the legislature have in part succeeded in placing this obstacle to its advancement, and since the grounds of their impeachment are strongly biased by public feeling and party prejudice,—they render abortive every measure that might be suggested to counteract its pernicious influence. Mr. Abernethy's proposals for remedying the prohibition of disinterment are certainly the most reasonable that could be offered, as well as the most efficient for maintaining the dignity and celebrity of medical science, and whilst they effect this, they would doubtless be the means of deterring much of that crime and depravity which the most rigorous discipline of the legislature has as yet been unable to suppress.

It would be needless to trespass further on your columns by commenting on the vituperative and illiberal strictures of either your friends of Liverpool, or your Greek-lettered correspondent. They need only be read to be condemned. Your's respectfully,

March 17th, 1823.

T.

TO A FADED BEAUTY.

Oh, where is the beauty which once was admir'd,
And where is the rose-bloss that glow'd on thy cheek;
Now pale are the features each bosom that fir'd,
And the smile once so haughty, is humble and meek.
Proud Syren of beauty, thy triumph is o'er,
Proud fair one, thy shining meridian is past;
And the music of flattery assails thee no more,
And the charms which thou boasted, are faded at last.

Why trembles the tear in thy languid blue eye?
Why stifles the sob, which thy bosom hath torn?
Ah, thou mournest the loss of that fair vermeil dye;
Thou mournest for pleasures that ne'er will return.

Despised and neglected, a prey unto sorrow,
Thou remember'st the charms which were thine, but in vain,
Thus the flower which is blooming to-day, shall to-morrow
When faded as thou art, be thrown on the plain.

And like it, thou art blotted from beauty's fair page,
For Nature demanded each grace that she lent;
Then prepare thy proud heart for the wrinkles of age,
And share in thy turn the keen smile of contempt.
Salford, March, 10th, 1823. J. W.

IMPROMPTU.

TO H—H—

So Harriett you chide me and ask me my reason,
For not thinking one of those "pretty girls" fair,
I'll tell you, so do not find fault with my taste love,
You happened yourself to be there.

The stars in the night-time are all very well love,
They pale 'neath the radiance and lustre of day;
And so in thy presence the charms of each beauty,
Contrasted, are faded away.

THOS. HALL.

LINES TO

Though wide oceans between us triumphantly roll,
Yet the last look thou gav'st me still lives in my soul!
Though the speech of my country no longer I hear,
Yet thy fault'ring farewell is still fresh in my ear!

I know that I ne'er more shall gaze on thy charms,
And I know they are destined for happier arms;
I know thou art chang'd and my love is despoiled,
Yet that love I still cherish—those charms are still prized.

And thou can'st not forget me.—My spirit shall dwell
For ever on thine, like a powerful spell!
In vain would'st thou bid the remembrance depart,
It closer and closer shall cling to my heart.

In thy loveliest musings, my name shall be there,
In thy mirth shall it mingle—intrude on thy prayer!
And oft in the visions of night shall thou see,
The form that has wither'd and faded for thee.

GIACOMO.

VARIETIES.

SIR W. SCOTT'S NEW NOVEL.—Two volumes of the new novel are already printed. The title-pages of the work, however, have not yet been struck off; least, as in the case of Peveril, some German manufacturer of romance should forestall the name. This scheme of title-stealing was devised by a bookseller at Leipzig, to anticipate a rival in the trade who contrived to secure the earliest impressions of Sir W. Scott's novels. As he could not get the real book in time, he employed a doctor—not of medicine—to write a novel under the name of the advertised work, and this he passed off on the Germans as being a translation from the Scotch.

A SHREWD ENQUIRY.—A man of Fashion, residing at no great distance from Grosvenor-square, who is remarkably ill-looking, but very vain, keeps a valet, whose countenance is not much more amiable than his own. One day, the servant, while dressing his master, offended him, and he exclaimed, "What an ugly dog!" The fellow, who observed his master at the time very attentive at his glass, said, "Which of us do you mean, sir?"

AN AMERICAN COURT OF JUSTICE.—A Virginia gentleman who had visited Pittsburgh, to attend a trial, gave a singular description of the manners of an American court of justice. Neither counsel nor judge, as is well known, wear a gown. The barrister retained in the present instance, being incommoded by heat, first stripped off his coat and then his waistcoat. In an interval of pleading, he put a segar in his mouth, and deliberately smoked it, till the opposite counsel had wound up his reply.

PUFFING.—The following instance of theatrical puffing surpasses any thing we recollect in this country. At the Theatre, in Vienna, a whale makes its appearance on the stage. The Affiche says, "this vast monster of the deep, by the most ingenious mechanism, is made to vomit forth wine (Tokay wine!) from his nostrils, and every spectator, willing to pay one florin, may receive in his own basin Tokay wine of the value of three florins."—Credat?

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday March 17th, to Friday March 21st, 1823.

Monday.—Jane Shore: with the Libertine. Alicia.—Mrs. Bunn.

Tuesday.—Kenilworth: with the Vampire. Queen Elizabeth.—Mrs. Bunn.

Wednesday.—A Bold Stroke for a Husband: with Paul and Virginia. Donna Olivia.—Mrs. Bunn.

Friday.—For the Benefit of Mrs. Bunn.—Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland: with High Life Below Stairs. Queen Elizabeth and Mrs. Kitty.—Mrs. Bunn.

On Wednesday evening MRS. BUNN personated Donna Olivia, in Mrs. Cowley's Comedy of "a Bold Stroke for a Husband." Of the witchery of countenance and gesture, Mrs. B. gave many examples; and her mockery of her musical lover, Don Vincentio, by a faithful observance of the instructions of her father, Don Cesar, was not one of the least mortifying specimens of female artifice and perversity. MRS. HALL, as Donna Victoria, was very interesting; a little more spirit, and this lady's performance would entitle her to a marked distinction.—Her voice and appearance are prepossessing; but, the former is somewhat too plaintive, and that too in parts in which cheerfulness, if not vivacity, should be predominant. The character of Don Julio was very well sustained by MR. BOWNE. When MR. BASS destroyed his epistle to Donna Victoria, his repentance and seriousness were injudiciously betrayed—there was something of levity in his countenance, and flurry, or agitation in his manner, which completely counteracted the legitimate intention. MR. REES might be, in reality and truth, a humorous, whimsical, old fellow—he is ever at home in the capricious, petulant, and jocular.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the Press, and will be published on Monday next, price 1s. 3d.

SANDEMANIANISM WEIGHED in the BALANCE and found WANTING; being a LETTER to MR. WILLIAM STEPHENS, containing remarks on his Sermon upon Faith and the New Birth, &c. to which is added a few hints to MR. HART, of Liverpool, and his coadjutor the EDITOR of the NEW EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.—By WILLIAM GADSBY.

Manchester: printed and published by H. Smith, and sold by the Booksellers in Manchester; and by E. Wilmshurst & Co. Lord-street, Liverpool.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Maid of Clyde" should have been inserted but that there appears to be an error in the last stanza.—Honorably will oblige us by stating the terminations of these lines.

Theatrical good intentions shall have our support when be furnishes us with an accurate outline of the evil alluded to.

F.'s reply to B. would occupy more of our columns than we can spare; especially, having already devoted as much of our paper to Grammatical discussion, as will be sanctioned by our readers.—However, should F. curtail and condense his communication, it shall be inserted.

T.—cannot feel offended at our omission of three letters which implied a palpable contradiction.

Observer's Strictures are inadmissible—we refer him to our Address on the back of our Title-page for 1822.—We do not see how the articles mentioned can be prepared without personalities, and these, whether satirical or otherwise, we shall by no means admit.

A collection of Epitaphs: Essays on Caloric and Cold; The Declaration of Dramatic Exhibitions; and Accusation: The Humble Petition of discarded H.; Lines by Emma; A Sonnet to Cynthia; and Observations on Prejudice, and Interest, are received.—The latter has been forwarded to the Liverpool Concentric Friends, as requested.

In addition to our usual quantity of Letter-Press, we this week present our readers with a Page of Music. Written and Composed expressly for the Iris.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.
Bury, J. Kay.
Chester, Poole & Harding.
Deby, Richardson & Handford.
Huddersfield, T. Smart.
Leeds, J. Heston.
Liverpool, E. Wilmshurst & Co.
Manchester, J. Swinerton.
Nottingham, E. B. Robinson.
Oldham, W. Lambert.
Preston, L. Clarke.
Rockdale, M. Lancashire.
Stockport, T. Clave.

The Manchester Iris:

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.
The last column is open to ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising *Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.*

No. 61.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1823.

PRICE 3^d.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

[The following article is from the pen of a TRANS-ATLANTIC WRITER, and will, we have no doubt, prove interesting to our readers.]

ESSAY

ON CALORIC AND COLD, AS CONNECTED WITH
ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

CALORIC is the cause of expansion of all bodies, solid and fluid. By its intense action solids pass into the fluid state, as is seen in the fusion of metals, and fluids become gaseous, as is observed in steam-engines. Excessive heat causes the separation of organic molecules in three kingdoms of nature, to which, after analysing causes and effects, I add a fourth, to which I give the name of *meteorical*. This comprehends water, atmospheric air, and ether, in which vast space, the powerful empire of caloric is particularly established. This great agent gives birth to the electric fluid, and by rarifying water, air, and ether, gives life and motion to all nature. The sun is its primary source, and volcanos, are its various reservoirs. We may thus, I think, explain how mount Hecla, and so many other volcanos, placed by the hand of the Creator in icy regions, vomit perpetual flames, while those situated in temperate climates, or under the torrid zone, are subject only to periodical eruptions. It is thus that I also explain why, before the famous eruption of Vesuvius in 1779, the sun was for many days deprived of its rays and usual heat, which circumstance has been observed to take place more or less before every eruption. These reservoirs are intended to counterbalance the other agent of nature, which tends to the condensation of organic molecules, and without which the earth would shortly be consumed, and by which, without the first, it would soon be reduced to an inert mass, which is proved by the congelation of spirits, and the change of quicksilver to a solid state, in approaching the poles. The former is to be considered as the primary support of life, as is evinced in the process of incubation, and the latter as the final cause of death, which is proved by its usurping the place of the former, in a body that has ceased to live. The reservoirs of this last are situated about the poles, and on the tops of mountains. The absence of such reservoirs in this country, is the reason why places under the same latitude as others in Europe, are subject, notwithstanding, to much greater vicissitudes of cold and heat. In fact, instead of mountains for ever covered with snow and ice, we have here merely immense lakes, which receive and transmit successively, heat and cold, with the same facility as these are transmitted to them. The presence of the Andes, and the elevation of the soil in South America, sufficiently explain why the heat is not so excessive under the equator, as it is in North America. The above circumstances equally explain why the sky is here more serene than in Europe, why the summers and winters are so long, that they absorb, as it were, spring and autumn. The last season is here so fine,

that it seems a spring in which nature throws off, instead of putting on, a new dress. This remarkable temperament, has given rise to the name of Indian Summer. In favour of what I have advanced, without having the temerity, however, to wish to put myself in comparison with the immortal Newton, I would observe, that before him, it was unknown why the vast bodies which roll over us, with so much harmony, without clashing or confusion, were so preserved in order. To him alone belongs the honour of having been the first to declare, that if these bodies performed their revolutions without interrupting and destroying each other, they obeyed the law of the Creator, who had assigned to each a power of repulsion and attraction. The existence of the two great agents above-mentioned, and their known action in balancing each other for the preservation of this sublime creation, aid me in penetrating to the cause of repulsion and attraction, which are also the effect or result of two other agents; I have reference to the electric and magnetic fluid.

I have already observed, that caloric is the parent of electricity, and I will prove finally, that in proportion as that agent takes possession of a body, which conceals within itself the magnetic fluid, that fluid leaves the same. For instance, a piece of iron rendered magnetic, loses almost entirely its power of attraction when raised to a white heat, and it does not recover that power until cold again returns; whence, it necessarily follows, that magnetism and electricity are diametrically opposed, as are heat and cold, and that if caloric is the parent of the one, cold must be the parent of the other. As I have already proved that the poles and high mountains are the reservoirs of that agent to which I give the name of *frigoric*, it follows that the magnetic needle obeys its influence by turning towards the former, and that its attraction is always augmented, in proportion as it is placed in an elevated situation, that is to say, in proportion to the degree of cold. To these two proofs, which would be alone sufficient to confirm my doctrine, I will add a third, capable of subduing scepticism itself; viz. the attraction of the north pole of a magnet, by the south pole of another, and the repulsion of the latter by the south pole of the former, and vice versa. Truth, like the sun, illuminates the world; and like him, can never be obscured by the sombre shades of night. The sun is a body of fire, from which proceeds light and caloric. Light is only an attribute of caloric, but caloric is the parent of electricity, the effects of which are always accompanied and rendered sensible by light. By the rule that all extremes meet in a point, I advance, that as cold is the opposite extreme to heat, it is the parent of a fluid as necessary to the existence of nature, as caloric itself, with this difference, that the effects of the former are rendered sensible by light, while magnetism being entirely void of that quality, acts without striking our senses, except by its effects. Hence it follows naturally, that caloric may act by reflection, and that cold cannot. I am of opinion that the great phenomenon of

Aurora Borealis, is produced by a combination of electricity and magnetism, accompanied by the absorption of light.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE DECLENSION OF DRAMATIC EXHIBITIONS.

"Whatever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe."

ROSCOMMON.

Amongst the numerous spectacles which the caterers of public taste have instituted as combining utility with pleasure, none have suffered so great a Declension as the Drama. Whether it be the effect of an overstrained desire on the part of its managers to render it doubly attractive, or a disaffection of public zeal in behalf of scenic representations,—or whether, like many other species of philosophy which flourished in former ages, the Drama has already risen to its extreme climax, and is now in its retrogression,—is altogether an inquiry fraught with considerable doubt and obscurity. Certain, it is however, that the tide of popularity flows towards the momentary impulses of sensual feeling, rather than the more substantial excitement of mental gratification. Though both may be indulged to a certain extent in the Drama—yet through some inconceivable mishap, the former has entirely engrossed the precedence of the latter. Morality is changed into obscenity,—wit into buffoonery; and that which is calculated to sooth the passions, and instil every virtuous principle, is so mutilated and abused, as to render the finer feelings callous to sensibility and defenceless against every attack of vice. Most of those active instructions which are admirably adapted for the improvement of our species, and which were once duly estimated as the flower of dramatic genius, are now trampled underfoot, for some paltry burlesque, and unintelligible mimicry, which tend both to deprave the understanding and demoralize the social habits. Indeed the prevalence of public taste towards low and vulgar scenes has gained such an ascendancy over the moral inculcations of the Drama, that what was intended to destroy corruption and substitute refinement, now, only serves to give additional lustre to sin, and offer a loose rein to the passions. The notions of tragedy now existing are nothing more than a display of knight-errantry, and the chivalric exploits of adventurous lovers. Comedy is metamorphosed into buffoonery, and instead of exposing the deformities of vice and resisting its alluring influence, it is made to display all its pleasures, and open all its avenues. Rope-dancing and juggling have engaged that attention which was formerly devoted to the more refined branches of scenic exhibition; in short, the grand intention of the Drama is destroyed, and in place of it is substituted all that weakness of intellect and depravity of taste can invent. Hence are our modern plays justly imputed by some to be instruments of destructive pleasure.

The Drama has also suffered much from this contagion of false taste operating on its performers. Seeking no other patronage than popularity, they give loose to the most disgusting gestures and expressions merely to gain the plaudits of a vulgar mob. The tawdry dresses which are exhibited on the stage, and which are intended for the same end, are equally disgusting and ridiculous. So it is, that our best samples of Dramatic poetry are made to convey a meaning far different from what they really inculcate, and whilst the same course is followed, there is little hope of the Drama regaining its pristine celebrity, or of the public taste recovering its original purity: on the contrary, vulgar grossness

will stand unimpeached, and the mind be ultimately unable to distinguish virtue from vice.

In like manner to the representations of the Drama, its poetry has also suffered considerable deterioration. But of this my remarks must be brief. Few are the authors of our own times, whose productions in this line can vie with the least celebrated of ancient writers, or even with some of a more recent date. The age of Elizabeth, and a few succeeding years, produced by far the most successful specimens of dramatic poetry,—yet these have intermingled with their more brilliant passages, a strong tincture of licentious feeling. Indeed, none in that bright era deserve the name of plays, if we except the diversified touches of the inimitable Shakespeare. He wrote to the point—"he gives," says a celebrated writer, "a living picture of all the most minute and secret artifices by which a feeling steals into our souls; of all the imperceptible advantages which it there gains; of all the stratagems by which every other passion is made subservient to it, till it becomes the sole tyrant of our desires and aversions." Some such secret charm should be intermingled with every dramatic spectacle which is intended to operate on the heart and understanding, through the medium of the passions.

With these advantages of good writing and elegance of taste, it is much to be regretted that those times did not afford appropriate accommodations for their better display: and at the same time it reflects a corresponding censure on our own neglect, who possess such ample means for rendering dramatic exhibitions both highly salutary and entertaining.

One of the most notorious objections to stage representations, has arisen from the careless and indifferent selection of the plays.—It would be an act of great injustice and illiberality to the present age, to avow their total deficiency in dramatic entertainments suited as well to the improvement of the moral habits of men: on the other hand, our catalogue shines with many choice samples of dramatic talent, which are calculated not only to arouse the dormant principles of virtuous action, but even to instil it when it is wanting. The drama was justly held up as a school of morality in the ruder ages of the world—and our day could boast of much more of its efficacy, were it not partly corrupted in the various channels through which it runs.—We have, however, so much left as to warrant its utility; and as much also, as would do honour to our national literature, did it but receive half the encouragement and attention it deserves.—It is to be wished, that those who cater for the public palate, would endeavour rather to improve its taste by serving up less extravagant delicacies, and feast the understanding with more simple and nourishing food.

Leeds

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq.

(Concluded from page 98.)

Although Mr. Kemble appeared on the London boards with success, in 1783, yet the principal characters, both in tragedy and comedy, were, at that time, in the possession of Mr. Smith, and it was not until his retirement from the stage in 1783, that Mr. Kemble was promoted to that decisive lead in the tragic path, which he so long maintained with increased powers and popularity.

In 1788, Mr. Kemble became manager of Drury Lane Theatre, an office which he held uninterruptedly for eight years, amply justifying the discernment that had placed him in it, by the many material improvements which he made in the general conduct of the business of the stage, in the regular decorum of representation, in the impartial appointment of performers suited to their real abilities, and in giving all characters their true and appropriate costume. Macbeth no longer appeared dressed in black silk stockings with a bag and a small sword, nor did our stage cottages possess register stoves or splendid pier glasses. The beauty of fitness

was studied; the department of the painter and machinist attended to, and to the study and attention of Mr. Kemble, the drama is at present indebted, for the propriety and magnificence of its scenery and decorations. His groupings, his processions, all his arrangements, while they were in the highest degree conducive to theatrical effect, were yet so chaste and free from glare and undue pompousness, that they appeared rather historical than dramatic, and might have been safely thrown upon the canvass by the painter, almost without alteration.

In 1796, Mr. Kemble resigned the management of Drury Lane Theatre, but shortly afterwards resumed it, and held it until the end of the season, 1800-1. In 1802, he visited Paris and Madrid, for the purpose of studying the French and Spanish stages, and on his return in the year 1803, having purchased a sixth share of the property of Covent Garden Theatre, he succeeded to the management of that concern, which he conducted for many years.

In 1817, he took his final leave of the stage to the great regret of all lovers of the drama. A public dinner and a gold cup were presented to him soon after. At this dinner, which was held at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 27th of June, 1817, Lord Holland presided; and among the company were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Erskine, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Essex, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Aberdeen, the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Petersham, Major-General Phipps, Mr. Croker; M. Talma, the French tragedian; Mr. T. Moore, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Crabbe, the British poets; Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy; Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Haydon, and many other artists; Mr. Dauncey, Mr. Reynolds, and several other members of the Bar, &c &c.

After dinner, and the usual toasts had been drank, Lord Holland exhibited a drawing of a piece of plate, intended to be presented to Mr. Kemble, the vase itself being then unfinished; it was, however, executed soon afterwards, in the most exquisite workmanship, and bore the following inscription, a copy of which was read by Lord Holland:—

'To John Philip Kemble, on his retiring from the stage, of which, for thirty-six years, he has been the ornament and pride, which, to his learning, taste, and genius, was indebted for its present state of refinement—(great applause)—and which, under his auspices, consecrated to the support of the legitimate drama, and more particularly to the glory of Shakespeare—(applause)—attained to a degree of splendour and prosperity before unknown, this vase, from a numerous body of his admirers, as a mark of their gratitude and respect, was presented by the hands of their chairman, on the 27th of June, 1817.'

Lord Holland, in a neat speech, begged Mr. Kemble to accept this mark of their esteem, and Mr. Young delivered a complimentary ode, written by Campbell, but not in his happiest style. After the health of Mr. Kemble had been drank, that gentleman rose, and addressed the meeting in the following terms:—

'Gentlemen, for your presence here to-day, and the favour you have done me, in drinking my health, I beg to offer you my most heartfelt and sincere acknowledgments. Unused, as I am, to extemporaneous public speaking, it will not appear extraordinary that I should be a little embarrassed in addressing an assembly in which I see so many persons highly valued for their genius and talents. I shall, therefore, gentlemen, be obliged to confine myself to saying, that this is the greatest honour that could possibly be conferred on me; and as it is a distinction that never has been shown to any of my predecessors, I therefore feel, gentlemen, how far your favour exceeds every thing my deserts could justly challenge. Gentlemen, the terms in which you have been pleased to convey to me

your approbation of my professional exertions and of my private conduct, leaves me nothing to say, but that I am very proud you think so highly of me. Your noble chairman, gentlemen, has done me the honour of attributing to me much more merit than I can pretend to; his feelings have led him, I fear, very much to overrate my services; but I can truly say, that when he attributed to me a strong desire to discharge my duty fairly in the different parts of my profession, as far as my honest endeavours to deserve that praise could be considered as entitling me to it, so far your noble chairman has spoken of me only with justice. The manner in which you have been so kindly good as to step forward, in order to hand down to posterity my exertions on the stage, is too flattering to my feelings not to affect my heart most deeply. I receive the gift, gentlemen, with affection, with gratitude; and it is pleasing to me to hope, that I shall still be remembered, even when that mark of your kindness has faded away, since my farewell has been sung by the muse that dictated the "Pleasures of Hope."

On the same day, a deputation from the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, comprising Messrs. Rea, Downton, Johnstone, and Holland, anxious to record their testimony of respect for the advantages accruing to the stage from Mr. Kemble's professional exertions, waited on him with an address.—Mr. Kemble thus retired into private life, with honours unknown even to the distinguished excellence that preceded him, and he has almost ever since resided on the Continent—only once visiting this country, and that to do an act of fraternal kindness—nothing less than transferring, to his brother Charles, the whole of his interest in Covent Garden Theatre. The recollection of Mr. Kemble's histrionic talents is too fresh in the memory of most of our readers to require much eulogium. He combined, in an eminent degree, the physical and mental requisites for the highest rank in his profession. To a noble form and classical and expressive countenance he added the advantages of a sound judgment, indefatigable industry, and an ardent love and decided genius for the art of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He possessed, besides, what we have always regarded as an essential characteristic of a first-rate tragic actor, an air of intellectual superiority, and a peculiarity of manner and appearance, which impressed the spectator at the first glance with the conviction that he was not of the race of common men. His voice was defective in the under-tones necessary for soliloquies, but, in declamation, strong and efficient, and, in tones of melancholy, indescribably touching. No music was ever heard which could better revive the tale of past times. It was indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of his performances, that one passage frequently recalled to the mind 'a whole history.'

Mr. Kemble has left an amiable widow to lament the loss of an affectionate partner.

THE MAID OF CLYDE.

Yon rosebud gay the garden's pride,
Bedeck'd with dew of summer's breath,
Awhile its blushing charms doth hide,
Then blooming scents the vale of death,
Where Helen sleeps, the Maid of Clyde.

E'en so from infant years she grew,
And charm'd each comely rural swain,
Her soul was pure, no guile she knew,
And wisdom sought her smiles to gain.

Just like the rose her sweets spread wide,
Chaste as by parent angels worn;
Eclipsing the proud dames of Clyde,
Who beauty boast, yet meet with scorn.

She soared beyond all earthly joys,
And hop'd alone for heaven:
Her Father heard her humble cries,
And sent his angel here below,
To snatch her from this world of woe.

Manchester.

HANORRY.

THE PARK.

(From the Magic Lantern.)

"In Fashion's Ring, behold us drive,
The most-unthinking fools alive."—Old Song.

Having a visit to pay in Piccadilly last Sunday, and finding my friend from home, the crowds of well-dressed pedestrians that almost impeded my way, moving towards the Park, tempted me to stroll into that gay rendezvous of fashionables, as well as unfashionables; and I entered, though not without some difficulty, the gate at Hyde Park Corner.

Those who have passed through Hyde Park, on a fine Sunday, towards the end of May, can alone form an idea of the gay scene that presented itself to me.

Carriages, of every description, from the splendid *vis-a-vis* and elegant chariot, down to the vulgar city coach and more vulgar gig: next to the well-appointed curricule followed a shabby hired whisky; while the *cabriolet*, with its Dandy driver, was contrasted by its next neighbour, a vehicle partaking the joint qualities of a taxed-cart and Irish jaunting-car, conducted by a butcher-like looking man, accompanied by a large female, whose cheeks might in colour out-vie his primest ox-beef.

In the drive, which is now considered the fashionable one, and for which I can assign no other reason than its being the most disagreeable part of the Park, the crowd of equipages from Hyde Park Corner to Cumberland Gate, is so great, that carriages are sometimes detained stationary for half an hour at a time; while the promenade, at each side, is a moving mass, in which hats and bonnets, with occasional peeps of pretty faces, are alone visible. Each person that you meet complains of the heat, and the dust, and the crowd, but still perseveres in giving this side of the Park the preference, to the cool and more agreeable one near the Serpentine river; or the still more delightful umbrageous walks in Kensington Gardens: surely this preference is a convincing proof of the influence of fashion, which we daily see demanding fresh sacrifices of taste and comfort from her votaries. The equipages do not present a more striking difference to each other than do the persons who occupy them.—In the splendid *vis-a-vis*, with its emblazoned coronet and supporters, sits, or rather reclines, the pale and simply-adorned woman of fashion, the languor of whose countenance exhibits the ravages of crowded rooms, and late hours, and who enters into this scene to kill an hour on this dulllest of all days, according to fashionable phraseology. Her coachman, with his knowing white wig and rich livery, seems conscious of his and his owner's superiority, and regards the other carriages with apparent contempt; while the footmen, with all the impertinent *non-chalance* so peculiar to the servants of the great, are exchanging smiles of recognition with their acquaintances, and making their observations on the scene around them. Next follows the gaudy, but ill-appointed coach of some citizen, crowded almost to suffocation with his fat and flashy wife, and rosy cheeked smiling daughters, whose bonnets look like beds of tulips, and whose white handkerchiefs, applied frequently to their foreheads, mark, in spite of their smiles, the yielding softness of their nature, and shew them to be in the melting mood. This is succeeded by the smart turn-out of some pretender to fashion, who desired to have a carriage exactly like Lady H * * *, but wished to have a little more brass on the harness, and more fringe on the hammer-cloth:—the coach-maker

has been most liberal of both, and the poor would-be fashionable sits perfectly happy, fancying that the smiles with which the gazers regard her gaudy equipage, and ill-drest self, proceed from pure admiration. The Lord Mayor's coach, with all the paraphernalia of mayoralty finery, next fills up the line, while the smug faces of my Lord and Lady, with their offspring, the embryo Lord or Lady Mayoress, form a group that might be painted as a personification of

"Oh, the roast beef of Old England!"

so visible are its nutritious effects on their countenances.

A brown landanlet with red wheels now advances, the wretched horses of which, seem scarcely able to bear the weight of plated harness under which they are literally bending; and, as if to increase their misery, the shabby *rattle-trap* is filled by a group that would require the pencil of Hogarth to paint:—in the centre sits an elderly gentleman, whose rubicund cheeks, fiery nose, and blue-black wiry locks and whiskers give him a striking resemblance to the Saracen's Head, as portrayed on stage coaches. On each side of him sits a comely sultana-looking dame, large, languid, and listless, affecting all the easy negligence of high ton, which is ludicrously contrasted by the absurd vulgarity of the carriage, and the whole set out. Five smiling babes, the images of their blushing sire, arranged in picturesque attitudes, complete the party within; but what pen can do justice to the coachman and footman! The thread-bare broad-cloth livery, that was once white, faced with a colour meant to be scarlet, but much less vivid than the old gentleman's countenance, made for men of tall stature, and now worn by such as are of comparatively dwarfish size, hired on job for a few weeks; the hats turned up all round, and totally bereft of the beaver that once covered them, strikingly evince the love of shew struggling with the parsimony and inherent vulgarity of the master. This turn out excites universal derision, and the Dandies declare that it must belong to some East India or Dublin Castle dubbed knight, who has tempted one of the fair dames by his side to become his wife, for the pleasure of being called *My Lady*.

The elegant curricule, driven by its more elegant owner, the beautiful lady F * * *, now follows, and attracts all eyes, while this lovely female *Phaeton*, enveloped in capes and veils, scarcely deigns to shew a portion of those beautiful features, that have never been seen without exciting admiration. The fashionable and fascinating Lady S. H. * * * rolls along in her tasteful and splendid carriage, reclined in a corner of it, and covered by a transparent veil; while the crimson silk blinds, half drawn down, shed not "a dim religious light," but love's own rosy hue, over her faultless figure; and admiring Dandies, with uncovered heads, mark by their low bows, the profound feeling which she excites.

Here may be seen the "Gallant gay Lothario," perhaps still more generally known, as "Roméo," driving his car, which, alas! is no longer a triumphal one, being hailed by smiles of derision and contempt, instead of applause, whenever he makes his appearance in it. Its luckless owner sits elate, with head awry, and neck extended, looking round to meet the glances of admiration which he fancies he excites. Next to this fantastic vehicle follows the family coach of Mr. * * *, the plain substantial elegance of which, marks the good taste of its possessor; while the lady-like demeanour of his wife, and the cheerful ingenuous countenances of his

children, who accompany her, bespeak a well-ordered and happy family.

The line of carriages is now broken by a tilbury, driven by a city Dandy, who has chosen the Park to make his *debut* in as a whip: the horse becomes restive, and the want of skill in his driver, excites the ridicule of his more dextrous brothers of the whip: the tilbury is entangled in the wheel of a coach, which causes a general stoppage, while heads are seen emerging from the windows of all the carriages round, anxious to ascertain the cause of delay; and the ladies in the next carriage are, between alarm and anger, almost unintelligibly vociferating from the windows to their servants to let them out; while their terror only seems to increase the merriment of the surrounding crowd, and to give fresh impetus to the unfortunate Dandy, who is *malgré* the advice of all the by-standers, with one hand reining back his impetuous steed, and with the other urging him on by applying the whip.

Next advance a male and female equestrian, who are apparently as little skilled in the riding, as the luckless Dandy is in the driving school:—the horse of the lady becomes frightened at the crowd, and the lady more than participates in his alarms; while her cavalier servant is so occupied in endeavouring to restrain the arlour of his own charger, that he can afford her no assistance, and her distress is heightened by hearing the peals of laughter all around her, and seeing the ridicule which her situation excites. But, as if to redeem the female name from the imputation of want of want of skill in horsemanship, the pretty and graceful Lady G * * *, and the lovely Mrs. F. S * * are seen darting along like meteors; while the perfect command that they evidently possess over their coursers, and the easy elegance with which they manage them, can alone quiet the alarms the spectators would otherwise feel at the velocity with which they move.

To these succeeds a mighty host, including Peers, Commoners, the things y'clept Dandies, Citizens who ride their own bits of blood, and Apprentices who hire them for the day, and bestride them as they would their counters.—But vain would be the attempt to describe, or even to enumerate half the beauties, would-be beauties, fashionables, and apers of fashion, that are seen mixed up in the motly group of citizens, country folks, and trades-people, that figure in the Park on a fine Sunday, when every vehicle is put in requisition.

All is now alarm and confusion, for the tilbury driver, with his restive horse, again appears, and now excites more anxiety than he formerly did merriment, for his vehicle being disentangled from the coach, and his horse feeling the restraint removed, sets off with a rapidity that spreads terror all around.—Nothing is to be seen but horses plunging, and drivers and equestrians all endeavouring to avoid the dangerous contact. The same crowd that a few minutes before laughed at the disasters of this luckless whip, and enjoyed the alarm of the male and female equestrians, are now loud and sincere in their expressions of compassion at the dangers to which the former is exposed, and, with looks full of sympathy, are hastening to see the result, or to offer their assistance, when it is ascertained that the horse has been stopped in his career, and that no serious accident has occurred.

A few paces from the scene of the last disaster, a crowd is assembled to witness the restoration of a fat elderly gentleman to his seat on horseback, from which he had been thrown by the plunging of the animal.

In the fall, he had lost his hat and wig, and the poor man, though not hurt, has been so terrified, that the big drop rolls from his forehead to his cheek, which, mingled with the dust with which he is plentifully covered, gives him a most ludicrous appearance; this is not a little heightened by the servant, who is shaking the dust from his master's wig with one hand, while he is brushing his coat with the other.

Fright, shame, and indignation, are mingled in the old gentleman's looks, and the servant, who is one of the old school, is reproaching the crowd for their unfeeling conduct and rude jokes on his master's misfortune.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LIVERPOOL CONCENTRIC FRIENDS.

No. IV.

All the members being assembled the Deliberation Chamber

was entered at six o'clock; when, after a few preliminary observations, the

HISTORICAL NOVELS

with which we are favoured by several unknown hands became the subject of discussion. Friend Ashbury Frivolous affirmed that they were the most interesting writings of our age; and Friend Paradox declared that their perusal afforded him a fund of information and amusement, and that they had such a *corrective* effect upon his taste, as to create an equal dislike for the idle fascinations of Romance, and for the dry and often unpolished narrative of History; whilst Friend Trueman confessed that to him they afforded no entertainment whatever.

Friend Medicos was of opinion that this difference of taste might be explained by supposing that there existed a predisposition of mind. And this should chiefly be attributed to the organization of the brain; and, in an inferior degree, to the prejudices arising from education and habit. This statement, as relating to a diversity of taste, was admitted; but, it could not be received as affording any criteria which would enable us to judge of the purity and correctness of taste itself. Friend Trueman now observed—

Whatever may be useful is valuable; and whatever can be neither useful nor injurious is a matter of indifference; but that, which has an injurious tendency, however slight, without possessing any quality from which superior advantages may be derived, is not to be desired; nay, it should be cautiously avoided.

Our *Historical Novels* are not useful. They answer no reasonable end. The imagination struggles to expand and embellish some historic fact, to divest it of its identity, and to exhibit it with false, yet feasible appearances. Hence, they do not convey any accurate historic information. They are not a substitute for history; nor are they a superstructure of genius. No; they are a collection of facts and falsehoods; the latter made in some measure plausible by description and factitious incident, and the former so ramified and distorted, by an ingenious turn for book-making, as to preserve a homogeneity or similitude of kind throughout the whole, and to render a separation impracticable. But that which astonishes me most, is, that when BYRON is condemned for taking a plot from the *CANTERBURY TALES*, the *AUTHORS* of these *NOVELS* should be eulogized for taking the same liberty with the *HISTORY OF ENGLAND*. This is an inconsistency which I have not yet heard

discussed, and I much wish it to share some consideration.

The grounds upon which I have pointed out the inutility of the *Historical Novels*, will also serve to shew that they have an injurious tendency. Of essential and interesting study, History forms an important branch; and leading facts, with the time and place of occurrence, and their consequent and incidental circumstances should be carefully treasured in the memory. Chronological transposition and incorrect historical delineations never fail to render narrators, who fall into such errors, pitifully ridiculous; and, solely on this account, no historical works are much esteemed if inaccurate in either date or narration. Beauty of style will not compensate for the liberty taken by the Author of *Peveil* in involving persons in scenes which transpired many years after their demise; nor can the florid and minute descriptions of persons, things, and incidents, as given in this *genus* of trifles, be identified, to any considerable extent, with the originals as delineated or sketched in History.

But, it will be objected, our *Historical Novels* are only designed for entertainment; to "beguile the tedium of an hour" with light, and not too romantic, composition. All this may be admitted, and, were they purely works of fiction it would be correct; but, in these instances, it so happens that a taste for exaggeration and high descriptive colouring, supercedes the efforts of genius, and revels in a perversion of facts, which should ever be retained in the memory without deterioration. It is the *PARTIAL IDENTITY*, and the *FACTITIOUS RESEMBLANCE* which are injurious;—they confuse, they confound; and the consequence is, that, a reader who, before perusing the *Historical Novels*, had a pretty accurate recollection of the same historical facts which form their ground-work, has, at a short period after their perusal, retained merely what would justify his presumption in speaking generally, but not what would enable him to enter into the *pure facts* themselves, with any particularity. My opinion is that men of knowledge will ever look upon *Historical Novels* as being Literary trifles.

Friend Paradox could not sanction the allegations of the last speaker; yet, not being prepared to reply, he must for the present admit them. Friend Frivolous thought that, as a literary character, moving in circles in which every thing that issued from the pen of Sir W. My Lord, The Laureate, &c., was considered as having importance, he must of course peruse, and speak, as others, or relinquish his place in the *ton*. The President not having had sufficient leisure to read any of the works debated upon, did not think himself qualified to interfere. And, upon the whole, the sentiments remain individually as at the beginning of the discussion.

LINES TO ———.

Oh, if it be a crime to gaze
On thee, an I gazing—love,
I prithee, the seducing blaze
Of thy dark eye remove.

Or if it be a crime to think
How brightly fair they shine,
Oh! though I from the mandate shrink,
Bend not their beams on mine.

Or if it be a crime to dwell
On thy fair form with love,
My faulting lip, that form must tell,
Its graces to remove.

I cannot deem thine eye less bright,
Nor that sweet form remove;
Still must I then, in fond despite,
Gaze on, and gazing, love!

Manchester.

CRITICISM.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—(No. VII.)

BY S. X.

Although the Dictionary of Dr. JOHNSON is justly considered a work of great and acknowledged merit, I am not one of those who implicitly bow to his authority, for all matters connected with the English language. His *Orthography*, for instance, is, in numerous cases, very singular, and in a few, decidedly *erroneous*, being contrary to the practice of the best classic writers of the present day.—ANON.

Wrong.

67. Classick—

Right.

Classic. Also Arctic, Antarctic, Concentric, Critic, Domestic, Eccentric, Music, Prosaic, &c.

The letter *c* was not formerly used, Mr. Nares observes, as a final letter, because, in such a situation, it was doubtful in what manner it should be pronounced. Probably the additional letter *k* was originally adopted, on account of the final *e*, which anciently followed these letters. As long as that vowel [*e*] retained any sound, its regular effect, without the intervention of *k*, would have been to soften the preceding *c*; and if the *c* had been doubled, to mark the shortness of the antecedent vowel, the latter *c* would still have been softened by the final *c*. The only alternative then was, to write *kk*, or *rk*; and the latter, it appears, was preferred, being a sort of compromise between the sound and the etymology; but the final *a* has long been silent, and has therefore been dropped from such terminations. Hence, the *nae* or necessity for the *k* having ceased, that letter also has gradually disappeared; and, in spite of the remonstrances of antiquated grammarians, and the very pointed example of your Derby correspondent, who signs himself WATTY, convenience and expedition, in the present case, sanction the omission of this superfluous letter; and it is now almost universally agreed to write *arctic*, *antarctic*, *concentric*, *critic*, *domestic*, *eccentric*, &c. instead of *arctick*, *antarctick*, *concentrick*, *criticke*, *domestick*, *eccentrick*, and so forth.

Words of only one syllable still retain the *k*, as *sick*, *stick*, *trick*, &c. and for this very obvious reason; where a single letter forms a fourth, or a fifth part of a whole word, the eye is not so easily reconciled to the loss of it.—And this objection to the removal of the *k* from monosyllables, operates, partially, upon the dissyllables; as *attack*, *bullock*, *cassock*, *frotick*, *rasack*, *shamrock*, &c.; but the very numerous polysyllables, which first invited the innovation, have now swept away with them nearly all the dissyllables having the same or a similar termination.

Words compounded with monosyllables, ending in *ck*, preserve that orthography in the compound; as *candlestick*, *planetstruck*, &c. These words require, by analogy, the final *k*, as much as the monosyllables *stick*, *struck*, and so forth. Convenience and expedition, it must be allowed, have, in many instances, been the cause of "curtailing words of their fair and legitimate proportion" of constituent letters.

68. Fantasy— Fantasy—

69. Nick-nackerils— Knick-knackerils.—

More commonly, *knick-knacks*. But as a *knacker* is a fabrication of toys, or small work, I see no reason why *knick-knackerils* (if it be spelled with the incipient *k*.) may not be used, in *ludicrous* composition, to signify any petty contrivances, or trifles, whether *literary* or *mechanical*.

70. Skeptick— Sceptic.—

The former was the spelling recommended by Dr. Johnson; but, as Mr. Todd remarks, it is not the form usually or anciently observed; and, maugre the authority and recommendation of Dr. Johnson, the old form, (with respect to the use of the letter *c* in the first syllable,) still maintains its ground. Bishop Hall, in 1609, (more than two centuries since,) wrote it *scepticks*.—Of all the authorities produced by Dr. Johnson, there is not one in favour of his own peculiar mode of spelling the first syllable, with a *k* instead of a *c*.

MR. EDITOR,—I now send you, what I conceive to be, a very useful paper on ORTHOGRAPHY, being No. VII. of the series which was begun in your first

volume. Your Friend WATTY's change of the words concentric and eccentric, (as they were correctly printed in a former *Iris*), by adding a final *k* to each word, certainly deserved reprehension. In this instance, no doubt, he thought himself wiser and more accurate than others, who had omitted the superfluous letter. I have, in the above paper, endeavoured to elucidate this particular point, and to assign such reasons for the omission of the *k*, as appear to me perfectly satisfactory. If, after this, your vivacious correspondent should still persist in writing these, and similar words, with the final *k*—why, verily, Mr. Editor,—let him! — His nick-nackerils, too, was not unworthy of notice.—To be sure, I myself, S. X. fell into the orthographical error, in quoting the phrase from his letter; but, without stopping to analyze the word, I ventured to adopt it, on his authority; never having seen the word before, either written or printed. Yours, pedagogically,

March 20, 1823.

S. X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Your Correspondent B in the *Iris* for March 15th, 1823, requested a translation of a short Latin Essay on Hypocrisy, and I expected some one of your correspondents, who might be conversant with the Latin language, would have produced one the following week, otherwise I should myself have taken upon me the trouble and the honour. As B desired an elegant, or, as I understand, a free translation, he will pardon the liberty I have taken in one place to introduce a paragraph (the third) as illustrative of the subject.

March 24th, 1823.

C.

"You live happily, if you strive to merit the praise said of you."

HORACE.

"Of the superior excellence of true Virtue, no stronger proof can possibly be adduced, than the laborious efforts of the Hypocrite, merely to assume its appearance. This consideration is peculiarly calculated to fortify the truly virtuous mind, against the malevolent attacks of the licentious and depraved."

"Those pretenders to Virtue who hypocritically regulate by its laws their external appearance, without desiring any correction of their interior affections, are peculiarly reprehensible. To pretend to a regal diadem, without the requisite qualification of alliance by birth, is not so criminal as to claim the celestial prerogatives of Virtue, without having in the mind the true rights to their inheritance."

This vice is ever intimately connected with Self-Love, that very worst of principles. The religious Hypocrite seeks to be esteemed as good; the pretended Friend wishes only to avail himself of the ability or wealth of the man he apparently joins; whilst the flattering Courtier aims solely to attain the honor and emolument of a dignified station. Thus then, it is the profanation of religion; the base of true Friendship; and the destruction of all honor, credit, and mutual confidence in Society.

"From a consideration of the dangers and fears to which the Hypocrite is daily exposed, may be seen what blessings attend that man of Sincerity, who would scorn to exchange the felicity of an approving conscience, for the paltry wealth of kingdoms.—Let reason thou irresolute mortal! now fix for eternity, thy wavering choice."

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of February, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.

	Inches.
The Monthly Mean	29.34
Highest, which took place on the 22nd	30.38
Lowest, which took place on the 2nd	28.70
Difference of the extremes	1.68
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 18th	.88
Spaces, taken from the daily means	5.8
Number of changes	14

TEMPERATURE.

	Degrees.
Monthly Mean	38° 4
Mean of the 33rd. decade, com. on the 13th Feb.	36.7
" " " ending on the 23rd Feb.	40.3
Highest, which took place on the 11th	50
Lowest, which took place on the 5th	27
Difference of the extreme	23
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 11th	16

RAIN, &c.

3.275 of an inch.	
Number of wet days.....	14
" " foggy days.....	1
" " snowy "	7
" " hail "	2

WIND.

North	0	North-west	8
North-east	2	Variable	3
East	1	Calm	0
South-east	7	Brisk	11
South	0	Strong	0
South-west	12	Very Strong	5
West	0	Boisterous	1

REMARKS.

February 1st, cold and windy: slight snow;—3rd. rain, snow, and sleet;—4th. temperature decreased at bedtime to 30°, attended with snow and sleet;—5th. frequent sun gleams, but cold;—6th, a very storming day, wind blew strong from the east; 8th, snow at intervals, a stormy evening and calm;—15th, sharp frost, great rise of the barometer, in the course of the day it gained 62 of an inch;—21st, very heavy showers of rain in the forenoon;—22nd, showers of hail and rain; 24th, the wind blew.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT VISIT TO CASTLE-FIELD, MANCHESTER.

Here as I muse on this deserted mound,
Where erst the Castle stood in olden day,
On whose proud top the lordly turret frowned,
And many a banner way'd, and pennon gay,—
Now swept by time's remorseless scythe away.

No vestige left save here and there a stone,—
The sad mementoes of its former state,—
But from the cottage upward to the throne,
All, all must feel alike the strokes of fate—
The hour but sooner comes or tarries late!

I sigh, but fancy paints the scene anew,
The gothic pile again these wastes adorn,
The massive walls, the ponderous towers, I view,
And hear the echo of the wardens' horn,
O'er Irwell's stream by playful zephyrs borne.—

On yonder spot the huge barbakan rose,
There stood the keep above the Donjon's cell,
The lofty hall its oaken beams disclose,
And here the chapel pour'd its matin bell,
And solemn vesper strain and requiem knell!

Through yon wide gate the martial trains advance,
Encas'd in armour for the deadly field,
With helm and hauberk, bow and tapering lance,
The polish'd falchion, and the burnish'd shield,
And battle axe no modern arm could wield.

On palfrey mounted see each beauteous dame,
By gallant knights attended to the plain;—
With hawk and falcon seize the soaring game,
Or rouse the roebuck with their beagle train,
The woods aye echoing to the joyous train!

Bat, ah! the charm dissolves, the fabric's fled,
(Thus all our hopes and fairy joys decay,)
The waving groves are gone, and in their stead,
Arise the thousand piles of modern day—
Searing with sounds uncouth the sylvan nymphs away!

Unhappy thou, no relic left of all
Thy former grandeur and thy former power,
When princes, heroes, revell'd in thy hall,
And beauty wanton'd gaily in thy bower,
And pluck'd (ah, like herself) the frail but fragrant flower.

Some hoar memorial still to most is left,
Some proud memento of the olden time,
The pond'rous arch the massive gateway left,
And many a turret grey, and tower sublime,
O'er which the ivy reveals its prime!

So, Conway, Chepstow, o'er the murmuring tide,
Their mouldering walls and battlements display,
And to the mind renew again the pride,
Of conquering Hala, and Edwards glorious way,
The field of Agincourt, and Cressy's brilliant day!

But thou of arch or tower canst boast no more,
Thy scite alone, alone can charm the eye,
Of him who meditates on days of yore,
And heeds thy fallen greatness with a sigh,
But such the fate of all aye be they low or high!

Salford, 1823.

J. A.

MR. EDITOR.—The practice of Archery having been, of late, partially revived, in consequence, perhaps, of the highly interesting description which is given of a trial of skill in that art, by professed bowmen, in the novel of *Ivanhoe*, I send you the following classical song, the words of which were given to me, some years since, by an Irish gentleman, who sang it in an excellent style, to a popular air, the name of which I cannot, at present recollect.

Yours, &c.

S. X.

March 21, 1823.

THE ARCHER'S SONG.

"He that hits such a mark, at five-score yards distance, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, as it were the stout King Richard himself."—*IVANHOE*.

Bright *Phabus*, the patron of poets below,

Assist me of archers to sing!

For thou art accounted the god of the bow,

As well as the god of the string,

As well as the god of the string.

The practice of shooting 'twas you that began,

When you shot forth your beams from the skies;

Young *Cupid* was first in adopting the plan,—

Next the goddesses shot with their eyes,

The bright dames,—Next, &c.

Diana, who slaughter'd the brutes with her darts,

Ne'er shot not one lover, or so;

For *Venus* excelled her in shooting at hearts,

And had always more strings to her bow,

The sly jade,—And, &c.

On beautiful *Iris*, *Apollo* bestowed

A bow of unparalleled hue;

'Twas her hobby-horse long, and as on it she rode,

Like an arrow shot from it, she flew

Gaudy dame,—Like, &c.

To earth came the art of the Archers at last,

And 'twas followed with eager puruit;

But the sons of *Apollo* all others surpassed,

With such monstrous long bows do they shoot,

Lying dogs,—With, &c.

Ulysses, the hero, was known long ago,

In wisdom and strength to excel;

So he left in his house an inflexible bow,

And a still more inflexible belle,

Lucky dog,—And, &c.

The *Parthians* were archers of old, and their pride

Lay in shooting and scampering too;

But *Britons* thought better their sports to divide,

So they shot, and their *enemies* flew,

The brave boys,—

So they shot, and their *enemies* flew.

THE CABINET.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.

Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahomedans. Sabat was son of Ibrahim Sabat, a noble family of the line of Beni Sabat, who trace their pedigree to Mahomed. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adoration at the tomb of their prophet, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under Zeman Shah, King of Cabul; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith, by the perusal of a Bible (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mahomedan states, it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. Abdallah endeavoured for a time to conceal his conversion; but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian Sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bochara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognized him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed he was a Christian, and implored him; by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. "But, Sir," said Sabat, when relating the story himself, "I had no pity. I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him up to

Marad Shah, King of Bokhara. He was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city of Bokhara, announcing the time of execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near Abdallah. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand. 'No,' said he (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with,) 'I cannot abjure Christ.' Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side, but with little motion. A physician, by desire of the king, offered to heal the wound if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly towards heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger towards me. He looked at me, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. "But, Sir," said Sabat, in his imperfect English, "he never changed, he never changed! And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bokhara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'"

Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. 'Soon after his arrival, he was appointed by the English government a mufti, or expounder of the Mahomedan law,—his great learning, and respectable station in his own country rendering him well qualified for that office. And now the period of his conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatam, in the northern Circars, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament, in the Arabic language. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together with patience and solicitude, and at length the truth of the gospel fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards, he proceeded to Madras, a journey of 300 miles, to seek Christian baptism, and, having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptized in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. When his family in Arabia heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and become a Christian, they despatched his brother to India (a voyage of two months) to assassinate him. While Sabat was sitting in his house at Visagapatam his brother presented himself in the disguise of a fakir, or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance. He then recognised his brother! The assassin would have become the victim of public justice; but Sabat interceded for him, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents, to his mother's house in Arabia.

When Sabat forgave and interceded for his brother, he was no longer the fanatic and pitiless Mahomedan, but the professor of a religion which teaches mercy and forgiveness to our most implacable enemies.—*Buchanan.*

RUSSIAN AMUSEMENTS.—The principal amusement of the Russians during the cold season is the Ice Hill. At Petersburg, when the Neva is frozen over, a temporary stage of wood is erected about forty or fifty feet above the surface of the river, from the top of which is a steep descent, like the side of an abrupt rock. Against this are laid blocks of ice, which soon become a united mass, by means of torrents of water that are thrown along them, and harden in a few minutes. On the level, at about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards distance, stands a similar erection, only placed a little on one side, in order to leave a clear road for the sledges darting from the opposite stage. The people mount the first of these stages by means of a flight of steps in the rear, and find at the top a sort of sledge, without projections of any kind, but in shape and flatness like a butcher's tray, most fantastically and rudely ornamented with carving and colours. This is placed on the margin of the declivity; the bearded native conductor seats himself upon it, very far back, his legs extending in front perfectly straight. The person to be conveyed takes his place before him in a similar attitude, and both remaining steady glide with incon-

ceivable rapidity down the icy descent. The conductor behind guides their course with his hands on the same principles as a vessel is steered, touching the contrary side to that on which he wishes to keep. To such safety do they attain by practice, that they will steer round groups of upset persons without doing the smallest injury.

Many go down in these sledges alone; and others, both men and women, on skates, flying forward in a perfectly upright position. Steadiness seems to be the chief accomplishment of the Russian skater, and the velocity of his motion the source of pleasure to the spectator. Here are not seen those graceful motions on the ice in which the skaters of other countries excel; not that the generality of men in this country are incapable of graceful attitudes; but the cumbersome of their dress, and the customary modes of this exercise, have never included any thing more pleasing to the eye than rapid motion.

The sensation excited by the descent in a sledge is at first extremely painful, but after passing a few times through the keen air, it becomes exquisitely pleasurable.

Even private individuals raise such ice-hills in their gardens, and the ball-room is often forsaken for the pleasure of gliding down them. To render this amusement more easy and agreeable, large chairs are fixed on skates, and guided by a man standing behind, and also provided with skates. At night these hills are illuminated with coloured lamps, which greatly heighten the effect of the scene.

Round these hills are erected wooden stages or booths, in one of which is exhibited a collection of curious foreign animals; in another, rope-dancing; in a third, a puppet-show; in a fourth, phantasmagoria, and so on. The price of admission to these sights is so trifling, that every one may share in the general gaiety.

The nobility and gentry drive about in superb sledges; and the Empress Catherine was often seen riding here among her people. A very large rich sledge was constructed for that purpose, capable of containing the whole imperial family; to which were attached, by chains, fourteen or sixteen smaller sledges, following in pairs, for her majesty's suite. These sledges were drawn by twelve or fourteen handsome horses, magnificently caparisoned, and in the evening illuminated with coloured lamps.—*Shoberl.*

SUNDAY MARKET AT MOSCOW.—The market on Sunday at Moscow is an entertaining spectacle. From five in the morning till eight, the spacious Place de Gallitzen is filled by a concourse of peasants and people of all classes, coming to buy or sell white peacocks, fan-tailed and other curious pigeons, dogs of all sorts for the sofa or the chase, singing-birds, poultry, guns, pistols, in short, whatever chance or custom may have rendered saleable. The sellers, excepting in the market of singing-birds, which is permanent and very large, have no shops, but remain with their wares either exposed upon stalls or hawking them about in their hands.

The pigeon-feeders are distinguished in the midst of the mob by long white wands, which they carry to direct the pigeons in their flight. The nobles take great delight in these birds: and a favourite pair will sell at from five to ten rubles. It is astonishing to see the feeders, by way of exhibiting their birds, let them fly and recover them again at pleasure. The principal recommendation of the pigeons consist in their rising to a great height by a spiral curve, all flying one way and following each other. When a bird does not keep the line of curvature which the others take, the feeder whistles, waves his wand, and its course is immediately changed. During such exhibitions, the nobles stake their money in wagers, betting on the height to which a pigeon will ascend, and the number of curves it will make in so doing.

In this market, Dr. Clarke fell into a singular mistake. Seeing several stalls apparently covered with wheat, he approached to examine its quality, but was surprised to find that it was in reality heaps of large ants' eggs. Near the same stalls were tubs full of pismires, crawling among the eggs and over the persons of those who sold them. Both the eggs and the ants are brought for sale as food for nightingales, which are favourite though common birds in Russian houses, where they sing in every respect as beautifully as in

their native woods. The price of one of them is half song is about fifteen rubles. The Russians, by putting beads on their tables of tangible arithmetic, can make the birds sing at pleasure during the day; but nightingales are heard throughout the night making the city resound the melodies of the forest.

The stalls of fruit and food in the streets of Moscow prove very beneficial to the health of the people. At these places they obtain a wholesome dinner for a few copecks. A plate of boiled rice, over which is poured a little honey, here costs about a penny English. In the spring they sell, at these stalls, apples, which they have a remarkable method of preserving through the winter; baked pears; salad, salted cucumbers, which are antiscorbutic, and esteemed delicious by Russians of every rank; wild berries; boiled rice; quass; honey, and mead. As almost every table receives a formal benediction from the priests before it is considered fit for use, no Russian will touch any article of food until that ceremony has taken place. A particular church is set apart for the benediction of apples; and this is not given till the first apple drops from the tree, which is brought in great form to the priests. A Mahometan would sooner eat pork, than than a Russian unconsecrated fruit.—*Shoberl.*

ROYAL HAND-WRITING.—Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the mental character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen. The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the answer of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer split many a good quill.

Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand.—We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

Queen Elizabeth wrote an upright hand, like the bastard Italian. She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French Editor of the little autobiographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French Editor makes this observation:—"Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch?"—The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, Queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters.

James the First wrote a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line. James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

Charles the First wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly, perhaps, than any prince we ever had. Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would not have been insensible to the elegancies of the pen.

Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if he wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done. Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity.

'James the Second writ a large fair hand.' It is characterised by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

'Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand;' that is, the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.—*D'Israeli.*

EPITAPHS.

On a stone tablet in the Bowling Green belonging to the New Inn at Gravesend, Kent.

To the memory of Alderman Nyan, an honest man and an excellent Bowler.

Full forty long years was the Alderman seen,
The delight of each bowler and King of this green;
As long be remember'd his art and his name,
Whose hand was unerring, unrival'd whose fame.
His bias was good, and he always was found
To go the right way and take enough ground.
The Jack to the uttermost verge he would send,
For the Alderman loved a full length at each end.

Now mourn every one that has seen him display
The art of the game and the wiles of his play;
For the great bowler death at one critical cast
Has ended his strength and close rubb'd him at last.
1776

In Stoney Stratford Church yard on a man who was many years the Parish Clerk there, and disapproved of speaking of the qualities of the dead.

Reader go on, ne'er idly waste your time
On bad biography or coarser rhyme;
For what I am this mould'ring clay assures,
And what I was is no concern of yours.

In a church yard near Bath and Bristol: on a woman who got her livelihood by selling Earthen Ware.

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Grey,
Chang'd from busy life to lifeless clay;
Of earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's changed to earth herself.

One of the ancestors of the Trollope's built the church in their Parish in Lincolnshire.—In the churchyard be erected at the same time a statue of himself, with one hand pointing to the church, and the other to the vault where all the family are interred. Upon the pedestal is still to be seen the following inscription:—

This is the statue of Sir Thomas Trollope,
Who caused yonder stones to roll up;
And when that God shall take his soul up,
His body is to fill that hole up.

ON A DRUNKARD.

Under this stone Jack Jug doth lie,
Whom brandy could not save;
Water was his antidote,
Then weep not o'er his grave.

ON A COCKNEY.

Here tippy bob, the Cockney, lies,
Who thought himself immensely wise;
His giggling soul, with fix'd intent,
Was on the froth of pleasure bent;
He past through life on fashion's plan,
More like a monkey than a man.
But as an epitaph should praise,
Hear traveller what the marble says,—
To justice true, this brainless elf,
Reliev'd the world, and hang'd himself!

ON A SAILOR.

Beneath this brier invested grave,
Repose the limbs of Jack the brave,
Who many a can of liquor quaff'd,
Before he launch'd his brittle raft;
And many an adverse tempest bore,
Ere yet he reach'd the farther shore;
But now no more he shifts the sail,
To strive with fortune's fickle gale,
Nor gold nor flip invites his soul,
To pass the line or reach the pole;
For moor'd in death's calm tranquil bay,
He peaceful sleeps 'till judgment day.

VARIETIES.

A GREAT INDULGENCE.—Lamotte of Orleans, Bishop of Amiens, was remarkable for the austerity of his practice, and the indulgence of his doctrine. Severe in his principles, he was courteous in his manners, and even jocose in his conversation. It is related of him that a lady of his diocese having entreated his permission to wear a little rouge, only a very little, he told

her that he would certainly, at her request, temporise a little between vanity and devotion, and therefore granted her his free permission to wear rouge on one cheek!

HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY VIII.—The following extract from a curious old MS. contains some very singular directions for regulating the household of Henry VIII.

'His highness's baker shall not put alms in the bread, or mix rye, oat, or bean flour with the same, and if detected he shall be put in the stocks. His highness's attendants are not to steal any lock or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of nobleman's or gentleman's houses where they go to visit. Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground, before the kitchen fire. No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies. Dinners to be at ten, suppers at four. The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging nor grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime. The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person. There shall be no romping with maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are often broken!! Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that the wooden ones used in the kitchen be not broken or stolen. The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen maids! The grooms shall not steal his highness's straw for beds, sufficient being allowed for them. Coal only to be allowed for the King's, queen's, and lady Mary's chambers. The brewers are not to put any brimstone in the ale.' Among the fishes for the table, is mentioned the porpoise; if too big for a horse-load, an extra allowance to purveyor. 24 loaves a-day allowed for his royal highness's greyhounds. Ordered, That all noblemen and gentlemen at the end of the sessions of the parliament, depart to their several counties, on pain of the royal displeasure!!

KING'S EVIL.—From the time of Edward the Confessor to the abdication of James the Second, the power of kings to touch for the king's evil seems never to have been doubted, and to have been very frequently exercised; but of all these, the second Charles was the most liberal in dispensing this healing power of royalty.

In the tract, intitled 'Charisma Basilicon; or, the Royal Gift of Healing Strumaes, or King's Evil, by John Browne, Chirurgeon in Ordinary to his Majesty, London, 1684,' there is 'An account of persons touched by his Sacred Majesty, King Charles the Second, for the cure of the King's Evil, from May, 1660; from a register kept by Thomas Haynes, Esq. serjeant of his majesty's Chapel-royal:

1660.....6725	1663.....4667
1661.....4619	1664.....4667
1662.....4271	

Register kept by Mr. Thomas Donkley, keeper of his majesty's closet, from May, 1667, to May, 1682:

1667.....3073	1682.....8477
1681.....6007	

The whole number was above 92,000.—*Relics of Literature.*

A DRUNKARD.—A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is the brewer's agent; the alehouse benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his neighbour's scoff; his own shame. In summe, a tubbe of swill; a spirit of sleep; a picture of a beast; a monster of the ale.—*Relics of Literature.*

EXTRACT OF AN EPISTLE FROM WASHINGTON TO A MILITARY FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.—While you have been making love under the banner of Hymen, the great personages of the north have been making war under the inspiration, or rather the infatuation of Mars. Now, for my part, I humbly conceive you had much the best and wisest of the bargain; for certainly it is more consonant to all the principles of reason and religion (natural and revealed) to replenish the earth with inhabitants, rather than depopulate it by killing those already in existence; besides, it is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end.

Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, don't care, I suppose, how many seeds

of war are sown; but, for the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefits of commerce, should supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning-hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, 'the nations learn war no more.'—*Relics of Literature.*

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor of Russia, relates that "a young girl, in the service of the Princess of ———, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death: she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

DR. FRANKLIN.—In his travels through New-England, he had observed, that when he went into an inn, every individual of the family had a question to propose to him, relative to his history: and that, till each was satisfied, and they had conversed and compared together their information, there was no possibility of receiving any refreshment. Therefore, the moment he went into any of these places, he enquired for the master, the mistress, the sons, the daughters, the men servants, and the maid servants; and having assembled them all together, he began in this manner. "Good people, I am Benjamin Frank'in of Philadelphia; by trade a printer; and a bachelor; I have some relations at Boston, to whom I am going to make a visit: my stay will be short, and I shall then return and follow my business, as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you of; I beg, therefore, that you will have pity upon me and my horse, and give us both some refreshment."

THE MANTAO.—Another part of this building (the House of Industry at Clonmelt) is appropriated to lunatics: there are 54 at present. The manner in which these creatures flocked around Mr. Grubb, and his soothing treatment of them, reminded me strongly of the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Lifford. Many of these aliens to social happiness implored my intercession for permission to visit a parent—a sister—a wife—or a child! Some fibres of nature's tender cords still remained unbroken. One poor fellow caught me by the skirt, and with fervid agitation, asked me, 'Why am I kept so long from my Mary? Let me go and see her now.' I endeavoured to get away, but his grasp was firm; he looked stercorally in my face and exclaimed, 'Mary thinks I'm dead—Mary doesn't think I love her—every body knows I love her—when may I go to her?' He burst into tears, and seemed torn with agony. I made another effort to release myself from a scene that would have melted a heart of stone; but he seized my hand, pressed it to his lips, and sobbed out, 'Aren't you the

bishop? do—do—I know you will—go and tell my Mary I'll come to her to-morrow—and tell her to put little Cain's green jacket on.' Tears streamed down his cheeks; he anxiously watched for my reply; I bowed assent; he again pressed my hand to his lips, fell on his knees, and permitted me to get away. I left the spot with feelings which no language can express.—*Reid's Travels in Ireland*, 1822.

ANECDOTE.—When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the late celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish Borough, he told his father, that if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead, with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

There is a tear from Beauty's eye
That makes us feel supremely blest;
Offering of love and sympathy,
It melts the cold and flinty breast.
There is a tear soft Pity gives,
Like dew-drop on the withering leaf;
Our heart the pearly gift receives,
It sheds a balm upon our grief.
But there's a tear that's far more bright,
Though flowing from a bosom rude,
Yielding ineffable delight,
The sparkling tear of Gratitude!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Beside a fountain's border,
Where wanton zephyrs rove,
A nymph, in sweet disorder,
Now sleeps in yonder grove.
If thus her beauties charm me,
All sleeping as she lies,
What ill, alas! shall harm me,
When once she opens her eyes!
On her white arm reposing,
Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing,
Than May's sweet mornings deck.
What tender fears alarm me,
What tender hopes arise!
Alas! what ill shall harm me,
When once she opens her eyes.
And vain would I discover
What pains my breast invade;
But, ah! too timid lover!
My lips refuse their aid.
May love with boldness arm me,
And cheek desponding sighs;
Or, oh! what ill shall harm me,
When once she opens her eyes!

THE DRAMA, ETC.

The Tragedy of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, was performed on Friday evening the 21st instant, before a very respectable audience. As to the merits of the piece, it is sufficient to say, that the character of Elizabeth is the only one which can do any credit to the author, or admit of a natural, interesting representation, by even the best actors.

We cannot conceive of a more excellent stage representative of our illustrious Elizabeth than Mrs. Bunn.—This lady certainly evinces the arbitrariness, the connivance, the dignity, and the weakness, which marked and characterized the famous Queen Bess; and we will venture to affirm, that all who are acquainted with the character of this distinguished Princess, will appreciate the accuracy of Mrs. Bunn's representation.—The strife between *nature* and *policy* was finely exemplified in the scene where the warrant for Mary Stuart's execution is presented to Elizabeth for her signature.—Disimulation is at an end; the mutability of things is estimated; and she shudders at the contemplation, and recoils from the performance of an act, which cannot but sap the foundation of thrones, and make more violent the impetus which already, too often, overwhelms and dissipates all earthly power and grandeur.—Those who witnessed Mrs. Bunn in this scene;—who marked the successful effort of jealousy and indignation in signing the portentous document,—and the instantaneous resumption of imperial dignity on finding that the secretary was present; those persons, if correct observers, will never consent to her being classed with third or fourth rate actors.

The fact is, the person and countenance of Mrs. Bunn are not only elegant and noble, but she has an

admirable command of both; and, in attitude and expression we cannot point out her superior. In the higher tones her voice may prove a little grating; but all must confess, that even in voice she displays a discriminative energy, which many popular performers of the other sex can hardly attain.

When we consider that this lady is really possessed of a fine face, an elegant figure, just conception, appropriate attitude of person and expression of countenance, and of an unflinching fluency of speech, we are at a loss to divine what could possibly induce the critic of one of our Journals to attempt to derogate from her justly-merited reputation.—Surely he does not suppose that it has been acquired by mere intuition of mind, and predisposition of body!—No, this can never be; then why offer to lessen a celebrity which could only be obtained by the incessant exertion of both? Caprice alone dictated the illiberal animadversion, and we will venture to assure him, that, until he condescends to favour the public with a particular notice of Mrs. BUNN's defects and deficiencies, his praise on a point, which is, in her, no merit, and his censure in particulars which alone involve distinction for superiority or incompetency, will alike dissipate without exciting even a solitary feeling to coincide with his unsupported disparagement.

So far we may speak for Mrs. BUNN, without suffering any, the least diminution of our respect for Mrs. M'GIBBON—a lady whom we ever behold with admiration. As Mary Stuart, Mrs. M'G. appeared very interesting; the effect of Mary's forgiveness of the Earl of Leicester, (MR. SALTER), owed infinitely more to the actress than to the author.

The character of Leicester is extremely unnatural.—He is a cold-hearted, self-interested fellow,—alternately ruled by feelings which never yet reigned in the breast of the same individual! For such a man, with any plausibility, to exhibit effects which can only arise from integrity of heart, and intense devotion, requires no little ingenuity and address; and, we are confident, that had Leicester been personated by a less able performer than MR. SALTER, he would not have concluded without experiencing reproach, if not strong symptoms of indignation and disgust.

We are of opinion that Mr. DIDDEAR possesses some of the requisites of a good actor; and beg that he will endeavour to develop them. Some modulation and energy of voice, an improved carriage, and more magnanimity of person, are essentially necessary before he can hope to step beyond mediocrity.

In the farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS, we noticed an unauthorised introduction of *Nursery prattle*. This reminds us of Mr. Lancaster's exhibition of a boy sucking his thumb; in education such examples may have a good effect; but, on an audience of adults, it was not intended to operate. As play-going folks are generally out of leading-strings, such liberties are highly improper, and a repetition shall meet with more particular reprehension.

PHIL-HARMONIC CONCERT.—The Phil-Harmonic Society held its first public choral concert for this year, on Thursday evening, in the great room of the Exchange Building. The entire performance gave particular satisfaction; and Miss Thorley's "Angels, ever bright and fair," Mr. Cartledge's "Jehovah! to my words give ear," and a Concerto on the Clarinet, by Mr. Norton—all in the Second Part, were received with reiterated applause.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Essay on Hypocrisy.—We have received several translations of B.'s Latin Essay, but, that of C. appearing to us superior, it is of course inserted.

Our Friend Jeremy Antique will accept our best thanks for his favour; but, we are of opinion that, as the puzzle was discovered by several of our readers—a revival would not excite further interest.

News.—Chronon's derivation of this word is not very remarkable for originality—it is generally known.

S. X.'s Friend's Bachelor's Soliloquy is anxiously looked for.

An Essay on Taste and Genius; A Friend's Electrical Phenomenon; S. X. on Inhumanity to the Brute Creation; Singular Biography; An Anecdote of Zoffani; The Soldier's Return; and an Ode to Evening, are received and shall shortly appear.

The MUSIC which appeared in the last week's Iris, may be had with any of the preceding numbers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Henry Phillips, F.H.S. author of the History of Fruits known in Great Britain, Cultivated Vegetables, &c. &c. is now engaged upon "Sylva Florifera," the "Shrubbery;" containing a Historical and Botanical Account of the Flowering Shrubs and Trees, which now ornament the Shrubbery, the Park, and Rural Scenes in general.

Mr. James, author of the Naval History of Great Britain, has in the press the Second Part, which completes the work, and is announced to contain a Plan of the Battle of Trafalgar more correct than any that has hitherto appeared.

Richard Pnyne Knight, Esq. has a new Poem in the press, entitled "Alfred."

Points of Humor; illustrated in a Series of Plates, drawn and engraved by G. Cruikshank.

A gentleman, long known to the literary world, is engaged on the Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano.

Mr. Bicheau, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, has in the Press a second edition of "An Enquiry into the Poor Laws, chiefly with a View to examine them as a System of National Benevolence, and to show the Evils of indiscriminate Relief; with some Remarks upon the schemes which have recently been submitted to Parliament."

A Reprint of Southwell's Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tean for the Death of our Saviour.

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The Sixth Edition, now offered to the Public, has received a variety of corrections and improvements. In the Historical Articles, the narrative has been continued, so as to embrace all the most memorable events which have occurred down to the present time. The Geographical and Statistical Articles have been adapted to the late political arrangements, and amended by incorporating the new information furnished by recent travellers, and references have been made to the new Articles in the Supplement, now in course of publication; so that the whole will form the most complete Repository of General Knowledge that has yet been given to the Public.

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THE CLUB.

No. XXXI.—FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1823.

THE Tradesman, who has for some time promised us a paper, brought the following essay to the Green Dragon this evening. Some of the readers of the Iris will not, perhaps, be aware that the subject is one which has lately engaged the attention of the first literary institution in the town, and with respect to which there exists a considerable difference of opinion.

The wealth of a nation is of two kinds, and consists either of the possessions, or of the skill and acquirements, of its inhabitants.

Under the first head is comprised the estates, real or personal, and the goods and implements of every kind, belonging either to the state generally, or to the individuals who compose its population.

Under the second head is comprehended the genius, learning, skill, strength, and ability of every kind, which is possessed by the individuals who make up the nation.

Both these kinds of wealth have *value in exchange*.

I use the term value in the sense in which it is employed in the ordinary intercourse of trade and commerce; and the meaning which I attach to the phrase "value in exchange" is, that the thing to which I apply it, will, if brought into the market, obtain for its possessor, some portion of the circulating medium of the country.

That the first kind of wealth, that which consists of estates, goods, and implements, has this value in exchange is universally admitted. With respect to the second kind, there exists a difference of opinion, which makes it necessary to show that the particulars of which it is composed, really have value in exchange; and are, consequently, portions, more or less important, of the entire wealth of the nation.

An individual who possesses ability of any kind can obtain *money*, that is *value*, in exchange for the exercise of that ability. This is equally true of the labourer, the mechanic, the schoolmaster, the lawyer, the author, the actor, the painter, or the buffoon.

In the case of all these persons, the value which they receive depends both on the *labour*, and on the *skill*, which they exert, or are supposed to be able to exert when the bargain is made; and in general the skill is held to be of far greater value than the labour. The most robust labourer is well paid by receiving, for the toil of a whole year, a sum which is given to an artist for the exercise of his skill during a few days.

In all cases too, the value which is received is greater or less in proportion to the degree of skill which the person is supposed to possess, who brings his talents or ingenuity to market. The author of Waverley gets ten thousand pounds for a new novel, while an unknown writer can scarcely obtain the same number of half-pence for a work of the same kind, which

fills an equal number of pages, and which a person who had no prejudices in favour of the "Northern Warlock," would in all probability pronounce to be quite as valuable.

This holds equally with respect to skill of every description. The lawyer who can puzzle a jury most successfully, the actor who can draw most tears, the physician whose prescriptions are followed by the smallest number of deaths, and the buffoon whose antics are most queer and uncommon; these, and all other artists, are paid in proportion to their reputed skill, the value of which, in exchange, is just so much of the circulating medium as they can obtain by engaging to exercise it for the profit, health, or pleasure of the purchaser.

Most writers on political economy, even though they admit that skill or talent may be a source of wealth to the possessor, deny that it can be so to the nation. The fee, say they, which is given to the lawyer or the physician, does unquestionably increase the wealth of these individuals, but only in the same proportion as it lessens that of those who pay them; there is, consequently, a transfer of property, but no increase, and the amount of national wealth is therefore not augmented.

But this reasoning, even when the facts on which it rests are exactly as they are here stated, is yet inconclusive. The wealth of a nation depends as much on the health and number of the people, and on the security of property and personal freedom, as on the extent of its lands, and the quantity of money and goods which is possessed by the people. Health, security of property, or of civil rights, are those ingredients in the sum of national wealth, which are received in exchange for the fees paid to the physician and the lawyer.

Of two nations which are in all other respects equal, that is the most wealthy in which the people are better able to labour, and more at liberty to apply their capital and skill to the improvement of their individual fortunes. This is as evident as the fact that property is more valuable in proportion as it is more secure, and labourers more productive in proportion to their strength. I infer, therefore, that the money which is paid for the renovation of a man's health, or the preservation of his property and civil rights, contributes as certainly to the increase of individual and national wealth, as if it had been expended in the purchase of a piece of machinery, or paid for the tillage of a field. It is in both cases, capital employed in such a manner as must evidently tend to increase the possessions of the community.

But if this is apparent while the exchange is confined to individuals of the same nation, it will be still more clearly so, if we extend our views beyond the limits of a particular community, and consider the wealth which is continually flowing into a country, the inhabitants of which are, in any way, more skilful than their neighbours.

I speak of skill generally. Every body will admit that the wealth of Great Britain has been

considerably increased by the sums received from foreigners in consequence of the superior skill of our mechanics and artisans. This fact is so clear that writers on political economy do not hesitate to include these useful members of society in the honourable class of *productive* labourers; while they have stigmatised the painter, the author, the physician, the actor, and a multitude of others, each of whom contributes in his way to the stock of the community, by applying to them the epithet *unproductive*. It will not however be difficult to evince that all these persons increase the wealth of the nation to which they belong, and that they do so in proportion to the degree of skill which they possess in their respective professions. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, or a poem by Lord Byron or Mr. Southey, is a saleable article in every country in Europe; and is as much, and indeed as *tangibly*, a portion of national wealth, as a spinning jenny or a steam engine. The opinion of a physician, or the performance of an actor, cannot indeed be made an article of traffic in precisely the same manner, but we all know that Mr. Kean has been able to extract money from the pockets even of the calculating population of America; and we have heard of eminent physicians to whom cases have been submitted, and who have received fees, from the inhabitants of the opposite hemisphere.

He must also, in estimating the wealth which is possessed by a nation in the skill of its inhabitants, consider the influx of travellers which is always occasioned by the possession of any kind of excellence. Great artists, eminent philosophers, celebrated dancers, authors, fiddlers, statesmen, or merry-andrews, these, or any of these, if uncommonly clever, are sufficient to attract a crowd of persons from other countries, by whose expenditure the nation which possesses these rarities is enriched.

It appears, therefore, that every kind of skill is a portion of the national wealth, as having value in exchange, and being capable of increasing the capital stock, not only of the individual who possesses it, but also that of the community to which he belongs. R.

STANZAS.

Farewell to the days of my childhood and youth,
Which gaily I spent in yon neat little vale,
Where each rustic peasant, in virtue and truth
Lives happy, though nought but the hill and the dale
Is the object of joy to attract his fair eye.

How oft have I rambled in summer's gay morn,
When the dew-drops were sprinkled o'er the green lawn,
To the lark's thrilling notes, nor wish'd to return,
Though often I stray'd,—from the morning's grey dawn,
Till the sun sunk to rest, 'hind yon hill to the west.

O 'twas joy most divine to walk with my sire
By the murm'ring streamlet that winds through the mead,
And while th' eventide bells so enchanted my ear,
To list to th' instruction he oft us'd to read
From the book of that God whom he taught me to love.

Alas! 'tis no more.—I must weep, though in vain,
For the times that are past and ne'er can return;
Adieu, then dear spot where nor sorrow, nor pain,
Nor dread of misfortune my bosom hath torn,
But where happy delight was shower'd from above.

Manchester.

HANORIGY.

THE PARK.

(Concluded from our last.)

Having devoted so much of my attention to the Drive and equestrians, I now turned some portion of it to the pedestrians, and here I was no less amused.—Amidst the crowd, I distinguished some of the legislators of our land lounging along, carelessly nodding to each other, and casting enquiring glances at every youthful female face, and every well-turned ankle.

Being freed from their attendance on their respective Houses of Parliament, they are enjoying their holiday most rationally, by leaving their clubs for an hour or so, to criticize on and admire the female attractions of the Park.—While others have looked in on their return from their favourite Sunday rendezvous, "Tattersall's," to see who is in the Park, or to talk over their bets for "the Derby" and "the Oaks"—"White's beau window is at four o'clock on a fine Sunday, as vacant as are the countenances of most of its frequenters, who are here seen sauntering up and down, evidently ennued by the unusual exertion.

"Brooks's" Menagerie is as empty as Exeter-Change on the Sabbath, and her bustling members may here be seen in deep chat, anticipating the debates of the coming week.—"Boodle's" also sends forth her sober, sedate-looking elders, to this scene of vernal gaiety, while the less *recherchés* "Watier's," "Arthur's," and "Cocoa-tree," with the universal UNITED service club, the *Munchausen* or "Traveller's Club," and the "New Union," pour forth their shoals, the members of all of which are as different and distinct in their air and appearance as in their habits and modes of life. They have but one or two feelings in common, which are those of finding time hang very heavily on their hands, thinking very highly of themselves individually, and fancying their own club decidedly superior to all the rest.

Milliners, dress-makers, and their pretty *piguate* looking apprentices, the two former in the newest and most expensive fashion, and the latter in an economical but fanciful abridgment of it, are here enjoying their *day of rest*, by promenading up and down this crowded walk from three till half-past six, displaying their pretty faces and smart dresses, to the envy of their rival female friends, and to the admiration of men of fashion, and ogling *Dandies* of every class.

A few women of fashion may be occasionally seen in this walk; but, as if ashamed of its vulgarity, they generally adopt the *incognito* of a large bonnet and veil, and carefully avoid recognizing their male acquaintance.

Ladies' maids, in the *outré* cast-off finery of their mistresses, and aping all their mincing paces and airs of fashion, with pretty nurse-maids, more attentive to the passing beaux than to their infantine charge, formed a considerable portion of the pedestrians.

Disgusted with this *melange*, and wishing to enjoy a little quiet, and fresh air, I crossed the Park, and walked along the retired part, known by the appellation of the Lovers' Walk.—Here, thought I, I am at last escaped from that motley crowd; once more I breathe a pure atmosphere, untainted by the breath of vanity and folly, and free from the overpowering mingled gales of Otto and Rose, Odour of Jessamine, Eau de Portugal, and Huile Antique.

Here I shall see only sober mortals like myself, who come for the purposes of air and exercise, and who, like me, wish to avoid the

contamination of Vanity Fair, at the other side of the Park.—"Well," I exclaimed, "I am glad to find there are some sensible people left in the world;" and my self-complacency was increased, when I saw a handsome carriage drive up, escorted by a gentleman on horseback, who handed from it a very lovely woman, fondled the babe that was left in the carriage with its nurse, with all the seeming affection of a parent, and then drawing the arm of his fair companion through his own, and still holding her pliant hand in his, walked gently along. The youth and visible affection of this handsome pair, gave me pleasurable emotions, and I was still more gratified by meeting three or four similar couples, all equally occupied with each other.—The equipages, but more than all, the air of elegance visible in these turtles, impressed me with a belief, that they were persons of rank and fashion, and I was delighted at finding so many instances of domestic felicity in the higher classes of society; but, alas! this sweet scene of conjugal bliss was quickly dissipated, for my friend C*** happening to ride past, observed me, and, giving his horse to his servant, soon joined me. I was on the point of expressing the pleasure I had experienced, in witnessing so many proofs of conjugal happiness, when my friend suddenly exclaimed, "It is too bad; it really is too bad."

—That couple who are this moment turning so abruptly from us, are the sixth pair of lovers that I have seen within the last ten minutes.—The ladies are all married, and mothers; their husbands, good, honourable, unsuspecting men, who believe their worthless partners to be, at this moment, at evening service, or occupied in paying friendly visits: some of the lovers, who are husbands and fathers themselves, are anxious to avoid publicity, and the others belong to that worthless race, known by the appellation of *Dandies*, who are more desirous to draw observation to their gallantries than to screen their guilty mistresses from scandal. I saw the tumbury of one of them standing by the carriage of the lady whom he was escorting; his groom, and her coachman and footman, were passing their coarse jokes on the apparent *tendresse* of his master and their mistress, and laughing at the credulity of the abused husband, while the gallant takes care to conduct his silly and worthless companion to the most exposed part of the walk, and to press her hand, and use all the freedoms that can lead the world to believe their guilt. My friend then mentioned the names of some of the parties, and I was shocked at finding the delinquents to belong to some of the most respectable families in the kingdom.

All my satisfaction and pleasure at the fancied domestic happiness which I had witnessed, was, in a few minutes, dashed to the ground; and, in its place, vice, depravity, and duplicity, "reared their horrid heads before me."

I turned from this scene with still greater disgust than that with which I had left the crowded promenade, and gave way to the reflections that intruded themselves on my mind.—"Am I indeed," (I mentally exclaimed), "in the capital of a Christian country, celebrated over all the world for its morals, its religion, and the virtues of its inhabitants, and is it thus the Sabbath is passed! I am no enemy to innocent recreation, and have no objection to permitting a part of this day to be devoted to healthful exercise and cheerful society; but let those who would call me a morose old Cynic for finding fault with what are generally termed innocent amusements, pause awhile, and, with me, reflect on the scene which we have this day witnessed, ere he accuse me of want of charity, or downright methodism.

Let me ask, what are the inducements that have this day filled the Park with such multitudes? Not the desire of air or exercise, because both could be enjoyed in much greater perfection in any other outlet than in this crowded, heated, and dusty scene. No: vanity, idleness, or some still greater vice, has led them hither. Many of the splendid equipages this day exhibited, the expenses of which, may have involved their extravagant owners, might never, perhaps, have been built, except for the wish of showing them in the Park; but the evil does not rest here.—The lady, who comes to display her elegant carriage in the Park, is but too apt to display her elegant self; her vanity, gratified with the admiration that both may excite, begets a self-complacency most dangerous to her unsettled and wavering principles; and the beau who handed her from the Opera the night before, is so sure (*purely by chance*) to meet her in the Park next day, and both having nothing else to do or to think of, are so glad to meet, that the check-string is pulled, and they cannot part until they have at least talked over the exquisite *ballet* and the divine *Noblet*. If the mischief ends here, it is well; but from such beginnings, many a fair and titled belle may date her ruin, and many a noble family its disgrace.

The competition in equipages, so injurious to the higher classes, is even still more so, to the middling. It engenders in them a passion for dress and idleness, and extravagance succeeds extravagance. Their attendance at divine worship is often given up, because it may interfere with the Park hours; and the expense of the dress to be worn there, leaves its wearer too poor to assist her fellow-creatures. The milliner must charge an extra price for her finery, and practice additional imposition, to enable her to sport the elegant pelisse and bonnet with which she adorns herself for the Park, and her pretty but thoughtless apprentice is so charmed with the admiration which she excites, and so anxious to appear in a still smarter dress, in which she thinks she will achieve additional conquests, that she falls an easy prey to the first designing libertine who marks her for his victim.

The young and unthinking *Dandy* is attracted by a sort of *eclat* attached to ladies of a certain class, and seeing them noticed by men, whom, from their station and age, he thinks worthy of imitation, he follows the bad example, loses the sense of shame that before restrained him, and forms connexions that often entail on him the most pernicious consequences.

The evils inevitably resulting from the scenes which I had witnessed in the Lovers' Walk, now recurred to me.—I fancied these women returning home to their unsuspecting and duped husbands, probably putting on the semblance of affection, the better to conceal their deception; every word of kindness uttered by husband or wife, commented on by the servants, who are in the secret of the evening walk, and who are exchanging glances of admiration at their mistress's talent at dissimulation; or, perhaps, viewing with pity the confiding victim of her arts.

In what situation do those wretched women place themselves and their husbands! If they are not lost to every feeling of honor, bitter must be the pang which they experience at every fresh proof of affection or confidence shewn them by their unsuspecting partners. They must live in a state of perpetual dread of discovery; and should they be so hardened as to be fearless of this, yet their pride, and what woman ever was known to be without pride! must be exposed to continual mortification from

observing the perfect understanding which their servants have of their misconduct.

I will not dwell on this painful picture; I will not add to it the infamy and disgrace of the guilty wife, or the probable death of the lover or husband, caused by the detection of her guilt:—no, the reader's mind will supply all that I have omitted; and if the perusal of these thoughts should lead any of my fellow beings to reflect on the waste of time in spending the Sabbath as I have described, I shall not have written them in vain.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF LORD BYRON,

(By Robert Scott, Editor of the *Cabinet of Portraits*.)

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, the grandson of the Hon. Admiral Byron, was born January the 22nd, 1788, and succeeded to the title in the tenth year of his age, on the death of William, Lord Byron, who in 1765 was convicted of manslaughter, at the bar of the House of Peers, for killing Mr. Chaworth, a relative to his lordship, in a duel. The mother of the present nobleman was descended from a family nearly allied to the ducal house of Gordon.

His Lordship received the principal part of his education at Harrow School, and at the age of sixteen was removed to the University of Cambridge, where he completed his studies. On leaving college, in his nineteenth year, he retired to Newstead Abbey, the seat of his ancestors; and shortly after, in 1807, at the importunity of his friends, published a volume of poems under the title of *Hours of Idleness*, which the Edinburgh Reviewers lashed very severely, counselling their noble author forthwith to abandon poetry and turn his talents to better account. To this merciless attack his lordship retorted with great severity, in a satirical effusion entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, of which two editions were sold in a very short time; but after another edition was ready for publication, its author thought proper to suppress it, though for what reason is unknown.

While at college, the eccentricity of Lord Byron evinced itself by his keeping a young bear, and making it the associate of his studies; and on quitting the University he left the animal in possession of his chambers, to stand, as he expressed it, candidate for the next vacant fellowship. Shortly after his residence at Newstead Abbey, he formed a strong attachment to a large Newfoundland dog, which he took great delight in training. In his aquatic excursions he had seldom any other companion; and being an excellent swimmer, he would often try the sagacity and fidelity of the animal, by falling out of the boat, as if by accident; upon which the dog never failed to jump overboard, and drag his master to the shore. In 1808 this faithful creature died, when his lordship caused a monument to be erected to its memory; in the epitaph on which are these lines:—

'To mark a friend's remains these stones arise:—
I never knew but one, and here he lies.'

About this period the noble lord, having found a skull in the cemetery of his ancestors, formed the strange idea of having it converted into a drinking cup; and being mounted on a silver stand, he wrote an inscription, which was engraven round it, and in which he says:—

'Quaff while thou can'st—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.'

In 1809 his lordship came of age, and took his seat in the House of Peers; shortly after which he went to Portugal, accompanied by Mr. John Cam Hobhouse. Having visited various parts of that country, they proceeded to Cadiz, and embarked for the Mediterranean. The travellers first explored Albania, and visited several other parts of the Ottoman dominions; and, on their arrival at Jounina, were introduced to Ali Pacha, by Major, now Colonel, Leake, the English resident. Ali received them with the greatest respect, and invited them to Tepaleni, his favourite seat. On their way thither they were overtaken by a tremendous

thunder storm, during which the guides lost their way, and it was with much difficulty, and no little peril, that they regained the right road in this mountainous country.

At Athens his lordship was much mortified on beholding the devastations committed by travellers, who had dismantled many of its chief beauties. But the greatest spoliation was committed by the orders of an English ambassador to the Porte, who caused several of the finest temples that were remaining to be nearly demolished; and on a pillar in the temple of Minerva had his own name, and that of his wife, engraved in the marble at a considerable height. On beholding this, Lord Byron determined to punish the presumption, by raising himself, with great difficulty, to the requisite height, and obliterating the Earl's name. That of the lady he gallantly left untouched; and farther to humble the pride of his brother peer, he caused two very severe lines to be deeply cut on the west side of the same temple. His indignation at these barbarities is further expressed in the introduction to the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*; in which Minerva is represented as addressing herself to the noble bard, and after speaking of the spoliation in her temple, she says:—

'First on the head of him who did the deed
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed.
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all his sons as senseless as their sire;
If one with wit the parent breed disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a better race;
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate.
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest native gusto is to sell:
To sell, and make (may shame record the day!)
The slave receiver of his pilfered prey.'

During Lord Byron's residence at Athens, he, in conjunction with Mr. John Flott, of St. John's College, caused a large block of marble, with a Greek epitaph by Mr. Walpole, to be placed over the grave of the learned John Tweddell, who died in that city, while on his travels, in 1799, and who was interred in the Theseum without any stone or inscription.

Lord Byron visited every part of the Morea, and travelled over Euboea, as well as the plains of Athens and Achaia; during which he cultivated his literary pursuits, and wrote several pieces, which he has since published. So great was his love of literature, that he gave a very valuable antique gem for a Triglot Manuscript Lexicon. From Athens his lordship embarked for Constantinople, on board the *Salsotte*. While laying in the Dardanelles, he agreed with Lieutenant Ekenhead to try the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont, and thus verify the story of Leander. On the 10th of May, 1810, they accomplished the task the one, in one hour and five; the other, in one hour and ten minutes; during which they swam upwards of four miles, although it is not above a mile across: this was owing to the rapidity of the current, which is such that no boat can row directly over. His lordship, in a poem written on this occasion, speaking of Leander, says,—

'Twere hard to say who fared the best,
Sad mortals thus the Gods shall plague you;
He lost his labour, I my jest—
For he was drown'd, and I've the age.'

Having visited Constantinople, and made some excursions in Romania, his lordship returned to Athens, when Mr. Hobhouse bent his course to England, and left his noble friend to sojourn a short time longer in Greece. During this second visit to Attica he wrote several of his most popular pieces. He returned to this country in 1811, after three years' absence, during which he lost his mother, who died in Scotland.

A few months after Lord Byron's return, he published the two first cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. This was in the spring of 1812. The great poetical merits of this production at once established his fame, in defiance of the unamiable character of its hero; and those reviewers who had so harshly treated his juvenile effusions concurred in the general opinion of its merits. The *Childe* was considered by many as an intended portraiture of the author; but surely no one could speak thus of himself:—

'In Albion's Isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most unthought,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,

Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,
Save concubines and carnat companions,
And flann'ing wassallors of high and low degree.'

His lordship likewise says in his preface: 'a fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece, which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends on whose opinion I set a high value, that in this fictitious character I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave once for all to disclaim. Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.'

In an after edition he further observed, 'I now leave *Childe Harold* to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been more easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less; but he never was intended as an example, farther than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures, and disappointment in new ones; and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected.'

After saying thus much, we cannot conceive how any one can suppose that the author meant the *Childe* as a personification of himself. Whether the character is calculated to have any effect on public morals is another question; and though he is 'a shameless wight,' we think him a very harmless one, who, though he may amuse, can neither do good nor evil to society.

On the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, his lordship wrote the introductory address which was spoken on the occasion. It was, however, very deficient in those beauties which the public had a right to expect from his highly gifted muse. In the same year he endeavoured to sell Newstead Abbey, and the manorial lands appertaining thereto. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds were to have been given for it; but the purchaser not being able to make good his payments, induced his lordship to re-enter his ancient mansion. Shortly afterwards a coal-mine was discovered on his estate at Rochdale, worth fifty thousand pounds.

In 1813 appeared the *Giaour*, a fragment of a Turkish tale. This poem, like *Childe Harold*, abounds in sad and solitary musings, but is fraught with strong poetic feeling. *Giaour* signifies infidel, and a note at the close of the poem gives the fact on which it is founded.

The same year also produced *The Bride of Abydos*, a Turkish tale, in which our author imposed upon himself the ungracious task of obtaining, by fine writing, mastery over a very objectionable story.

Early in the following year appeared the *Corssair*, a story, as the name imports, of a pirate chief, who had for his hold, from whence he and his gang issued out on their depredations, one of the *Egean* islands.

This latter poem was dedicated to his friend, Thomas Moore, in which he declared that this was the last time he should appear before the world as an author for some years. This resolution, however, he soon forgot; for within a few months he published anonymously a small poem called *Lara*, which is evidently, although not avowedly, an addition to the *Corssair*. This tale first appeared in conjunction with *Jaqueline*, by Mr. Rogers. About the same time his lordship also produced his *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*.

On the 2d of January, 1815, Lord Byron married Miss Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, shortly after which he published his *Hebrew Melodies*; and early in 1816 *The Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*.

In about a year after their marriage Lady Byron gave birth to a daughter; and in April, 1816, appeared the far famed *Fare thee well*, addressed to her ladyship, which gave authenticity to a rumour that the noble pair were separated. On this painful subject so little is known, and so much has been said, that we shall say but little ourselves. His lordship has honourably acquitted his wife of all blame, and therefore the fault must have been his own. We sincerely lament that a pair so liberally endowed by nature should be thus separated; but it is not the duty of a public

writer to multiply scandal and exaggerate reports, which can only serve to widen that breach which every feeling and humane mind must deplore. On the subject of his separation, his lordship also wrote *A Sketch from Private Life*, which certainly did not redound much to his lordship's credit.

In a very short time Lord Byron left the kingdom, with a determination, it is believed, never to return, and instantly proceeded to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. Continuing his tour, he arrived at Clarendon, on the Lake of Geneva, where he fixed his residence for some time. Here his manner of living was very reserved, and in some measure forbidding. Having invited M. Pictet and M. Bonstetten one day to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman to do the honours of the table and apologise for his absence. At another time, when engaged to an evening party at the house of a lady, he abruptly returned home on finding the drawing-room full.

Shortly after Lord Byron's arrival in Switzerland he wrote a *Monody on the late Mr. Sheridan*, which was spoken at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 7th of September, 1816. It is a warm tribute to one of the brightest luminaries of his day. Shortly after his lordship published *The Prisoner of Chillon, and other Poems*; at the same time appeared the *Third Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, in which the fiction of the character of the pilgrim is considerably dropped: it is clear that his lordship merely introduced him for the purpose of connecting the several descriptions. He appears at Waterloo, and keeps by the side of his lordship wherever he roamed. It is not so gloomy as most of his previous productions, and contains some of his best poetry.

In 1817 appeared *Manfred*, a dramatic poem, and one of his lordship's most extravagant productions. This was followed by *The Lament of Tasso*, a poem of infinite beauty and pathos. This idea was suggested by the noble author's visiting the Lunatic Asylum of St. Anne, at Ferrara, where the immortal but unfortunate Tasso was confined some years, for his presumption in aspiring to the love of the Princess Leonora of Este.

His lordship, having visited various parts of Italy, took up his residence for some time at Venice, where he was joined by his friend Mr. Hobhouse, with whom he went to Rome, and there finished the Fourth and last Canto of *Childe Harold*, which appeared early in 1818, with copious notes by his fellow traveller, who also published a volume entitled *Illustrations of Childe Harold*.

His lordship's next production was of a different cast of character, and gained him increased popularity by the piquancy of the subject and versification. This was the tale of *Beppo*, which, for dry humour and fluency of language, is unequalled. His lordship's next poem, *Mazeppa*, was also in a very original style, and displayed great imagery and richness.

In 1819 appeared the two first cantos of *Don Juan*, a poem possessing infinite talent, but which sunk the moral character of its author low—miserably low—in the estimation of all good and well-disposed persons. For some unexplained reason, the poem appeared without either author's or publisher's name; and as the law will not protect a copyright in an immoral work it became a common property, and was eagerly seized upon by the dregs of the bookselling trade, who, studying profit rather than character, deluge the country with impiety and obscenity. *Don Juan*, which was first published at two guineas, was therefore soon to be bought for one shilling, and every one was enabled to read the immoralities of his lordship's prostituted muse. Three more cantos were afterwards published, which were in every respect equal to the two first. The character of this poem has been thus drawn:—'Of this Odyssey of immorality there cannot be two opinions; for let the religious sentiments of the reader be as lax as possible, he must be shocked at the barefaced licentiousness of the poem, and the direct attempt made in it to recommend a promiscuous sexual intercourse as the sum of human happiness. Marriage is of course reprobated, and all the laws of social life are set at open defiance as violations of natural liberty. Lord Byron is the very *Comus* of poetry, who, by the bewitching airiness of his numbers, aims to turn the

moral world into a herd of monsters. It must, however, be allowed, that in his tale of *Don Juan* he has not acted the wily part of concealing the poison under the appearance of virtue: on the contrary, he makes a frank confession of his principles, and glories in vice with the unblushing temerity of a rampant satyr, who acknowledges no rule but appetite. The mischief of the work is rendered doubly so by the attractive gaiety of the language, the luxuriance of the imagery, and the humorous digressions with which the story is embellished and chequered.'

His lordship's next appearance was in a controversy with Mr. Bowles, the editor of the Works of Pope, whom the noble lord charged with having only glanced at some of the immoralities of the bard of Twickenham; but the main object of the epistle is to controvert the opinion that, for the power of poetical adaptation, art is inferior to nature. This Mr. Bowles fully answered in two letters.

Lord Byron next appeared as a dramatist in the production of *Marino Faliero*, a tragedy in five acts, which, however, is extremely dull; to this play was appended four cantos of a poem entitled *The Prophecy of Dante*. A few months afterwards he produced a volume containing *Sardanapalus*, a drama; *The Two Foscari*, a drama; and *Caia*, a mystery. This last piece was published against the advice of Mr. Murray, of Mr. Gifford, and even of Mr. Hobhouse. The blasphemous tendency of it is such that the lord chancellor refused to grant an injunction against a pirated edition, which one of the freebooters of the trade had brought out in a cheap form; and this, like *Don Juan*, has been printed in all shapes and at all prices.

Mr. Southey, the poet laureate, having been attacked by Lord Byron in several instances, at length retaliated, in his *Vision of Judgment*, by designating his lordship, and those of his stamp, as the 'Satanic School'; comparing them to the infidels from whose labours arose the French revolution. His lordship accordingly, in an appendix to *The Two Foscari*, repelled the accusation with vehemence; to which Mr. Southey replied through a letter in the public papers. Here the contest ended; but his lordship sought revenge by writing a *Parody on the Vision of Judgment*, which appeared in the first number of *The Liberal*, a work the most contemptible ever foisted upon the public with such high vauntings. The Pisan journal was expected to contain at least good writing, if not good morals; but it was miserably deficient in both, the whole weight lying on the shoulders of the noble bard, without whom a second number never could have made its appearance. In this publication the intended object seems to ridicule religion, and all the best institutions by which society is cemented; and it cannot fail to be a matter of general regret that the high degree of talent which his lordship evinces, even in the worst of his productions, and which might be employed with so much advantage to the general interests of society, should be directed with no better aim—to no better end.

His lordship's character is a strange compound of good and evil; for of the former many traits are in existence. It is said that he makes no profit of his writings, but that the copyrights of his most popular works have been given to particular friends, whose circumstances rendered the favour of great importance to them; or else have been a gift to his publisher, who in this case must have profited considerably by his lordship's muse. It is a well known fact that he has written a *Memoir of his own Life and Times*, which he presented as a tribute of friendship to Thomas Moore Esq. whose circumstances at the time were embarrassed through the failure of his agent at Bermuda. This production, which its noble author has prohibited from publication till after his death, was sold for two thousand pounds.

VERSES, BY J. MONTGOMERY.

Composed for the Anniversary of Robert Burns's Birthday, celebrated at Sheffield, 1820.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?
His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When sow'd his moral lay;
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play.

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest gloom;
The Halcyon in the calm:

In "Auld Kirk Alloway" the Owl
At 'witching time of night;
By "Bonnie Doon" the earliest fowl
That carol'd to the light:

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At "Bannockburn" the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:

The Woodlark in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his power,
Enrapt'ring heaven and earth:

The Swan in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But round,—no Falcon in the chase
Could, like his satire, kill:

The Linnet in simplicity;
In tenderness the Dove;
But, more than all beside, was he
The Nightingale in love!

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice;
How had Devotion lov'd to name
That Bird of Paradise.

Peace to the dead! In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He springs from his spontaneous fire,
The Phoenix of them all!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ESSAY

ON CALORIC AND COLD, AS CONNECTED WITH
ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

(Concluded from our last.)

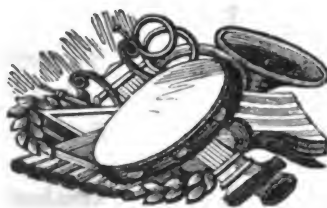
Ice may be considered a reflecting mirror, and acts, in fact, as such. The light of day obscures that of the stars, and for the same reason the Aurora Borealis can only be seen after sunset. It is needless to remark, that magnetism is then more abundant than electricity; and as I consider also thunder and lightning the result of a combination of electricity and magnetism, the reverse takes place; that is to say, that under these circumstances electricity is in a greater proportion, and that this agent being generally accompanied by light, this phenomenon is visible in the day time, as well as during night;—in a word, one exhibits itself under the equator particularly, and in warm climates, and the other towards the poles, and cold regions. Although these two fluids are every where in constant and perpetual action, it is no less evident that the first exercises its power in the summer especially, and the latter in the winter.—In the last mentioned season, are the astonishing effects of electricity ever observable? Is it not remarkable, that if a few flashes of lightning are sometimes seen in this season, it is only on days unusually warm for the time of the year? The effect of heat in producing electricity, is very evident in eruptions of volcanos, the immense cloud of vapour proceeding from which, exhibiting the most vivid flashes of lightning, followed by thunder extraordinarily loud, as was particularly in the eruption of Vesuvius, in 1779. By analogy I would explain why in summer, our fields are often laid waste by severe hail storms; it is because at those times there exists a sufficient quantity of the magnetic fluid to congeal the vapours floating in the atmosphere. In the same way I explain why, in the beginning of autumn, and very late in the spring snow falls on the mountains; and why, in fine, in the months

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLOWN.

THE WORDS BY

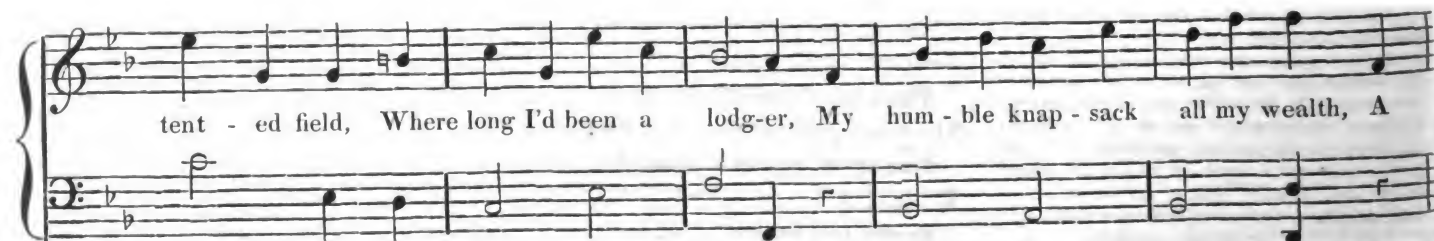
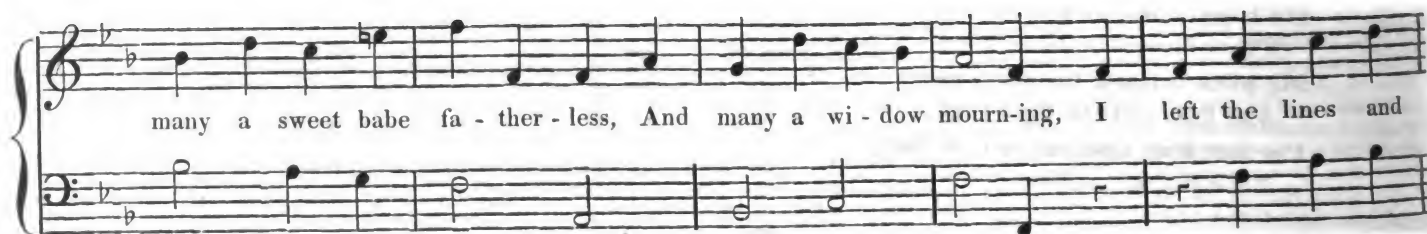
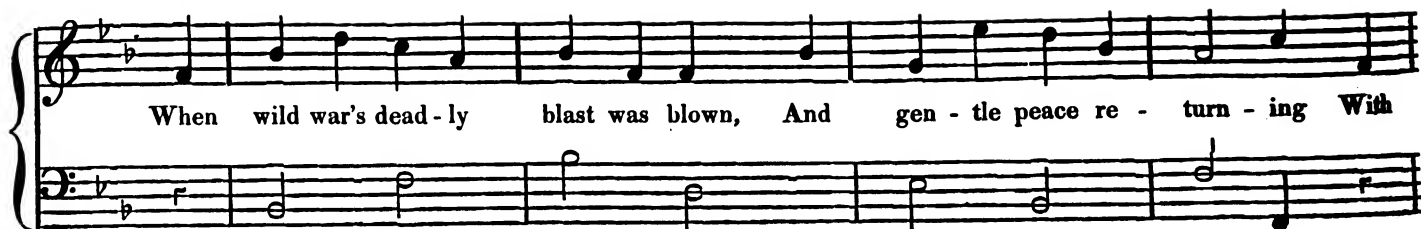
ROBERT BURNS.

Composed expressly for



the Manchester Iris.

Andantino
con
Expressivo.



2

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd with plunder ;
 And for fair Scotland, home again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks of Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

3

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported ;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy oft I courted :
 Who spied I but my own dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling !
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my eyes was swelling.

4

With alter'd voice, said I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom :
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain would be thy lodger ;
 I've serv'd my king and country long,
 Take pity on a soldier.

8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The soldier's wealth is honour ;
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

5

So wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever ;
 Said she, a soldier once I loved,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot, and homely fare,
 You freely shall partake it,
 That gallant hadge, the dear cockade,
 You're welcome for the sake o't.

6

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
 Then pale like any lily ;
 She sank within my arms and cried,
 Art thou my own dear Willie ?
 By him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man ; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

7

The wars are o'er, and I'm come home,
 And find thee still true hearted ;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And more we'll ne'er be parted.
 Said she, my grandsire left me gold,
 A mailin plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithful soldier lad
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

of October and November, it falls so abundantly in cold regions, as Canada, Switzerland, and the north of Germany, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Russia, &c.; in a word, in all countries near the poles. If any incredulous person should ask why the phenomena of hail and snow never occur under the equator or within the tropics, except on the Andes, I would answer that that very circumstance proves the justness of my argument. However, it is remarkable, that when the cold is very intense, the magnetic fluid has too much power to allow the atmospheric vapours to rise from the earth, by their condensation below, so that the sky is then clear; the same takes place in the summer by an opposite cause, that is to say, by the rarefaction; fogs and abundant rains are the result of a kind of a negative action of those two agents; from this it is easy to explain why the cord of an hydrometer is tense or relaxed, and why the spirit of wine or mercury rises or falls in the barometer. Having explained by what means the atmospheric vapours are congealed, it will not be difficult to show why the electric fluid, and, I may add here, the galvanic fluid, which is a modification of the same, instantly consume and reduce metals; it is by a force opposed to that which congeals them. The magnetic fluid is the most rectified part of cold, as the electric is the most rectified part of caloric. I have already observed that these two fluids are present in every place, and in constant and perpetual action; that the cause of the magnetic fluid existed principally about the poles, and that the needle consequently obeys their attraction. To these facts, I think we may add one more, which may in time resolve many great problems and difficulties. What I have to remark is, that, each of these fluids flows in a current or stream, which divides the globe into four equal parts, the magnetic from north to south, the electric from east to west. This will perhaps sufficiently explain why their shock causes peals of thunder, as well as the quivering of the clouds by flashes of lightning. This continual current of the magnetic fluid from north to south, in my opinion, obliges the needle to remain in that position; so that having here a good explanation of the phenomenon, there will be no necessity for supposing the whole earth a magnet. When I perceive and pause upon these laws, which govern the universe, I acknowledge with deep felt admiration the power and wisdom of the beneficent Creator. I behold the celestial bodies linked to our planetary system, majestically rolling from east to west, round a common centre, which itself obeys the universal law of gravitation. This law is to the sun, the glorious orb of day, what that of death is to the mighty potentates of earth.—The immortal Galileo, who ought during his life to have been much more honoured than even Newton and Franklin have been, received perpetual imprisonment as the reward of his genius. As for me, an obscure man, who dare to follow in the steps of these philosophers, I fear not, (thanks to the age in which we live,) the fate of the former, nor does my ambition aspire to the renown of the latter, I declare, that to them I owe every thing; I do but draw my inferences from the great principles which they have established.

ANALYSIS OF THE ABOVE SYSTEM.

The division of our planet into three kingdoms only, is evidently defective, and this is the proof. Is it not true that in arithmetic as well as in mathematics, the divisor must be contained in the dividend, and the quotient must

reproduce the dividend when multiplied by the divisor? Now, the division of the earth into three kingdoms only, does not distinguish one part three times larger than all the others together, inasmuch as to this day, the sea water in general, the air and ether have not been included in the kingdoms of nature. It is not the less true that they form an integral part of the same; and doubtless to this defective division, is to be attributed the obscurity in which the system of the world has been so long involved. Let a fourth kingdom then be admitted, under the denomination of *meteonical*, because from it meteors generally proceed, and in it exhibit their most extraordinary phenomena. Let these four agents also be admitted, caloric and cold, electricity and magnetism; of which the cause is now known. Let it be admitted that each of these, by an opposing force, contributes to the preservation and animation of nature, and this grand universe, and wonderful machine will be more open to our comprehension, to our judgment, and to our understanding, than this little and mortal frame in which I feel the throbbings of the heart.

I am too well aware of the power of habit, of education, and the prejudices to which these give birth, not to perceive that reason itself must slowly come to light. Though I have proved the cause of *frigorice*, many will perhaps admit a causeless effect rather than accept the proof which I have demonstrated.

However, to hasten conviction, may I be permitted to transfer to earth, those laws which govern the heavens—those sublime laws which were ascertained by the immortal Newton! Let any one answer me whether they act not, operate not, by opposing forces, in which God has shown to mankind the mightiness of his power, and the infinity of his wisdom.

Born in an age of revolutions, may I have, at least, the happiness of contributing to one which shall be useful to mankind.

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON, WITH SOME PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON CONDUCTING RODS.

The cotton mills of ***** and Co. in Pendleton, are remarkable for their insulated situation, standing in the midst of an extensive flat, formed by the rich alluvial lands of the Irwell. One of the mills, which is lofty, is furnished with a conductor at each end. Some years ago, the electric fluid passed down the chimney of a cottage not more than 20 or 30 yards from one of these conductors, which was then imperfect, not reaching the ground. A woman standing near the fire of the cottage, was struck down by the fluid, but not seriously injured. Alarmed at this accident, the mechanics of the mills repaired the rod, but did not make it descend into the ground above a foot. Since then, cellar windows having been put out at the same end of the building, the end of the rod became exposed, in which state it still remains. Passing by this road, at a late hour of the night, during last autumn, a faint light attracted my attention, which seemed to proceed from a window, but on approaching nearer, I was surprised to find it issuing from the end of the rod, exactly resembling the pencil of light which proceeds from a pointed wire, in electrical experiments. I immediately withdrew. Some time previous to this, this same mill was discovered to be on fire, early on a Sunday morning, and was saved with difficulty. How the fire originated, I believe, could never be ascertained. I have often thought since witnessing the above

phenomenon, that this mill might have been set on fire by a discharge of the electric fluid. The following circumstances strengthen this supposition. In this mill there is an immense upright iron shaft, and the imperfect conductor is nailed to the wall, which has not only chinks in it, but is penetrated by several iron cramps.

It is a matter of deep regret, to observe how tardy the world is in availing itself of important discoveries and inventions.* Ages roll away before the most useful become general; and many are never known, beyond the premises of the men whose genius gave them birth. A deep rooted prejudice against all that is new, and deeper veneration for all that is old, seem to be the chief causes of this anomaly. A train of reflections similar to this has many times passed through my mind, on seeing high buildings without conducting rods, or with very imperfect ones.

As an excuse for neglect, some persons pretend that there is but little danger; but when we consider the great number of melancholy cases of death by lightning, annually inserted in the newspapers, we cannot admit their conclusions to be just. To scientific men it is well known, that the air is always positively or negatively charged, and that lofty and insulated situations are in continual danger. A few weeks ago, the newspapers recorded a case of some sheep being destroyed by lightning, on a certain hill, in a gentleman's farm; like misfortunes having several times happened to cattle on the same spot. I shall not enter into the question any further; but proceed to offer a few hints respecting the formation of conducting rods. Iron, on account of its cheapness, is the metal most usually employed, but it is not so good a conductor as some others. In respect to their conducting power, metals are now, I believe, classed in the following order.

- | | |
|-------------|------------------|
| 1. Copper | 6. Iron |
| 2. Gold | 7. Tin |
| 3. Silver | 8. Quicksilver |
| 4. Platinum | 9. Lead |
| 5. Brass | 10. Semi-metals. |

Copper is therefore the metal that ought to be employed, not only on account of its superiority as a conductor, but also from its being less disposed to rust than iron.

Conducting rods seldom rise sufficiently high, and seldom descend low enough into the earth. They should rise 10 or 12 feet above the highest part of the building, and the points at the top should not be less than 4 or 5 feet long. The rods should not be formed in links, nor should they be nailed to the wall: they should penetrate deep into the earth, several feet below the foundation of the building; bricks, lime, sand and dry earth, being very bad conductors. It is well known that the electric fluid is conducted over the surface of bodies, and yet when they are coated with a non-conducting substance, as sealing wax, they conduct equally well. The rods ought therefore to be painted, or covered with a resinous composition.

Trees are frequently destroyed by lightning, and cattle that seek shelter under them. A gentleman had several favorite oaks, in a meadow before his house, one of which, a few years ago, was rent to pieces by a stroke of the electric fluid, and two colts killed that were under it. After this accident, he felt considerable alarm every time it thundered or lightened. I recom-

* It is said that after the potatoe was known to be a cheap and nutritious root, its introduction was opposed by the poor for more than 200 years: a root that was designed by the Almighty to be the chief support of millions of human beings.

mended him to apply conducting rods to the remaining trees, and his house. He did so, and says, that ever since he has felt perfectly easy. He made the rods rise considerably higher than the top branches of the trees, and the rod on the tree nearest his house, he made subservient to another purpose. It had five radii on the top, one vertical, on which turned a small gilt weathercock; the other four projected towards the cardinal points.

Pendleton, March 27, 1823. A FRIEND.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of Question No. 62, by I. G.

A.

B. C. d. D.

Join AB, BC, AC; and produce BC to D. In CD take any point d as a centre; and with radius da, taking do : Cd :: 9 : 8, intersect the line AC. Through the point A draw AD parallel to ad; then will D be the point where the ship A overtakes B; for, as the two triangles ADC and adC are similar, AD : CD :: 9 : 8.

Hence we have given, AB = 1; and BC = 2; suppose CD = x; then $(8x + 2)^2 + 1 = (9x)^2$ or $64x^2 + 32x + 4 + 1 = 81x^2$; hence $x = 2.04$; and CD = $8x = 16.3$ miles; also AD = $9x = 18.34$ —consequently the angle ADB will be found, by trigonometry, to be $3^\circ 8'$ west of south.

Messrs. Hill, Wilson, and Jones, have favoured us with neat solutions to the same question.

Question No. 65, by Mr. Jones, Chorlton Row.

I am required to cut off from the corner of a field, where the fences form an angle of 95° , a triangular area. The fence to be made for this purpose, is to go directly across the corner of the field, and to pass by a tree which stands within the field, and which is 300 yards distant from the corner of the field. This tree is to bisect the new fence, and a line drawn from it to the angular point of the field will divide the angle 95° into two angles of 60° and 35° . What, then, will be the area of the triangle cut off?

THE CABINET.

THE FLOOD OF THERALY, the GIRD OF PROVIDENCE, and other Poems, from the pen of BARRY CORNWALL, enable us to enrich our columns, with some inimitable sketches of Fancy.—

Still the rain fell:

No pitying, no relapse, no hope:—The world Was vanishing like a dream. Lightning and Storm, Thunder and deluging rain, now vexed the air To madness, and the riotous winds laughed out Like Bacchanals, whose cups some god has charmed, Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines; And piles of marble, palace and pyramid (Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees Upborn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed, Vast herds and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts Bellowing, and vainly with the shoking waves Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned: All on the altar of the giant Sea Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs, Whose blood allays the burning wrath of gods.

The last who lived was one

Who clung to life because a frail child lay Upon her heart: weary, and gaunt, and worn, From point to point she sped, with mangled feet, Bearing for aye her little load of love:— Both died,—last martyrs of another's sins, Last children they of Earth's sad family. Still fell the flooding rains. Still the Earth shrank: And Rain held his straight terrific way. Piercing lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder (Beast of the fiery air) howled from his cloud, Exulting, towards the storm eclipsed moon. Below, the Ocean rose boiling and black, And flung its monstrous billows far and wide, Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills; Then its dark throat it bared and rocky tusks, Where, with enormous waves on their broad backs, The demons of the deep were raging loud; And raked to hideous mirth or bitter scorn

Howled the Sea-angels; and earth-buried broods Of Giants in their chains toiled to and fro, And the sea lion and the whale were swung Like atoms round and round.—

Mankind was dead:

And birds whose active wings once cut the air, And beasts that spurred the waters,—all were dead: And every reptile of the woods had died Which crawled or stung, and every crawling worm:— The untamed tiger in his den, the mole In his dark home—were choked: the darting ounce, And the blind adder and the stoic fell down Dead, and the stuffed mammoth, a vast bulk, Was washed far out amongst the populous foam: And there the serpent, which few hours ago Could crack the paucity in his scaly arms, Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey. And now, all o'er the deep corpses were strewn, White-foaming millions, like the rubbish flung Forth when a plague prevails; the rest down-sucked, Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.

The Flood of Thersaly.

We took her, gently, in his radiant arms, And breathed on her, and bore her through the air, Hushing from time to time her sweet alarms, And whispering still that one so good and fair Should dread no evil thought and know no care: And still they flew, and around a lustre played, Near them, as near a figure plays its shade.

Their course seemed pointed to some southern shore. Over the waters where the trade-winds blew They passed, and where men find the golden ore; And where long since the Hesperian apples grew; While, far beneath, the Old world and the New Stretched out their tiny shapes, and their thick chain Of islands, sparkling like bright gems the main.

And then they moved beneath a lovelier sky, O'er green savannahs where cool waters run; O'er hills and valleys: o'er vast plains that lie Flat, deserts blighted by the Afric sun; Over spice-groves and woods of cinnamon; By Siam and Malay; and many a fair Bright country basking in the Indian air.

Whither they journey'd then, ah, who may tell!— Beyond all limits that the sailor knows; Beyond the ocean; and beyond the swell Of mountains; and beyond the Antarctic snows: To some sweet haven, 'tis told, where softly glows Perpetual day,—some island of the air: We know its beauty; but we know not where.—

Eternal forests, on whose boughs the Spring Hung undecaying, fenced the place around, And amorous vines (like serpents without sting) Clung to the trees, or trailed on the green ground, And fountains threw on high a silver sound, And glades interminably long, between Whose branches sported the grey deer, were seen.

And from the clustering boughs the nightingale Sang her lament; while on a reedy stream, Which murmured and far off was heard to fall, The swan went sailing by, like a white dream; And somewhere near did the lone cuckoo call, But none made answer; and his amorous theme The thrush loud uttered till it spoke of pain; And many a creature sang, but seemed to sing in vain.

There, rich with fruits, the tree of Paradise (The plantain) spread its large and slender leaves, And there the pictur'd palm was seen to rise, And trembling aspen, and the tree that grieves, (The willow) and sun-flowers like golden sheaves; The lady lily paler than the moon, And roses, laden with the breath of June.

The Gird of Providence.

MR. EDITOR.—As your last Iris, No. 61, contains some interesting remarks on the Hand-writing of various English Monarchs, extracted from D'Israeli's Second Series of Literary Curiosities, the following article, on the Hand-writing of some of the most eminent Living Poets, from the same Work, with additional strictures on the subject of Autographs, by the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, will, I doubt not, prove equally acceptable to the generosity of your readers.

Yours, S. X.

March 31st, 1823.

POETICAL HAND-WRITINGS.

"I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first, Sir W. Scott, in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, Lord Byron, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third, Rogers, writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avoca-

tions; the fourth, Campbell, has all that finished neatness, which polishes his verses; while the fifth, Southey, is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs." D'Israeli.

Were it necessary, we could easily verify the accuracy of the above statements; in addition to which we present our readers with some brief characteristic strictures on the autograph of our contemporary Authors.

"Wordsworth's hand-writing is clumsy, strong, and unequal—more unequal than any great man's autograph we have ever happened to see.... Coleridge's is a beautiful but very quaint and eccentric one: it is more like 'The Ancient Mariner' than 'Genevieve'—and not in the least like 'The Friend'.... Mr. Crabbe writes like an elegant woman, every dot marked, but the lines flowing and sweetly formed. One, to look at it, would rather suspect him of a soft sentimental novel than of 'Sir Eustace Gray,' or 'Peter Grimes'.... Mr. Jeffrey writes as if he wrote against time with a stick dipped in ink—never was such a hideous unintelligible scrawl: yet there is a power and vivacity about it not unlike the man. It is quick, careless, and inaccurate to the last degree,—the hand-writing of a Reviewer—not of an Author.... Mr. Gifford, again, has the slow distinct formal fingers of a commentator—yet his hand-writing is a striking one, too, in some particulars.... Hoggs' autograph seems as he had never been designed but for painful chronicling of small beer. It is stiff, rigid, scraggy—he could no more execute a flourish than a hexameter—but then the author of the Queen's Wake taught himself to write from imitation of printed books at twenty years of age.... Allan Cunningham writes a good running well-fashioned hand—his tasteful eye, conversant with the finest forms of art, has enabled him to sink the stone-mason.... Mr. Wragham's hand-writing has the accurate and beautiful precision of his classical style.... Theodore Hook writes as if he had penned billets-doux rather than comedies—Odoberty, strange contradiction, boasts one of the most easy, and, at the same time, finished autographs in the world—one would swear he was as incapable of inditing a blackguard ballad as Southey himself.... Tickler has a formal antique flat, that would equally set conjecture at defiance.... Mr. Canning's penmanship has all the chasteness, and at the same time all the nervous weight of his mind. But there is not the least of his ornamental rhetoric in its turns.... Mr. Peel writes a sober, sobolelike hand—a true Christ-church fist.... Cobbett's hand-writing is very like Brougham's, only thicker in the hairstroke, and the pen not quite so well made.... Old Henry M'Kintie still writes as if he were under five and thirty, we mean as to the ease and firmness of the hand—the shapes are not like the author of Julia de Ronbigne, but the Exchequer attorney.... Mr. Milman possesses a hand-writing of the most elaborate elegance—there is something stately in his very commas, and his capitals have a gorgeousness that looks almost sublime.... Professor Egan's hand-writing was a very fine one when he wrote the first *Boxiana*; but he has now acquired a slovenly use of the bunch of fives.... Croley writes with a furious, rambling, excurative, but most vigorous paw."—Blackwood's Mag.

REVIEWS.

The Life of Alexander Reid, a Scottish Covenantant.—Written by himself, and Edited by Archibald Prentice, his Great-Grandson, with Notes and an Appendix, forming a brief History of the attempts of Charles II. and James II., to establish Episcopacy in Scotland.

We have recently had the character of the Scotch Puritans presented in so very different points of view, and in such opposite lights, that it is not easy to discover the truth concerning them. By some they are considered as martyrs to the good cause, and their memory is cherished with reverence and veneration. By others their enthusiasm is laughed at, their manners and language are ridiculed, and they are branded as rebels to that lawful authority which sought only to repress their

extravagances and bring them back to the Episcopal Church which they had ignorantly left. He who pores over the folio pages of the voluminous Wedrow sees in every sufferer a patriot and a hero, while the reader of the fascinating Sir Walter shrinks with disgust at the very name of the fanatical bigots. Amidst these conflicting opinions, here is one of the very party in question standing forward, and presenting a picture of himself and his compatriots, so plain yet characteristic, that he who runs may read the distinguishing features of the sect. Here is an honest yeoman who fought at Bothwell Bridge (and for aught we know with his own pruning hook converted into a spear) who tells us what he thought and what he did. His descendant, who seems to have some of the old whiggish leaven in himself, manifestly considers the rustic warrior as an eminent example of piety and patriotism. But our business with him is as the representative of the covenanters, and viewing them through this medium it is impossible to deny that they had good cause for resistance. Nor can we with justice join in the ridicule which modern authors have thrown on them.

There is much in this little volume which may seem in this age of tolerated opinion to have been uncalculated for enthusiasm, yet considered in reference to those dreadful times, it appears no more than the feeling natural to men whose religious liberty is in imminent danger. The passage in which Reid gives an account of certain conflicts with the Evil One reminded us of some scenes in "Old Mortality;" without however that excitement of risibility which the ingenious "unknown" creates by his somewhat caricatured representations. We subjoin a short extract as a specimen of the language and feelings of Reid's time.

"Now I have only a word unto you my own children: I am brought low with sickness, my body is very weak and seemingly I will not be long with you; and this is my last advice or whether it be the last or not, yet I give it as my last in writ, exhorting you to seek the Lord in your young days. Be diligent in reading the scriptures when ye are young, and ye will remember them when ye are old; I know the experience of this. Be tender one of another; and beware of outcastings and janglings amongst yourselves for the Psalmist says, 'How sweet a thing it is and how becoming well for such as are brethren to dwell together in unity.'" "I advise you through grace to own our purest reformation and covenants which our fathers owned, and the Lord countenanced eminently, as our fathers have told us. And truly I regret and lament that these covenants seem to be buried, and as I said before little or no word of them, as though our fathers the worthy reformers, had been fools, and our worthy martyrs who suffered at Pentland and Bothwell, yea all who suffered during the bloody persecution had been blockheads and madmen." "I desire all of you that may be alive after my death, if your mother be alive, that ye be kind to her: for she hath been afflicted in all my afflictions since she and I met, and carried courageously in our sharpest trials."

The Pyrenees, and the South of France, during the months of November and December 1822.
By A. THIERS. London, 1823.

This little volume (which has but just reached us) appears to contain information that will prove peculiarly interesting at the present moment.—The parts which we have had time to examine seem to us to be sketched with fidelity, and by an acute observer.—We subjoin a couple of extracts:—

The Spanish nation is one of the best endowed by nature which exists. Its temperament is ardent, and for that reason it requires more than any other that nature should be improved by education. No people rush upon their enemies with greater violence, nor does any fly with more precipitation; none are more proud and haughty, I may even say, more insolent; none are more humble in their submission; all the Spanish fugitives who were in our territory, terrified by their late defeat, saluted the French whom they met on the road with extraordinary humility. Who does not see in all these points, the impulsions of an imagination, which, left to itself, is by turns courageous or

cowardly, proud or submissive? It is the same with all ardent and violent people, the Italians, Egyptians, Turks, &c.

We need but examine these fine countenances, those lively gestures, those ardent eyes, to see that nature has a predilection for these sensible beings, and that there is in them a powerful spring, disposed to strong re-action. They will unquestionably be most intelligent and most eager in the pursuit of any object; but their intelligence wants to be enlightened, and an equitable impulse to be given to their energies. In their present state, however, the Spaniards are of all people, that which, with the greatest need of education, has the least, and which has remained most backward in the career of European civilization.

They have the credit of possessing great perseverance, but I believe that people have been deceived, in imputing to their character the duration of a resistance, which is owing to their situation. The Spaniards expelled the Moors, they repulsed Bonaparte, and it has been inferred from this, that they are the most obstinate of mankind. What they have done once, I certainly think they would do again, and that foreigners would be as ill received now as on former occasions; but I must explain why. The Spaniards were the first in Europe who favoured manufactures; but the discovery of the new world stopped them at once. Possessing gold and silver, they were contented to purchase every thing from other countries, and made nothing themselves. They have become lazy and indolent, and have sunk into profound ignorance. I will here make a remark which has struck me. Industry was communicated from the South to the North, and now the North begins to return it to the South. The same has been the case with liberty, the interchanges of which have been still more frequent. She advanced from the South to the barbarian North; she returned to us from the North in the last century; and now perhaps she will be sent back from the South to the subjugated North.

The Spaniards have, therefore, remained behind hand, have not cultivated their lands, and have established no manufactures; they have despised those whom they paid, for by a strange mistake, it is common enough for him who buys and pays, to fancy himself above him, who sells and receives. Ignorance has combined with these causes to make them despise other people whom they did not visit, and with whose progress they were unacquainted. Their priests have told them, that to think differently from them, was absurd and contemptible; and they have believed them. Even without being fanatical, they have detested all who differed from them in ideas and religious belief; they have become almost as exclusive as the Jews formerly were, and they bear towards foreigners a hatred, mingled with pride and contempt.—p. 121.

This ignorant, violent, lazy, and poor people, must be employed and fed, until they become sensible of the advantages which industry procures; but until they acquire a home and the means of regular subsistence, they will fly with joy to the first signal which is given them from the mountains. We need not therefore be at all surprised at the facility with which the Regency of Urgel has drawn some villages into insurrection. But if insurrection is easy, the case is otherwise as to its success and duration. In fact, when the Regency thought proper to appoint ministers and generals, and to attempt a regular campaign, it was beaten. It will be said that it might have done against Mina what the Cortes of Cadiz did against Bonaparte. To this there is but one reply. These guerillas, who have risen for a moment in the Pyrenees, are good for nothing against their own countrymen, in whom there is nothing to excite their passions; on the contrary, the sight of a stranger, differing from themselves in language, dress, and countenance, animates them even to fury. These differences are unpardonable in their eyes, and they pursue them with extreme inveteracy. Add to this the fine uniforms, handsome arms, gorgings, and brilliant buttons, to pillage from foreigners; and there are more than sufficient reasons to make them fight in every desile in Spain. Besides they have an advantage over the enemy, which they have not over countrymen, sobriety, and a perfect acquaintance with the country and its localities.

These guerillas, who are so weak against Mina, will

therefore be very formidable to foreigners. Providence seems to have ordained, that when it gave men a country, they should be able to preserve it, and with that view to have given them an irresistible force on their own soil. There is a great deal of meaning in the fable which says, that a giant on touching his mother earth, acquired new and terrible strength.—p. 89.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

SPRING PROMENADE COSTUME.

A round dress of fine cambric or India muslin, trimmed round the border with three Vandyke flounces, set or plain, of muslin richly embroidered, and each point edged with narrow lace of Urling's manufacture. A mantle of pale Ceylon ruby, or of bright rose colour, is worn over this dress, with Capuchin hood and standing-up collar above; the mantle is lined throughout with figured saracen or gossamer satin of a lighter shade, or else with white; but that also is figured, and generally the figures on the white ground correspond in colour with that of the mantle, which is edged all round with a fold of satin, of a moderate breadth, cut in bias. The bonnet is of a shape entirely novel; with a mandarin double crown pointed at the top. The bonnet is of the same colour as the mantle; and the divisions of the mandarin crown are edged with a delicate silk fringe, or with white blond. On the left side is placed a very large full-blown rose. A small corsette of fine lace is worn underneath the bonnet, which, according to the fashion of the present day, is placed very backward. Half-boots of corded *gros de Naples* and lemon-coloured kid gloves complete this elegantly simple and highly distinguished costume.

EVENING FULL DRESS.

A dress of pink or celestial blue satin, trimmed round with a coquillage border of the same material, edged with fine blond; and each shell beaded with a rich ornament of white silk, wrought in a trefoil form; the border enclosed in *rouleaux* of pink satin. Corsage of satin, with stripes formed of white *rouleaux*. The sleeves formed of falling ornaments, crosswise, and edged with blond; very short. Falling tucker of lace, of a Vandyke pattern. A superb necklace, forming a *rouleau* of fine pearls, closely twisted, with pearl earrings. The necklace is certainly more costly than beautiful, for the intrinsic value of the pearls is lost by their being so closely wound over each other. A gold chain, of exquisite workmanship, however, gives a relief to the heavy appearance of the necklace: from the chain depends an eye-glass. The hair is arranged *a la Milanaise*, with a Grecian *bandeau* tiara of satin, enriched with pearls; though some Ladies ornament this tiara with sapphire or turquoise stones, and twine a few pearls lightly through the hair. The slippers are of white satin, and are made more long-quartered than formerly, so as to discover the beauty of the instep; they are ornamented with tassels of pearls instead of rosettes.

VARIETIES.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS OR FLOWERS THE WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT SPOILING.—Mix 1 lb. of nitre with 2 lbs. of bole ammoniac and 3 lbs. of clean common sand; then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sort, which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an open glass till it is quite full—cover the glass with oiled cloth closely tied down. Put the glass 3 or 4 inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of 3 or 4 inches with the above mixture. The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

ANECDOTE.—Among the *dehancements* of the learned, which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank:—Some years ago there were several large elm-trees in the College garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, Doctors' Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of *convocation* of aerial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman, who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game by means of a cross-bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch,

no sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profligate* time of peace; and the Doctor, having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length fully satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery. He actually wrote a *Treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion, giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that rooks were subject to *epilepsy*!

GAS AND MACHINERY.—It is pleasing to observe the triumphs of English enterprise and art, in the most distant parts of Europe. An English house has just obtained the privilege of lighting with Gas, throughout the whole Russian Empire, for the next ten years; and M. Pfog, a merchant of Petersburg, has ordered from England a machine, by means of which thirty ships-cables may be manufactured in a day.

EXTRAORDINARY PROGRESSION.—There is an instance, hitherto unnoticed in the annals of English industry, where, by the manufacture, an article is raised in price from *one half-penny* to the amount of *thirty-five thousand guineas*. This takes place in the art of a watch-spring-maker. A pound of crude iron costs a half-penny, it is converted into steel, that steel is made into watch-springs; every one of which is sold for half a guinea, and weighs only one tenth of a grain; after deducting for waste, there are in a pound weight 7000 grains, it therefore affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs, the value of which, at half a guinea each, is *thirty-five thousand guineas*.

PREVENTION OF FIRE.—M. Cadet Vaux, considering that fires in dwelling-houses begin, in very numerous instances, in the chimney, and that means cannot always be applied in time to extinguish the fire at its commencement, turned his thoughts to the discovery of some method for effecting this purpose. He reflected that combustion cannot be carried on without the presence of vital air, and consequently if the air in a chimney on fire could be rendered mephitic, the fire must go out. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on the fire in the grate, the mephitic exhalation of which extinguished the fire, as it would suffocate any living creature. A Roman nobleman has not only repeated this experiment with entire success, but, being desirous of ascertaining whether an ignited body suspended in the chimney would be extinguished in the same manner, he caused a faggot to be suspended in a chimney, nearly at the summit, and set on fire; though by its situation it was nearly in contact with the external air, the flames were instantaneously extinguished by throwing a handful of flour of sulphur on the coals below.—*Italian Journal*.

LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The Fifteenth Anniversary of the Medical Society of London, was held last month at the London Coffee-house, Dr. Uwins in the chair. Mr. Grainger delivered the annual oration, which was on "Injuries of the head, particularly concussions of the brain." In adverting to the question of materialism, the orator expressed his belief that the organic hypothesis of vital causation is unstable in its foundation, and highly unreasonable in its assumptions. He contended strenuously for the presence of an immaterial principle; and maintained that this is a doctrine which even Physiology teaches and Pathology approves; several circumstances of mental manifestation in conjunction with disordered conditions of the cerebral mass being totally at variance with those views of life which consider the organized body to be the *primum mobile* and actual essence of intellectual and moral being.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday March 31st, to Friday April 4th, 1823.

Monday.—The Vampire: with Tom and Jerry.
Tuesday.—George Barnwell: with Tom and Jerry.
Wednesday.—The Libertine: with Tom and Jerry.
Thursday.—The Libertine: with Tom and Jerry.
Friday.—The Vampire: with Tom and Jerry.

GENTLEMEN'S CONCERT.—The Gentlemen's Second Concert for this year was held on Thursday evening.—

Principal Performers, Mr. SAPIO, Mrs. SALMON, and Mr. KALKBRENNER. The brilliancy and rapidity of the latter gentleman's execution on the Piano Forte, particularly in his second performance, excited the greatest admiration. Mr. SAPIO gave with powerful effect Haydn's "In native worth and honour clad." We should not do justice to our feelings, were we to pass over unnoticed, the very fine style in which the Overture by Romberg, at the commencement of the Second Act, was given by Mr. Cudmore and the other Gentleman of the Orchestra.

THE MANCHESTER IRIS.

TO "WHO WOULD BE A PLAGIARY?"

DEAR SIR,

You are right in your conjecture; we took the liberty of expunging the name "*Kaleidoscope*" from your gentlemanly note, for the very sufficient reasons which you now mention. Ours "*is*," indeed, "*an undistinguished opponent*;" he possesses none of the qualities which we admire; nor can we for a moment condescend to enter the lists with one who manifests such total incompetency. Our estimate of his general knowledge is necessarily low, and his *LITERARY talent* is evidently very limited; in fact, in this department, we fearlessly pronounce him a shallow pretender. Against the attacks of such, we are proof; scurrility is their only weapon; and, whilst their blunders and declamation invariably rebound to their own certain annoyance and confusion, their contortions and vociferation under the galling lash of truth and justice, are a matter of amusement and instruction to their opponents and to the public.

As to "*comparative merits*," intelligent readers have long since decided; comparisons are no longer instituted; the Manchester Iris and the Liverpool Kaleidoscope are fairly estimated; and, no doubt, justly patronized according to their intrinsic value. We do not complain; we have no cause; we thank our friends and the public generally; and most cheerfully render to all our prompt attention and best services. Nor can we but mention (and certainly with no small share of pleasure and gratification) that amongst our Liverpool Correspondents, we enumerate writers who never yet considered the Kaleidoscope as possessing sufficient *literary merit* to entitle it to their patronage, nor even to their sanction: and, we must add, that we have frequently rejected articles which, without the slightest emendation, have subsequently obtained conspicuous places in its pages.

We have been, in one instance, imposed upon by a Plagiary, and our worthy correspondent MUR detected and exposed the offender, and had our thanks for so doing. The Editor of the Kaleidoscope adopts a different procedure. You, Sir, in the mildest, in the most gentlemanly manner, exposed an incontestible, a gross, a most reprehensible plagiarism in that paper; the Kaleidoscope and its Correspondent should have had our early acknowledgments for a similar kindness conveyed with equal delicacy—but, instead of thanks, we observe a most scandalous and fallacious defence of the theft, and that too by the EDITOR! Alas! Sir, he feels, he smarts; and rather than acknowledge that his research was too circumscribed to detect the imposture; or that his effrontery was so great as to palm off a *STOLEN page of contents* as an *ORIGINAL compilation*—as the result of a *LATE perusal of the History of the Roman Empire*, he fabricates the following delectable *morceau* of falsehood and impertinence:—

"The 'head and front' of the offence of our correspondent, according to the showing of the surlier in the *Iris*, amounts then precisely to this; that he has communicated to the *Kaleidoscope* a list of those singular fatalities in the order he found them recorded in the Roman history: and this, forsooth, is a plagiarism, because some Count Comazzi had made out a similar list a century ago!"

Mark, Sir, how we shall unravel this slimy sophistry:—"Count Comazzi had made out a *SIMILAR list a century ago*!" This notable acknowledgment precludes the necessity of our "identifying the theft line by line," as done in your spirited reply; it also sufficiently proves that the little inaccuracy and difference of phraseology in a few points, (just as much of the former as could be tolerated, and of the latter as could be conveniently managed) are most indubitable proofs of design—of the petty artfulness of a designing plagiary! But, the true and incontestible summing up, is,—A century ago Count Comazzi made out the *ORIGINAL* list, as the contents of his little volume; and "*Who would be an Emperor*?" otherwise, *THE EDITOR OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE*, made a *TRANSCRIPT* in 1823, and palmed it upon his

readers as an abstract of his studies, and as the result of his "*melancholy train of reflection on the instability of human greatness*."—How profound in research!—How magnificent in—"REFLECTION"!!

To such a dabbler we scorn to reply; and having thus fully unboomed our real feeling, and stated his imposture, we believe you will concur in our opinion,—that a direct address would be a condescension on our part which would again call forth his impudent loquacity;—that he is so much below mediocrity in taste and *LITERARY* talent as to be unworthy your attention;—and that, having shown that his affected indignation must be the mere writhing and malevolent effort of hopeless envy,—any further notice would be a disparagement to our paper, a portion of the columns of which is now with extreme reluctance given up to this vindictory epistle. As to his Miscellany, by having once quoted it on a subject of the particulars of which we were ourselves ignorant, we incurred much censure; and were obliged to have recourse to an able correspondent of our own, who had attended the Preston Guild, and by whose genuine account we were rescued from pointed and merited animadversion. Dear Sir, yours most truly—Ed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mrs. Holderness has in the press a volume giving some account of the Colonization, Manners, and Customs of New Russia; with Notes on the Crim Tartars.

Poland.—M. I. U. Niemcewicz is about to publish, at Warsaw, a collection of original documents concerning ancient Poland.

The late Mr. Kemble.—Mr. Jas. Boaden is preparing for publication, a Life of the late John Philip Kemble, including a History of the Stage from the death of Garrick to the present time. It will contain a faithful record of his personal history and of his professional career, illustrated with characteristic anecdotes, extracts from a carefully preserved correspondence, and a variety of information derived from genuine and unexceptionable sources, accompanied with Biographical and Critical Notices of the principal Writers and Performers, and thus serving as a compendium of dramatic history during the time of our great Tragedian.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Beta's suggestion shall be attended to; we are ever happy to receive the judicious hints of intelligent and liberal individuals. Scrutator has our best thanks for his spirited letter; many such are on our files.

C.'s animadversions are inadmissible; his "effusions of taste, fancy, &c." may be of a different cast, and shall be decided upon agreeably to their respective merits.

I. H. shall shortly appear.

The essay *On Taste and Genius* in our next.

At the request of several friends, we this week give the Music that appeared in No. 60, with the words for which it was originally written.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

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No. 63.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1823.

PRICE 3^d.

REVIEWS.

Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale-Fishery; including Researches and Discoveries on the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, made in the summer of 1822, in the ship Baffin, of Liverpool. BY WILLIAM SCORESBY, JUNIOR, F. R. S. E., M. W. S. &c. &c. Commander. London, Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 1823.

CAPTAIN SCORESBY is a man not only of much professional experience; but, also, of genius, of considerable philosophical research, and of unsophisticated honesty. His talents, his scientific acquirements, and his perseverance, obtained for him honourable notice; and he rewards his friends with an immortality, in the annals of science and discovery, that at once testifies of their distinction as philosophers, of their liberality as British merchants, and of their beneficence of character as men and Christians.*

The volume before us is equally valuable and interesting. It proves that "the situation of the East Coast of Greenland was so erroneously laid down, that the Charts of this country were a snare rather than a safeguard to the navigators."—And it has a most important and interesting feature in "reference to the ancient Colonies of Norwegians, planted on a coast continuous with that investigated on this voyage."

As far as the colonies planted on the coast of Greenland have a reference to Iceland, it may be proper to premise, that this island was the accidental discovery of a Scandinavian depredator of the name of Naddodd, who was driven upon its coast by a storm, about the year 861,—that it was visited soon afterwards by different adventurers of Sweden and Norway, and first colonized by Ingolf and Lief, two Norwegians, with a company of their adherents, about the year 878. These persons, who were induced to emigrate to Iceland from political oppression, were joined, in the course of a few years, by a number of Norwegian families, who resorted thither from a similar cause; so that they soon constituted a considerable colony.

About the middle, or towards the end of the tenth century, an extensive country to the westward of Iceland, was discovered by one of the colonists, of the name of Gunbiorn. This new coast was visited, in the year 982, by one Eric Rauda, a Norwegian, who had been banished his country for various crimes of which he had been guilty. Eric wintered on the

southern part of the coast, near an inlet, which he named Eric's Sound; and, after spending part of three years in exploring it, he returned to Iceland. For the purpose of encouraging persons to become settlers in this country, he denominated it Greenland, and gave a most exaggerated account of its products and appearance. In consequence of his representations, a fleet of twenty-five sail was shortly afterwards equipped, which, laden with people of both sexes, and the requisite stores and cattle for forming a settlement, put off for Greenland; but only fourteen of the fleet arrived safe at their destination. The people in this part of the fleet, however, planted themselves on the new coast, and being soon joined by others, both from Iceland and Norway, they, in a few years, became a respectable colony.

Christianity was introduced into Norway towards the end of the tenth century, by Bernard and Guthwald, it is said, two British Missionaries, and was embraced, and zealously promoted by the King, Olaf Tryggesson. Lief, the son of Eric Rauda, having made a voyage to Norway in the year 999, gave Olaf an account of the new colony in Greenland. On which the king, in his zeal for the extension of the true faith, prevailed upon Lief to be baptized, and to take out with him a Christian missionary, on his return to Greenland. By their means Paganism began to be relinquished, and the milder dispensation of the Gospel was soon introduced, and generally received both in Greenland and Iceland.

At this time the Greenland colonies seem to have been in a very flourishing state. They became a bishoprick in the year 1121, when, according to Torfaus, Arnold, the first regularly installed Bishop, was delegated to the office by Sigurd, king of Norway.

The scanty annals of the Greenland Colonies come to a close about 1406 or 1408, after which period the trade with Iceland and Norway, that had previously been considerable, was discontinued, and, it would appear, no intercourse between Iceland and Greenland was ever after accomplished.

Various are the speculations on this strange suspension of intercourse. Some attribute it to the extermination of the colonists, either by the Skrællings (or wild Greenlanders), or by a remarkable pestilence called the *black death*, which raged about the middle of the fourteenth century, and spread all over Europe. Others account for it by the sudden setting down of the polar ice, which, inclosing the eastern coast and Cape Farewell, as it generally does at the present day, cut off all communication with the parent countries, deprived the colonists of their usual supplies, and became the means of their extinction.

Which of these causes may have occasioned the loss of the colonies to Iceland and Norway, or the suspension of the intercourse, is a question of comparatively little moment; but the determination of the fact of their total extinction, or their present existence, is an inquiry of a high degree of interest and importance.

If they still exist, What are their present state and situation,—their mental and moral condition? They were a civilized and perhaps intelligent people: To what extent has intercourse and admixture with the native Esquimaux, barbarized their manners, and reduced their mental faculties? They were a Christian people: To what extent has the force of example and incorporation with a heathen nation, been productive of demoralization, and the loss of the benign influences of Christianity?

These are questions, which, to humanity in general, and to Christian philanthropy in particular, are of deep and intense interest. But, while I regret that the researches detailed in the succeeding pages do not

afford decisive answers to these inquiries, I have the satisfaction of believing that they have some bearing upon the question of the present existence of the ancient colonies. As such, I am anxious that they may be the means of calling the public attention more strongly to the fate of this interesting people, with the hope that those in office, who have the power of ordering the needful investigations, may be induced to pursue the requisite steps for obtaining information concerning them. And this I would urge, not simply as an object of curiosity, but with a view of restoring them to the privileges and advantages of that Christian intercourse and fellowship, of which they have been so long deprived."

That the suggestion of this enlightened and benevolent navigator will obtain the consideration it so highly deserves, we cannot doubt; and as our resources in enterprising spirit and pure philanthropy are ample—are superior to those of any other nation or people—we sincerely hope to find them in early requisition.

The ship *Baffin*, of Liverpool, was equipped for her third voyage to the Greenland Whale-Fishery, and completed with a crew of fifty men, in the spring of 1822. On the 27th of March, she sailed; and on the 29th she was exposed to all the violence of a tempest, and threatened with the horrors of destruction.

At five o'clock in the morning of the first of May, our author calculated that he was only 566 miles from the Pole, and believed that "the *Baffin* was, without question, in the highest latitude of any ship at that moment on the sea;" and that, when he stood on the taffrail as the vessel was turned before the wind, he was then *nearer the Pole* "than any individual on the face of the earth."

Our endeavours to find whales at a distance from the land, having for nearly three weeks, almost altogether failed; and "being anxious to land upon a coast on which no navigator (a whale-fisher or two perhaps excepted) had ever set foot, I thought this a favourable opportunity for gratifying my curiosity. This curiosity was heightened almost to the utmost pitch, by the historical recollections of the Icelandic colonies that had at a remote period been planted a few degrees to the southward, upon the same line of coast,—and particularly by the hope which I could not avoid indulging, that I might be able to discover some traces of those hardy people, the fate of whom, for near four centuries, has been a problem of such intense and almost universal interest. An additional interest attached to the investigation of this country (if the interest excited by the above considerations were capable of augmentation), was the circumstance of the singular and total failure of the many attempts of the Danes to reach this coast, for the recovery of the ancient colonies,—together with the peculiar enjoyment that necessarily arose out of the conviction, that the shore on which I designed to land was entirely unknown to Europeans, and totally unexplored.

As we stood in, I obtained several series of bearings of headlands, &c. with altitudes of the sun for the longitude, designed for the extension of my survey. Finding the coast bold, we reached within three quarters of a mile of the beach, where we had soundings in 25 fathoms: the weather being then extremely fine, and highly favourable for my purpose, I took a boat at 5½ P.M. and proceeded to the shore. I landed in fifteen minutes on a rocky point, named CAPE LISTER, after a reverend friend, lying in latitude 70° 30', and longitude 21° 30' W. The coast here having changed

* Of the East Coast of Greenland, Captain Scoresby says "it became a matter of convenience to give names to the most remarkable promontories, inlets, and islands; and in this, I considered myself justified, by the example of former navigators; particularly as my survey was the first that had ever been attempted of this coast, and many of my researches appeared to be original discoveries. The names now applied I derived partly from peculiar characters observed in the land; but more generally from the remembrance of respected friends, to whom I was wishing to pay a compliment that might possibly survive the lapse of ages."—It is gratifying to find a regard so warmly cherished and ingeniously evinced by this scientific explorer of the Arctic seas. Amongst others, we recognize the names of several of our respected townsmen; as well as those of many other illustrious individuals who are distinguished for Genius, Literature, Science, Enterprise or Hospitality. The following are a few of them:—Mr. SAMUEL CHASE, Dr. HARRIS, Mr. JOHN DARTON, and Mr. PETER EWART, of our town. Sir W. Scott, Sir E. Home, Sir T. Brisbane, Dr. Brinkley, Captain Franklin, Baron Hamboldt, Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Rathbone, the Rev. Dr. Raffles, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Swanson, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Brewster, Mr. Tobin, Mr. Henry, Dr. Stewart, Sir H. Davy, Scoresby (the father of our author), Captain Parry, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Canning, Werner, &c. &c.

its mountainous character, and become more level towards the south and west, we were enabled to reach the top of the cliff, which was only 300, or 400 feet high, and to travel along its brow to the westward. The rocks we ascended consisted chiefly of hornblende, in sharp, angular, irregular masses, much broken, with some of the same rock, of the slaty kind, containing much mica, and veins of feldspar. The brow of the cliff, instead of soil and verdure, presented either a naked or lichen-clad pavement of loose angular stones. Most of these, consisting principally of white quartz, with intermixed masses of sienite and hornblende-rock, had suffered so little from exposure to the atmosphere for numerous ages, excepting as to fracture, that their angles were as sharp as if they had been newly broken. Bordering the sea, these stones were almost enveloped in a covering of black lichens; but on ascending over a sheet of snow to a superior eminence, the lichens became much less abundant. The almost total want of soil was an effectual preventive to verdure; the vegetation was therefore confined to a few hardy lichens, with an occasional tuft of the *Andromeda tetragona*, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *Papaver nudicaule*, and *Ranunculus nivalis*.

Sending the boat along shore, I reached the hill towards the west for three or four miles, passing over a continued surface of loose stones, or over beds of ice and snow, and then descended near Cape Swainson, towards the beach, consisting here of a strip of flat strand, about a furlong in breadth. Here, the first interesting object was discovered, consisting of a circle of stones, so artificially placed, that there could be no doubt but it was the work of man; and soon afterwards other appearances of manual arrangement were met with. These were the remains of habitations, consisting of two circular walls, or in some places merely of rows of stones, inclosing a clear area of about five yards in diameter, laid out exactly in the manner in which the Esquimaux prepare the ground for their summer huts. Besides these, there were several hollow tumuli, neatly arched in the form of a bee-hive, with an opening either at the top or on one side. These resembled the stores wherein the Esquimaux are known to deposit the produce of their fishing or hunting, when too considerable for present use. They varied in size from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, interior diameter. The principal part of these remains occurred on the west side of Cape Swainson, where also some other still more striking evidences of recent inhabitation were found. These consisted of two cavities, inclosed by stones, on the edge of a bank, that had been employed as fire-places, and in which were the remains of the fuel that had been used in them, consisting of charred drift wood, with half burnt moss, and a quantity of ashes. The latter, being of so light a nature as to be liable to be carried away by the melting of snow about them, impressed me with the opinion, that they had not been here during the preceding winter, but that the persons who used these simple contrivances for fire-places, must have been on the spot even in the present summer. As there were no permanent residences to be found, this place appeared to have been either resorted to as a summer fishing-station by some of the natives, or touched at, in their excursions along the coast. In addition to these evidences of the present existence of inhabitants, we met with several pieces of bone and wood, which had undergone artificial fabrication; and also the head of an arrow or small dart, rather neatly made of bone, armed with a small piece of iron. It is difficult to say whether this iron was native, or whether it was carried on shore in the timbers of some wreck. The manufacture was a good deal similar to that of the iron implements of the Arctic Highlanders, discovered by Captain Ross; and it is not improbable but it had a similar origin. The state and situation in which it was found, indicated that it had not been long out of use. It was found lying in a little cavity of the rock, where we first landed, in a pool of sea-water; yet it was not greatly corroded by rust. On the contrary, it was so little acted upon, that it did not seem to have lain many months.

No other object of interest was observed, excepting some horns of rein-deer, and the bones of these or other animals; most of the bones were found about the site of the tents and huts, or in the tumuli adjoining. No sea-weed was seen on the beach, nor any

shells; but in deep water, near the shore, both these productions were observed.

There was a considerable tide: it seemed to have ebbed while we were on shore, but the period of high-water was not determined.

Country.—The general character of the country, from one extremity to the other, of the extent of my researches, is barren, rugged, and mountainous. The average elevation of the coast is about 3000 feet. Several of the mountains were measured trigonometrically, some of which reached 4000 feet; and Werner mountains were estimated to be at least 6000 feet.

Inhabitants.—We were not so fortunate as to meet with any human beings in a living state,—though the traces of their recent existence were innumerable. These traces consisted of numerous huts, hunting utensils, portions of sledges, bones that had been divided artificially, domestic implements, and depositories of the dead, containing human skeletons, or even bodies, as I was informed, only partially decayed. In some instances these relics were of such a nature, as to indicate a very recent desertion of the inhabitants. Such, in particular, was the intimation afforded by the fire-places containing ashes, which we found at Cape Swainson and on Traill Island. These appeared to be the remains of recent fires, perhaps of the preceding spring or summer; for it is scarcely probable that the light ashes of wood and moss could have long resisted either being washed away by the melting of the snow, or scattered about by the violence of the tempests.

From the evidently recent character of some of the remains found, it was not improbable that there might be existing inhabitants even on some of the parts at which we touched. Doubtless, the sight of such an extraordinary object to them as a ship, would excite their alarm. It is most likely, that, to people who had never seen a vessel of any description, not even of the size of a boat, impelled by sails, an object of this description so perfectly under command, and capable of such velocity, would be mistaken for a living creature. If so, it would not be surprising, if any inhabitants that we might have been near, should have fled on our approach, and concealed themselves until we retired.

Perhaps, however, they had retired from these haunts that we visited, to some neighbouring districts, to which the seals, birds, and other animals, affording them subsistence had retreated. All along this coast, where we touched, the fiveness of the animals was remarkable; and this circumstance alone was sufficient to account for the desertion of the different hamlets that we discovered. The place of resort of the seals and other marine animals, is probably determined by the supply of food which the contiguous seas afford. Now, this supply, on account of the constant action of currents, is continually varying. But as the natives of such a country must be chiefly dependent on these animals for their subsistence, they must pursue them to whatever part they may retreat to, whether it be immediately on the sea coast, or whether it be in the depths of the great inlets, by which the coast is so extensively pierced. Thus, wherever the seals are found along shore, there, we must suppose, the inhabitants would be met with. There is little to be gathered from the state of the hamlets discovered, as respects the time of their desertion. The huts being without roofs was no argument for their antiquity; because the framing being of wood, a material of extraordinary value in a country in which none is produced, would doubtless be removed, and carried away on the desertion of the hamlets by the inhabitants.

On the whole, however, I conceive, that the remains we met with were not entirely Esquimaux. They indicated practices among the inhabitants that were in favour of the supposition of an admixture with some other nation,—doubtless the ancient colonies planted by the Icelanders. Hence, there is some reason to believe, that these colonies were not entirely depopulated,—that they are not yet extinct; though it is more than probable, that such of the colonists as outlived the "black-death," and the privation they must have suffered, when their supplies were cut off, as it is said they were, by the descent of the polar ice, would cease to be a distinct people;—for being then reduced to the necessity of following the occupation of the Esquimaux, and of copying their manners, they

would probably become gradually incorporated with the aborigines, until few traces of their original civilization remained.

Products.—There are forty-five plants enumerated in the Botanical Appendix; and in the Zoological we find of MAMMALIA—The Walrus, Morse, Common Seal, Rough Seal, Greenland Mouse, Polar Bear, White Hare, Dog, Greenland Whale, and Razor-back. Of AVES—The Brent Goose, Eider-Duck, Greenland Parrot, Little Auk, Petrel, Dovecra, Loom, Sea Swallow, Kittywake, Gull, Burgomaster, Bunting, Plover, Ptarmigan, and Red-pole. Of PISCES—The Greenland Shark, Coal Fish, and Skate. A few shell-fish; two kinds of Butterflies, as well as Mosquitoes, Wild Bees, and other insects, were also seen.

Beautiful and Extraordinary Phenomena.—On the 15th of April, "an hour or two before midnight, we had a most splendid aurora borealis. It commenced in the north, and extended itself in an arch across the zenith, towards the south. A sort of crown was then formed in the zenith, which was most brilliantly illuminated, and gave out innumerable coruscations of great beauty, and with astonishing velocity. The light appeared to be equal to that of the full moon; and various colours, particularly blue, green, and pink, were stated by my officers to have been clearly observed. Its extreme distinctness, and the boldness of the coruscations, seemed to bring it to a low elevation; and, when the rays were darted towards the ship, it appeared almost to descend to the very mast-head.

Between the parallels of 62° or 63° and 70° , the aurora borealis is of very common occurrence, in the spring and autumn of the year. On the 3d of April, 1820, I observed the most interesting display of this meteor, that nearly forty passages to and from the fishery had afforded. The evening was fine and clear, the wind westerly. The aurora first appeared in the north, and gradually extended in a luminous arch across the zenith, almost to the southern horizon: A dim sheet of light then suddenly appeared, and spread over the whole of the heavens to the eastward of the magnetic meridian, while only a few insulated specks were visible to the westward. The eastern aurora were grey and obscure, and exhibited little motion; but the arch extending across the zenith, showed an uncommon playfulness of figure and variety of form. Sometimes it exhibited a luminous edge towards the west, in some places concentrated into a fervid brilliancy. The rays were a little oblique to the position of the arch; but generally parallel to each other, and commonly ran in the direction of the magnetic north and south. At one time they extended sideways against the wind; at another in the contrary direction. Now they shot forward numerous luminous pencils, then shrunk into obscurity, or dispersed into the appearance of mere vapour. The colours were yellowish-white and greyish-white. All the stars of the fourth magnitude were visible through the meteor, even in its most vivid coruscations. *Ursa Major* was at one time encircled with such a characteristic blaze of light, that the Bear seemed to spring into figure, and to be shaking his shaggy limbs, as if in contempt of the less distinguished constellations around him. The Pleiades were almost obscured by the light produced by the aurora; though Venus, and all the superior stars, shone with becoming splendour. I have never been sensible that the shooting of the aurora was accompanied by any noise: the turbulence, indeed, of the water at sea, or the noise of the sails during calms, prevents slight sounds from being heard.

A change of wind on the 29th occasioned the most remarkable fall of temperature that Captain Scoresby ever witnessed:—"At 8 A. M., just before the change of wind occurred, the thermometer was at 23° , and the decks were covered with wet snow. The instant the north wind began, freezing commenced (the first we had had during the voyage), in less than two hours the thermometer was at 14° , being a fall of 18° . At 8 P. M., the temperature was down to 6° , being a reduction of 26° in 12 hours; and at midnight, it was -2° , being a fall of 34° in 16 hours!"

The morning of the 9th was brilliant, with light winds, and a highly refractive state of the atmosphere. The land, and a number of ships that came within sight, as well as the ice, and indeed all distant objects, were strangely distorted. Inverted images of two

ships, occasionally double, were seen in the air, which, I imagine, were at least ten miles beyond the limit of direct vision; for we approached them about this distance without being able to see them. I also noticed several vessels that had their hulls elevated to the apparent magnitude of a castle; the height of the hull, in some instances, being equal to that of the masts: in two or three positions, the courses seemed to be separated twenty or thirty yards from the hull, instead of being nearly in contact. So unequal was the refraction, and so various in its effects, that while in one ship the masts were uniformly expanded, or the hull magnified,—in another ship the courses and topgallant-sails were heightened, and the intermediate sails, the top-sails, contracted to one-fourth their proper size,—and in a third, a very little distance from this, the courses and topgallant-sails were contracted, and the top-sails expanded. In all these examples, the peculiarities were continually varying. No sooner had one appearance been examined and sketched, than it changed, and often exhibited the most uncouth proportions. The distant ice partook also of the same influence, and presented very extraordinary and often beautiful resemblances to magnificent architectural structures.

July 24th, about 11 o'clock at night, the atmosphere, in consequence of the warmth, being in a highly refractive state, a great many curious appearances were presented by the land and icebergs. The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of the large bay or inlet before mentioned,—the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind I have before noticed, but the peculiarities of this were,—the perfection of the image, and the great distance of the vessel that it represented. It was so extremely well defined, that when examined with a telescope by Dolloah, I could distinguish every sail, the general "rig of the ship," and its particular character; inasmuch that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the *Fame*, which it afterwards proved to be;—though, on comparing notes with my father, I found that our relative position at the time gave our distance from one another very nearly thirty miles, being about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision.

Religious Duties.—Captain S—, who has the spirit to avow his dependence upon the Creator, and the integrity to observe the divine injunctions, strictly observed the sabbaths, and on Sunday, May 19th very justly remarked,—"Perhaps there is no situation in life in which an habitual reliance upon Providence, and a well-founded dependence on the divine protection and support, is of such sensible value, as it is found to be by those employed in seafaring occupations."—At this the indifferent may smile, and the sceptical may sneer,* but, from such reliance, the true christian will ever derive a support, confidence, and felicity which are the surest evidence of the divine authority of the obligation, and of the benign results of its observance.

* Upon this point, we have to remind some contemporary reviewers, that the publication before us, is less a scientific than a professional narrative; in fact, it is strictly what its title imports, a "JOURNAL of a Voyage;" and, as such, we must contend, that, an account of the sacred observance of the sabbaths, and of the pains taken to initiate the youth, and to establish the matured in pious habits, is very properly introduced; and that the whole redounds equally to the credit of Captain Scoresby's judgment, intelligence, and humanity.

The Age of Bronze; or, Carmen Seculare et Annus haud mirabilis. London, 1823.

To a civilized people the perversion of genius is a certain calamity. Pestilence or famine may be circumscribed; but the moral ravages of active genius are vast and perpetual. The *Iliad* still forms the mind to delight in carnage, and to pant after dominion; the strains of *Ovid* still continue to awaken the quiescent desires, and to stimulate in paths of licentiousness; and the sophistry of *Hume* continues to involve many in a labyrinth that is equally pernicious to moral distinction and individual felicity.

Of the distinguished poetic geniuses of our day, BYRON is the chief. A subject is all he requires;—and, be it great or diminutive, destructive or beneficial to society;—be it simple or complex, real or imaginary, grotesque or graceful, a sacred melody or a wandering vagabond—from him it obtains parts, proportions, and connexion, which, each and all, proclaim the author to be a man of deep thought, of acute observation, and of extraordinary genius.

Of the fatality which first biassed his lordship we know but little; yet, that it is of an external cast, and not originating purely in the thinking faculty, may be readily inferred from his many metaphysical inconsistencies. His day of "*nothingness*" is not a sufficient basis for his creed; the active thinking, immaterial "*SPRIT*," cannot brook to annihilation; and, if neither admitted into the mansions of the blessed, nor consigned to despair and punishment, it needs must exist, even though it should but hover amidst the scenes in which it was once localized.

In the "*Age of Bronze*," which is justly attributed to his lordship, speaking of Bonaparte, he says:—

"How, if that soaring *SPRIT* still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The little that he was and sought to be!
What though his name a wider empire found
Than his ambition, though with scarce abound;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted empire's blessings and its curse,
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be their tyrant's ape;
How must he smile, and turn to you lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'er tops the wave!"

And again—

"But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
Touch the *FREED SPRIT*, or the fetter'd dust?"

These are certainly redeeming symptoms; and they incline us to think that our author, whose *SPRIT* is so incessantly occupied in clothing and giving birth to its own sublime or ludicrous conceptions, cannot possibly remain unconscious of intellectual essential energy, indivisibility, and future life.

The following lines are beautiful and just:—

"But where are they—the rivals?—a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet!
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
Of "dust to dust;"—but half its tale untold.
Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form—
Varied above, but still alike below;
The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow."

Upon the ambitious many plain and forcible lessons are inculcated by our author; we quote one:—

"Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea,
O'er which from empire she lur'd Anthony;
Though Alexander's urn a show be grown
On shores he wept to conquer—though unknown—
How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear,
The madman's wish, the macedonian's tear!
He wept for worlds to conquer, half the earth
Knows not his name—or but his death and birth
And desolation; while his native Greece
Hath all of desolation—save its peace!"

The "*Age of Bronze*" is throughout a political poem; but many of its passages are sublime and elegant, and should have been embodied in a subject of more intrinsic merit.

Compared with the *Liberal*, the present poem is creditable to his lordship; and it is a pity that one who so justly animadverted upon tyranny and impropriety in others, cannot effect a reformation in his own breast; at least, so far, as

not to indulge in speculations which only deteriorate society, and render, their author reprehensible and odious.

ON TASTE AND GENIUS.

AS a great portion of mankind either have not the time or the inclination to peruse long treatises, but yet have the opportunity and patience to read small essays, which serve to give them an insight into the various kinds of knowledge without fatiguing their attention; I have thought that a few remarks upon "*Taste and Genius*," though a subject upon which so much has been written by so many able writers, would not perhaps be deemed altogether unacceptable. Having observed thus much in excuse for what would otherwise appear in me most unpardonably presumptuous, I will proceed without further preface to delineate my conceptions of these two interesting powers of the mind.

The operations of mind and body have no actual similitude, but only one which the busy imagination of man has formed, for the sake of giving terms, drawn from the operations of the body, to those powers and faculties of the mind which it thus supposes to be similar, in order to aid us in the comprehending of them. We have, therefore, been accustomed when we have once fancied a similitude, to make the same term signify both the faculty of the mind, and the sensation of the body: which terms, when applied to mental perceptions, are called metaphors. This serves very well for the common intercourse of society, but it renders it very difficult for us when called upon, to give precise ideas to those operations of mind, which we have been always accustomed to view through the medium of figures, which frequently act like masks to the countenance, tending to change its appearance altogether: and as with masks, so it is with figures of speech, that the more correctly they are formed, the more difficult it is to remove the effect of their influence.

It is in a great measure on this account that there are few words made use of in conversation, to which more loose and vague ideas are attached than "*Taste*." Every one fancying that he clearly understands it till called upon for an explanation, when he is surprised to find the confused idea he has of it. Blair calls "*taste*" "*an internal sense*," "*or natural and instinctive sensibility to beauty*," and accordingly he says, from an internal sense it has derived its name. The origin of this opinion I attribute partly to the term itself; and partly to the quickness with which it is observed the mind distinguishes the beauties and defects of any work which comes under its contemplation. As for the metaphor itself, it ought to be strictly confined to the actual intellectual *relish* or pleasure which the mind receives from the perception of beauty; and not to have any reference to the causes which produce in the mind that power of perception: and as for the quickness with which the mind distinguishes between beauties and defects, we have no occasion for a distinct faculty to account for that, for the known rapidity with which the mind comes to decisions upon all occasions when it has materials with which to act, is amply sufficient. The remarks which Mr. Locke makes upon a somewhat analogous subject, might be well applied here. In his chapter upon innate principles, we find that great man saying, "It would be sufficient to convince the unprejudiced readers of the falseness of this supposition, if I should only shew how men barely, by the use of their natural faculties, may attain to all the knowledge they have, without the help of any innate impressions, and may arrive at certainty without any such original notions or principles. For I imagine any one will easily grant that it would be impertinent to suppose, the ideas of colours innate in a creature to whom God had given sight and a power to receive them by the eyes from external objects: and no less unreasonable would it be to attribute several truths to the impressions of nature and innate characters, when we may observe in ourselves faculties fit to attain as easy and certain knowledge of them, as if they were originally imprinted on the mind." Instead, then, of calling "*taste*" an internal sense, I will define it to be "*the capability of distinguishing the beauties and*

defects of specimens of genius in the fine arts." From which definition it will be perceived that one of the great ends of this essay will be to discover the source whence this capability arises.

It ought not to excite our wonder, that men who have attained to that degree of refinement, by which they are enabled to discern with facility and certainty the beauties and defects of any work which comes under their contemplation, should wish to persuade themselves, and if possible the rest of mankind, that this power arises from the possession of an internal sense, in addition to those generally distributed among mortals; for could they successfully propagate this belief, they would at once be raised to a superiority unattainable but by the happy few. But however this opinion may flatter their pride, by making them suppose that they have finer organs and are more wonderfully made than the rest of mankind; and with which they may be so satisfied that they will not be very particular in scrutinizing the ground of their pretensions, yet the rest of mankind will not be equally satisfied, but require more forcible arguments than merely their dicta to convince them, before they will yield to them this superiority; which when scrutinized strictly, will, I think, be found like a flattering vision of the night, to vanish with the light of day.

The most philosophical mode we can take then in this inquiry will be, I think, to cite a few instances wherein we might suppose this faculty of "taste" would be exercised, and to trace the method which the mind takes in coming to that conclusion which would be termed the decision of taste upon those occasions. We will suppose then that a painting of a horse was exhibited before a number of persons, for the purpose of receiving their opinions upon its merits, whence would it arise that these opinions would be so various upon the same subject? The beauty of the picture consisting in the exactness of its resemblance to the animal from which it would be taken, we should find that the correctness of their judgments would be in an exact ratio with the different degrees of knowledge of the structure of the animal body, and of the disposition of light and shade which they possessed. For instance, a person forming his opinion merely from knowledge gained from superficial observation, would perhaps see in the picture nothing but beauties to excite his admiration. But were there among them a scholar possessing some knowledge of anatomy, he would probably observe some defects, which had escaped the eye of the former: while a painter, who, to a knowledge of anatomy should add that of the disposition of light and shade, would perhaps perceive imperfections in the colouring passed unnoticed by the scholar. As, however, those who gain the knowledge of any science simply from reading and study seldom have that readiness of application possessed by those who have gained their knowledge almost altogether from practice, a dealer in horses whose taste might in general be as gross as could be well conceived) would perhaps discover some defect latent to all the rest. And again, would the opinion of the finest connoisseur of the fine arts, who had never travelled beyond the midland counties of England, be so valuable upon a painting of a storm at sea, as that of a man who had felt and seen the effects of a thousand storms? Every one will, I think, see the folly of supposing it; for though the one, from reasoning upon the natural effects of the violence of the winds upon a watery element, might form some vague idea of the appearance which the waters would bear when thus agitated, and consequently his opinion be more valuable than that of one never accustomed to reason at all; yet, he who should have actually seen the tempestuous scene, would have such a clear and determined idea of it, as would enable him immediately to perceive the correctness or incorrectness of the representation.

The instance of the cobbler who (ignorant as men in that station generally are,) was able to criticize correctly, and discover a defect in the painting of Apelles is a well known example in support of my theory.—For it is clear that his capability of criticizing could only arise from his mind being conversant about that part of dress which Apelles had misrepresented.

Blair, from his opinion that "taste" is founded upon an internal sense, has divided its characters into those of delicacy and correctness. Making delicacy of

taste to consist "in the perfection of that natural and instinctive sensibility, implying those finer organs or powers which enable its possessors to discover beauties that lie hid from the vulgar eye," and correctness of taste to consist chiefly in the improvement which that faculty receives through its connection with the understanding. From what, however, has gone before, I think it will appear evident, that instead of "taste" being divided into the delicate and correct, it ought only to be distinguished by its different degrees of perfection. For the "taste" which is not delicate; (that is, according to Mr. Blair's definition "capable of discovering beauties which lay hid from the vulgar eye,") is not correct; and on the other hand, that cannot be correct which is not delicate, so that it is a distinction without a difference. For instance, would not the same degree of judgment which enabled the cobbler to detect the fault in the picture of Apelles, (which Mr. Blair would call an evidencing of the possession of a correct taste,) have enabled him to have admired the beauty of the shoe, had it been executed well? Certainly! And thus, according to Mr. Blair's own definition of a delicate taste, we have here an instance, by merely reversing the manner of the cobbler's viewing the picture, of a delicate taste arising from the same source as a correct one: viz. from the cultivation of the reasoning faculties.

We would run through the same line of argument upon taste, as evinced in its judgments upon poetry, sculpture, &c. but the instances here cited from the pictorial art, in which we have traced the source from whence we derive our capacity of judging, to a knowledge of the originals from which the copies are taken, I hope will suffice; and that I am now at liberty to proceed to the latter branch of my definition, viz: to an inquiry into the objects about which the reasoning powers are employed, when that which is termed the faculty of taste is called into action.

"Taste" then I have defined to be "the capability of distinguishing the beauties and defects of specimens of genius in the fine arts." What are generally termed the fine arts, it would be needless here to enumerate, I shall therefore content myself with giving the reasons which induced me to think that the decisions of "taste" are limited by so narrow a circle.

In the first place, then, I have confined it to works of art, as contra-distinguished to the works of nature. Allowing the first part of my definition to be correct, "that 'taste' is the capability of distinguishing beauties and defects," it would necessarily follow that its decisions must be confined to works of art. For nature viewed simply in herself, without regard to the conveniences of life has no defects; in fact, she is the only standard of beauty. But, however, as a taking of this first part of my definition for granted might be termed a *petitio principii*, and as I believe this to be rather a novel doctrine, I will make a few more observations upon this branch of my subject.

If the judgments of "taste" be not the mere dicta of whim and caprice, there must be some universal standard to which we can appeal in order to prove their correctness. This standard, whereby we form our judgments upon works of art, (at least to the fine arts to which my definition is limited, the reasons of which follow hereafter) is nature. Whether the painter is portraying rural scenery, or the human face divine; or whether the poet is describing the workings of those passions which convulse and agitate mankind, or the more tender emotions of the soul; still nature is the standard whereby we must judge of the beauty and success of their attempts. But, when the works of nature herself come under review, how are we to defend the correctness of our admirings? How are we to prove that our "taste" is more pure than another's? Where is the standard of appeal? There is none—should one man prefer a plain to a mountain, a smooth champaign country, to one romantic and abrupt, how are we to determine which is the preference of taste? We cannot—for when we loose sight of an universal standard, every one is at liberty to create one for himself—and who is the vain man who will say that the standard which he has created is preferable to another's? I have therefore confined the operations of taste, to the fine arts, for here we have nature, as an universal standard whereby we may with certainty decide upon their merits.

Secondly, I have confined the operations of taste to the fine arts as contra-distinguished to those generally termed mechanical. As we form judgments or propositions simply by comparing two ideas, and observing their agreement or disagreement; and the conclusions of reason by comparing the two ideas which compose them with intermediate ideas, by their disagreeing or agreeing with which we know that they agree or disagree between themselves; so we are enabled to admire a wonderful piece of mechanism, by a knowledge of mechanical principles deduced in a regular series of reasonings, by means of intermediate ideas; but we gain a knowledge of the beauties evinced in specimens of the fine arts, by a simple comparison of two images, (viz.) the copy portrayed by the artist, and the transcript of the original in our own minds: there is as much difference, therefore, between the sources of our admiration of a wonderful piece of mechanism and a beautiful painting, or poem; as there is between the mode of forming propositions, and syllogistical conclusions.

Universal consent, I believe, has confined the exercise of taste within the circle of the fine arts, as contra-distinguished to those which are termed mechanical, so that in thus limiting it in my definition, I have only followed the generally received opinion. I, however, have attempted to assign the reason which may have induced to this limitation; which, I think, must have been the difference which, as I have stated above, there exists in the mode that the mind takes in coming to a judgment in the two instances. In doing so, however, perhaps I have been endeavouring to assign a reason for that which reason was not engaged in establishing. I here conclude my remarks upon that power of the mind which is termed taste, and which I hope I have proved to be the capability of distinguishing the beauties and defects of specimens of genius in the fine arts, arising from mental cultivation.

Liverpool.

R. W.

APRIL.

Of all the months that fill the year
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as Woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odours shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's-eye, like a sapphire star,
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guilderose,
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's coloured line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love; oh love should be
An ever-changing thing,—
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
Must be both brief and bright;
Or formed of opals, which will change
With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
The smiles she wore to-day;
This moment's look of tenderness
The next one must be gay.

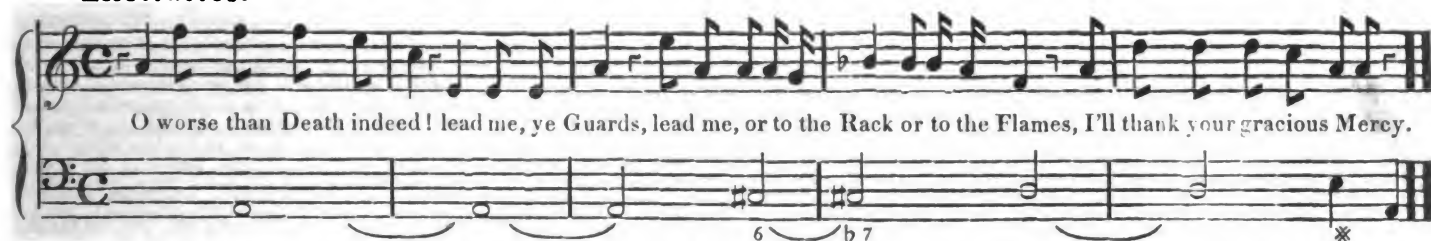
Sweet April! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

Sung by Mrs. Salmon in the Oratorio of Theodora.

COMPOSED BY HANDEL.

Recitative.



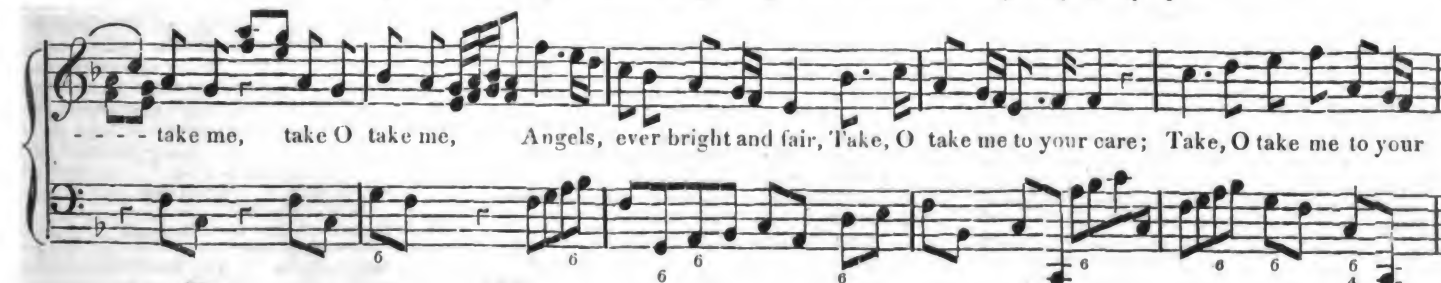
O worse than Death indeed! lead me, ye Guards, lead me, or to the Rack or to the Flames, I'll thank your gracious Mercy.



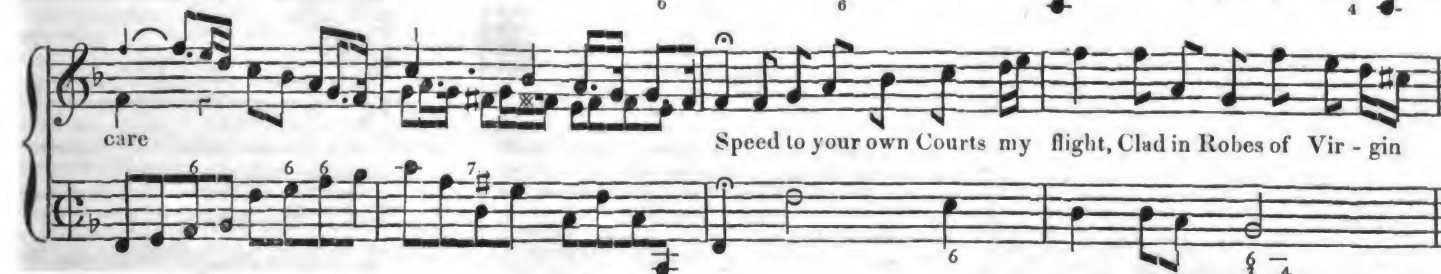
LARGHETTO. Angels ever bright and



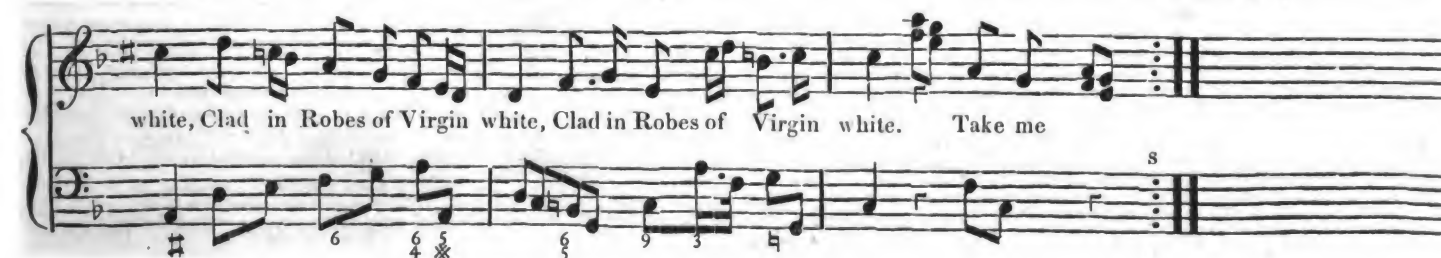
fair, Angels, ever bright and fair, Take, O take me, take, O take me to your care, - - - -



- - - take me, take O take me, Angels, ever bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care; Take, O take me to your



care Speed to your own Courts my flight, Clad in Robes of Vir - gin



white, Clad in Robes of Virgin white, Clad in Robes of Virgin white. Take me

DISASTROUS FRIDAY; OR, THE UNLUCKY CITIZEN.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

'Take heed,' said I, yesterday evening at the Regency Coffee House, to a little pale man, who was nodding his head over the flame of a wax candle, 'you are burning your wig.'—'I am much obliged to you,' answered he, as he extinguished the fire with his hands, 'this accident does not in the least surprise me; it is predestined that I am not to escape any of the miseries attendant upon an unlucky Friday.' 'What, sir,' said I, 'are you sure that Friday is really an unlucky day?' At this moment, he made up a piteous grimace, an awkward waiter, at the instant, having given him, while turning, a blow in the mouth with his elbow; he jumped up, let fall his hat and his cane, picked them up, and beckoned me to follow him. As soon as we had reached an obscure corner of the parlour, 'Sir,' said he, sighing deeply, 'I am neither superstitious, poor, nor wicked; indeed, I am gifted with more than ordinary experience, having always lived in the school of misfortune; yet there does not pass a Friday, not a single Friday, in which I do not experience a thousand outrages, and lose a great deal of money, without ever accomplishing any intended project; for instance, to-day, I have not had one moment's repose!'—As I perceived that this believer in weekly fatality, was seeking to console himself by a relation of his misfortunes, I easily persuaded him to give me an outline of this Friday's mishaps. He blew his nose, gave me some snuff, part of which flew into his eyes, then rubbed them with his hands, and began in these terms:—'In the first place, you must know that serious occupations and imperious duties confine me to the house all the days in the week, except Friday, when I am quite at liberty. This morning, disturbed by horrid dreams, I awoke at sunrise, and as I wished to take a long walk, immediately commenced the operations of the toilette: I'll say nothing of the troubles I experienced in shaving; the weather seemed unsettled, but, intending to breakfast with a particular friend, I made myself rather smart, and then looked for my umbrella, which was no where to be found; I was, therefore, obliged to be content with my cane, and thus equipped, set out for the little village of Passy, where my friend resided.—I had scarcely walked a quarter of an hour, when I heard loud cries of 'Out of the way, out of the way;' I quickly drew back, near a fruiterer's shop, where I was constrained to squeeze against a basket of eggs to avoid the wheels of an elegant tilbury, which nearly grazed my legs; I, however, escaped with a few egg stains, which the fruit woman endeavoured to wipe off with one hand while she received indemnity for her loss with the other. Extricated from this first disaster, I walked briskly on; a beggar approached with a supplicating air, I threw him a piece of money, and was quietly pursuing my way, when I felt myself collared by this same fellow, who tore my coat, loaded me with abuse, and collected around me a crowd of idlers, whom he endeavoured to persuade that I had been trying to pass off counterfeit money; they became outrageous, and some of them threatening to take me before the authorities, I had no other resource than to submit my purse to them as a test of my innocence. Once freed from this tormenting affair, I sent for a hackney coach, into which I threw myself, happy to escape from public gaze. I made but little progress in my journey, for the coachman was drunk, and the horses half starved; feeling myself quite faint, for want of

my breakfast, I looked at my watch, and found it was noon-day, upon which I lost all patience, and putting my head out of the coach window, I called lustily to the man to set me down, but neither by screaming, nor clapping of hands could I make him attend to me, till I was quite exhausted. You will acknowledge that hitherto my lot had not been very enviable, but reserve your pity for my after troubles. On alighting from the coach, I contrived to crawl to my friend's house, where I at length arrived, wet to the skin, and found the house shut up, and my friend in Paris.—A miserable public-house was now my only resource, and though the food they set before me was scarcely fit to eat, yet, after resting a-while, I felt sufficiently refreshed to resolve upon returning to Paris. I just then perceived near me two men, who had made themselves useful to me in my morning misadventure, and stepped forward to renew my thanks. They immediately proposed accompanying me to Paris, to which I agreed, hoping we might have a pleasant journey; but you shall hear how it turned out.—As soon as we reached the steep narrow street that leads to the barrier, the elder of my fellow travellers seized me by the arm with such violence as to make me grind my teeth, and then exclaimed with great enthusiasm: "Yes, sir, from the top of this ravine, I would wager to exterminate an army, or at least, to oppose its progress, if I had but the disposal of ten pieces of cannon, well mounted, and two hundred resolute men."—I have no doubt of it," said I, in a mournful tone, and he immediately entered upon a dissertation, to which I endeavoured to put an end, by complaining of cold, and expressing a wish to quicken our pace; he thereupon walked so quickly as to put me out of breath. The young man who was with us contented himself with admiring the banks of the Seine, and muttering some words, which he accompanied with various gestures. "What is your opinion?" said I, endeavouring to rouse him from his reverie; "this gentleman pretends that a man of ordinary strength, who has surprised an enemy's camp by favour of the darkness of the night, may easily kill from thirty to forty men." "I can give no positive opinion on the subject," answered he; "I make verses, and kill nobody," upon which he offered me the perusal of a comedy in five acts, and of ten or twelve moral epistles.—I declined this light amusement, but found it impossible to escape from the plan of an historical romance, which he detailed to me in a low voice, whilst his companion, on the other side, pestered me with a recital of the battle of Wagram, the massacre of the hospitals, and the burning of the convents in Spain. With my mind thus put to the rack, to attend to this double conversation, I arrived at the *Place Louis XV.* where we all halted. The tactician complained of my having insulted him, by replying to all his military narrations, "Very charming, extremely delicate, nothing can be more sprightly;" and he demanded my address, promising that I should hear from him to-morrow.—The young author, in his turn, overwhelmed me with abuse and threatened speedily to publish a pamphlet, in which I should not be spared. On getting rid of these two madmen, I proceeded to the Tuileries, the sentinel on duty called out to me, to tie up my dog, as I made no answer, he gave me a push with his bayonet, and I had the greatest trouble in the world to make him understand that the dog which was following me was not mine.—At length I reached *Very's*, comforting myself with the hope of soon getting a good meal; but I know not how the attendants contrived it, for,

at six o'clock, I was still at my place, bawling out, "Waiter, bring me some soup." I got a light dinner, for which I paid a heavy price, as in my anxiety to make room for a fat gentleman, who wanted to pass me, I threw down some china jars, which were immediately added to my bill. My next care was to procure a ticket for the *Théâtre Français*, but on reaching the house I found it so crowded that I could only get a seat in one of the slips, where I endeavoured to be content, but it was impossible; in front of me sat a spectator, with a head so bespattered as to smother me with dust at every move, and behind me was a man who sneezed and coughed so incessantly, that I was compelled to flee hither, where you found me the victim of ill-luck, even in my sleep.'

Here finished his recital, and I tried to offer this new Orestes some consolation.—We left the coffee house together, I wished him good-evening, he stumbled and we parted.—*Lit. Chron.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE,
Situating amidst the Pyrenees, between France
and Spain.*

Almost all the public journals have recently stated that the constitutional army and that of the insurgents in Spain have, by turns, and both in their successes and after their defeats, respected a neutral valley, situated in the midst of the Pyrenees. The existence, almost unobserved until the present moment, of an independent republic between France and Spain, is a singular, although a well authenticated fact. Important events having attracted attention to this country, we extract, for the amusement of our readers, a passage from the statistical account of the department of the Ariège, by M. Mercadier, formerly the commanding engineer of that department, which contains the most complete account extant of the republic of Andorre. We have added several particulars collected by one of our colleagues, who has been making an excursion in that part of the French Pyrenees which surrounds the territory of Andorre.

Andorre, the common language of which is Catalan, is a neutral territory, situated on the southern side of that chain of the Pyrenees which forms the boundary of France. Most geographers have nevertheless comprehended it in the territory of Foix, with which, indeed, it was formerly not entirely unconnected.

This country, the extent of which is not a ninth part of the department of the Ariège, forms a little republic, comprehending the six communities of Carillo, Encamp, Ordino, Massane, Andorre-la-Vieille, and Saint Julien; and a great number of villages or hamlets, all under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel. The village of Andorre-la-Vieille, from which the valley derives its name; is the chief place, and probably the most ancient. It is there that the general council, composed of twenty-four members for life, six from each community, assembles. When a vacancy occurs, either from death, or from any other cause, the council nominates a successor from among those inhabitants of the community who have been public functionaries. The general council has two syndics, appointed by itself, to convocate the meetings of the council, and manage the public business.

Before the French revolution, the criminal tribunal was composed of two judges, called *Viguieris*, one appointed by the King of France, the other by the Bishop of Urgel; to whom were joined six inhabitants of the valley, nominated by the general council. This tribunal was called the *Cortes*. Each *vignier* appointed a bailiff, from a list of six inhabitants presented to him by the general council. Before these bailiffs all civil suits were in the first instance tried. An appeal lay from them to a judge, who held his situation for life, and who was appointed alternately by the King of France and the Bishop of Urgel. The same suits might ulti-

* From the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

mately be carried before a third tribunal. That tribunal was either the grand council of the King of France, or the council of the Bishop of Urgel, according as either the king or the bishop had appointed the judge by whom they had been determined in the second instance.

This country had some singular laws, especially as regarded the succession to property. The eldest son took almost every thing, leaving very little indeed for the younger branches of a family.

The police was under the direction of two consuls in each community, who were appointed by the general council, and changed every other year.

The country of Andorre is extremely mountainous, and most of the mountains are covered with forests of pines; it is, besides, not very fertile, and is bristled with rocks. It is watered by several rivers, which rise in it: the principal among them is the Embalire, which receives all the others and then enters Spain, where it falls into the Sègre. At Ransol, in the community of Canillo, is an iron-mine, and there are four forges, at Encamp, at Caldes, at Ordino, and at the hamlet of Serrat, in the last-named community. The hamlet of Caldes is remarkable for its numerous warm springs.

The inhabitants of Andorre have not much arable land, but possess a great many cattle and extensive pasturage. They are in general shepherds. They used to pay four hundred and eighty francs a-year to the Bishop of Urgel, and twice that sum to the territory of Foix. They had a right to import every year from the latter country eighteen hundred loads of rye, and a certain quantity of cattle of every description; as also to import and export, without duty, all goods not prohibited, as well as the produce of the mines.

Every year, on the Sunday before Midsummer-day, they sent a deputation of three members of the general council to the village of Siguer in France, where they took, in the presence of the municipality, the oath of allegiance to the King of France. They also promised not to undertake any thing injurious to the interests of the community of Siguer, to give it intelligence in the event of war, and to furnish with lodging (upon being paid for it) such inhabitants of the village of Siguer as might find it necessary to make a journey into the valley of Andorre. Three of those inhabitants, selected by the mayor, took an oath, to the deputies, of similar import. They then played a game at nine-pins together, and the losers forfeited a tub of wine, which was drunk in the public square. It was remarked that the Andorrans never won the game. On the evening of their arrival a sapper was given them, and they had two meals the next day. The same ceremonies were performed in the village of Miglos. But, what will appear very singular, the inhabitants of the Spanish villages of Alins Arren and Tor, sent, about the same periods, deputies to the village of Fiedassos, where they took a similar oath, and were received much in the same manner; with this difference, that the Spaniards did not play at nine-pins, that they had but one supper, at an inn, for thirteen persons, for which they themselves paid; that the deputies and the municipal officers afterwards danced round the village, that they returned to the inn and had a collation, although after supper; that they then renewed dancing for a short time, and that ultimately every one retired. These and similar customs, on which we will not dwell, strongly recall the simplicity of old times.

The Andorrans paid no taxes. They rented the mountains on which they fed their cattle; and the produce of their farms was sufficient to pay all their expenses. Their justice, their police, and their finances, were, for the preservation of good order, placed under the inspection of the intendant of Perpignan.

At the present day they govern themselves as formerly; but in consequence of the revolution, they have become independent of France; and, since the year 1790, the administration of the department have refused to receive their contribution of nine hundred and sixty francs, which they regard as a feudal custom, and will not allow them to come in quest of grain. France gives them neither viguier nor civil judge; their public business is no longer superintended by any of her magistrates; their private differences are no longer carried by appeal to any of her tribunals; and they no longer send deputies to Miglos or to Siguer.—*Litt. Gas.*

Life and Retirement of Henry Welby Faq, who lived 44 years in Grub Street, London, without being seen by any person.

Benevolence and humanity are the characteristics of a great and generous mind; and while they incite us to promote the felicity of others, they convey no small portion of happiness to ourselves. The truth of this remark was verified by the subject of this sketch: and though his peculiarities were great, he nevertheless displayed a sensibility of heart, which, even in this enlightened age, is scarcely to be met with. To record the incidents of his life, it will be necessary to commence with his birth, which took place in the year 1538, at a small village in Lincolnshire, where he enjoyed an estate of £1000 per annum. Having received a liberal education, all the accomplishments of the gentleman and scholar were combined in him: and further to augment the store of knowledge, which he had acquired at the university and inns of court, he took a tour through several of the most polite parts of Europe.

Hitherto he was a stranger to difficulties or disappointments. His suavity of manners, conversational powers and well known benevolence obtained him universal esteem: yet, a circumstance occurred, in the fortieth year of his age, that gave a complete turn to his mind, and induced him to retire from the world. This arose from an attack which was made upon him, on his road home, by a highwayman (said or supposed to be his brother,) who attempted his life with a pistol, which, not going off, he had strength and address sufficient to wrest from the man's hands, and found a double charge in it. This villanous attack operated so powerfully on his mind, that he formed the resolution of taking a house in Grub-Street, London, and of shutting himself up from his associates and relations, even his children. He reserved three rooms for his own use; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. Within these apartments he kept himself so closely retired, that for forty-four years he was never seen by any person, except Deborah, his old maid servant, who had only been permitted by accident, to see him in some cases of great necessity. The prying eye of curiosity never violated his singular way of life. Secluded from all intercourse with the world, he lived in the most abstemious manner, in quiet meditation. Milk, vegetables, and water-gruel, with an egg, or two at most, were his constant fare; yet his table was supplied with every thing in season, though he seldom partook of it himself. He was very curious about the state of the world: and as there were neither newspapers nor magazines then, he bought as many new books as he could get intelligence of, most of which, after perusal, he ordered the servant to sell, and give the produce to the poor. For many years together not a single enquiry was made after him, but by a certain person, supposed to have been a relative, a few years before his death, and these inquiries were seldom more frequent than twice a year.

His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian Monk was ever more constant and rigid to his rule.

His plain garb, long white beard, and venerable aspect after death, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of independent fortune, in a populous city. His income, which was at that period, considered large, he expended in acts of benevolence and charity, much of it being bestowed with such singularity as deserves to be recorded. Though the servant never saw him, but upon very urgent occasions, yet, through her means he distributed his gifts to the poor of his neighbourhood, in a very exact way. Any case of extraordinary necessity was immediately relieved, if a petition were laid before him at his meal-times.

When he wanted any thing he used to ring a bell in the middle room, and then retire to the inner apartment, from whence he issued his mandates in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by his domestic, who, on no account durst enter his room until he had retired from it. When his orders were long, he disposed them on slips of paper, with directions which to execute first.

He strictly observed the festivals of the church.

Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas, were times of extraordinary benevolence with him. On these occasions he constantly caused a large quantity of provisions to be dressed, and cut up into messes, which he ordered his old woman to send or deliver to the applicants, who were not suffered to enter his house. On some occasions, when he did not like his charity to be so conspicuous, he wrapped money in paper, and ordered it to be secretly delivered. After having thus spent an irreproachable, though singular life of benevolence and good-will to all men, he closed his account with this world, on the 29th day of October, 1686, in the 48th year of his age, and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripple gate. His old servant died a few days before him. Mr. Welby left an amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hillyard, a gentleman of fortune in Yorkshire; but, as was said before, neither she nor any of his relatives, ever saw the old gradamus after his retirement.

EPITAPH

BY TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

Old Henry Welby, well be thou for ever,
Thy purgatory past, thy heavens end never,
Of eighty-four years life, full forty-four
Men saw thee not, nor e'er shall see thee more!
'Twas piety and patience caus'd thee
So long a prisoner, to thyself, to be:
Thy bounteous house, within, express'd thy mind,
Thy charity, without the poor did find. R. T.

ODE TO EVENING.

Hail! gentle Evening, welcome guest,
And with thy loveliest healing balm,
Smooth my disturbed soul to rest,
And wrap it in the pleasing vest
Of contemplation calm:
Sad cares, that all the day have prest
Like heavy burthen on my soul;
And rag'd like fires in my breast,
No longer now perturbing roll,
But peaceful lie 'neath thy control.

No din of labour more I hear,
Nor dissonant, harsh-grating sound,
Of engines, clanging on the ear;
Such sounds have no abiding here,
For all is calm and still around.
Nought dares disturb Eve's quiet reign,
Presiding o'er the silent vale.—
Welcome kind Goddess! thee I hail
And thy soft soothing sweets inhale!

Now twinkling stars creep into view,
Or burst upon the gazing eye;
And Cythia's orb in glory too,
Shining aloft in Heaven's blue,
Adorns the glittering sky.
Now the soul spreads her wings for flight,
And roams as free, as light as air,
Savouring to blissful realms of light,
Extangled by no earthly snare,
But far from grief, from toil, and care.

On her strong phantoms high she soars,
Where worlds innumerable roll,
And there her Maker she adores,
And fervent adoration pours,
To him who form'd the whole.
Hail then bright enchanting Eve!
Hail with all thy starry train!
Come! oh come! my soul relieve,
Free from grief, from toll, from pain:
Come, and assert thy healing reign!

T. P. W.

NATURAL HISTORY.

INSTINCT OF THE WHALE.

Most other animals, when attacked, instinctively pursue a conduct which is generally the best calculated to secure their escape; but not so the whale. Were it to remain on the surface after being harpooned,—to press steadily forward in one direction,—and to exert the wonderful strength that it possesses; or were it to await the attacks of its enemies, and repel them by well-timed flourishes of its tremendous tail, it would often victoriously dispute the field with man, whose strength and bulk scarcely exceeds a nine-hundredth part of its own. But, like the rest of the lower animals, it was designed by Him who "created great whales, and

every living creature that moveth," to be subject to man; and, therefore, when attacked by him, it perishes by its simplicity. Instead of repelling his attacks, it generally dives at once to an immense depth, where, under a pressure often exceeding 200,000 tons† upon its body, it becomes so exhausted, that, on its return to the surface of the sea, it becomes an easy prey.

The conduct of the whale, in this respect, intimates, that the instinctive faculty generally possessed by the lower animals, and employed for the purpose of self-preservation, directs it to descend to the depths of the ocean for escaping its natural enemies in the same element; and it farther intimates, that, whatever these enemies may consist of, whether sword-fish, thrasher, or sharks, since it avoids them by this means, it must be able to descend lower, and to sustain a greater degree of pressure from the superincumbent water, than any of the animals that are in the habit of attacking it.—*Scoreby.*

Unhappy Catastrophe.—The two boats that had been so long absent, had, on the outset, separated from their companions; and allured by the chase of a whale, and the fineness of the weather, they proceeded until they were far out of sight of the ship. The whale they pursued led them into a vast shoal of the species; they were, indeed, so numerous, that their "blowing" was incessant; and they believed they could not have seen less than a hundred. Fearful of alarming them without striking any, they remained for some time motionless, watching for a favourable opportunity to commence an attack. One of them at length arose so near the boat of which William Carr was harpooner, that he ventured to pull towards it, though it was meeting him, and afforded but an indifferent chance of success. He, however, fatally for himself, succeeded in harpooning it. The boat and fish passed each other with great rapidity after the stroke, the line was jerked out of its place, and, instead of "running" over the stem, was thrown over the gunwale; its pressure in this unfavourable position so careened the boat, that the side sank below the water, and it began to fill. In this emergency the harpooner, who was a fine active fellow, seized the light of the line, and attempted to relieve the boat, by restoring it to its place; but by some singular circumstance, which could not be accounted for, a turn of the line flew over his arm, in an instant dragged him overboard, and plunged him under water, to rise no more! So sudden was the accident, that only one man, who had his eye upon him at the time, was aware of what had happened; so that when the boat righted, which it immediately did, though half full of water, they all at once, on looking round at an exclamation from the man who had seen him launched overboard, enquired what had got Carr! It is scarcely possible to imagine a death more awfully sudden and unexpected. The velocity of the whale on its first descent, is usually (as I have proved by experiment) about 8 or 9 miles per hour, or 13 to 15 feet per second. Now, as this unfortunate man was occupied in adjusting the line at the very water's edge, when it must have been perfectly tight, in consequence of the obstruction to its running out of the boat, the interval between the fastening of the line about him and his disappearance, could not have exceeded the third-part of a second of time; for

in one second only, he must have been dragged to the depth of 10 or 12 feet! The accident was, indeed, so instantaneous, that he had not time for the least exclamation; and the person who witnessed his extraordinary removal, observed, that it was so exceedingly quick, that although his eye was upon him at the instant, he could scarcely distinguish the object as it disappeared.—*Scoreby.*

THE CABINET.

THE DEATH OF GUIOMAR.

Guiomar. Hal! Ghastly Phantasm!—Turn thy pallid leer
Away: it sickens me. Methinks I stand
Full in the leopard's eye!—What arrowy light
He shoots out—Ha! Begone, thou blinding dream!
Touch me not—come not—Ah! my limbs are locked.
(*The arrow strikes him as the figure fades.*)

Oh!—'Tis a whistling bolt,—colder than frost:
But rankling,—rankling. Oh!—Who laughs above?—
I hear thee, spiteful Spirit! and I come.
Down to the lower graves, o'er-scaled by crime,
I go, to make thee mirth,—leaving for aye
This strange and melancholy wilderness.
From the rich Spain I came, (a bright bloos air)
To look upon these heaths and sunless shores,
With no companion:—but a wizard's step
Must stop not, till it treads the lowest depths.
Oh! how I dreamed that I might spread my name
(Once—once!) amongst a wide posterity;
And build up a renown, like lasting brass;
And be hereafter told of, as a man
Who sold his birth-right (pleasure) for great fame
And now I die,—with'er'd: yet will I die
Bravely,—for so I lived.

Infernal Halls!
Ye everlasting halls of Grief and Shame!
Where are your crowds, your shapes, your wild array
Of demons, and Tartarian chivalry?
Where are your gods,—crown'd Sin, and the gaunt Death,
To herald me!—I claim all sovereign pomp.
For to your cloud-black kingdoms never came
A mightier than to-day.—Hal! look!—I see
A flame of horsemen rush against the wind;
And bony crowds pass by with clattering feet;
Hydres and giants, and wide-gaping snakes;
And hissing dogs, and vultures that droop blood;
And the wild women with their crawling hair,—
Avant!—and look! the enormous Briars
Come, and foul Typhons drag his scaly train
Here,—here!—Away!—Dash down your burning rain,
Stille me,—slay me,—quick!—(*He falls.*)

O Lucifer!
Prince of the morning, to thy radiant arms
Take me, for now I die. To thee—(who wast
Banished from all the Heavens to tread dark Hell)
Star of a stormy world! alone I yield.
If there be pity left 'midst thy despair,
Pity me. I have erred—and dared—like thee.
Ambition was my god:—and it was thine.
Pity me—fall—fallen. (*Dies.*) B. CORNWALL.

UNSUCCESSFUL ADVENTURE.—A large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which, in his economy, he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow, and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undimmed, and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted,—advanced his lance,—and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake,—the lance trembled in the rest,—and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless to consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His nigh approach, and unshaken step, subdued the spark of bravery, and that dread of ridicule, that had hitherto upheld our

adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue; and being better practised in snow-travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained on the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, encompassing him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention;—he stopped,—pawed it,—hit it, and then resumed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favorable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and, while bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress a-head. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and he no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued outward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honorable retreat.—*Scoreby.*

CROSSES.

Stone crosses owed their origin to marking the Druid stones with crosses, in order to change the worship without breaking the prejudice. Many of the crosses presumed to be Runie rather belong to the civilized Britons. Crosses were also erected by many of the Christian kings before a battle or great enterprise, with prayers and supplications for the assistance of Almighty God. Whichever thinks, that crosses with scroll-work are always antecedent to the conquest.

Preaching Crosses.—That of the Black-friars, or Friars Preachers, in Hereford, is of an hexagonal shape, open on each side, and raised on steps. In the centre is a kind of table of the same shape, supporting the shaft, which, branching out into ramifications, forms the roof, and passing through it appears above in a mutilated state. The top of the pulpit is embattled, and round the cross were, no doubt, pectices for the congregation, as there were at St. Paul's cross, in London.

Market Crosses.—As crosses were in every place designed to check a worldly spirit, these were intended to inculcate upright intentions and fairness of dealing. In almost every town, which had a religious foundation, there was one of these crosses, to which the peasants resorted to vend provisions.

Weeping Crosses.—Because penances were finished before them.

Street Crosses.—Here sermons were preached, royal proclamations made, laws published, and malefactors sometimes hanged. The corpse, in conveyance to Church, was set down there, that all the people attending might pray for the soul of the deceased. Mendicants stationed themselves there to beg alms for Christ's sake. "Wherever," says an ancient MS. "a cross standeth, there is a forgiveness payne."

Crosses of Memorial.—Where the bier of an eminent person stopped, in attestation of a miracle performed there. In commemoration of battles, murder, and fatal events, sepulchral mementoes.

Crosses for Landmarks.—Mentioned anno 528, and common afterwards. Kings and lords used them as tokens of dominion; and they were especial landmarks of the Templars and Hospitalers. The form of a cross was used, that no man for conscience sake should remove them.

Crosses of Small Stones.—where a person had been killed.

Crosses on the High-Way.—frequently placed to call the thoughts of the passenger to a sense of religion, and restrain the predatory incursions of robbers. Usually erected also in the way leading to parochial

† It may assist our comprehension of the enormous load that these whales endure, when it descends to the depth of 800 fathoms, which it is often known to do, to be informed, that the pressure of the water at this depth, on the body of a whale, must sometimes exceed the weight of sixty of the largest ships of the British navy, when manned, provisioned, and fitted for a six months' cruise!—(Account of the Arct. Reg., vol. II. p. 230.)

churches, possibly for stations, when the roads were visited in processions

Crosses at the Entrances of Churches,—to inspire recollection and reverence.

Crosses in Attestation of a Peace made.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 60, by Miss Agnes.

The daily journeys of A will be an increasing geometrical series;—the daily journeys of B a decreasing geometrical series.

As A will have travelled $3 + 4 + 5\frac{1}{2} = 12\frac{1}{2}$ miles before B sets out, let us suppose the fourth hour's journey of A, viz. $7\frac{1}{2} = a$, to be the first term and $\frac{1}{2} = m$ the ratio of the series of A's daily journeys. Also $10 = b$, the first term, and $\frac{1}{3} = m$, the ratio, of B's daily journeys. Let $x =$ the hours A travelled after B set out: then also will $x =$ the hours B travelled.

Now, $\frac{ax - a}{n - 1} =$ the distance A travelled after B set out, and $\frac{bx - b}{m - 1} =$ the distance B travelled.

Hence per question $\frac{ax - a}{n - 1} + \frac{bx - b}{m - 1} = 100 - 12\frac{1}{2}$
 $= 87\frac{1}{2} = s$. Or, $\frac{ax - a}{n - 1} = s + \frac{bx - b}{m - 1}$

In numbers $(\frac{1}{2})x - \frac{100}{24} (\frac{1}{3})x = 87\frac{1}{2}$.

This equation reduced by logarithms gives $x = 4.2645$. Hence A will have travelled when he meets B $12\frac{1}{2} + 51.4 = 63.733$ miles, and B 36.267 miles.

Neat solutions have been received from Mr. Hill, Mr. Williams, Mr. Jones, J. G. and Amicus.

Question No. 65, by J. G., Wilmalton.

Suppose a cylinder, whose diameter is n , (6 inches) to contain water, when erect, to the depth of b , (3 inches) what will be the greatest depth of the fluid when the cylinder is inclined to the horizon at an angle d (30°)?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POLAR EXPLORATORY TRAVELS.

Accounts have reached us from Admiral Krusenstern, that a Russian Officer had accomplished the extraordinary journey of fifty days on the Polar ice, and had arrived at an entirely open Polar sea!!!—*Lit. Gaz.*

A Literary and Scientific Institution is about to be established at Bath, under the auspices of the Marquis of Lansdown.

A Philosophical Society has been established at York, more particularly for the cultivation of Geology.

VARIETIES.

NATURE AND ART.—On the subject of natural and acquired Genius, Mr. D'Israeli relates the following anecdote:—Cecco maintained that Nature was more potent than Art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose. When Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged, that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause!

NEW PRINTING MACHINE.—Dr. Church is now at Birmingham preparing his new printing machine. The compositor has only to sit down at this curious piece of mechanism as he would at a piano-forte, and as he strikes the keys the types all fall from the case into their proper places with a velocity that keeps pace with the most rapid speaker. The form having been worked off, the type moves into the melting-pot, from which it is returned recast into its original state without any diminution of material, and thence distributed into the

case quite new. One of these machines placed at the bar of the House of Commons, would always insure a correct report of the debate. Dr. Church, the inventor, is a native of Boston, New England.

THE STEAM-BOAT.—We went to Richmond by the Steam-boat, and I have scarcely yet recovered from the effect of the journey. You know I hated this self-willed machine when first I saw it hurrying and clattering along between the wharfs and coal-barges, and through the muddy water, at Blackfriars-bridge; but now I have not common patience with it. It is, to be sure, a most atrocious invention, and fit for nothing but to transport convicts to Botany-bay or condemned souls across the Styx. To see a huge, noisy monster, breathing fire and smoke, come insolently trundling itself up the clear stream, beneath the willows and alders, and between the classical banks of Pope's Twickenham, and treating all one's feelings, fancies, and associations, past, present, and to come, with contempt, is intolerable, and ought to be forbidden by act of Parliament. It jolts worse than a French diligence over the pavé, and roars like a corn-mill; and instead of being able to look at the scenery along the banks of the river, which I so much wished for an opportunity of seeing, all I could do was to sit perversely counting the abominable strokes of the steam-engine, as they jarred and vibrated on every nerve about me. But really the bodily inconvenience attending a voyage in this new "infernal machine" is nothing compared with its insolent violation of all one's most cherished notions of keeping and consistency. Think of a drunken Dutch boor in the midst of one Claude's *reposos*; or imagine a great rough cloven-footed Satyr in Titian's *Bath of Diana*; or conceive a herd of porpoises tumbling about in one of the Italian lakes, and you may gain some idea of the effect of seeing a London steam-boat intruding itself upon the Thames at Twickenham.—*Letters on England, by Count de Soligny.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Mr. Rogers, the Astronomical Lecturer, affirms, that, the whole of the Northern Islands will be embathed in the seas, in from four to five thousand years:—I should be glad to learn from Mr. R., through the medium of the *Iris*, upon what facts he founds this theory, which, to me, appears equally novel, unscriptural, and presumptuous.

Mr. R., also mentions a "golden age," and favours us with a good round number of years, after which, *continual summer* will again visit the earth. This gentleman would oblige me much, by exhibiting an outline of the theory of the vegetation of the earth, when its inhabitants shall be blessed with one *unvarying season*. Mr. R. has shown no cause of a change in the position of the earth's axis, consequently there is no reason to believe, that the seasons were ever different from what we now find them: neither has he made a *prospective change* in the least probable, either from observation or rational conjecture. I am, &c. Y.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday April 11th, to Friday April 11th, 1823.

Monday.—The Miller's Maid: with Tom and Jerry.
Tuesday.—The Miller's Maid: with Tom and Jerry.
Wednesday.—The Miller's Maid: with Tom and Jerry.
Friday.—The Libertine: with Tom and Jerry.

MR. ROGERS' Lectures, in the large room of the EXCHANGE-BUILDING, prove particularly interesting. His ASTRONOMICAL theory contains the improvements of Newton upon the hypothesis of Pythagoras as revived and illustrated by Copernicus, Galileo, &c. We must here beg to suggest to Mr. R. that the phases of the moon are not distinctly shown, neither is his representation of the solar system on a sufficiently large scale to enable those unacquainted with the science to form any idea of the comparative distance and velocity of the planetary bodies in their revolution round the sun. His MICROSCOPICAL exhibitions are really beautiful; and his offer of the use of his lenses to medical gentlemen for the examination of morbid parts we consider to be gentlemanly and liberal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The long promised English Flora of Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society, is now printing. The English botanist will thus be furnished with an original and authentic guide to the study of our native plants, in his own language, free from all unnecessary technical terms; and, according to the plan which the author has long been studying to attain, of a classical English style, rejecting that barbarous (neither English nor Latin) phraseology, which so many writers have, without principle, or consideration perhaps, adopted. The essential characters and descriptions will all be re-considered, and corrected after nature.

An epigrammatic and satirical work, entitled 'The Cambridge Tart,' is in the press. It is intended as a companion to 'The Oxford Sausage.'

The Forest Minstrel, and other Poems; by William and Mary Hewitt.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

INFIDELITY DEMONSTRATIVELY REFUTED.

Exchange Rooms, Manchester.

MR. ROGERS' fourth LECTURE on ASTRONOMY, and its coincidence with the Scriptures, will be delivered in the above rooms, on Monday Evening the 14th Inst.—The MICROSCOPIC EXPERIMENTS will follow the lecture as usual.

Tickets may be had at the Offices of the Manchester Papers; of Mr. Rogers, No. 87 Oldham-Street, and at the Rooms from Eleven till Two o'Clock, on the days of lecturing, where Places can be taken, and a syllabus with particulars had gratis.

Stockport and Macclesfield arrangements in future papers.

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* * * This volume contains an account of the superstitions, Traditional Stories, and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders,—illustrated in Narrations of Ghosts, Fairies, Brownies, Water Kelpies, Spunkies, Witchcraft, Hallowe'en, Christmas, Fasten's Eve, Weddings, Wakes, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With our correspondents we are this week considerably in arrear owing to our copious extracts from the professional and exploratory voyage of that amiable, intelligent, and able navigator—*Captain Scoresby*.—And, although we have been so liberal of our columns for the information and entertainment of our readers; we should be doing them an evident injustice were we, for a moment, to give them to understand that our imperfect analysis might any thing like supersede a perusal of the entire volume;—our sketch should be viewed merely as an invitation to the wholesome and agreeable intellectual repast, which the intrinsically valuable and highly interesting work under consideration most amply furnishes.

F. W.—We shall be happy to comply with the wishes of Rusticus, should F. W.'s expectation be realized.

We cannot surrender our own judgment to that of our "Bea's Claw" correspondent.

G. H.'s Tythe Pig is known, in a twopenny caricature, to every boy in the country.

Hanority; Ignority; A Constant Reader; and E. P. Coulthart, are received.

MUSIC.—The present *Iris* contains—"Angels ever bright and fair,"—by Handel.

In consequence of the unexpected demand which has been made for last week's *Iris*, the impression is nearly disposed of; but Burns' beautiful Ballad of "When wild War's deadly blast was blown," the music to which is composed by the author of "O Mary turn those eyes away," may now be had at the Office with any preceding number.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

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The Manchester Iris:

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers. The last column is open to ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 64.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

REVIEW.

Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22.
By JOHN FRANKLIN, Capt. R. N. F. R. S.
London, 1823.

This volume has indisputable claims upon our attention. It is neither a tissue of the imagination, nor a superstructure of the closet; but the unvarnished, yet elegant narrative of arduous, persevering enterprise. It is also a work of taste and judgment; and the beauty of the letter-press and engravings, would justly dispute comparative excellency with the contents of many very popular, but infinitely less interesting books. Whilst we add a few short extracts, we cannot but invite our readers to an attentive perusal of the entire Journey.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver (*castor*) furnishes the staple fur of the country. Many surprising stories have been told of the sagacity with which this animal suits the form of its habitation, retreats, and dam, to local circumstances; and I compared the accounts of its manners, given by Cuvier, in his *Règne Animal*, with the reports of the Indians, and found them to agree exactly. They have been often seen in the act of constructing their houses in the moon-light nights, and the observers agree, that the stones, wood, or other materials, are carried in their teeth, and generally leaning against the shoulder. When they have placed it to their mind, they turn round and give it a smart blow with their flat tail. In the act of diving they give a similar stroke to the surface of the water. They keep their provision of wood under water in front of the house. Their favourite food is the bark of the aspen, birch, and willow; they also eat the alder, but seldom touch any of the pine tribe unless from necessity; they are fond of the large roots of the *sugar luteum*, and grow fat upon it, but it gives their flesh a strong rancid taste. In the season of love their call resembles a groan, that of the male being the hoarsest, but the voice of the young is exactly like the cry of a child. They are very playful, as they following anecdote will shew:—One day a gentleman, long resident in this country, espied five young beavers sporting in the water, leaping from the trunk of a tree, pushing one another off, and playing a thousand interesting tricks. He approached softly, under cover of the bushes, and prepared to fire on the unsuspecting creatures, but a nearer approach discovered to him such a similitude betwixt their gestures and the infantile caresses of his own children, that he threw aside his gun. This gentleman's feelings are to be envied, but few traders in fur would have acted so feelingly.

PATERNAL AFFECTION AND AUTHENTICATED PHENOMENON.

A young Chipewyan lad, separated from the rest of his band for the purpose of trenching beaver, when his wife who was his sole companion, and in her first pregnancy, was seized with the pains of labour. She died on the third day after she had given birth to the boy. The husband was inconsolable, and vowed in his anguish never to take another woman to wife, but his grief was soon in some degree absorbed in anxiety for the fate of his infant son. To preserve its life he descended to the office of nurse, so degrading in the eyes of a Chipewyan, as partaking of the duties of a woman. He swaddled it in soft moss, fed it with broth made from the flesh of the deer, and to still its cries he applied it to his breast, praying earnestly to the great Master of Life, to assist his endeavours. The force of

the powerful passion by which he was actuated produced the same effect in his case, as it has done in some others which are recorded; a flow of milk actually took place from his breast. He succeeded in rearing his child, taught him to be a hunter, and when he attained the age of manhood, chose him a wife from the tribe. The old man kept his vow in never taking a second wife himself, but he delighted in tending his son's children, and when his daughter-in-law used to interfere, saying, that it was not the occupation of a man, he was wont to reply, that he had promised to the great Master of Life, if his child was spared, never to be proud, like the other Indians. He used to mention, too, as a certain proof of the approbation of Providence, that although he was always obliged to carry his child on his back while hunting, yet that it never roused a mouse by its cries, being always particularly still at those times. Our informant* added that he had often seen this Indian in his old age, and that his left breast, even then, retained the unusual size, it had acquired in his occupation of nurse.

INDIAN TRADITION.

The earth had been formed, but continued enveloped in total darkness, when a bear and squirrel met on the shores of a lake; a dispute arose as to their respective powers, which they agreed to settle by running in opposite directions round the lake, and which ever arrived first, was to evince his superiority by some signal act of power. The squirrel beat, ran up a tree, and loudly demanded light, which instantly beaming forth, discovered a bird dispelling the gloom with its wings; the bird was afterwards recognised to be a crow. The squirrel next broke a piece of bark from the tree, endowed it with the power of floating, and said, Behold the material which shall afford the future inhabitants of the earth the means of traversing the waters.

PROBABILITY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE, AND SAFETY OF CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

Our researchers, as far as they have gone, seem to favour the opinion of those who contend for the practicability of a North-West Passage. The general line of coast probably runs east and west, nearly in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, the Sound into which Kotzebue entered, and Repulse Bay; and very little doubt can, in my opinion, be entertained of the existence of a continued sea, in or about that line of direction. I entertain, indeed, sanguine hopes that the skill and exertions of my friend Captain Parry will soon render this question no longer problematical. His task is doubtless an arduous one, and, if ultimately successful, may occupy two and perhaps three seasons; but confiding as I do, from personal knowledge, in his perseverance and talent for surmounting difficulties, the strength of his ships, and the abundance of provisions with which they are stored, I have very little apprehension of his safety. As I understood his object was to keep the coast of America close on board, he will find in the spring of the year, before the breaking up of the ice can permit him to pursue his voyage, herds of deer flocking in abundance to all parts of the coast, which may be procured without difficulty; and, even later in the season, additions to his stock of provision may be obtained on many parts of the coast, should circumstances give him leisure to send out hunting parties. With the trawl or seine nets also, he may everywhere get abundance of fish even without retarding his progress. Under these circumstances I do not conceive that he runs any hazard of wanting provisions, should his voyage be prolonged even beyond the latest period of time which is calculated upon. Drift timber may be gathered at many places in considerable quantities, and

there is a fair prospect of his opening a communication with the Esquimaux, who come down to the coast to kill seals in the spring, previous to the ice breaking up; and from whom, if he succeeds in conciliating their good-will, he may obtain provision, and much useful assistance.

If he makes for Copper-Mine River, as he probably will do, he will not find it in the longitude as laid down on the charts; but he will probably find what would be more interesting to him, a post, which we erected on the 26th August at the mouth of Hood's River, which is nearly, as will appear hereafter, in that longitude, with a flag upon it, and a letter at the foot of it, which may convey to him some useful information.

SNOW HOUSES OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

The winter habitations of the Esquimaux, who visit Churchill, are built of snow, and judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river, where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two feet deep, being the thickness of the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature, corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other exactly like courses of hewn stone around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards, by which contrivance the building acquired the properties of a dome. The dome was closed somewhat suddenly and flatly by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut up by a small conical piece.

The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so, that it retained its position without requiring support, until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it, to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with the knife. A bed-place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of pine branches, to prevent them from melting by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp upon, and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window.

The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building, and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple, reared by Phidias; both are triumphs of art, inimitable in their kinds.

With these few incidental extracts we conclude our notice of a work, from the consecutive narrative of which, no particulars could be taken that would prove sufficiently concise for our columns, and satisfactory to our readers.—A journey of nearly six thousand miles amidst the snows, lakes, rivers, seas, and barren and inhospitable regions of the north; and which requires

* Mr. Wentzel.

eight hundred quarto pages for its Journal, cannot be fairly condensed within our limits.

Should future expeditions of this description be thought necessary, we sincerely hope that they will be better provided for. The sufferings of our countrymen, and of their Indian guides, hunters, &c., were intense and appalling; and we are convinced that much of their disappointment and consequent wretchedness, might have been prevented by more judicious arrangement.

THE CLUB.

No. XXXII.—FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1823.

He try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With sature his creasing pencil try'd,
With sature joyous at the mimic strife:
THOMSON.

THE Antiquary has been so long accustomed to praise the profession of the artist, and to borrow illustrations from it, that we urged him the other night to give us some account of the subject. He complied with our wishes the more willingly as several of the members have on certain occasions, been rather jocular at his expense, when alluding to his favourite art.

The art of drawing, gentlemen, observed our friend, has many claims to attention. It is not only a delightful and elegant accomplishment, but it is, at the same time, susceptible of many highly useful applications.

The human mind is always delighted to observe the progress which is made in any undertaking; but in no case is this pleasure more strongly excited than in the solitary labours of the artist. To perceive at first merely a few unintelligible lines; to see those lines when joined by others, gradually assuming a form of intelligence; and by further additions, wrought into a beautiful and attractive picture, is a process of creation and improvement, which must, it is presumed, excite in every well disposed mind a considerable degree of pleasurable interest. The very increase which we discover in our skill during our study, is, perhaps, more conspicuous, and therefore, more calculated to gratify the mind, in this pursuit than in any other.

The consciousness of power which we feel in being able to take the representation of an object which may have excited our interest, and secure from the feebleness of memory, or the alterations of association, all of it which was subject to the eye; and to be capable, moreover, of exhibiting that object to others, in the point of view in which it most affected ourselves, are circumstances which must impart to us an emotion which few other studies are able to inspire.

But it is rather on account of its practical utility that this art deserves to be recommended. The advantages which it supplies to the Mechanic, the Architect, and the Surgeon, are well known; and in the study of natural history and botany it is of the highest importance.

It not only supplies the want of verbal communication, but in many instances surpasses it. The truth of this remark is confirmed by a mere allusion to the value of plates in books of voyages and travels. The traveller who wishes to convey to us an accurate representation of beautiful or sublime scenery, can do it but imperfectly in words; but when he has recourse to his pencil he is able to impart to us at once as complete and correct a view of the whole scene as can be had from an inspection of the original. How much more captivating is the work of Belzoni rendered by his fine delineations. What a powerful effect might the pencil of a

skillful artist have produced in a sketch of the Dutch vessel described on a former evening, agitated as it was in apparent mockery by the waves which had wrecked it, and shunned by animated beings, except, perhaps, when a sea-fowl, tired of its flight, may rest for a few moments upon it.

The mind is enlightened and refined by a frequent examination of the works of eminent artists. To distinguish their peculiar merits is certainly not an occupation of mere amusement. The taste is improved, and habits of acute observation are acquired by examining the characteristics of admired productions; as the delicacy and sweetness exhibited in the Venus de Medici; the powerful expression of feeling in Laocoon; and the dignity and elegance in the Apollo Belvidere.

Of the Fine Arts which have contributed much to promote civilization, I know of none which has a right to rank before the profession of the artist. The painters of the greatest eminence in every country will be found, I believe, to have flourished when those countries were rising in refinement and reputation. The art is by no means ungrateful; it rewards the national taste by which it is encouraged, in several respects, besides securing to the country a reputation far more durable and honourable than that of Military glory.

A few remarks of an opposite tendency were made by several other members, some of whom were rather jocular upon the Antiquary for having assumed a style so much more florid than that which is generally held in the meetings of the Club.

In most of the observations in favour of painting, said the President, I am glad to concur. I consider the study to be a source not only of pleasure but of power. It certainly has, in many respects, a happy effect upon the mind. It tends, in the case of young people in particular, to cultivate a nice perception of the beauties of nature, and to form habits of activity. An inspection of the elaborate pieces of the first masters shews us, in a very striking manner, how much it is in the power of human effort to achieve by steady, persevering, well-directed application. Drawing is more especially worthy of the attention of the female sex; and it is, I am happy to say, an art in which several of the Ladies of Manchester have already acquired great credit on public occasions.

On its advantage in preserving to us the likeness of our friends, and of those persons who have attained distinction for their learning, their talents, or their virtues, some observations were made in a former paper.

The Widower remarked that it is only by the pencil of the artist that we can convey to future generations, a clear idea of those truly contemptible beings, who, having been intended by nature for men, spared no exertion to assume the character and qualities of the other sex. J. T.

THE OLD MAN.

"Old man, old man, thy locks are grey,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"
"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home."
"And where do thy children linger so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"
"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can
And sorrow shall chill it no more."
"To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spoke grew pale;
On the grass green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set midst clouds and vapours dank.
On the morrow that sun on the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he press'd that night

NEELE

ACCOUNT OF HALLOWE'EN.

(From "Popular Superstitions, &c. of the Highlanders," just published.)

"Ye powers of darkness and of hell,
Propitious to the magic spell,
Who rule in silence o'er the night,
Be present now."

FRANCIS.

Of the whole series of annual festivals, Hallowe'en forms the most important occasion in the Highlands of Scotland. The fascinating round of varied enjoyments the night presents to the young and juvenile—the delightful peeps into futurity it affords to the enchanted lover—and the fond recollections it revives in old age—all conspire to render its approach more interesting, and its celebration more joyful, than any other occasion within the compass of the year. Nor is the happy influence diffused by Hallowe'en confined to the human class of the inhabitants of the Highlands alone: most of the supernatural inhabitants are in some degree partakers in the general happiness. With the fairy community, in particular, it is an occasion of peculiar grandeur, as the great anniversary on which they are reviewed by Auld Nick, their nominal chief potentate, in person; whilst many others of the classes treated of in the foregoing pages regard it as a night of no ordinary pomp and joviality.

On this occasion of universal hilarity, the natural coldness and jealousy which generally subsist between the human species and their supernatural neighbours, are changed into perfect harmony and benevolence. Like two belligerent armies, whose hostility towards each other is more the offspring of public duty than private resentment, and who, therefore, during the intervals of war, exhibit in their mutual intercourse the marks of personal good will—so, in like manner, those two classes forget for the night all animosity, in their more laudable zeal to contribute to each other's gratification. Nay, stern Satan himself relaxes for this night his avarice; and, alive to no other object than the promotion of universal enjoyments, dispatches showers of his emissaries to the several kiln-pots, peat-stacks, and barn-yards in the Highlands, to afford to those adventurers who desire it, a peep into the secrets of futurity.

Such a display of seeming benevolence, did it proceed from any other individual than Satan, could not fail to meet with some share of applause. But heads of families, whose opinions are entitled to some respect, have been known to affirm, that Satan's affected generosity on this occasion is nothing but a mere stratagem, for inveigling the more effectually the young and unwary into his vile snares; and that he gets more game by those specious artifices than he could realize by any other means. Hence it is that the anxious parent this night, instead of extolling Satan's generosity, is so intent on magnifying his perfidy; and in order the better to dissuade his offspring and family from the

dangerous practices of the night, details, without qualification, his numerous treacheries on similar occasions.

But these ebullitions of the parent's jealousy of Satan's practices are soon subdued. The big-bellied bottle and bumper glass will have a great effect in relaxing his heart of its illiberal suspicions. Speedily animated by the conciliating qualities of the "*barley tree*," and softened by the recollection of his own youthful frolics and manly deeds on similar occasions, he no longer regards as a crime those practices which he recently condemned; and the good-natured matron, being happy at her husband's felicity, and averse to chide, they both tacitly connive at the family's indulgence in the customary arts of divination.

Generally the first spell they try is pulling the stock of kail. Joining hand in hand they go forth to the kail-yard, previously blind-folded, lads, lasses, and children, equally anxious to have their fortunes told as their seniors. Pulling the first stock they meet with, they immediately return to the light to have an examination of its qualities; its being large or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the puller's conjugal companion. If any earth adheres to the root, it indicates tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoc or stem, whether sour or sweet, shows the nature of his disposition.

They go next to the barn-yard, and pull each a stalk of oats, and, according to the number of grains upon the stalk, the puller will have a corresponding number of children. It may be observed, that it is essential to a female's good fame, that her stalk should have the top grain attached to it.

An individual goes to the barn, opens both its doors, then takes the instrument used in winnowing corn, called a *wecht*, and goes through all the gestures of letting down corn against the wind. This is repeated three several times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the one door and out at the other, having a retinue emblematical of his or her station in life.

A person goes privately to *Tor-na-ha*, or the kiln-pot, throws into it a clew of blue thread, which the person winds into a new clew. Towards the latter end something will hold the thread, on which the person demands, "who holds?" an answer will be returned by the agent below, by naming the Christian name and surname of the person's future spouse.

A person steals out unperceived to the peat-stack—sows a handful of hemp-seed, calling out something to the following effect:—

"Hemp-seed I saw thee,
Hemp-seed I saw thee,
And he who is my true love
Come after me and put thee,"

And, on looking over his shoulder, he sees the apparition of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling the hemp, which had immediately grown at the magic command. Or, if hemp-seed is not at hand, let the person take the floor-besom, which he will ride in the manner of a witch three times round the peat-stack, and the last time the apparition will appear to him.

They go, one or more, to what is called a *dead and living ford*, or, in other words, a ford which has been crossed by a funeral, and observing profound silence, dip the sleeve of their shirt in it. On returning home, they go to bed in sight of a fire, and, lying awake in bed, they will observe an apparition, being an exact similitude of the grand object in question, turn the shirt-sleeves, as if to dry the other side.

An individual goes to a public road, which branches in three several directions, (i. e. the junction of three roads,) bearing with him the cutty or three-legged stool, on which the person seats himself just on the eve of twelve o'clock; and, as the hour strikes, he hears proclaimed the names of several persons who shall die in the parish before the next anniversary. *Note*—If the person carries along with him articles of wearing-apparel, and throws an article away on the proclamation of each person's name, it will rescue the person from his impending fate.

These and some other out-of-door spells having been tried, the parties return to the dwelling-house to burn the nuts. Burning the nuts is a very popular charm. They name a lad and a lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and, accordingly, as they burn quietly, or start from beside one another, so the issue of the courtship will be.

A person takes a candle and goes unattended to a looking glass—eats an apple before it, combing his or her hair all the while, occasionally holding over the shoulder a table-fork with a piece of the apple upon it, and ultimately the adventurer's conjugal partner will be seen in the glass, in the attitude of taking the proffered piece of apple.

These and some other spells of less note, such as dipping for the apple, groping for the clean dish, which are generally known, and, therefore, need not be particularly described, joined to each individual's relation of the sights which he saw on the present and former occasions, together with the reflections they draw from "narrative old age," bring the well buttered sowans, or more favourite *bannocks* upon the table. The *sonic* kebbok is roasted at the fire, and fangs cut down from end to end. Branded bannocks, and every other luxury that can be procured, load the hospitable board. The welcome guests surround it; the silver head is bared with solemn reverence, and the temperate feast, qualified with a few rounds of the *Boghie dhu*, is as much relished as if it consisted of the most delicious luxuries that crown a monarch's board. But the hours are too happy to remain long;—they flee like a shadow, and call the guests to their respective homes. Each swain and damsel now repose themselves on their pillows, full of those tender emotions which the night's amusements excited, and in their mid-night slumbers see those objects, whose image they so ardently wished to see in all their comeliness and beauty.

• Twitched cream.

EXTRACT FROM A MS. POEM.

"Indeed those eyes were never made for you,
"Too eloquent by far for such a saint;
"I only wish for my sake they'd been blue,
"I pray do you ever rouge my dear or paint)
"I wish for certain reasons that I knew;
"I see no cause indeed why ladies mayn't,
"Provided that they tell us all in time;
"I cannot think it then would be a crime.

There is a certain language in the eye,
That generally is understood by all;
A sort of mutual sympathy by the by,
In which young people very often fall;
And is a habit which I must decry
As not becoming to the sex at all;
I mean that staring in each other's face,
Without regard to either time or place.

Exchange of glances, looks of love and such like,
Are things that I should certainly condemn;
And which, in truth, I cannot say I much like,
Although, perhaps, I've had my share of them;
It gives one too a sort of quick'ning touch like
Lightning—the brilliancy of a gem
Darted upon us from a female eye;
And then we cannot tell the reason why.

The lady I alluded to before,
Had been in youth a very arrant flirt;
But now as she was verging on two score,
(In fact she'd done her character some hurt)
She would reform and never do so more;
(I hope she will not think that I am part)
And so resolv'd at once to turn a saint—
She really held herself in great restraint.

Her rouge et *eaters* were now laid aside,
And all such articles of ladies' fair,
In which they take a mighty deal of pride,
As making them as beautiful as they are.
No doubt but many blemishes they hide,
Altho' in fact, it's but a sort of snare;
And hanging out false colours as they say
Which surely's not a very honest way.

She gave up balls, and now abhor'd a rout;
Had very great aversion to a play;
Although indeed I had myself some doubt,
Whether she really was inclin'd that way;
I would not have this thought to get about,
Because you know it's but what people say;
And I would be the last man to defame,
Or otherwise to injure her good name.

If I might be permitted now to give
An opinion on so delicate a subject,
Which — — — — —

I really own that I do much suspect
Those ladies, who with modest, and with pious looks
Make you believe they read nought but their prayer books.

I've many weighty reasons for so thinking,
Which if I chuse I could explain to you;
Some that would make your eyes begin of winking,
So very wonderful but yet so true;
I should not like it to be thought I'm shrinking
From what I said before, no more I do.
I say if I were willing I could prove
All that to you, which I have said above.

In youth this lady had been much admir'd,
A fine good-looking woman, you would call her;
Not that I think *they're* most to be desir'd—
I've seen some pretty women rather smaller,
Which to my taste would not so soon have tir'd;
But let that pass I'd never wish one taller.
In spite of her complexion being brown,
She look'd much better in an evening gown.

She'd had some lovers (so at least I've heard)
Amounting to in all about two score,
Which some say is a thing that's quite absurd,
Having never heard the like of it before;
Now as to this I will not pledge my word;
She might have had you know as many more
Without us knowing aught about the matter.
Except by what we hear from idle chatter.

I do not think that novels or romances
Ought to be put into young ladies' hands;
They only fill their heads with whims and fancies,
And such like nonsense no one understands,
As knights in love and damsels too in trances,
Who wander far away in foreign lands;
Also such stories too, as *Miss Florida*,
Who jump'd out to her lover through the window.

But I must bring this canto to a close,
And wish the courteous reader a good bye;
My muse I'm sure would wish to take a dose—
In fact, she's rather tired—so am I;
And as we have not too much time to lose,
I'll not defer this opportunity
Of wishing you, kind reader, a good night,
And pleasant reveries, and slumbers light.

E. P. COULTHURST.

THE CABINET.

PERE LA CHAISE.

(By the Author of the *Magic Lantern*.)

Père La Chaise is the modern and fashionable burying-ground of Paris. Will it be believed that even to the "Narrow House" fashion carries its influence—but so it is; and all the persons of a certain rank—that is to say, those who can afford to pay for it—who may enter the dull precincts of death at Paris, are consigned to Père La Chaise, which is certainly the most cheerful (if I can apply this term to such a place) church-yard that ever was seen.

The French only could have thought of decorating the last sad earthly home as this is adorned; nothing can be more incongruous; every size, sort, and shape of monument, from the pyramid of Egypt in miniature to the ornamented Gothic chapel,—all are jumbled together in the strangest confusion. Here we have a sarcophagus supported by sphinxes, while next to it a Greek cross of delicate proportion rears its modest front. Several of the monuments have recesses in them, which are filled with baskets of artificial flowers covered

over with glass, and almost all adorned by garlands of flowers, moss, or beads, while many have beds of flowers, rose-trees, and flowering shrubs planted round them. The place is thickly planted with cypress, poplars, and other trees, and several walks are formed in it. The mixture of frivolity and sentiment visible in this asylum of the dead must impress itself strongly on the mind of an English person, and is no bad epitome of the French character.

Here the ruling passion is strikingly evident; and I confess I have so much of the natural John Bull feeling about me, that I would prefer having my grave in the most secluded sombre spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable, sentimental Père La Chaise. The beautiful monument of the unfortunate lovers Heloise and Abelard is removed to this cemetery, and wretchedly placed in a corner, near the wall that incloses the ground. Surely, if "in the ashes glowed their wonted fires," they would doubly glow at the situation and society in which they are now placed.

It is the custom to pay a certain sum for the ground, which is generally bought at so many years' purchase. The general period is fifty years, and at the expiration of that time it is broken up, and disposed of again. The tomb-stones usually bear inscriptions specifying the length of time for which they are to stand. Reading those inscriptions suggested the following lines:

"Reader, this grave for fifty years is mine,
But when my term is up, it may be thine."

Thus the epitaph answers the double purpose of honouring the dead, and of offering the tenement to a future customer.

SEVEN SYMPTOMS OF SPRING IN LONDON

Symptom 1. To hear, some morning, before you are well awake, a hoarse unfeminine voice squalling, "primroses, two bunches a-penny;" followed, in a few days, with "bny my pretty bough-pots and sweet briar," or daffydawn dillies.

Symptom 2. Happening to go as far from the city as the parish of Clerkenwell; to see some little urchin of a boy with his rod and line, like another Polyphemus, sitting on the wall by the side of the New River, and bobbing for a gudgeon; and, at the same time, to observe that the little bit of garden belonging to Sadler's Wells has been fresh raked, the white rails on that side of the river newly painted, as also the entrance doors, and the magic words, boxes, pit, and gallery.

Symptom 3. To hear Jews and Irishmen, on some Sunday morning (for you generally hear mackarel cried first on that day, so managed, perhaps, because folks have more time to eat and money to spend), bawling "my-brel."

Symptom 4. To see a fine quarter of lamb, tempting you at your butcher's: but this is an awkward symptom, for, upon inquiring the price, you find it heavier perhaps than your pocket.

Symptom 5. A fine cream cheese at the butter shop, and divers bunches of radishes at the green-grocers, as an accompaniment.

Symptom 6. Rather a rural symptom; viz. to see, in passing through one of the inns of court, or past a London church-yard, a shrub or tree showing its first budding attempt to put forth a yellow-green leaf in its murky and foggy atmosphere.

Symptom 7. To go to Covent Garden (the finest garden in England, as we cockneys say) on some fine Tuesday or Thursday morning, being market-days, and see the fair goddess of Spring personified by young summer cabbages, cauliflowers, (those best of flowers) bundles of asparagus, early dishes of green peas, and other tempting vegetable matters. To see, also, Maia's coronet, torn apparently from her brows, offered for sale in the shape of beautiful and blooming flowers, tastefully disposed in nosegays for the mantle-piece or the boudoir. And, more than all, the flowers having real and right-earnest roots to them, with or without pots, and to be bought for various sums, from the two-penny root of southern wood and double daisies, or sixpenny one of Sweet William, to the half-crown myrtle or the half-guinea camellia japonica.

Who, then, should dare to say that we Londoners know nothing of Spring and her beauties, but that we must succumb and knock under to the rustics and men of the shires, when we have seven such symptoms as

the above to apprise us of her arrival? Let, then, the followers of the plough keep their dirty fields and lanes to themselves; and come home from a spring-day's walk with half a hundred weight of clay hanging to their heels; let them go on eating their fat bacon in peace, and leave us to our good pavements, our gas-lights, our lamb and mint sauce, and our seven symptoms of spring.—*Lit. Chron.*

AN OLD INDIAN CHIEF.

(From *Manners and Customs of several Indian Tribes.*)

Here, after I had become acquainted with their language, I was accustomed, in company with the Indian boys, to listen with indescribable satisfaction to the sage counsels, inspiring narratives, and traditionary tales of Tshnt-cho-nan.* This venerable worn-out warrior would often admonish us for our faults, and exhort us never to tell a lie. 'Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is just that we should injure in every possible way. When you become men, be brave and cunning in war, and defend your hunting grounds against all encroachments. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. On no account betray your friend. Resent insults; revenge yourselves on your enemies. Drink not the poisonous strong-water of the white people; it is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death; none but cowards fear to die. Obey and venerate the old people, particularly your parents. Fear and propitiate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm;—love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting grounds, and keeps us alive.

He would then point to the scars that disfigured his body, and say, 'Often have I been engaged in deadly combat with the enemies of our nation, and almost as often come off victorious.—I have made long walks over snow and ice, and through swamps and prairies, without food, in search of my country's foes: I have taken this and that prisoner, and the scalps of such and such warriors.

Now looking round on his auditors with an indescribable expression of feeling in his countenance, and pointing to the green fields of corn, and to the stores collected from the hunting grounds, he would continue, 'For the peaceful enjoyment of all these, you are indebted to myself and to my brave warriors. But now they are all gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone: the companions of my youth, the partakers of my sports, my toils, and my dangers, recline their heads on the bosom of our Mother.† My sun is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel that it will soon be night with me.

ON MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

Chiefly extracted from an *Essay by the late Dr. V. Knox.*

[By S. X.]

We have many fine poetical Epitaphs: those of Dryden and Pope are most deservedly celebrated. In general, the metrical are inferior to the *prosaic*.

The love of rhyme, indeed, descends to the lowest ranks; and there are few church-yards where that favourite,

"Affliction sore, long time I bore,"

does not occur more than once.

Few, perhaps, of the more common inscriptions, which are to be met with in almost every church-yard, in England, are read with greater pleasure than the following descriptive one, the original of which may be seen in the 8th edition of Francis Quarles' "Divine Emblems," printed in 1687, and quaintly dedicated "To the Royal Bud of Majesty, and Centre of our Hopes and Happiness, CHARLES, Prince of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Son and Heir Apparent to the High and Mighty CHARLES, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c."

"Our Life is like a winter's day:
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt that lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay."

The misfortune has been, that many of our Epitaphs in prose have encroached on the province of biography,

* Defender of the People.

† The Earth.

and real dignity has been lost in a tedious and circumstantial detail of descents, pedigrees, and relationships. The reader is tired before he has obtained a clear idea of the character and family described. The following Epitaph on the Great Nelson occupies more than eighty lines of the tablet on which it is inscribed. This justly admired Tribute to the incomparable merits of the Hero of Trafalgar, was written by the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan:

"At an early period of life He entered into the Naval Service of his Country; and early were the instances which marked the fearless nature and Enterprise of his Character; uniting to the loftiest Spirit, and the justest title to Self-confidence, a strict and humble obedience to the sovereign rule of Discipline and Subordination. Rising by due gradation to command, he infused into the bosom of those he led, the valorous Ardour and enthusiastic Zeal for the Service of his King and Country which animated his own; and while he acquired the Love of all, the sweetness and moderation of his Temper, he inspired a universal Confidence in the neverfailing resources of his capacious Mind. Solicitous of Peril, and regardless of Wounds, he became, at length, the Glory of his Profession! He commanded and conquered at the Battles of the NILE and COPENHAGEN: victories never before equalled, yet afterwards surpassed by his own last Achievement,

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR!

fought on the 21st of October, in the year 1805.

On that day, before the conclusion of the Action, HE FELL, mortally wounded; but the sources of Life and Sense failed not until it was known to him that, the destruction of the enemy being completed, the Glory of his Country and his own had attained their summit; then laying his hand on his brave Heart, with a look of exalted resignation to the Will of the Supreme Disposer of the Fate of Man and Nations, HE EXPIRED.

The Period to Nelson's Fame can only be the end of Time!

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

Harmony is the result of a combination of sounds modulated according to the order of nature and art. This definition is applicable equally to Vocal and Instrumental Music; consequently eminence in the science depends on the skill and degree of perfection with which it is cultivated. Since, however, the endowments of men are almost endlessly diversified, we must ascribe to every competitor comparative, rather than absolute merit. Nor must it be overlooked that different individuals may rank equally high, in point of excellence, in different branches of the profession; so that in adjusting the balance with any precision, it requires peculiar discrimination and judgment.

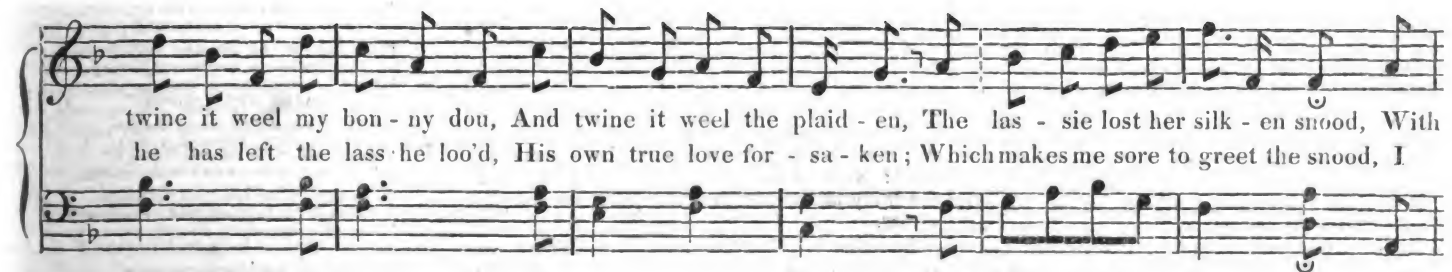
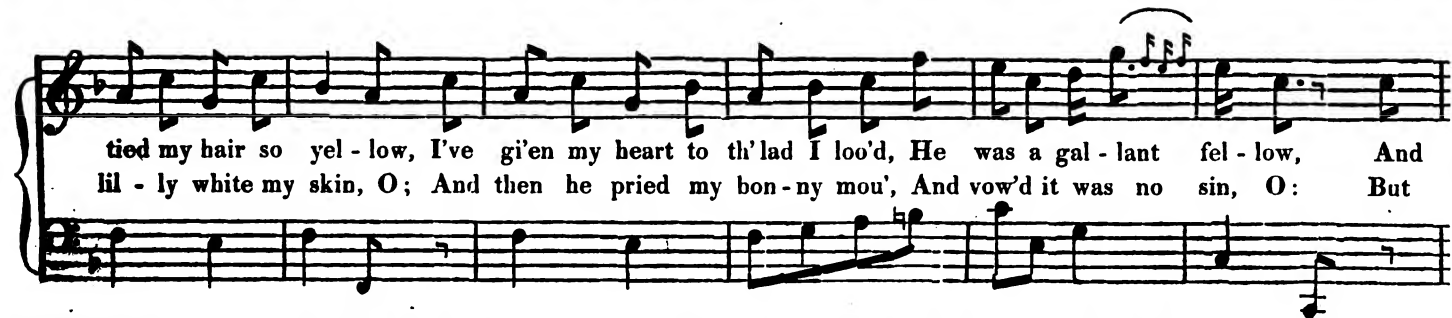
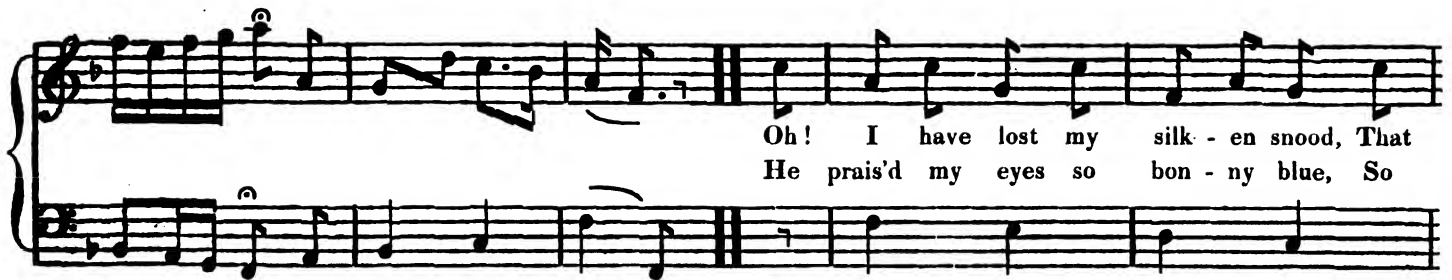
In a course of Musical Lectures, delivered by Dr. Crotch at the London Institution, the various powers of three great Masters in composition, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, were exhibited and critically examined. The order in which we have named them appears to be prescribed by their talents and productions. This judgment seems to be awarded by public opinion, and will no doubt be sanctioned by impartial posterity. They all contribute to our delight; but the effect of their Music on our feelings almost compels the verdict of our judgment as now recorded.

The subject of his concluding Lecture was the Opera of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart. The remarks which Dr. Crotch made upon it were but few, and not of material consequence. He performed thirteen specimens, selected from different parts of the Opera. They were rich, melodious, and impressive. The Professor gave it as his opinion, that if Mozart is not to be considered as the greatest of all Composers, he must be allowed the pre-eminence amongst the moderns. His genius is original, and his style forms an epoch in the Musical Art. His Symphonies are learned, his Dances airy, his imagination rich, his sensibility deep, and his taste pure. The very early intimations which he gave of his great powers were justified by the productions of his more mature years. At six years of age he is reported to have written, though in a rude manner, music which his father, notwithstanding he was an able practitioner, found it difficult to perform. His ear is said to have been so exquisitely formed, that the slightest harshness or discordancy in a note was a torture to him. If there is such a thing as musical inspiration, it would almost seem that, at least in the early part of life, Mozart was visited by it, since his ability for regular or extemporary composition was not at all times the same. A capacity, however, for peculiar exertion and the manifestation of great excellence, is not confined to the Science, or to a solitary individual, but is conferred in various branches of mental power.

THE SILKEN SNOOD.

THE AIR COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE IRIS.

Andantino
con
Expressivo.



SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS.

(By the Author of the Magic Lantern.)

COQUETRY.—In No. 198 of the Spectator there is a remarkably good paper by Addison, on the dangers of coquetry and levity. He commences by saying, 'There is a species of woman whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now, a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in male or female attire. She plays a whole evening at picquet with a gentleman, walks with him two or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of a husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties.'

There is no character more prevalent in the present day than that of the Salamander, though it is perhaps better known as the coquette, and none more injurious to society. It may be questioned whether the woman who, in private, sacrifices her honour, but in public wears the semblance of virtue, is not less dangerous to society; and whether there be not greater hope of her amendment. Her sin, enormous as it is, being concealed from the world, and accompanied by all the outward appearances of propriety, has not the same pernicious effect of bad example. Conscious of her own crimes, she pays the deference of Virtue of assuming its mask; and it is to be hoped that she may see the error of her ways and amend: but the Salamander goes on priding herself on the consciousness of preserving her chastity; while her conduct is so full of levity, that the generality of mankind believe that so much public impropriety must be accompanied by actual guilt; and her example cannot fail of being injurious to the young and thoughtless. There is but little prospect of her amendment; for though suffering under a loss of character, she is unconscious of her faults, and fancies herself the victim of unjust slander. She is insensible of the necessity of appearing virtuous, as well as of being so; and this blindness to her own errors engenders an angry feeling at what she considers the injustice of the world, which leaves the mind ill prepared for reflection and repentance. Another danger attached to the Salamander is, that by her levity she encourages freedoms which often so far exceed the bounds of propriety, that even she feels indignant; and, instead of reflecting on her own want of conduct, which led to such liberties, and resolving never again to betray the same levity, she resents the insult with all the warmth and astonishment of outraged modesty and decorum; like a person who has thrown down the fence which guards his property, and is then surprised that people trespass on it.

FRIENDSHIP.—'I call the man my friend who is inclined to treat me, when present, with candour; when absent, with consideration.' This was Marmontel's idea of the requisites essential in a friend; but how few, how very few, deserve that appellation, which is so indiscriminately bestowed by the unthinking, on any companion whom chance or circumstances have thrown in their way, or with whom, by some similarity of pursuit or of taste, they have formed an intimacy; which, though it brings them often together, still leaves them devoid of sentiment of real regard or esteem!

Friendship, in the modern acceptance of the word, is merely an association produced by habit or convenience, and dissolved as easily as it is formed. Happy, thrice happy, are they who in this 'weary pilgrimage' meet with that most inestimable of all blessings—a true friend; feelingly alive to their good qualities, and correcting the bad with the mild and patient voice of truth, kindness, and sincerity, which only wishes to raise the object of its censure.

Rousseau has said, and with great delicacy of feeling, that we may repulse blows aimed at us by our enemies; but when we behold among the assassins our friend, sword in hand, nothing remains but to hide our head. How strongly did the 'Et tu Brute' of Julius Caesar express this sentiment, when, folding his robe over his head, he resigned himself to his fate! It is from friends, or at least nominal ones, that we frequently receive the deepest wounds; and bitter experience daily inculcates the sage advice, from which the generous youthful mind turns with disdain, 'Live with your friends as though they may one day become your enemies.'

CHILDREN.—It is pleasing to behold the gradual expansion of the youthful mind. We may look upon children as little men and women, and trace in the former most of the propensities of the latter; but, with all due respect to maturity, children are often much more entertaining, first, because there is in them a freshness of mind that gives elasticity to their thoughts, and freedom to their actions; and, secondly, because, though they have all the propensities of men and women, they have not, like them, the sense or cunning to conceal them.

More depends on first impressions than people are aware of; and parents should, if possible, be more careful in the selection of their nurse-maids than of their governesses. The former often lay the foundation of evils that the latter never can erase. It is from the first they imbibe that most detestable of all mean vices, cunning, which engenders lying and deception; and how often do we see a child emerge from the nursery, devoid of that freshness and simple purity which constitute the greatest charm of infancy!

'A child without innocence is like a flower without perfume,' is, I believe, an observation of Chateaubriand's, and its truth has often struck me, when I have beheld the petty artifices so disgusting in children. If we believe, with Locke, that there are no innate ideas in the human mind, we may consider that of a child as a sheet of blank paper. But as it cannot long remain so, how careful ought we to be what characters first deface its unsullied purity!—characters so often indelible;—and can we, or ought we to permit them to be traced by a menial hand? a hand perhaps stained by theft, and the ready minister to the crimes and vices of its owner.

But allowing that the menials, to whom we trust our children, are not dishonest or vicious, how few of them are to be found that are not ignorant and full of prejudices; and what security have we that our children will not imbibe the latter, however we may, by education, guard against the former? Who is it that cannot trace to the first impressions conveyed to their minds by servants the many false opinions and injurious prejudices of youth, which in after age they have found it so difficult to conquer entirely? Beware, then, ye who are blessed with children, how ye abuse the treasures committed to your charge, and reflect, that on early impressions depends much of the good conduct and happiness of your offspring.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.—It is pleasant when one is prevented a whole evening from reading, to make amends for it by amusing and instructive conversation; for when we reflect how short is our span of life, and how much of that short span is consumed in sleeping, dressing, eating, and visits, with a long *et cetera* of frivolous amusements, we have indeed but a short time for mental improvement. And how frequently is even that short time interrupted by dull, trifling, or petulant companions, who without any mercy break in on our time!

We should, therefore, never omit an opportunity of improvement; for certainly the Almighty never intended that the powers of mind with which he has endowed us were to be unemployed. The best way to ensure our own happiness, as well as to show our gratitude to our Creator, is to cultivate to the highest state of perfection the talents bestowed on us, and to employ those talents usefully and honorably.

THE VISION.

Beneath a cooling shade I lay,
Retired, in softest slumbers laid,
White shattering from the heat of day;
Before my mind this vision past.

A lovely form of azure light,
Just like a Seraph clothed in air,
Whose robe flow'd as a trail of light,
Amongst the clouds divinely fair.

Descending swift, on downy wings,
She cuts the liquid-ether pure,
And thousand odours round her fling,
And waits them to my shade obscure.

Softly she lit upon the ground,
And as she trod, it brighter grew;
Her gentle feet with sandals bound,
Scarce beat the flowers that sprang new.

She stood, combining every grace,
And fix'd on me her emerald eyes,
Which darted radiant on my face,
And then majestic bid me rise.

She led me far o'er plains and hills,
Thro' many a grove, and winding vale,
Last, to a crystal stream that trills,
In gentlest murmurs through a dale.

It issues from a mountain's side,
And murm'rous mossy banks are there;
'Tis where to sport in joyous pride,
The virgin muses oft assemble.

"Come," said my heavenly visitant,
"Here drink thy muse and nobler sing;
"Long have I heard thy dear complaint,
"Now bolder strike the vocal string."

"No longer here obscurely dwell,
"Amidst the vulgar passing throng,
"For future times at least shall tell,
"The rising wondrous of thy song."

"Fare then that true poetic fire,
"Which fills and constitutes thy soul;
"The muse thy fancy will inspire,
"Nor dare thy spirit to controul."

She said: and stripp'd the myrtle tree,
To weave a pure, perennal crown;
"This I design," she said, "for thee,"
"And may'st thou wear it with renown."

"See! that thou' art four winged messenger,
"That flies as lightning swift:—'tis done,
"A mighty Goddess, trust in her,
"And thou shalt find a deathless name."

She ceas'd the music of her tongue—
(Whilst I stood wrapt in awe and fear,
And felt as though the heav'ns had rung
Their silv'ry harps upon mine ear),
Then vanish'd from my eager eyes,
And left me silent at the stream:
At last awak'ning with surprise,
I found the passing vision a dream.

Leeds.

J. B.

IMPROMPTU.—TO CONSCIENCE.

Hush! hush! busy conscience, be still and be quiet;
You always are striving to kick up a riot;
Thou' wilt willingly nurse you and lull you to sleep,
You still are determin'd to wake and to peep.
Manchester.

A. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have little leisure, and less inclination, for newspaper controversy; particularly with anonymous opponents, who are seldom to be silenced, even by refutation; and over whom victory is but the shadow of a triumph. Permit me however, in this instance, briefly to observe, for the satisfaction of your intelligent correspondent Y., that the "novel theory" against which he has so heroically taken the field, is to be found, (the date at least from which it is deducible, by every school boy) in all elementary works on Astronomy!

The remarks in my lecture which elicited the formidable displeasure of Y., referred to effects naturally, and unavoidably, resulting from causes which are in themselves, as well established, and demonstrable as any in the science; namely the revolution of the Earth's perihelion point, or line of apsides, and the certain, though gradual diminution of the obliquity of the Ecliptic.—If your correspondent is still disposed to doubt the consequences which must obviously arise from these motions, perhaps he will condescend to inform us by what other rational or philosophical supposition we are to account for the fact, that shells and various marine productions are constantly found in situations so far above the present level of the sea?—and further, what cause but the extension of the tropics (a necessary effect of the changes in the angle of the Ecliptic,) could have placed organic remains of animals peculiar to latitudes now so widely different, in the rocks and soils of this Island? With this interesting subject for Y.'s scientific powers, I must leave him, but with the assurance that whenever he shall condescend to ~~summarise~~ and assume "a local habitation and a name." I shall be ready to meet him in the pages of the Iris.—Let him however observe that a real name (for I will not dispute with a phantom,) is a *sine qua non* of my engagement,

I am &c., A. F. ROGERS.

Lecture Room, Exchange, Manchester, April 16th, 1823.

STENOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR.—(Of all the different systems of Short-hand which have been incidentally mentioned, in various numbers of your scientific miscellany, no allusion, I believe, has yet been made to one that has recently been announced to the world, by a Mr. Kitchingman, and which has certainly, partly by its own merits, and partly by the strong recommendation of its numerous patrons, obtained no inconsiderable degree of celebrity. This system, the principles of which I have lately had an opportunity of investigating, has not, at present, been committed to the press, the alphabet, and elementary parts, alone, being engraved, and printed on a quarto page, for the use of Mr. Kitchingman's pupils. This plate contains a brief summary of the whole scheme, comprising almost every thing essential to a complete knowledge of the system, and serving, at the same time, as the basis of all the Teacher's future instructions, which are communicated, *visâ voce*, and in a very able manner, to each individual pupil, as circumstances may require.

Mr. Kitchingman's system of Stenography is founded on a novel and very ingenious expedient, never before attempted, consisting of what is termed a duplicate or reverse Alphabet, the second or duplicate character for each letter, being precisely the reverse of the first character. This gives great facility in joining different characters together, in words containing two or more letters. The characters which compose the second set are also used, at the beginning of words, for certain prepositions, in connexion with the remaining characters in the same word; and the terminations, also, are expressed by peculiar marks, or quaint turns, joined to the preceding part of the word, without lifting the pen. From this diversity of character for one and the same letter, the different combinations are, for the most part, greatly superior to those which occur in other systems of Short-hand; and by this means also is preserved the correct form of each individual character, both in its commencement and termination, and therefore easily distinguished from the rest of the characters, with which

it is connected, in the same word. The words are, in general, more fully expressed, and by fewer characters, than are usually employed, even in the best and most approved systems of Short-hand. I have already observed, that the prepositions and terminations, as they occur in Mr. Kitchingman's system, are not detached from the other part of the word to which they belong; and the vowels, likewise, which occur at the beginning or end of words, are connected with the next consonant, either following or preceding the vowel. Those which occur in the middle of words, are, if I mistake not generally omitted. Such sweeping omissions, however, must, I should conjecture, prove a grievous impediment to reading the character with facility and at sight, particularly what has been written by another person, and on a subject perhaps with which the reader may not have been previously acquainted.

On the whole, as far as I have been able to judge, the system of Mr. Kitchingman comprises a great number of very minute particulars, and some nice discriminations, which cannot fail to be a great imposition on the memory; and a practical knowledge of it, therefore, cannot be acquired in so short a time, as is requisite for the attainment of other less complicated systems. It seems, however, to possess some advantages that are not to be found in Byrom's Method of Short-hand, which is acknowledged, even by Mr. Kitchingman himself, to be greatly superior to any system which had appeared antecedent to the date of that publication; and, moreover, that it formed a new and distinct era in the history of this Art. On some accounts, Mr. Byrom's Method will be found to possess a decided superiority over Mr. Kitchingman's curious and truly ingenious System, being, it is apprehended, better adapted for all the common purposes to which Short-hand is most generally applied, and having greater simplicity, both in its plan and execution.

Yours, &c. S. X.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The "Author of Waverley" has, I think, puzzled the *Literati* to pronounce the titles of some of his works. I have frequently had occasion to remark the following:—"Wa'-verley," (the *a* sounded as in wave,) or Wav'-erley: "I'-vanhoe," Iv'-anhoe or Ivan'-hoe: "The Fortunes of Ni'-gle," (the *g* hard as in Mangle,) Nig'-el. (the accent upon the *g* hard,) Ni'-gle, (the *g* soft as in cudgel,) or Nig'-le, (the accent upon the *g* soft.)

If any of your correspondents, can inform me of the true pronunciation of these renowned heroes, I shall feel particularly obliged.

Yours respectfully,

Oldham, April 17th, 1823.

E. S.

VARIETIES.

Anecdotes of Peter I. of Russia.—The Czar was so desirous that every one should have his due, that he very frequently administered the discipline of the cane with his own hands, and *Menzikoff*, together with the rest of his ministers, often experienced the strength of his arm. One night, the Emperor having travelled from Casan, and arriving late at Petersburg, the senators, presuming that he would lie in bed the next morning beyond his usual time, thought they might also indulge themselves, and did not repair to the senate at the hour appointed, which was seven o'clock—but Peter was as punctual as ever; and not finding any one in the court, except the clerks, he ordered them to bring the decisions of the judges, and sat down to revise them, according to his usual custom: if pleased with a decision, he confirmed it by affixing his signature (*Pitre*); if he disapproved it, he wrote in the margin *ill-decided*. While he was thus employed, the invalids, who guarded the senate, sent messengers to inform the members that his majesty was come: on which they hastened to the court. As soon as the first senator entered, the Czar left his seat, walked with great gravity to meet him, and with his cane gave him a severe thrashing, accompanied with a reprimand on account of his laziness; the rest were received in the same manner, and each underwent the same chastise-

ment: the last of the train was an old infirm admiral, who fell on his knees at the door, and cried, "Sire! If you thrash me, so you have the rest, you will kill me."—"Rise, my worthy old man," answered the Emperor, "the law, which commands the punctual attendance of the senators, was not intended for you. You have long served me, and your time is fully expired. I placed you here merely to afford you a more comfortable subsistence: but these fellows have been essentially deficient in their duties, and I have given them a good lesson. As to you, you may either stay or retire, as you please."

Peter always rewarded punctuality and strictness in the obedience of orders, even in cases which they were productive of inconvenience to himself. Though free from most of the superstitious notions of his church, he was so weak as to fancy that there was a peculiar efficacy in the ringing of bells. Accordingly, at the birth of his son Peter Petrovitch, as soon as the Empress was in labour, he ran to the admiralty in order to ring the bells there. As it was midnight, he found the gates shut, and was very rudely repulsed by the centinel; who, when Peter said he was the Emperor, treated him as an impostor, and answered, that he had positive orders not to admit any one. Peter had forgotten that he had given this order: but, on recollecting it, he told the soldier that he now revoked it, and desired that the gate might be opened: the centinel persisted in his refusal, and threatened to turn him away by force, if he would not go about his business: the Czar continued to expostulate, and asked the man from whom he had received this order?—"From my serjeant."—"Call him."—"The serjeant came: Peter told him who he was, and commanded him to open the gate." "That I cannot do," was the answer; "my orders are, not to let any one in, and though you were the Emperor, you should not enter."—"Go," (said Peter,) and tell your commanding officer that the Czar wants to speak to him." On his appearance, the monarch repeated his request to be admitted; this the officer at first refused: but, ordering a light to be brought, he recognized the Emperor, and commanded the gate to be opened. Peter entered without speaking to any one, went to prayers, and afterwards spent a quarter of an hour in ringing one of the bells. When he had finished his devotions, he went into the guard-house, and declared that he would make the centinel a serjeant, the serjeant an officer, and promote the commanding officer to a higher rank: "Continue," said he, on leaving them, "continue, my friends, to obey my orders with similar punctuality, and you may be certain of being rewarded."

Beaux of Former Times.—We question whether the celebrated Beau Brummell, and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates, are not absolutely mere Quakers in dress, compared with some of the distinguished dressers of former days. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button: his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes, with white ribbon. On great court-days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of £6000, and he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.—King James's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les Dames de la Cour*; for our Duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond belt-bands cockades, and ear-rings, yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, beside a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword girdle, hat, and spurs. When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

Highland Revenge.—A Highlander entered a haberdasher's shop in Perth, the other day, and asked for a piece of scarlet cloth to make him a waistcoat. The rustic manners of the Gael set some young women who were at the counter a giggling; and the shopman, willing to afford them sport, began to play off his small wit upon the stranger. "So, good man, ye want a piece of scarlet? Would you know scarlet if you saw it?" "I tink I would," replied the mountaineer. The shopman threw down a piece of blue cloth: "Is that scarlet?" "Hout, no, no! that no be it." A piece of green cloth was produced: the same question was repeated, and received a similar answer,—to the great amusement of the querist and his female friends, who were at no pains to conceal their mirth. The Highlander took revenge in his own way: he put his nose to the cloth, and affected to judge of the colour by the smell. The shopman, at his request, did the same; but the instant he bent his nose towards the counter, the Highlander seized him by the ears, and made his nasal protuberance come in such violent contact with the boards that the blood sprang from it. "Tat," said the Highlander, "is ta colour o' scarlet tae ye noo lad;"—and he walked away.

Signor Castrucci a famous performer on the violin, but a man of very eccentric habits, who came over from Italy with Lord Burlington in 1715, was the person immortalized by Hogarth in his celebrated picture of the *Enraged Musician*. Previous to making his drawing, the painter was wicked enough to have the poor Italian's house beset by all the noisy street performers he could collect together, whose clamorous and discordant instruments brought the distracted Castrucci to his window in all the agonies of auricular torture, and then it was that the artist made his expressive sketch.

A Hint to Christians.—A proposal for an Edition of the Laws of the Jews (says a correspondent) has lately been published by a learned Rabbi, who is naturally, although erroneously, more attached to the Mosaic than to the Christian dispensation. He says: "Nor is the humane disposition and tendency of many precepts in the Mosaic Code confined to the care of the poor, the destitute, and the oppressed, but is extended also to brute animals, the care of the labouring ox, the ass, the sucking kid, and the tender birds, violence to whose natures and services was not permitted by the law of the God of Israel. Christianity stands abashed at some of these precepts, where the most serviceable animals, subjected to the dominion of man, are made the victims of rage and wanted barbarity! The criminal code of the ancient Hebrews has one remarkable principle—a principle which should ever be regarded in the framing of laws for the prevention of crime, and that is 'Restitution': this principle is clearly shewed in the cases of ox-stealing and sheep-stealing; where the thief when found was to make restitution in proportion to the theft, from two to four-fold or five-fold, with the principal, or to be sold for the theft. Christian Legislators have yet to learn proportion between crime and crime, and between crime and punishment."

Anecdote of Mr. Zoffani.—When, many years ago, Mr. Zoffani the painter, began his picture of the late King and his family, there were ten children; he made his sketch accordingly, and after attending two or three times, went on with finishing the figures. Sundry circumstances prevented him from proceeding: his majesty was engaged in business of more consequence; her majesty was engaged; some of the princesses were engaged, or some of the princes ill. The completion of the picture was consequently delayed, till a message came to the artist that another prince was born, and must be introduced into the picture. This was not easy, but with some difficulty, was done; all this took up much time; when a second message came, informing him of the birth of a princess, and that the illustrious stranger must have a place on the canvass. This was impossible without a new arrangement: some of the figures were obliterated, and put closer together to make room. To do this occupied some months, and before the completion, a letter came from one of the maids of honour, informing the painter that another addition was made to the family, for whom a place must be found. "This," cried the artist "is too much, if they cannot sit with more regularity, I cannot paint with more expedition, and must give it up."

Rhinoceros.—The skeleton of a rhinoceros was discovered a short time ago, by some miners in search of lead ore, ninety feet below the surface of the earth in the neighbourhood of Wirksworth, in what is called diluvial soil. The bones are in a perfect state, and the enamel of the teeth uninjured.

Figures of the Earth.—Capt. Sabine, who accompanied Capt. Parry, as astronomer, in his voyage to Melville Island, proceeds directly to Spitzbergen, for the purpose of making observations for determining the true figure of the earth, similar to those he has already made on the coast of Africa, the West Indies, and America. The Griper gun-brig is fitting out at Deptford for the conveyance of Capt. Sabine.

At the election for a foreign associate of the French Institute, in the room of the late Dr. Jenner, the following gentlemen were proposed:—Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Young, M. Olbers, M. Schering, M. Von Buch, Mr. Lambton, Mr. Brown, Mr. Dalton, and M. Oersted. The number of members who voted was 44, and the ballot was as follows:—Dr. Wollaston, 38—Olbers, 5—Von Buch, 1. It is highly honourable to the English nation, that out of nine persons proposed by the Institute, amongst all the learned and talented men of the civilized world, five should be Englishmen.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday April 14th, to Friday April 18th, 1823.

Monday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Ward. Trip to Scarborough: with Simpson and Co.

Wednesday.—Wallace: with Simpson and Co.

Friday.—Virginus: with Simpson and Co.

On Monday night Mr. Ward our Directing Manager, took for his benefit "A Trip to Scarborough;" and the new and deservedly popular farce of "Simpson & Co." *Simpson and Bromley* are merchants in partnership; the former a sober staid Dr. and Cr. person, of the old school; the latter a dashing specimen of the more modern class, who mix up a little of the "Corinthian" with the more homely brass acquired east of Temple Bar. Both the partners are married, and reside together in the same house in Mincing-lane. *Bromley*, in the spirit of the licence of the fashionable world, although attached to his wife, assumes the Mahometan liberty of falling in love with the young widow of *General Fitzallan*, just returned from the East Indies, whom, under the assumed name of *Captain Walsingham*, he assails with letters, which are all returned unopened. We are next introduced to *Mrs. Simpson* a very good kind of woman, but, like many other good kind of women, inclined to be unreasonably jealous; and to *Mrs. Bromley*, the elegant and accomplished wife of the erratic and erotic *Bromley*. These ladies are unfolding their particular characteristics, in dialogue, when they are interrupted by *Madame La Trappe*, a dealer in smuggled lace, who accidentally lets fall that a part of her business in Mincing-lane is to get cash for an acceptance of *Simpson & Co.* which she has received from a beautiful lady in Harley-street. This information instantly excites the attention of the jealous *Mrs. Simpson*, who extorts from the Frenchwoman, that she had frequently seen a gentleman walking before the door of the lady in question, which gentleman, strange to say, she had just recognized in the counting-house below. This is quite enough for *Mrs. Simpson*, who attacks her astonished husband with the ferocity very usual, but certainly not very politic, on such occasions, until he angrily quits the room. *Bromley* is partially informed of these particulars, and humorously quizzes his sober partner; but being suddenly called away, leaves his pocket-book, containing certain securities, with *Mr. Simpson*, and in it the miniature portrait of his obdurate mistress. This pocket-book *Simpson* leaves on his desk, by which means it gets into the hands of his wife, who discovering the miniature, is of course confirmed in all her suspicions, and poor *Peter Simpson* is overwhelmed with incomprehensible reproaches a second time. At this moment, *Mrs. Fitzallan*, the fair subduer of *Bromley*, is announced; it seems she was an old schoolfellow of *Mrs. Bromley's*; she no sooner appears, than *Mrs. Simpson* recognizes

the original of the miniature, and a very happy comic situation is produced. At this moment *Bromley* makes his appearance, and *Mrs. Fitzallan* finds out that her rejected enamorado is a married man, but out of friendship to *Mrs. Bromley*, does not expose him. In the mean time *Mrs. Simpson* is made aware of the folly of her jealousy, by the return of the pocket-book to the right owner. *Bromley*, in the temporary absence of his wife, declares he will confess to her his folly, and on her return is preparing to do so, when *Mrs. Fitzallan*, with much address, prevents him; and the whole blame being thrown upon the fictitious '*Captain Walsingham*,' this amusing tissue of equivocation concludes."

In the Historical Play of *Wallace* on Wednesday night, MR. SALTER's general performance, but particularly in the scenes where he (*Wallace*) is betrayed, and led to execution, was excellent, and loudly applauded; MR. BASS' *Douglas* was spirited and well conceived; and MRS. M'GIBBON, although labouring under a severe cold, sustained the character of *Helen* with the best effect.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.—By Desire and under the immediate Patronage of MAJOR TURNER and the OFFICERS of that distinguished Regiment the KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS.—MR. BASS has the honour to announce to his Friends and the Public, that his BENEFIT will take place on Friday next, April 25th, 1823, when will be performed the popular Play of *BRUTUS*.

Lucius Junius...MR. SALTER Titus.....MR. BASS
Tullia.....MRS. M'GIBBON Tarquinia.....MR. HALL

By special Permission of Major Turner, the Full Band of the Regiment will attend the Theatre on this evening, and perform before the Play and between the Acts and Afterpiece, an excellent selection of Music from Rossini, and other celebrated Masters, also the Marches, &c. incidental to the Play.—After which will be presented a Comic Piece in One Act called *WINNING A HUSBAND*: in which Miss Rock will sustain seven different characters!—Before the Play the Band will perform the Grand Overture to *Caracacus*, and at the end of the second act the Overture to the *Exile*: In the course of the evening Mr. Norton, the Master of the Band of the King's Dragoon Guards, whose performance at the last Philharmonic Concert elicited so much admiration, will perform Bocca's celebrated Clarinet Solo, which was so rapturously received on that occasion.—The whole to conclude (by particular desire) with the new and popular Afterpiece called *THE TWO PAGES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT*.

Frederick the Great.....MR. BASS.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Bass, No. 55, Dale-street, Piccadilly; and of Mr. Eland, at the Box Office, where Places may be taken.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lapland.—M. Zetterstedt, the professor of botany at the University of Lund, is about to publish two very interesting works on the natural history of Lapland; the result of personal observations made in a pedestrian excursion in the summer of 1821.

A Tragedy by Mr. Haines, the author of *Conscience*, has been accepted by Mr. Kemble, and is shortly to appear at Covent Garden.

R. P. Knight has a new poem in the press, entitled *Alfred*, which will appear next month, in an 8vo. vol.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.'s wishes shall have our support.—Our correspondent's judgment will lead him to study conciseness, and a familiar style. Colatus must prosecute his mighty reformation by his own exclusive power; at any rate without our Interposition.—It is indeed a warfare of pigmy pretension; and, if not pre-empted by prejudice and presumption, can only be carried on by a toll of an equally liberal, repulsive, and disreputable cast.—The columns of the *Iris* are devoted to subjects of an infinitely more useful and interesting nature than *Clerical Criticisms*.

Edwin's muse has chosen an excellent subject, and we like the sentiment, but wish for it in a superior dress.

Alceus is inadmissible; his prolixity is, to us, a very serious objection.—Neither can we approve of his style, which is generally stilted, and frequently unnatural.

Leonora: R.; Eusebius; Bridget; A. Z.; Dramaticus; and A Townsman—are received.

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AGENTS.

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Chester, Poole & Harding.
Derby, Richardson & Handford.
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Leeds, J. Heaton.
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Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
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The Manchester Iris:

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No. 65.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

REVIEW.

The Bardiad, A Poem; in Two Cantos. By CHARLES BURTON, L. L. B. with copious Critical Notes and Illustrative Selections.

ON reference to page 2 of the Manchester Iris for the present year, will be found a Review of "AN ODE ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF POETRY;"—of this Ode "The Bardiad" is announced as a "SECOND EDITION, with copious Critical Notes and Illustrative Selections."

The justness and perspicuity of our animadversions upon Mr. Burton's "Ode," have produced a most salutary effect; and, although Mr. B. is not only so uncanonically as not to avow the benefits he has derived from our notice, but is also so ungenerous and malignant as to satirize and vilify his best friends,—yet, inasmuch as we find ourselves in good company, and that our "logomachy" is only sharing in common with "the splendid sophistry" of DR. JOHNSON, we reserve our own vindication and a glance at the Doctor's "Utopian catastrophe" for our next. The task of reviewing Mr. B.'s present poem, and of pointing out the extent to which he has adopted our suggestions, and conformed to the tenor of our strictures and criticism, shall occupy us for the present.

Mr. B.'s design in publishing his "ODE" was to "exhibit the LEGITIMATE and VALUABLE objects of Poetry;" but, he so completely failed, that after quoting ten lines we observed, "We are now obliged to declare that the author has not at all entered into his design," and again, "his address to the reader is so fallacious, as not to be realized, in any, the least degree." We are pleased to see that Mr. B. felt the weight of our objection; and that he has now attempted to remove it. Of course these additions must considerably lengthen his poem; but, we cannot, even now, discover a more intimate acquaintance with the old poets than that which would be obtained from a slight perusal of their Biography and of the "Beauties" which are prepared for the formation of juvenile taste.

The only original part of this volume which possesses merit, is the notice of the Hebrew Poets; we give it without abridgment:—

"Thy Genius, sacred Palestine! demands
The boldest homage that the heart expands.
Apart from inspiration, where can we
Such Poets find as once distinguished thee?
What fields of Fancy shall the gleaner call,
Earth'd with such sublime and beautiful?
See Learning, Genius, Taste, at once unite
Whatever the theme on which the prophets write!
Not polish'd Greece, nor proud Imperial Rome,
Can boast such "writings" as thy hallow'd Place.
We need not shrink thy splendid sons to time
Beside the proudest of the classic race;
Their loftier verse had beam'd, in rich display,
A thousand years before e'en Homer's day.
To us, perchance, is lost the flowing line,
But not the grandeur of the thought divine;
This brightens still, with undiminish'd ray,
When changeful sound has lost its measur'd sway.

"What soil Parnassian could more charms combine,
Than sur'd the Barde of ancient Palestine!
Then Carmel's moant and holy Tabor rose;
Rich dews descended like incensive snows;
O'er lofty Lebanon proud cedars wav'd,
Lakes slept within, without, the ocean rav'd;
A sky, serenely soft, its mantle threw;
A storm, this storm, the frightful whirlwind blew.
Wells, wealth'd with rine, on Joseph's fruitful plain,
Gardens of olive, fields of golden grain,—
Milk, such as stream'd thro' Asher's rich abode,
And humming rocks whence plenteous honey flow'd;
A Holy Plain, by none but Hebrews trod,
With awful symbols of incumbent GOD,—
A land where genius might unfetter'd rise,
Whh high demands its pow'rs to signalize;
Such charms propitious, more than Muses nine,
Might well enkindle Minstrels such as thine.

Awed from the swellings of the fruitful Nile,—
Cassid and taught in Egypt's regal isle,—

Then forc'd the flock of Midian's Priest to feed,
Till sent of God his chosen tribes to lead,
The reverend Moses, rapt on "holy ground,"
To Hebrew accents gave melodious sound,
Hark! on the margin of that fruitless shore,
His "song" triumphant, Israel's legion's pour!
The flood had closed on Egypt's impious band—
Chariots and horsemen, floating, reached the strand—
Then rose to Heav'n, the exulting hosts among,
The first "Ta Drum" of the Hebrew tongue.

Mysterious Jon, with rich description shows
How awful visions of still midnight rose;
Tells Heaven's remonstrance with short-sighted man,
Who dares his secret purposes to scan:
Himself, exemplifies the worst estate
Hell could inflict, or earth commiserate;
And proves, how justly, to the child of tears,
His greatest blessing is the rod he fears.

With heart in heaven, and with adoring eye,
Fix'd on the glories of the spangled sky:—
In cedar'd forest, far from human gaze,
With joy, exultant, in the courts of praise,—
Or banish'd far from Judah's rightful throne,
From Temple distant—exiled—and alone,
The Lyre of David sounds. And, still, the song
Consoles the pilgrim of the Christian throng;
The heart, o'erwhelm'd in anxious doubts and fears,
With faith supports, with holy comfort cheers;
Still, to thy lyre, melodious Minstrel-King!
In every church a thousand voices sing.
In thy great Son, the wisest of mankind,
(Whatever the subject of his song design'd,)—
Luxuriant fancy's effulgent tide
Flows sweetly on by matchless wisdom's side.

ISAIAH sings:—the desert hears his voice,
The barren wastes of wilderness rejoice,
The harmless wolf with sportive lambskins plays,
The adder stings not, nor the lion slays;
Mountains and forests hail the list'ning skies,
The Heavens are vocal, and the Earth replies.
When spoke the Seer whom we deem'd our own,
The proud Assyrian trembled on his throne;
The people oft, in sad defections found,
His voice relentless, warn'd with awful sound,
To lean no more on Egypt's "broken reed."
But turn to GOD, their help in times of need.
And, when predicting, the great Prophet show'd,
The Lamb ensanguin'd, and the Blood that flow'd,
With all the splendours, in a countless train,
That mark the progress of Messiah's reign,
Rapt, in the vision, every sentence glow'd
With all the grandeur of the coming God.

Sad JEREMIAH! whom, methinks, I see
Like some lorn spirit of adversity,
Seated, in tears, midst Zion's lov'd remains,
"Lamenting" loud "Chaldees'" galling chains;
Of all the harps that sing of woeful time,
None breathes with plaintive Elegy like thine.
Sprit of grief! thine head, thine eye appears
A flood of "waters," and a "fount of tears."

Mystic and awful, as the "wheel" he drew,—
Dazzling and rapid, as his "seraph" flew,—
The great EZEKIEL, Judah's confines shook.
(Whose mould our Ossian and our Dante took.)
Amos, whose herds on bleak Tekoa fed,
The poor man's solace, and the tyrant's dread,
Deign'd not the chastening of his harp to spare,
But woke to strains "the land refused to hear."
Famine and drought on Jotham's page appear,
With pathos equal to Uziah's scer.
When Judah bled with vile Manasse's crime,
The stern HIRAIKUK sang. No more we name.

There are a few beauties in these lines; but there is much bathos.—A slight tincture of Sternhold, and Hopkins, a little of "pensioned Quarles," and rather more of the negative of sense, and of anti-hereditary policy, than Mr. B. will like more explicitly to avow. Of DAVID it is said—

"Or, banish'd far from Judah's august throne."

Certainly not his right by birth.

We are told of

"HUMMING rocks, whence plenteous honey flow'd."
And in true mechanical style—

"The great EZEKIEL, Judah's confines shook—
Whose MOULD our Ossian and our Dante took."

Herbert, Crashaw, Waller, Roscommon, Pomfret, West, Parnell, Milton, &c. are complimented as being "English sacred Poets." And many others have equally fanciful distinctions.

The Dramatic Poets are despatched in the following summary and ludicrous manner;—

"Of Dramatists a countless host we find
In every age, of every rank and kind,
From ROVING THESPIAS, with his FACE BESMEAR'D,
Till SHAKESPEARE, greatest of the race, appear'd;
Whose works to scan is not a province mine
Yet, for the last, admit one dutious line!"

"One dutious line" for SHAKESPEARE! Lo! HE turns—
And Burton's praise, with look contemptuous, spurns!
Ungen'rous Critic!—Heart of nerveless tone!
Nature's poor illegitimate, of lone
And grov'ling intellect, 'midst souls that scan
Earth, Heav'n, and all the mazy heart of man!
Dost thou suppose that rage or aid of thine,
Can strip a plume or give a ray divine?
Ah! no; Retire, and teach thy erring soul,
The PROVINCE of her toils—and "BARDIAD" toils
control!!

After "Dramatists" we presume not to insult the public with another quotation; but merely observe (as being introductory to an analysis of Mr. B.'s preface, in our next) that the legitimate objects of poetry are now in a manner exhibited; that the preposterous interrogatories to Solitude, Beauty, &c., are a little qualified; that the lines for which we declared a School-boy would be castigated are omitted; that the plagiarism we pointed out is chiefly expunged; that the "patents" the "whilomes," the "wights," the "yburnish'ds," the "yrvish'ds," the "tremendous agony," the "hireling," that was prefixed to critics, &c. &c. are all expunged—and that the Vision of Judgment has also disappeared! The reader will expect that we should congratulate Mr. B. on his openness to conviction; and that we, ourselves, should feel gratified by such a conformity to our strictures; but, what will he say on being informed, that, although this compliable gentleman has so fully admitted our superiority and candour, he has, nevertheless, politely managed to evade an acknowledgement, by fabricating a tissue of declamatory bombast? And this he has presumed to do, when, if possessed of common discernment, he must have been aware that we well knew he was but in his PUPILAGE; and that it was in our power to identify many parts of his poem, by internal, and even less equivocal, evidence, with the taste, pretensions, and characteristics, of one to whom we are no strangers.—And to this hint, we would briefly add, that, although our "author knows that he stands on the platform of Truth and Virtue," we MUST POSITIVELY assure him, that he also "knows" that HE rests on a prop—say, a basis that is adventitious, and of which we know something!

"THE BARDIAD" consists of two Cantos; and is comprised in sixty pages. It is then, with many and copious extracts from the popular poets,—the bible,—and other generally read books,—MODESTLY extended to two hundred and ninety pages,* and sold at a price which affords an inducement that is just about proportionate to the intrinsic excellency of its contents. The poetic and the prose conclusions are such admirable specimens of equivocation, that we are induced to reserve them for our next; in which we shall endeavour to convince this aspiring STUDENT that Dr. Johnson is less a splendid sophist, than Mr. Burton is a presumptuous sciolist and an inconsiderate declaimer.

* That is, SIXTY pages of twenty lines each, and containing about 12000 syllables, are illustrated by TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY pages of notes, averaging twenty five lines each, and containing about eighty-six thousand syllables,—making, on every syllable of text, seven syllables of illustration! And these notes the author says are "ONLY SUCH as may tend to illustrate the observations that are made in the course of the Poem."—Here is a Scraphiana indeed!—A compilation that out-Valpy's—VALPY!

† The Bardiad, or "Two Cantos" exclusively.

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

(From DWIGHT'S "Travels in New York.")

The end proposed by the parents is to make their children objects of admiration. The means, though not sanctioned, are certainly characterised by the end. That I have not mistaken the end may be easily proved by a single resort to almost any genteel company. To such company the children of the family are regularly introduced: and the praise of the guests is administered to them as regularly as the dinner or the tea is served up. Commendation is rung through all its changes: and you may hear, both in concert and succession, "beautiful children;" "what a charming family!" "what a delightful family!" "you are a fine little fellow," "you are a sweet little girl;" "my son, can't you speak one of your pieces before this good company?" "Caroline, where is your work?" "Susan, bring Miss Caroline's work, and show it to that lady:" "Susan, bring with you the picture, which she finished last week:" with many other things of similar nature. Were you to pass a twelvemonth in this country, and to believe all you heard said by people, not destitute of respectability; whatever opinion you might form of the parents, you would suppose that the children were a superior race of beings, both in person and mind: and that beauty, genius, grace, and loveliness had descended to this world in form, and determined to make these States their future residence.

The means of effectuating this darling object are the communication of what are called accomplishments. The children are solicitously taught music, dancing, embroidery, ease, confidence, graceful manners, &c. &c. To these may be added what is called reading and travelling. You may very naturally ask me what I find in these branches of education to complain of. My objection lies, originally to the end which is proposed, and to the direction which it gives to the means; in themselves harmless, and capable of being useful. Children educated in the manner to which I refer, soon learn that the primary end of their efforts, and even of their existence, is appearance only. What they are, they soon discern is of little consequence; but what they appear to be, is of importance inestimable. The whole force of the early mind is directed, therefore, to this object; and exhausted in directing the trifles of which it is composed.

The thoughts of a boy, thus educated, are spent upon the colour, quality, and fashion of his clothes, and upon the several fashions to which his dress is to be successively conformed; upon his bow, his walk, his mode of dancing, his behaviour in company, and his nice observance of the established rules of good breeding. To mingle, without awkwardness or confusion, in that empty, unmeaning chat, those mere vibrations of the tongue, termed fashionable conversation, is the ultimate aim of his eloquence; and to comprehend and to discuss, without impropriety, the passing topics of the day, the chief object of his mental exertions. When he reads, he reads only to appear with advantage in such conversation. When he acts, he acts only to be admired by those who look on. Novels, plays, and other trifles of a similar nature, are the customary subjects of his investigation. Voyages, travels, biography, and sometimes history, limit his severe researches. By such a mind thinking will be loathed, and study regarded with terror. In the pursuits to which it is devoted there is nothing to call forth, to try, or to increase its strength. Its powers, instead of being raised to new degrees of energy, are never exercised to the extent in which they already exist. His present capacity cannot be known for want of trial. What that capacity might become cannot be even conjectured. Destitute of that habit of labouring, which alone can render labour pleasing, or even supportable, he dreads exertion as a calamity. The sight of a classic author gives him a chill: a lesson in Locke, or Euclid, a mental ague.

Thus, in a youth formed perhaps by nature for extensive views and manly efforts, sloth of mind is generated, dandled, and nursed, on the knee of parental indulgence. A soft, luxurious, and sickly character is spread over both the understanding and the affections; which forbids their growth, prevents their vigour, and ruins every hope of future eminence and future worth. The faculties of the mind, like those of the body, acquire strength only by exercise. To attain their greatest strength,

both must be exercised daily, and often to the utmost. Had Goliath never exerted the powers of his body, he would have been an infant in strength: had Newton never exerted those of his mind, he would have been an infant in understanding. Genius, in the abstract, is a mere capacity for exertion. This is the gift of nature; and is all that she gives. The utmost of this capacity can never be conjectured, until the mind has in a long continued habitual course made its most vigorous efforts.

If these observations are just, they furnish every parent an easy and sure directory for the intellectual education of his children. If he wishes them to possess the greatest strength of which they are capable, he must induce them to the most vigorous mental exertions. The reading education, which I have described, will never accomplish the purpose. Hard study, a thorough investigation of mathematical science, and a resolute attention to the most powerful efforts of a distinguished logician; in a word, an old-fashioned, rigid, academical education will ever be found indispensable to the youth who is destined to possess mental greatness.

On girls, this unfortunate system induces additional evils. Miss, the darling of her father and the pride of her mother, is taught from the beginning to regard her dress as a momentous concern. She is instructed in embroidery merely that she may finish a piece of work, which from time to time is to be brought out, to be seen, admired, and praised by visitors; or framed and hung up in the room, to be still more frequently seen, admired, and praised. She is taught music, only that she may perform a few times, to excite the same admiration and applause for her skill on the piano-forte. She is taught to draw, merely to finish a picture, which, when richly framed and ornamented, is hung up, to become an altar for the same incense. Do not misunderstand me. I have no quarrel with these accomplishments. So far as they contribute to make the subject of them more amiable, useful, or happy, I admit their value. It is the employment of them, which I censure; the sacrifice made by the parent, of his property and his child at the shrine of vanity.

The reading of girls is regularly lighter than that of boys. When the standard of reading for boys is set too low, that for girls will be proportionally lowered. Where boys investigate books of sound philosophy, and labour in mathematical and logical pursuits, girls read history, the higher poetry, and judicious discourses in morality and religion. When the utmost labour of boys is bounded by history, biography, and the pamphlets of the day, girls sink down to songs, novels, and plays.

Of this reading what, let me ask, are the consequences? By the first novel which she reads, she is introduced into a world literally new; a middle region between "this spot which men call earth," and that which is formed in Arabian Tales. Instead of houses, inhabited by mere men, women, and children, she is presented with a succession of splendid palaces, and gloomy castles inhabited by tenants half human and half angelic, or haunted by downright fiends. Every thing in the character and circumstances of these beings comes at the wish or the call of the enchanter. Whatever can supply their wants, suit their wishes, or forward, or frustrate their designs, is regularly at hand. The heroes are as handsome, as dignified, as brave, as generous, as affectionate, as faithful, and as accomplished as he supposes will satisfy the demands of his readers. At the same time, they have always a quantum sufficit of money; or, if not, some relation dies at the proper time, and leaves them an ample supply. Every heroine is also a compound of all that is graceful and lovely. Her person is fashioned "by the hand of harmony." Her complexion outvies the snow, and shames the rose. Her features are such as Milton's Eve might envy; and her mind is of the same class with those refined beings, to whom this great poet, in his list of the celestial orders, gives the elegant name of Virtues. With these delightful inhabitants of Utopia are contrasted iron-banded misers, profligate guardians, traitorous servants, and bags, not excelled by those of Lapland itself. It ought not to be omitted, that in this sequestered region the fields and gardens are all second-hand copies of paradise. On them, wherever it is convenient, the morning beams with every tint of elegance,

and every ray of glory: and, when Aurora has no further use for these fine things, her sister Evening puts them on herself, and appears scarcely less splendid, or less delightful.

With this ideal world the unfortunate girl corresponds so much, and so long, that she ultimately considers it as her own proper residence. With its inhabitants she converses so frequently, and so habitually, that they become almost her only familiar acquaintance.

But she must one day act in the real world. What can she expect, after having gazed so long in novels, but that fortunes, and villas, and Edens, will spring up every where in her progress through life, to promote her enjoyment. She has read herself into a heroine, and is fairly entitled to all the appendages of this character. If her imagination may be trusted, she is to be romantically rich and romantically happy. The mornings which dawn upon her are ever to be bright, the days serene, and the evenings fragrant and delightful. In a word, the curse pronounced upon mankind, as to her is, to lose its gloomy influence, and sorrow and toil are to fly from the path in which she chooses to walk through life.

With these views, how disappointed must she be by the rugged course of nature! How untoward must be the progress of facts! How coarsely must the voice of truth grate upon her ear! How disgusted must she be to find herself surrounded—not by trusty Johns, and faithful Chloes, but by ordinary domestics, chilling her with rusticity, provoking her by their negligence, insulting her with their impudence, and leaving her service without even giving her warning. Must she not feel, that it is a kind of impertinence in the days to be cloudy and wet, in the nights to be dark and chilly, in the streets to encumber her with mud, or choke her with dust, and in the prospects to present nothing but the mere vulgar scenes of this vulgar world.

The very food which she eats, (for eat she must,) will disgust her by its coarse unlikeness to the viands on which her imagination has so often feasted. Her friends, even those most intimately connected with her, will lose all the amiableness with which they are invested by natural affection, because they differ so grossly in their persons, manners, and opinions, from the feeble forms of fancy, and from the poetical minds, whose residence is a novel or a song. In a word, the world will become to her a solitude; and its inhabitants strangers: because her taste for living has become too refined, too dainty, to relish any thing found in real life.

If she is at all pleasing and amiable, she will be addressed. But by whom? Not by a Corydon, a Strephon, or even a Grandison. At the best, her suitor will be a being formed of flesh and blood, who intends to live by business, and to acquire reputation by diligence, integrity, and good sense. He is in pursuit of a wife, and therefore can hardly wish for an angel. It will be difficult for him to believe that a being so exalted would assume the marriage vow, do the honours of his table, direct the business of his family, or preside over the education of his children. He has hitherto spent his life, perhaps, in acting vigorously in the counting-room, contending strenuously at the bar, or pursuing with diligence some other business merely human. How can such a being frame his mouth to lisp the pretty things which alone can be in unison with so delicate an ear? Figure to yourself the disgust, the pain, the surprise of this silken existence, even at the most refined language of honesty, and at the most honorable sentiments of affection, obtruded on her by such a suitor.

Should some man of art and mischief happen to think the conquest worth obtaining, how easily might she become a victim to the very accomplishments in which she considers all excellence as involved!

Besides, this life is always, in some degree, a season of suffering and sorrow. In what manner can our heroine encounter either? To patience and fortitude she has from her infancy been a stranger; with religion she is unacquainted. Principles such as religion approves, she has none. This world has daily blasted all her expectations: with the future world she has not begun a connexion. Between the Bible and novels there is a gulph fixed, which few novel readers are willing to pass. The consciousness of virtue, the dignified pleasure of having performed our duty, the serene

remembrance of a useful life, the hope of an interest in the Redeemer, and the promise of a glorious inheritance in the favour of God, are never found in novels; and of course have never been found by her. A weary, distressed, bewildered voyager amid the billows of affliction, she looks around her in vain, to find a pilot, a pole-star, or a shore.

Under the influence of this education, persons of both sexes also are in extreme danger of becoming a voluntary prey to the modern philosophy, and to the principles of enchantment and perdition which it so successfully holds out to minds destitute of sound principle and defensive prudence. Unaccustomed to think, they are pleased to find others willing to think for them. Unaccustomed to reason, their minds will be perplexed by every argument advanced against their opinions. The admission of truth, the comprehension of good sense, requires the toil of sober, vigorous thought. The admission of fiction, and of philosophical, as truly as of poetical fiction, demands nothing but the luscious indulgence of fancy. To a soft and dainty mind, a taste fascinated by mental luxury, how much more congenial is the latter employment than the former. How improbable is it, how hopeless, that such a mind can fail to reject the dictates of sober truth and sound understanding; and from a self-indulgence, by habit rendered indispensable, imbibe the wretched doctrines created by the philosophers of the present day! How improbable it is, that any mind which has once imbibed these doctrines can escape from absolute ruin!

I know that this education is expressly attempted with a view to superior refinement: but it is not a refinement of the taste, the understanding, or the heart. It is merely a refinement of the imagination—of an imagination already soft and sickly; of a sensibility already excessive; of a relish already fastidious. To a genuine perfection of taste it bears no more resemblance than the delicate white of decay to the native fairness of complexion; or than the blush of a hectic to the bloom of health.

It is not here intended, that this mode of education prevails more in Boston than in other populous places on this continent; perhaps it prevails less. That it actually exists in such places, that it is fashionable, and that this town has a share in the evil, will not, I believe, be questioned. I have taken this occasion to enter my protest against it. In every part of it the dictates of common sense are laid aside: that which is of the least importance is most regarded, and that which is of the greatest most forgotten. To enable children to appear with such fashionable advantages as to gain admiration and applause, is the sole concern. To enable them to be what they ought to be—wise, virtuous, and useful—is left out of the system. The mind, instead of being educated, is left to the care of accident and fashion. Dress, manners, and accomplishments, are placed under expensive masters, and regulated with extreme solicitude. With this education, what can a son, or a daughter become? Not a man, nor a woman; but a well-dressed bundle of accomplishments. Not a blessing, nor an heir of immortality; but a fribble, or a doll.

HATIANA, OR LOOSE REMARKS ON HATS AND HEADS.

(FROM THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

The hat, the hat! that crowning tegument of our dress, is, I think, much more frequently indicative of the qualities, propensities, situation, &c. of the wearer of it, than any thing else. It has been long said, that—

"The wisdom's in the wig;"

and, as far as the remark applies to judges, counsellors, doctors of divinity, king's coachmen, and a few other great men, it is a very good one; but, in the absence of a knowledge of physiognomy, and craniology (that lump and bump system), neither of which do I profess to know much about, give me the system or science of *Hatiana*, whereby the adepts in it know, even if following a man, and when "the human face divine" is invisible to them, what sort of

person he is who bears it on his pate. Indeed, if you saw the hat itself hung upon a pole or peg, you might decide almost to a certainty as to the owner of it. Some hatters have attempted (and in a few cases succeeded) to make the hat so as to suit the character of the wearer; but I think the hat oftener assumes a new shape, and assimilates itself, gradually, to the head, &c. of the possessor of it. Now to the proof.

If you see a hat "all tattered and torn," with a piece out of the brim here and there, and the crown beat in, or sewn on with a bit of pack-thread; it requires no prophetic power to declare the wearer of it to be some poor wretched outcast, who, rather than be quite bare-headed, has robbed some stick, set up in a corn-field or gardener's ground to scare the birds, of its highest appendage; thus leaving the crows to sport and riot unmolested, or at all events unalarmed, on the losses of the poor farmer.

As a complete opposite to this, you see a hat as sleek and as new-looking as if just from the maker's, without a hair out of its place, the brim unbent, the edges unworn, the ribbon and buckle all precisely even and in order; who can doubt for a moment that it is an old bachelor's hat; it looks placid, quiet, snug, even sly, like the owner of it; and seems to say, as he would, "don't touch me."

I dread to say, that a very greasy round hat, though kept otherwise clean, is too apt to belong to some poor author, more likely a poet than any thing else, and it seems to say that neither its owner nor itself are any longer *nappy*; much might be said about this sort of hat and its wearers, but it is an awful subject, and I will quit the theme.

If you see, towards nine or ten in the evening, a smart *chapeau bras* flitting along the street, with a form under it dressed in black, you may depend it is some young fellow gliding away to a ball, who has paid a hatter half-a-crown for his head-ornament for the evening, and who cannot well afford to hide himself in a hackney-coach, but yet is ashamed to be seen on foot; perhaps there may be a gold-loop in his hat; if so, he is Captain Somebody, till the next morning finds him at his desk.

Now and then you meet with the real old three-cornered cocked hat, the true and original *Egham, Staines, and Windsor* (formerly so nicknamed from the triangular situation of those towns), but its visits to us are like those of angels,

"Short and far between;"

and it is universally the mark of an old pensioner, or of some old gentleman born about the year 1740, and who mounted just such a hat when he was first breeched, and who is now determined to part with his cocked hat but with his life. The present rising generation would hardly believe, that about fifty or sixty years ago, all the hats worn were of that shape, even to the little boys, and a man in a round hat would then have been hooted.

The broad-brimmed low-crowned hat generally gives token of a Quaker,—I beg pardon, a *friend*—but there are a few queer, quaint, formal chaps, who assume the same sort of covering for their crowns; and when you see such a hat upon a head where the sad-coloured suit is not to be observed beneath it, set down the wearer as a man who wishes to be thought either wiser or better than his neighbours, perhaps both; but who, it is quite likely, is neither. Perhaps this might be called the hypocritical hat.

The extremely oval hat, whose rim is drawn into the segment of a circle on each side, seems

to indicate the long-headed man; which head I take to be very different from that of the counsellor's, whose wig-maker grinned amazingly when measuring him for that awful thing, a two-tailed peruke; and upon being asked the reason, said that the learned gentleman's head was just as *thick* as it was long.

I hardly know what sort of hat can be said to designate the really thick headed and stupid man, except it be that which you now and then see, standing upon the top of some ponderous noddle, perfectly circular in the crown, and as perfectly straight and unbent in the rim, which stands out as regularly all round, as if it had just been ironed.

The white hat in summer-time, covers the head either of a country-gentleman, a coachman, or a sporting *flash*-man, who would give you more *slang* in five minutes, than you would understand in five months, unless with the aid of Grose's Dictionary of the vulgar tongue, or that of some other slang lexicographer.

I shall now only name one other hat as indicative of any peculiarity of character, and that is the *well-thumbed one*; being bent up on the right side of the brim, by constant compression between the thumb and fingers of some adept at making a how; and I generally suspect such a man of being a genteel beggar, and if he is a courtier, he will have thumbed his hat in begging a place from the crown; or if a shabby plebeian, in begging for *half-a-crown*.

I could almost fill your paper with a great variety more, but I will have mercy on your readers, as well as yourself, for the rest are principally nondescripts, and therefore could only be guessed at. But there are two or three modes of wearing hats, that I will just name, as being tolerably explanatory of the character of the wearers, such is the hat shoved off the forehead; the man who does this is either a hot-headed choleric man or a star-gazer; and the hat sunk over the eyes as clearly marks a sloven, or one who is ashamed or afraid of being recognized: the last is the hat lifted, or cocked, on one side, which is sure to belong to a dandy, or would-be-buck.

I have purposely avoided saying any thing about the clerical, magisterial, or official hat; having too much respect for the powers that be, to affront even a beadle or a street-keeper.

LOUISA.

Louisa's charms are quickly known,
To ev'ry heart (except her own);
Her blushing beauty, sweetly speaks
A language pure affection wakes;
Creating in the feeling breast
A sense of beauty sweetly drest.

So lovely nature's fragrant rose,
Unconscious of its beauty blows;
And though its virtues so prevail,
And sweeten ev'ry passing gale,
Yet to its still sequester'd shade
'Twould cling—for peace and beauty made!

Manchester.

A. Z.

EPITAPH ON JOHN FORDACE, A FISHMONGER.

Near to this Place, lies Jack Fordace,
Fishmonger, late of Salmon Lane.
He *Carped* and *Smelt*, bought, sold, and felt,
And *shell'd* till he was *shell'd* again.
A *Chub* in person, varied hues a *Trout*,
Foul as a *Tench*, and sullen as a *Pout*.
In mind a *Gudgeon*, but, in shop, a *Shark*,
Jack *Madet* trade answer to life's latest spark.
Now—Sound he sleeps in hope; and may no Surgeon
With *Pike* in search of knowledge *Dare* to stir John.
JACK SPRAT.

• Whiting Pout.
; The *Dare Dace*.

† For *Maid*.
§ For *Sturgeon*.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

One evening, beneath a lofty myrtle-tree, the beautiful Amaryllis was lamenting the death of a nightingale. She said, Sweetest tears have fallen with the touching close of its delicious tones: I felt the music creep along my nerves, and the fine vibrations play through my heart. I weep now, Lycidas, when I think such a charming sadness may never again give delightful tears.

Ah! that I could recal thy nightingale into existence, as I did thy drowned lamb! exclaimed the amiable youth.

Thou never canst, dear companion! it breathed a long and dying fall, like the gentle airs, moving the tops of the hollow reeds, making a moaning melody.

Studious to charm his beloved with the voice of the nightingale, the thoughts of Lycidas produced a sleepless night: the next day he gave Amaryllis the care of his goats, and promised an early return. The sun declined, and Lycidas returned not. Amaryllis sighed at its farewell beam. She sat, her head reclining on her arm. Suddenly aerial notes floated in soft remote sounds. The startled Amaryllis exclaimed—The air sings in the clouds! The notes seemed approaching to her. She looked up at the myrtle-tree. They warbled more musically clear. She perceived Lycidas: he held something in his hands to his lips—Hast thou found another nightingale? (Lycidas replied but by the accents of his harmonious mouth.) What miracle is this! Canst thou give a vocal voice to a hollow reed?—Yes, (replied Lycidas,) it was thou who didst instruct me: Thou didst resemble the voice of the nightingale to the light AIRS breathing on the hollow REEDS. All day I wandered for a nightingale, and I found none: I took a reed, and made little entrances for my breath: I said, Oh, gentle reed! I can give thee AIR, if thou canst yield me the VOICE of the nightingale: I BREATHED, and it was MUSIC!

This first of flutes was their most valued acquisition, for it bestowed a new pleasure; and in the solitude of lovers, pleasure is their only avarice. Lycidas, gradually modulating his reed by his ear, perceived the successive sounds of MELODY, and, at length, the concords of HARMONY; but often, weary with trying musical sounds, the eyes of Amaryllis fired his soul, and the rapt enthusiast, tender or gay at such moments, made his lively inflections, and variety of accent imitate their sensations and echo their passions.* Such was the progress of INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC!

As they wept or laughed, they marvelled how the air, through a hollow reed, could speak more persuasively to their hearts, than their own voices; they knew not that the imitations of Art please more than nature herself. When Lycidas played, Amaryllis could not sit still, and her *gestures* corresponded with the *passions* he inspired. Was Amaryllis capricious? Lycidas breathed a long dissolving strain; sounds associated in her mind with ideas of tenderness; her ear arrested her steps, and silenced her tongue; while the sweetness of her physiognomy melted in the dew of her eye, and expressed itself in many a *passionate attitude*. Was Amaryllis plunged in the softest melancholy? Aerial tones, rapid and voluble, vibrated around; till, stealing the sense of thought from the pensive beauty, they broke into gay melodies; while,

responsive to their cheerful influence, her light footsteps gave what Lycidas termed, *the music to the eye*: and such was the origin of THEATRICAL DANCE!—*D'Israeli's Origin of the Fine Arts.*

COGGESHALL FACETIÆ.

1. Some inhabitants not liking the situation of their church, and being unable to afford the expense of pulling it down and building another, resolved to attempt to remove it entire. Some dozen stout labourers were hired to shove it to the desired site. Before they commenced their operations, they pulled off their jackets and laid them down, to mark how far they were to move the church; they then went to the other side and set to work. Meantime their clothes were stolen. After shoving for some time, they went to the other side to see what progress they had made, and finding their clothes gone, they said it was a pity they had not left off sooner, as they had shoved the church too far, and covered their clothes.

2. A man having received from Colchester some red herrings as a present, was so pleased with them, that he sent for a bushel to stock his pond.

3. A gentleman having received some oysters, ordered his cook to send them up for supper. She served up the shells nicely washed. Being asked what she had done with the oysters, she replied that she had *only gutted them*.

4. Another, who had received a barrel of oysters, paved his court-yard with them, in various devices, of circles, stars, &c.

5. One who had planted French beans, watched anxiously to see them shoot; but perceiving the beans appear above the ground, he conceived he had planted them the wrong end downwards, and accordingly took them up and reversed them.

6. A countryman returning home one evening, saw the reflection of the moon in a pond; he immediately gave the alarm that the moon had fallen into the water. The peasants, with their long rakes, proceeded to get it out; but when they had disturbed the water, they said they had unfortunately broken the moon to pieces, and it would be useless to proceed in their operations, as they never should be able to put all those fragments together.

7. One sent his servant to buy cherries, charging him to bring very large ones; the man bringing them much smaller than he expected, he eat them with spectacles on, that he might fancy they were large.

8. A good housewife having received a pound of coffee, boiled it, and served it up with parsley and butter. She declared they were the very worst peas she had ever seen, as she had boiled them for hours, and yet they remained quite hard.

9. Another boiled a pound of tea, and served up the leaves like spinach, throwing the water away.

10. The moat of a neighbouring manor-house being to be drained, the fish were advertised for sale. Some inhabitants of Coggeshall, who attended the sale, were met on their return, with their carts heavily laden, fagging up a steep hill. From the inquiries made of them by a citizen of Colchester who met them, it appeared, that intending to buy some of the fish, they had providently taken tubs full of water to put them in; and that, though they did not buy any, they were returning with their tubs still full, without thinking to relieve their horses, which were sinking with fatigue.

11. Their crops having failed one year, for want of warmth, they selected certain barns, which they set wide open on a very hot day, when the sun was in full lustre, and then very carefully closed them, to preserve a stock of sunshine against a time of need.—*Lit. Gaz.*

We have been favoured with a copy of the following interesting and pathetic Poem, in MS. by our esteemed correspondent, S. X.; and as we understand there is another Poem, entitled "*Female Celibacy*," written in the same measure, by the Author of the "*Bachelor's Soliloquy*," if S. X. will also favour us with a correct copy of that Poem, we have no doubt it will prove a very acceptable present to our readers.—Eo.]

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Let youthful lovers fondly greet,
With song and dance, their natal day;
Let them in jovial circles meet,
And laugh their lightsome hours away:
But mine, alas!
Must sadly pass,
With no kind gratuitions blest;
Mine but excites the silent tear
That now another, lonely year
Hath followed all the rest!

And whither, whither are they flown?
What traces have they left behind?
What transports can I call my own?
What social bosom can I find?

I view the past,
And stand aghast;
How much, alas! of life's short span!
And Memory cries, as thus I gaze,
"Where are thy friends of former days;
Thou solitary man!"

Some, bless'd of heaven, and timely wise,
Are link'd in Hymen's silken bands;—
Have learnt "*Heaven's last, best gift*" to prize,
And join'd with hers their willing hands:
With fond embrace
Each grief they chase,
Whatever ill their steps betide;
And hand in hand they sweetly stray
Through life's perplex'd and thorny way,
With truest love their guide.

Some seek their Country's banner'd plaid,
And fearless dare the hostile fray;
And some, the growing love of gain
Hath lured to foreign lands away;
And some, indeed,
Whose names I read
Engraved on many a mossy stone,
Were early number'd with the dead.
Thus all, their different ways have sped,—
And left me here, alone!

They say that my unfeeling breast
Ne'er felt Love's pleasing, anxious smart;—
Was ne'er with doubts and fears oppress'd,
Nor sigh'd to win a woman's heart.
And let them say
What'er they may;
I heed not censure now, nor praise:
I could not ask a lovely maid
To seek with me the lowly shade;—
I hoped for brighter days.

Yes;—I have felt that hallow'd flame
That burns with constant, chaste desire;
I too have cherished, long, a name
That set my youthful breast on fire!
But Hope's sweet smiles,
And 'witching wiles,
Beguiled my heart of every pain;
And I have slept in her soft bowers,
Till now, of life's last, lingering hours,
How few, alas, remain!

* Such is *imitative music*, which, says Rousseau, expresses all passions, paints all pictures, represents all objects, and subjects all Nature herself to its skilful imitations; and thus conveys to the heart of men those sentiments proper to touch and to agitate.

Ah! now her fairy reign is past,—
 For youth's warm raptures now are o'er;
 These visions all, too bright to last,
 Of love and joy, can charm no more!
 Some little toys,—
 Some puny joys,
 To wear life's listless calm away;
 Then near some old, neglected stone,
 Unwept, unnoticed, and unknown,—
I yield the worm its prey!

Then come, whatever ills await,
 Though age sits hoary on my brow,
 I care not for the frowns of fate!
 And poverty, I scorn thee now.
 I shall not see,
 Obscured by thee,
 Fair lovely woman's charms decay!—
 Have I no tie to keep me here?
 Not one!—Why then, without a tear,
I yield the worm its prey.

N. N.

NATURAL HISTORY.

RATTLE SNAKES.

They are numerous through the country, but particularly high up on the Missouri, and on the White and St. Francis rivers. Two species are met with: the black is from three to four feet long, disproportionately thick, exceedingly venomous in its bites, and slow in its movements; it lives mostly on the low and wet lands. The other is black, and yellow spotted, grows sometimes to the length of seven or eight feet, but its poison is not so venomous as that of the former. It is found on the dry prairies and rocky grounds. They both live to a very great age; that is, if it be a fact that they annually acquire a new process to their rattles. I once met with one that had upwards of 90 of these annular cells attached to its tail. When alarmed the young ones, which are generally eight or ten in number, retreat into the mouth of the parent, and re-appear on its giving a contractile muscular token that the danger is passed. Towards the close of the summer, they become in appearance partially blind; their ability to move is diminished, and their bite, if possible, more deadly. The Indians erroneously ascribe this difference in its habits and character, to a diffusion of the inordinately secreted poison through its system. The common black, copper-head, and spotted swamp snakes, never fail, I believe, to engage with, and destroy them, whenever they meet, which, together with the hostility that exists between the two species, prevents an increase that would otherwise render the country almost uninhabitable.

When the two species fight, it is by coiling and striking at each other; they frequently miss in their aim, or rather, avoid each other's fangs by darting simultaneously in a direction different from the approaching blow. When one is bitten, it amounts to a defeat, and it instantly retreats for a watering place, at which, should it arrive in time, it slakes its thirst, swells, and dies. I have witnessed the effects of the poison on their own bodies, or on those of the antagonistic species, in several instances, and have never known one that was bitten to recover, notwithstanding the generally prevailing opinion to the contrary, that such instinctively resort to efficient antidotes. The other hostile snakes grasp their necks between their teeth, wring round, and strangle them.

The Indians know nothing about the charming powers of this, or any other snake; they believe the rattles are designed to alarm their enemies, and terrify such animals as they are accustomed to prey on. The latter, no doubt, is the fact, whatever the former may be; because, whenever they fix their piercing eyes on a bird, squirrel, &c. they commence and keep up an incessant rattling noise, until the animal, convulsed by fear, approaches within the reach of its formidable enemy, and sometimes into its very jaws. This, however, is not always the result, for I have repeatedly seen animals thus agitated, and in imminent danger, make their escape without any intervention in their favour, except the recovery of their own powers.—
Hunter.

THE CABINET.

PECULIARITIES OF DR. JOHNSON.

(By Sir W. Scott.)

Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recal to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very unsmoothness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his bon-mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unparagonably exacted, were so great, that even Mrs. Thrale seems at length to have thought that the honour of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher part of society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, ra-

ther than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain free, and some violence and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

ALARM OF FIRE GIVEN BY A MONKEY.

A short time ago the inmates of a house in Hatton-court, Holborn, had a very narrow escape from being burnt to death by a fire, which broke out in the front parlour, occupied by some Italians, who go about with dancing monkeys. Six or seven persons slept in the room, and the monkey was chained to the bed-post; on their going to bed, one of the women hung some linen to dry; the linen caught fire, and nearly the whole of the bed clothes were burnt, when the dreadful cries of the monkey, and his endeavours to pull his master out of bed, at length awoke him; all the inmates got up, and the fire was put out by a few dozen pails of water; the floor and furniture were nearly destroyed, together with most of their wearing apparel; and some of those who slept in the room were nearly suffocated.

DR. JOHNSON ON CRITICISM.

"Before Criticism," says the doctor, "departed from the earth, to accompany her patroness, *Astrea*, back into heaven, she broke her sceptre; of which the shivers that formed the umbrosial end were caught up by Flattery, and those that had been infected with the waters of Lethe, were, with equal haste, seized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom she distributed her part of the sceptre, nor had nor desired light, but touched indiscriminately whatever power or interest happened to exhibit. The companions of Malevolence were supplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal lustre, that its light fell only upon faults."

'No light, but rather darkness visible,
 Served only to discover sights of woe.'

"With the fragments of authority, the slaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their mistress, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the sceptre had now lost its power; and Time passed his sentence at leisure, without any regard to their determinations."

EXTRAORDINARY PORTRAIT.—"Shaffon Paca was, indeed, ugly beyond all parallel: she was of Egyptian origin; yet her countenance was not of simple Egyptian ugliness, but seemed to exhibit a characteristic mark of every original nation. Her legs appeared to have been put together by mistake; the right one being considerably shorter and thicker than the other. She was corpulent; and her eyes, which saw even more than other eyes can see, never looked in the same direction. She had, besides, the peculiar power, like the chameleon, of fixing the one upon an object while the other turned leisurely round, as if seeking for somewhat else. In her voluble conversation no idea was distinct. It seemed as if an endless memory, stored with the beginnings and endings of all that ever had been, was running over the heads and hints of what she wished to express. Learning appeared to have overpowered her; she had dabbled in metaphysics until it was hardly possible to understand what she meant, and she was continually misquoting passages in the dead languages. Under these circumstances it is not much to be wondered at that Ada Reis could not bear to converse with her: indeed from the first he had spoken to her with such extreme harshness, that the fright into which he had thrown her increased, to the greatest degree, the confusion of her ideas, and consequently the natural tediousness of her discourse. In his first interview he asked her a few questions concerning education; and as he knew that there is a great deal to be said upon that subject, he was not surprised that she took much time and many words to answer. But though not surprised, he was fatigued; and in order to get rid of her, he sent for the child, and delivered her into her hands: for it is a common practice to condemn children to the society of those with whom parents cannot endure even for a moment to associate.—*Ada Reis.*

AN IRISH WAKE.

Some months ago, during a residence in the south of Ireland, I was frequently the guest of an Irish cabin during the singular ceremony of "waking the dead," as it is termed; and on one occasion in particular, I beheld it in all its native purity, in a village in the neighborhood of Cork.

The village of Blarney is celebrated in the history of Ireland; it was formerly the seat of war; and its proud castle, still one of the most perfect in the country, bears many a mark of the besiegers' cannon, which, like the scars on a warrior's forehead, tell the story of its "hair-breadth 'scapes." Its present attraction consists in the far-famed Blarney-stone, which, if once kissed by living lips, gives the power that Irishmen are allowed to possess so eminently, of saying fine things, or, in other words, of lying with a good grace. This stone, which is believed to have existed and retained its charm for ages, is placed conspicuously on the tower of the castle, but, in consequence of recent alterations, is now so situated as to render very dangerous any attempt to touch it; very few, therefore, are found willing to risk their necks, even for its miraculous influence. So that, of latter days, scarcely any have "kissed the Blarney-stone;" and this may account for the lamentable deterioration of our neighbours of the sister country from the gallantry of their ancestors, the O'Callaghans and O'Brallaghams of other years, who, when exhibited on the boards of our theatres, serve but to expose the failings of their degenerate children, who are indeed but the shadows of those heroes of the olden time. The Blarney-stone is however still pointed out to the longing eyes, and still more longing lips, of visitors to Blarney Castle.

In one of the cottages of Blarney, the villagers were assembling to take their last look at a neighbor's corpse, an old man who had died the day before; and the call had gone forth to summon them to "the wake." They were gathering, by degrees, around the house, some with melancholy and others with cheerful countenances, but all preserving a deep silence, which seemed to promise only an evening of gloom. The men were dressed in their best, their sky-blue jackets and breeches, and they had not forgotten their constant companions, the long cloaks, to which so many qualities have been attributed, both for peace and war. The women had also robes of a similar description; many had the large hood drawn over the face, so as intirely to conceal it; and this, together with the deep shade of the garments, nearly allied to black, gave a very mournful cast to the assembly.

In the room where lay the dead, the spectators were sitting silently on the ground; a few women were standing near the corpse, and the air of abstraction, and the swinging to and fro of the head only, denoted the deep sorrow of those whose features were completely enveloped in their large cloaks. The dead man lay in his coffin, on a table covered with white linen; flowers were plentifully strewn on it; at the head were placed three mould candles, and a plate of salt was laid on the body. The whiskey had began to circulate, but not yet in sufficient quantity to dissipate the gloom which appeared to spread over the whole party. In a few moments after the room had filled, the women who were near the corpse commenced the funereal cry, or the *keen*ing, as it is called, which consisted in a lengthened "ul-la-gone," and, at times, "O yea, O yea, Paddy, O yea." This

continued for about ten minutes, the *keen*ers occasionally clapping their hands and striking their foreheads; then the sounds of mourning ceased, and the women mingled among the group. The talisman of a magician could not have wrought a greater change. The transition from wailing to merriment was instantaneous; the corpse lay neglected, and the visitors seemed to have forgotten altogether the purpose for which they had assembled, in the quick and plentiful circulation of the whiskey punch. Yet now and then I heard a few passing remarks on the dead man, mingled with observations of a very different nature. "There 'll be nine masses said for his soul, any how; and Father O'Donoghue, honest man, 'll give him the worth of his money." It may be well to observe that the generality of the Irish take especial care, on the death-bed, to leave money for masses; and this is not unfrequently the subject of much bargaining, or *huttering*, as the phrase is, with the holy father. On one occasion, a gentleman ordered his executors to pay for so many masses, and as they could not find a priest in Ireland to do the job sufficiently cheap, they actually transmitted the sum to Portugal, where they purchased the repose of the poor man's soul on more reasonable terms.

In a short time another set of *keen*ers had arranged themselves round the corpse, and their deep and long "ul-la-gone" was echoed from various parts of the room. When their lungs became tired, they took their seats, and enjoyed with the rest the tobacco, whiskey, and snuff, of which there was no lack, while some old crones were preparing the meal of bacon, cribeens, potatoes, &c. Apart from the rest, a group of young men and maidens had got together, little heeding the solemnity of the occasion; and it was only by gazing at times on the pale face of the dead, that I was myself reminded of it.

Among the medley of merry mourners, I noticed one who was sitting on the table beside the corpse; her head was bent almost to her knees. I noticed her because she had taken part neither in the gaiety nor the loud mourning of the rest, and because she formed a strange contrast to those around her. Now and then, when the noise of the guests became most loud, she would turn and gaze with an air of disapprobation, and then relapse into her apparent apathy. While the party were enjoying themselves with supper, I found an opportunity of asking her, in a tone of commiseration, if she were not some relation to the dead man. "'Tis my father, sir," she replied; "that's my husband's father: he's far away now, over the salt seas, and 'tis little he thinks the poor old man's a corpse this night. He was a good father, sir, and I'd never want, nor my childer, if God left him to me; but 'tis God's will." Again the sound of the *keen*ers grew loud, and I left them to their mourning, and their merriment. Such is an Irish wake.—*Museum*.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

"I say he was a Tartar," said an old Pensioner, turning round the quadrangle of the building—"I say he was a Tartar." "Then you're mistaken, Harry; he was a lad who did his duty, and saw that every one did theirs."—"I allow that he was strict, but always a sailor's friend," replied his companion. "Aye, aye, tarring a rope's end, or rope's ending a tar, 'twas all the same to him; his cats were oft-n fed, Tom."—"That's poor wit, Harry; I sailed with him, Captain and Admiral, some years, and ought to know a little

about him."—"Well, well, messmate, let's hear; there's old James has just dowsed his coach-whip (pendant), and gone out of commission; and Keith has got a lift over the standing part of his fore-sheet. I've sailed with 'em both, but I'll not say more till you've told me of *Seymour*."—"Why then, d'ye see, where could there be a stronger attachment shown to our officers than when we arrived at Spithead during the Mutiny? Ah, Harry, you old cartridge! you was then in that rebel ship the *Triumph*—but howsoever I won't blow you up. You must know Lieutenant Q—— was commanding officer when the delegates came on board. 'Well, my men,' says he, 'what do you want here?'—'We want to speak to the ship's company, Sir,' said the foremost. 'Oh certainly, certainly,' replied the Lieutenant. 'Here, Boatswain's Mate, pass the word, and walk forward my men.' Well, Harry, you old rogue, didn't we all muster on the fore-castle, and listen to their lingo?—aye, that we did. And says our spokesman, says he, 'Mayhap, gentlemen, you have had bad treatment, and are dissatisfied with your officers?'—'Yes, yes,' said the leader, 'your're right.'—'Then all we have to say is,' said our spokesman, 'that we are not. We like our ship, like our Captain, like our Officers, and like one another—and so, gentlemen, good day.' There was reasoning for you, you old swab. Ah, Harry, you ought to have been taken in *time* for a mutineer!—and now I'm in the line, I'll tell you more. D'ye see, every order was exposed publicly for the ship's company to read, so that every man fore and aft knew what he had to do. This was his plan: 'Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish.' Among other orders, there was one, that no man should sing out, either in pulling a rope, or any other duty, but all were to be silent as death. One day we were mooring ship, when some one sung out, at the capstan, 'Hurrah, my boys! heave!' The Captain heard it. 'Send that man on deck directly.' The Officer immediately pick'd him out, and he was ordered aft under the sentry's charge. As soon as the ship was moored, the hands were turned up for punishment. Well, up we goes, and there stood the Captain with the Articles of War in his hand—by the bye I don't think he was a Lord then. Howsoever there be stood, and the Officers around him in their cocked hats and swords. The gratings were lashed to the larboard gangway, the Quarter Masters ready with their foxes, and the Boatswain's Mates with the cats. 'Come here, my man,' said the Captain. 'Was it not my orders that there should be silence fore and aft?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'And why did you disobey?'—'It wasn't me, Sir; I never opened my lips.'—'Are you sure this was the man that sung out at the capstan?' said the Captain, turning to the Officer. 'Yes, Sir, confident; I removed him instantly from the bar.'—'Indeed, Sir, Mr. — is mistaken—I never spoke.'—'Are you certain, Mr. —?'—'Yes, Sir, quite certain.'—'Strip, then.' It was complied with. The poor fellow was seized up—hats off—the article for disobedience of orders read—and 'Boatswain's Mate, give him two dozen,' was heard. The tails of the cat were clear'd, the arm was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rush'd from amongst us, caught the uplifted arm, and call'd out, 'Avast! avast! d—me it was I that sung out at the capstan!' and in an instant his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. 'Stop,' said the Captain. 'Come here, my lad. Why didn't you come forward before?'—'Because, Sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon; but when I saw him likely to suffer for me, no, by —, I couldn't stand that.'—'And did he know it was you?'—'Yes, your honour, he knew it well; I was along-side of him at the bar—but he seem'd to finish.'—'Cast him off, and pipe down,' said the Captain. But oh, Harry, if you had seen the two bare-backed dogs stand and look at each other for more than a minute, without moving, and then walk off together—but I can't describe it, though I've got it all in my heart as strong now as I had then.

"And what became of the Officer?"

"Why, the Captain sued round to him, and"

Here they again turned the quadrangle; all was hush'd, and I sought my pillow.

AN OLD SAILOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MANCHESTER PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, held on Friday the 18th April, 1823, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year. The dates refer to their election as members of the Society.

- PRESIDENT.
1794....Mr. John Dalton, F. R. S.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.
1794....Edward Holme, M. D., F. L. S.
1796....William Henry, M. D., F. R. S.
1798....Mr. Peter Ewart.
1807....Mr. G. W. Wood.
TREASURER.
1815....Mr. Benjamin Heywood.
SECRETARIES.
1810....Mr. P. Clare.
1821....Rev. John James Tayler, B. A.
LIBRARIAN.
1816....Mr. John Davis, M. W. S. &c.
OF THE COUNCIL.
1815....Mr. John Moore.
1810....Mr. Lawrence Buchan.
1818....Mr. J. C. Dyer.
1821....Mr. John Blackwall.
1821....Mr. Thomas Turner.
1822....Mr. Samuel Robinson.

VARIETIES.

GALLANTRY OF JAMES I.—The following novel anecdote of James I. is related by Mr. D'Israeli:—The King and Queen being at Theobald's, her Majesty, shooting at a deer, mistook her mark, and killed Jewel, the King's favourite hound; at which he stormed exceedingly awhile; but after he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse. And the next day he sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, as "a legacy from his dead dog."

GOOD MORRO.—Mr. Davenport, a tailor, who had acquired a large fortune, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. Latin or English, asked the wit. "Pooh! English, to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar." "Then I've got one from *Hamlet*, that will match you to a button-hole—*List! list! oh, list!*"

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.—A Critic once observed, that the principal difference between a Comedy and a Tragedy was, that the former generally concluded in a Church, and the latter in a Church-yard.

SILK WORM.—In a communication to the Society of Arts and Manufactures, (vol. iv. p. 163,) it is stated by Miss Henrietta Rhodes, that one line of the silk-worm, when unwound, measured 404 yards, and, when dry, weighed 3 grains. Hence it follows, that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm, may be extended into a line 535 miles long, and that a thread which would encompass the earth would weigh no more than 47 pounds.

FRENCH ENTHUSIASM.—In March 1800, while Bonaparte was conducting an army across the Alps, by the pass of the Great St. Bernard, General Bethencourt was dispatched, at the head of a thousand men, to force a passage over the same range of mountains, by the Simplon. Avalanches of snow and rocks had swept away a bridge that formed a communication over a gulph of great depth, and above sixty feet in width. In this dilemma, a soldier undertook and effected an exploit equally difficult and dangerous. Holes had been made in the precipice, to introduce the beams which supported the bridge; by placing his feet in these holes, and catching hold of the rocky projections above them, he scaled the summit, and, fixing a rope at the opposite side of the precipice, at a proper height above the holes, the general was the first to follow him, hanging, as it were, by his hands on the rope, and trying to place his feet in the holes. In this way, the whole body of a thousand men cleared the gulph, loaded with arms and knapsacks, without the smallest accident. When the last man had passed over, five dogs, belonging to the party, threw themselves down into the gulph: three were carried off by the torrent, but the remaining two effected their landing on the other side, climbed

up the opposite front of the precipice, and arrived at the feet of their masters, severely cut and bruised by the rocks.

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE.—"It is a remarkable fact, that white people generally, when brought up among the Indians, become unalterably attached to their customs, and seldom afterwards abandon them. I have known two instances of white persons, who had arrived at manhood, leaving their connections and civilized habits, assuming the Indian, and fulfilling all his duties. These, however, happened among the Cherokees. Thus far I am an exception, and it is highly probable I should ever remain such; though, I must confess, the struggle in my bosom was for a considerable time doubtful, and even now my mind often reverts to the innocent scenes of my childhood, with a mixture, of pleasurable and painful emotions that is altogether indescribable. But my intercourse with refined society, acquaintance with books, and a glimpse at the wonderful structure into which the mind is capable of being moulded, have, I am convinced, unalterably attached me to a social intercourse with civilized man, composed as he is of crudities and contradictions."—*Hunter.*

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday April 21st, to Friday April 25th, 1823.

Monday.—For the Benefit of Mrs. M'Gibbon. King Henry VIII.: The King and Miller of Mansfield: and The Falls of Clyde.

Wednesday.—The Castle Spectre: with The Review.

Thursday.—The Law of Java: with X. Y. Z.

Friday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Bass. Brutus: Winning a Husband: and The Two Pages of Frederick the Great.

On reference to the Dramatic Register in our last, it will be seen that *Virginus* was performed on the 18th instant. Amongst the numerous compositions which our age has produced professedly for the stage, there is not one more likely to retain its place than the tragedy we are now considering.—It is a picture of paternal and filial affection that must ever interest our feelings—a display of bravery and nobleness of soul, which, resisting tyranny, ultimately annihilate oppression—and an exposure of intrigue that at once excites detestation, and involves the intriguer in merited destruction. Such it is in substance; but, in representation, the individual character of *Virginus*, in many particulars completely baffles description.

In the performance of Mr. SALTER, as *Virginus*, there were pathos and energy of expression that evinced the nicest discrimination—gentle and commanding attitudes, so appropriate to the situation of a sensible, a brave, an injured man, as to exactly identify the performance with nature—and a command and management of countenance that marked the whole with an air of unaffected reality, and confirmed each part as the sincere and genuine working of the soul. Mr. SALTER was probably never more felicitous than in the scene where *Lucius* first names *Virginus*, and communicates the claim of the pander *Claudius*.—The instantaneous effect on his voice—the tremulous and convulsive motion of his frame—and the dread of hearing, yet anxiety to hear, the result—were striking illustrations of conception and ability.—And in the second, third, and fourth scenes of the Fifth Act, the vacant and ghastly stare of a frenzied mind was sustained with consummate judgment and most appalling consistency.

These are features for which the Author of the Piece is under infinite obligation to the Actor—they are improvements that embellish and realize the scenes in which they occur beyond what he could have anticipated, or even imagined—and they excite feelings in the beholder which the utmost effort of language would vainly attempt. The applause poured upon Mr. SALTER must have been most gratifying to that gentleman; as, indeed, it could not but be to every one who appreciated the talent, assiduity and power requisite to so accurate and able a representation.

Virginus is a tragedy that will increase the reputa-

tion of Author and Actor so long as the legitimate Drama is supported and true theatrical talent elicited. The Liberation of Rome is a noble subject; in the hands of Mr. Knowles it obtained ample justice; and from the performances of MACREADY, YOUNG, and SALTER, it cannot fail to advance in public estimation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. DAVIES, M. W. S. &c. &c. begs to announce his return from the University of Edinburgh, and that he has resumed his PRIVATE INSTRUCTIONS in MATHEMATICS, CHEMISTRY, and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.
6, King-street.

Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

MR. SALTER, impressed with feelings of the deepest gratitude for past favours, begs leave most respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public, that his BENEFIT is appointed for *Monday, April 22nd*, when will be acted, (second and last time this season) the favourite Tragedy of
DAMON & PYTHIAS.

Damon,...Mr. SALTER. *Pythias*,...Mr. Bass.
Calanthe,...Mrs. M'GIBSON. *Hermion*,...Mrs. HALL.
The Vocal Parts by Mr. Foster, Messrs. Aldridge, Ireland, Radcliffe, Andrews, and Doyme.

In the course of the Evening the following Entertainments: *Song*—"Manager Strutt was four feet high,"—by Mr. PENNA. MR. SALTER will deliver A MONODY on the DEATH of JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, written by a Manchester Gentleman. "BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL" will be recited by Mr. BROWN. *Song*—"Beloved Native Land,"—by Mrs. Aldridge. *Song*—"The Cobbler a la Françoise,"—by Mr. SALTER.

The entertainments will conclude with the laughable Farce, entitled: *MONSIEUR TONSON*, founded on the celebrated Tale of that name, and acted at Drury Lane Theatre upwards of One Hundred Nights, with unanimous laughter and applause. Monsieur Morbleu, (at the desire of several friends, will be attempted for this night only,) by Mr. SALTER.

Tickets and Places to be had of Mr. SALTER, No. 4, King-Street, Manchester; the IRIS OFFICE; and at the usual places.

Theatre Royal, Manchester.

MISS M. HAMMERSLEY'S BENEFIT.—By Desire, and under the immediate Patronage of Major Turner and the Officers of that distinguished regiment the King's First Dragoon Guards.—Miss M. HAMMERSLEY begs leave to acquaint her Friends and the Public, that in consequence of having concluded an engagement with the Managers of Covent Garden Theatre, her FAREWELL BENEFIT, will take place on FRIDAY NEXT, May 2nd, 1823, when will be performed the Popular Play of *THE EXILE.*

In the course of the Evening the following SONGS:—"Auld Robin Gray,"—"Soldier Tired,"—and "Did me Disgrace,"—by Miss M. HAMMERSLEY.

For this night only, the GRAND MILITARY BAND will appear in FULL REGIMENTAL DRESS UPON THE STAGE, and play several of their favourite Airs.—MR. NORTON, Master of the Band, will perform a CONCERTO on the CLARINET, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OCCASION, in which he will introduce the beautiful Air of "YE BANKS AND BRAES."

The whole to conclude (by particular desire) with the Musical Piece called the BE-GARS' OPERA.

Tickets to be had of Miss M. HAMMERSLEY, No. 4, King-Street, at the IRIS OFFICE, and of Mr. ELAND, at the Box Office, where places may be taken.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.'s valuable paper on SUSPENDED ANIMATION came too late for insertion this week; it shall appear in the Iris of next Saturday. We cannot omit this opportunity of acquainting our readers generally, that the communications of our Correspondent S. have claims upon their serious attention equally as *individuals*, as *heads of Families*, and as *members of Society*.

R. W. will accept our acknowledgment for his punctuality.—His original and interesting paper in our next.

S. X. has our best thanks for his very amusing "budget." We this week draw forth a part of its contents, and, shall continue so to do, till it is completely exhausted.

"The Sisters."—We have not yet been able to peruse this strange lubrication; but, from a first glance, we presume that it is inadmissible.—Personalities, and every description of illiberal allusion, are excluded from our columns.

Peter Pitiful; Ignato; I. G.; Zachary; An Ode; A Sonnet to Spring; My Birth-Day; and Julia;—are received.

Y.'s papers on Astronomy shall meet with attention.

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A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.
The last column is open to ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising *Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.*

No. 66.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1823.

PRICE 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The letter addressed to you with an offer of some observations on the violent causes of death, for insertion in your miscellany, having been favourably received, I shall beg to occupy a column or two of your *Iris* of this week with some preliminary remarks. The reasons which urged me to undertake the work were mentioned in my letter to you of last week, and it would appear from your reply that they were sufficiently good to induce you to give up a portion of your sheets to the execution of my plan. I hope too that the interest universally felt for the cause of humanity will be ample enough to ensure to me the indulgence of your numerous readers. If I rob them of a page of enigmas, anecdotes, or poetry, I shall endeavour to supply a substitute much more useful, though not so amusing.

Among the most serious calamities incident to mankind we may class those which result from poisons; and in the same train of melancholy events we may range those cases where, from submersion, strangulation, or the inhalation of noxious gases, life is suspended, and without prompt assistance will quit the body to which it gave sense and motion. The importance of the affections arising from the causes mentioned is so great as to demand the solicitous attention of all men; the unfortunate victim comes upon us in a sudden manner, the antidotes or resuscitative means must be immediately employed, and how few there are who can in these dreadful emergencies reason so as to concert measures the best calculated to avert the dangers which threaten life! The horror which strikes the mind on these awful occasions is very hostile to the suggestion of proper remedies; instead of order and promptness, we find confusion and delay; it therefore becomes desirable that every dwelling house should be provided with written or printed rules of management, with a view to point out what ought to be done by friends or bystanders, in the absence of a medical practitioner. It is my intention, through the medium of your weekly publication, to supply this desideratum in a series of Essays, composed of established facts, rendered plain and intelligible by a familiar style, and an entire exemption from all technical difficulties.

Before we enter upon a description of the most common poisons existing in the three kingdoms of nature, we will mention three cases which include the moral circumstances connected with all poisons, closely linked to the fate of the poisoned person, and often essential to the success of our endeavours to restore the unfortunate to his friends and society.

A young man in a fit of despondency determines on self-destruction by poison: he watches an opportunity and secretly takes a quantity of arsenic, soon after doing so he is unexpectedly broken in upon, and wishing to avoid suspicion he conceals his sufferings, and with an affected cheerfulness talks of indifferent subjects; this he does until the severity of his symptoms can be no longer suppressed—he complains of illness, but much time elapses before the cause of it is suspected, and antidotes can do no good.

A person in mistake swallows a solution of oxalic acid in lieu of Epsom salts; here all the symptoms appear without disguise, but they are modified by circumstances absent in the former case, namely, fear and a mental disquietude, which, by augmenting irritability, adds to the patient's danger.

In the third case poison is criminally administered: here as in the preceding instance there is no concealment of suffering, but the horror and alarm which beset the mind of the poisoned person determine a nervous excitement by which the symptoms are increased in violence.

The mental serenity of the first case no doubt lessened the intensity of the symptoms, and if antidotes had not been deferred in consequence of the deceit practised on the bystanders, the patient might have recovered. The mental disturbance which prevailed in the two last was favourable to the operation of the poison, and remedies were on that account rendered less efficient.

These circumstances suggest some moral indications of treatment. When present at a case of poisoning we are naturally led to consider how the catastrophe occurred; a train of questions rushes into the mind; has he taken the poison voluntarily? accidentally? or was it intentionally given to him? it is proper that we should ask ourselves these questions, and act upon the conclusion which our judgment dictates; but it is not prudent to acquaint the patient with it. If the poisoning be voluntary we have two things to apprehend, viz. that the person will refuse to take the remedies proposed; or that he will repeat the dose if opportunity permit, fearful the first may not have been sufficient; our suspicions should be alive to these occasional occurrences. To avoid the first we should administer the counter-poison with the professed intention of alleviating pain, not of counteracting the fatal effects of the baneful drug. To prevent the second, the poison (if any be left) should be immediately thrown away.

If the poisoning be accidental, the mind is harassed with the fear of death; this must be removed by the consoling assurance that the poison will not prove fatal.

If the poisoning be criminal the person should not be informed of it, for the idea that he has near his person a wretch who could be guilty of an attempt on his life could not fail to increase the mental perturbation, and thereby do harm.

In brief, we must aim in all cases of poisoning, at tranquillizing the mind, and buoying up the hopes of the unfortunate with the consolation applicable to his case; this is an indication of great moment, and must be attended to in the treatment of all these melancholy accidents.

After the Poisons I purpose in my essays to treat on *Suspended Animation*, upon which subject I shall in this preliminary paper introduce a few observations. Before defining the term "suspended animation," it is necessary to endeavour to give an idea of that principle which we call *life*. Physiologically speaking it is difficult to define *life* in a satisfactory manner; but for our present purpose we may convey a sufficiently correct sense of it, by saying that it is a something in organized bodies, which renders these bodies susceptible of receiving impressions, and of reacting upon them; the former denotes sensibility, the latter irritability, and these are the properties of *life*. *Suspended animation* is that state of an organized body in which the vital principle is so far expended that the body is not perceptibly affected by impressions, consequently not sensibly capable of reacting upon them. The suspension may of course be in different degrees, from the degree which takes place in fainting, to that of seven days duration as in the case of Lady Russell. Seeing how protracted the period may be, and that the horrible danger of premature interment is incurred, it is much to be wished that we had an early criterion of actual death; we do not possess one that is infallible, save that cadaverous smell and change in appearance indicative of incipient putrefaction. The obliteration of the pulse, the extinction of animal heat, and the cessation of respiration are presumptive signs, but not positive evidences. It is a common experiment to place a looking glass before the mouth in order to determine whether the person still breathes; if the mirror grows dim, the anxious bystander is elated with hope, but alas! his hope is too often groundless, be-

cause the test is deceptive. An evaporation or emanation from the face will condense on the surface of the cold glass, and cause a dimness similar to that produced by a condensation of the pulmonary vapour. The occurrence then of this effect is no positive ground for hope, nor is the absence of it a positive ground for despair, because the functions of the heart and lungs have been so far suspended as to shew no signs of existence and yet resuscitation has been effected. Nothing but that change which precedes putrefaction can be looked upon as indubitably denoting that the body is dead. It is our duty in all cases of sudden transition from life to apparent death to apply the resuscitative means, however little the prospect of their having any good effect. They have succeeded in cases of drowning, after being continued seven hours from the time the body was drawn from the water. To incite the living to use their utmost exertions to recall life to the apparent dead, rewards are offered by the different Humane Societies of large towns and dangerous sea-ports. Institutions of this kind have done much good too in diffusing instructions for the treatment of those violent accidents which threaten an extinction of life. In administering our aid to the drowned, suffocated, &c. we must not spare our labour; to persevere and fail is doubtless discouraging, but one successful case of rescue will afford pleasure enough to compensate for the disappointment attendant on a thousand failures. I will not trespass further on your sheets at this time. This introductory paper is intended to impress on the mind some moral views intimately connected with the medical management of those who unhappily labour under the effects of poison, or the various causes of suspended animation.

I am, &c.

April 25th, 1823.

S.

REVIEW.

The Bardiad.—By C. BURTON, L. L. B.

(Concluded from our last.)

Of all the branches of knowledge that lie within the compass of the human intellect, *Metaphysics* constitute a Science that is, throughout, the most obscure; a Science, in which our reasonings are unavoidably abstruse, and our most conclusive inductions frequently equivocal. To launch into disquisitions that are thus qualified, and, from which but very little information, and still less entertainment, can be derived, would be equally presuming and injudicious; and nothing less than a necessary determination to redeem our own word, and an honest ambition to obliterate a calumny, a most unfounded, undeserved, calumny, on that great luminary of English literature—DR. JOHNSON, we say, no objects of less consequence than these could possibly induce us to request the attention of the public to the present subject.

Having thus apologized, and developed our purpose, we have only further to solicit the sanction of our friends to the appropriation of a column or two, to considerations, which, in all less important cases, are professedly and very judiciously excluded from our pages.—And, giving them an assurance that we shall strictly observe simplification and brevity, we take the liberty to proceed.—

As Mr. Burton considers "that a judgment, determined by the genius and execution of isolated pieces, is scarcely possible to be correct;" and, as we, also, are of opinion, that "isolated pieces," should only be quoted as specimens of error, arrogance, and ignorance; or of truth, propriety, and judgment,—we crave the

patient attention of our readers, whilst we quote Mr. B.'s objection and illustrations at length; which, with our own strictures, we shall throw into the form of a distinct article.

DR. JOHNSON NO SOPHIST.

"*Truth is the basis of all excellence*"—JOHNSON.

"Where men's dearest interests are in hand, *Sophistry* must be banished."—ROBINSON.

"How vain the chase thine ardour has begun."—BRATTLE.

Mr. Burton says—"It is maintained by some critics, that *sacred* subjects, are by no means adapted to poetical composition. This little work proceeds entirely upon an opposite view of the question. To establish our position, we must encounter no less a writer than that colossal critic, Dr. Johnson. What Johnson writes, men, even of penetrating intellect, often admit without suspicion of error. That man, indeed, must be a contemptible sciolist, who would not pause, and pause again, before he could trust himself to differ from so profound and accurate a Philologist. On the present subject, notwithstanding, the Doctor seems to have made an aberration from his usual acuteness and discrimination. We quote his own words: 'From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped for, by Christians, from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear; and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; and to recommend them by *tropes* and *figures* is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.' †

"This is the substance of the Doctor's reasoning. Doubtless there is something, in the march of this apparent demonstration, very magnificent. But a little calm reflection will disentangle and expose the *SPLENDID SOPHISTRY*. His expectations from poetry are legitimate, but his decision with respect to *sacred poetry* is, we conceive, inadmissible. That "metrical devotion has rarely a tendency to enlarge the comprehension and elevate the fancy, or as he, afterwards, much more roundly avers, "that it can supply nothing to the mind," is the statement to which we decidedly object. We are not accountable for all the doggerel hymns, and despicable compositions, which are pawed upon the religious world. We take *sacred*, on the same footing with *classic*, poetry. We view it in its best exhibitions. Now, analyze the Doctor's reasoning. He selects the optimism of sublimity for his proof; and tells us with a tone of Irreversible authority, Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.—"Prodigious!"‡ Who ever thought they could? or that poetry might be the means of accomplishing the Herculean task? And, pray, will prose succeed more effectually in this *UTOPIAN ENTERPRISE*? Omnipotence, indeed, cannot be exalted; but our *notions* or *conceptions* of Omnipotence may. Our *APPREHENSION* of the NATURE of the Supreme Being admits of various degrees of clearness and extent."

HERE the charge MUST be PROVED, or RETRACTED! And, we first, unequivocally deny Mr. B.'s conclusion as to his conceptions of the *Supreme Nature*; Pray, what can his "APPREHENSION of the NATURE of the Supreme Being" be, even in its *clearest* and most *extensive* signification? As this point includes the "Omnipotence," the "Infinity," and the "Perfection" stated by Dr. Johnson to be incapable of *exaltation*, *amplification*, or *improvement*; and, as it also shews that the writer HAD a *correct conception* of the Doctor's view, (the "NATURE" of Deity)—upon its solution depends our decision that either Mr. B. is a (we cannot stoop to the use of his adjective—"contemptible") "sciolist," or that the Dr. is a *splendid sophist*!

* "The Bardiad."

† Life of Waller.—We cannot call to mind, more just—more beautiful observations.—ED.

‡ This impertinent pronoun, should have taken its stand before the charge of "sophistry"!

§ See *Eustace St. Cler's Beauties of English Poetry*—page 3 *Manchester Iris*, 1823.—This is a new mode of treating "so profound and accurate a Philologist" as "that colossal Critic, Dr. Johnson!"

And we beg the reader to mark our author's misconception (we had almost said evasion) of *this real, this important, this ONLY point*—we quote his own words:—"Now this (an APPREHENSION of the NATURE of the Supreme Being) must result from delineation and illustration [Impossible!]; and may not Poetry conduce to this?" [What, to an "apprehension of the NATURE of the Supreme Being"? No; nor even Prose!] "May not its (Poetry's) 'tropes and figures' enlarge our comprehension and elevate our fancy with reference to DIVINE SUBJECTS?" Certainly they may; but this is QUITE ANOTHER thing—this is the misconception! We are here removed, and that too very adroitly, from the ESSENTIAL BEING of the Creator, to "DIVINE SUBJECTS"—from "the NATURE of the Supreme Being" to the DIVINE OPERATIONS—from the NATURE and ATTRIBUTES of GOD in an abstract view (His Power, Immensity, and Perfection) to his WORKS ("DIVINE SUBJECTS") in the UNIVERSE! Is the "delineation" of steam-engines a delineation of *Bolton and Watts' NATURE*?—Or, is the "illustration" of spinning machinery an illustration of the NATURE of *Arkwright*? The absurdity is evident. From the investigation of MECHANISM we may infer that the authors possessed judgment to design and power to execute; but, is such conclusion explanatory of THEIR nature? Yet, this illustration is inaccurate; it conveys too much;—for, we have a particular knowledge of the nature, instruments, and operations, of human power; whereas, with regard to the DIVINE POWER, we are not in the least acquainted with its source; neither are we, with the power itself; no, nor even with the means by which it operates!

Where lies the "sophistry" now? But, we are bound to proceed with the solution of the queries of Mr. B.'s "Utopian enterprise."—"Because God is unchangeable must our views and notions of Him remain so?" No, not because He is unchangeable;—but, because we can make no advances in the comprehension of that which is, to us, wholly *INcomprehensible*,—and with regard to its essential Being, and form of Being, to us, in every particular, completely *INexplicable*.—Can the *gnat* or *worm* form "views and notions" of the nature of man? Yet, this were admitting too much,—for the capacities of the *gnat* are greater in comparison with those of man, than man's are in comparison with the divine nature, attributes and operations! "Does the child receive no supplies to his infant mind from *WATTS' Divine Songs*?" He does (and, apparently, so might Mr. B.); but why does he? Because all nature and society are, to him, a yet unopened book; every thing is new; words are not generally known, and his capacities are not expanded.—He is yet incapable of observation and reflection, and experience has not made any impression on his tender, vivacious mind. But, will *WATTS' "Essay on Space"* ever lead him, or *PHILOSOPHICAL ADULTS*, to any thing like an "apprehension of the NATURE of the Supreme Being"? No; the *Supreme Nature* cannot be investigated by man; of IT he can form no idea whatever! "Does the devout Christian derive no mental acquisitions from devout and beautiful Psalms?" Assuredly none with regard to the *Divine NATURE*! He may, indeed, learn something of the beauty and order of the universe; and something of the Providential interpositions, and Moral Government of Deity! But, is he to believe that the Stars are the works of the fingers of God? Is he to believe that God is the prototype of man in bodily figure? In short, is he to believe that the author of the universe is of some material form; has a circumscribed inhabitation; and is, in his own person and economy, the true original of the human passions? Or, should he not rather conclude that the DIVINE NATURE is wholly inexplicable; and, that ONLY the Attributes of Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, are ascertained—from the mechanism and provisions so observable throughout the sublunary creation,—and from the corroboration of the Sacred Word? And, must he not admit, that, as these Attributes can ONLY BE INFERRED from what is visible, and experienced,—their existence being once admitted, more cannot be expected, or done;—they cannot be further described, nor can we form ANY IDEA of their essential nature, operations, or manner of Being! Thus, JOHNSON is at once rescued from even a shadow of inconsistency; and his correctness and depth of knowledge easily shewn;—the reasoning which flowed from

him with all the fullness and beauty of crystal streams from an exuberant source of translucent waters, is equally proof against the captious, the presuming, and the illiberal!

After quoting a few authorities, as to the superiority of Hebrew Poetry, Mr. Burton observes—"Were it needful to add another word, we should just remind the reader that the same mode of reasoning would, with equal propriety, apply to natural subjects—[Not in the smallest degree, nor by any possible construction!] We might declare with a tone of equal magnificence, the rose cannot be sweetened; the sun cannot be brightened; creation cannot be enlarged!" Yes, were the "NATURE of the Supreme Being" as PALPABLE, or even as PERCEPTIBLE as "the rose," "the sun," and "creation"—this, possibly, might be the case; but, it so happens, that, whilst the latter, and their various qualities, are evident to our senses, and also, except the sun, to our investigations, the spirituality of God not only surpasses all, but will ever infinitely transcend the comprehension of man, and of every other finite intellect!

Mr. B. thus concludes with Dr. J.—"We hope enough has been said, to demonstrate the *SOPHISTRY* of Johnson's reasoning about *Sacred Poetry*, and to exculpate us from the imputation of temerity in venturing to arraign such venerable authority."—Surely, none of our readers will now be surprised that we last week advised this would-be BARD and CRITIC, to,—

—Retire and teach his *ERRING* soul,
The province of her tolls!"

FEMALE CELIBACY;

OR, THE GRAVE OF CYNTHIA.

By the Author of 'The Bachelor's Soliloquy.'

[Communicated by S. X.]

Where youthful circles make resort
Nightly to flaunt in trim array,—
Where meet, in fashion's airy court,
The light, the giddy, and the gay,—
I would not seek
To wet one cheek
With gentle pity's holy dew;
Why shade with clouds a summer-sky?
Why dim the lustre of an eye
That sorrow never knew?

But lives there one whose feeling breast
Those festive scenes can bear to leave,
To wander where the weary rest
And feel how sweet it is to grieve?
If such there be,
O! come with me,
And view poor CYNTHIA's lowly bed;
'Tis yonder little fresh-green sod,
Where seldom mourner's foot-path trod,
Or pious tear been shed.

O, Time! I would not blame thy power,
For CYNTHIA's youth and beauty flows;
I mourn but that so sweet a flower
Should bloom and wither all alone:
For she was fair,
Beyond compare,
And ever was her heart so blythe,
By gay, good-humoured mirth upborne.
O, Time! she would have laugh'd to scorn
Thy very glass and scythe.

For her, soft dreams, and slumbers light,
Succeeded calm, untroubled days;
Each eye beam'd on her with delight,
Each tongue was tuneful in her praise:
And at her feet,
With reverence meet,
A crowd of flattering suitors strove;
Some proffer'd glittering gems and gold,
And some of endless transports told,
And everlasting love.

But little could their prayers avail,
Nor one could win the Maiden's choice;
She little heeded flattery's tale,
She scorn'd the sound of Mammon's voice:
The gay attire,
Could she admire,

Of beaux that glitter'd by her side ?
While every vagrant butterfly,
That frisks beneath a summer-sky,
Could rival all their charms.

Yet, had she seen some gentle youth,
Of manners mild, by sense refined,
Whose pure integrity and truth
Spoke manly dignity of mind ;
And had he sued
In plaintive mood,
And, sighing, look'd his anxious pain ;
And had he dropp'd a silent tear,—
The tribute of a soul sincere,—
He had not sued in vain.

What though the charms which Nature spread,
With raptur'd eye she oft survey'd ;
What though " by heavenly musings led,"
She loved to wander through the shade ;
Still from her breast,
Forlorn, distress'd,
Would sometimes break unbidden sighs,—
That she had none whose feeling heart
In all her griefs might bear a part,
And share in all her joys.

Vain was the oft-repeated sigh
For friends,—her youthful years had known,
Who now had own'd the sacred tie
Which binds all obitaries in one :
The moon's still beam
On lake or stream,
Dark woods, and precipices rude,
Would thus inspire sweet melancholy
That shunn'd the world, its noise and folly,
In love with solitude.

And now her charms are fading fast,
Her spirits now no more are gay ;
Alas ! that beauty cannot last !
That flowers so sweet, so soon decay !
How sad appears
The vale of years,
How chang'd from youth's too flattering scene !
Where are her fond admirers gone ?
Alas ! and shall there then be none
On whom her soul may lean ?

Poor CYNTHIA ! friendless and forlorn !—
When youth's gay flowers were all turned sear
Thou yet couldst shun the world's dread scorn,
And hide thy faded beauties here :
But in thy end,
A more than irish
Was needed, who could watch each breath,—
Still near thy sickly couch could wait,—
Support thee on the brink of fate,
And cheer the gloom of death.

Thou ! who could mourn o'er Friendship's bier,—
Why was thine own unwet to be ?
Thou ! who couldst give to all a tear,—
Why was there none to weep for thee ?
Now, o'er thy grave
The wild weeds wave,
Who shall thy perish'd worth deplore ?
Or say, ' The breast which lies beneath,
Though doom'd its sighs unheard to breathe,
Was never cold before !'

Adieu, poor CYNTHIA ! Though thy bier
By widowed love has not been press'd ;
What though no child, with starting tear,
Shall view thy place of lowly rest ;
This little mound
Shall still be found
In Spring's soft verdure first arrayed ;
The snow-drop, earliest of the year,
Spotless, like thee, shall flourish here,
Like thee, shall early fade !

N. N.

MEN AND MANNERS.

MELANCHOLY STATE OF THINGS !

I got up one morning last winter two hours later than I ought to have done ; looked out at my window ; fog of the true dusky yellow, in which a fish might live. Water in my jug frozen to the bottom ; obliged to wait half an hour for hot, or rather lukewarm,

water ; spent that half hour looking for my stockings, stripped to the shirt all the time. What a melancholy state of things !

Water come at last ; full of grease ; had an excruciating shave. Tore my only pair of pantaloons from hip to knee ; half an hour sowing them again ; a clumsy job after all. Drew on my boots, which were broken in two places ; filled up the interstices with ink. Ineffable torments from my ten corns and two bunions. What a melancholy state of things !

Fire just lighted in the other room ; atmosphere of smoke, soot, and sulphur, dense to desperation ; kettle not boiled. Won't breakfast at home. Two holes in my coat and one in my hat ; never mind, can't stay here. What a melancholy state of things !

Sally forth without my gloves ; streets greasy ; had three falls before I got out of my own alley. Coffee-house ; order coffee—execrable stuff ; order tea—the most vile and vapid wash imaginable ; addle eggs ; cold roast beef a month old ; bill for breakfast 3s. 6d. Pockets empty ; forgot that I paid off my last shilling yesterday ; obliged to leave my old pinchbeck. What a state of things !

Return home, as I expect a letter with money. Smoke gone, but fire gone along with it. Letter lying on the table ; open it eagerly—" Sir, I can wait no longer for my bill." Fling the letter into the fire, and rush out. N. B. Fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom and sprained my thumb. Pretty state of things !

Recollect that Mr. G— owes me 5l. for index-making ; post off to his office ; G— gone out, return uncertain ; no money disbursed in his absence ; I go out too. Think I see G— in Cheapside ; dash across the street to the imminent hazard of my bones ; splashed all over with mud by a passing cart. Not G— after all, but a very gentlemanlike-looking man. N. B. I am getting more short-sighted every day. Perhaps I drink too much porter.

Lucky rencontre ; meet G— at the corner of Birchington-lane ; does not know me at first, I am so disfigured with mud ; laughs heartily when he recognises me. Swears he has not got a fraction ; I stick to him like a leech. At length, to get rid of me, he gives me a check on Mr. N— for 5l. ; I grasp his hands with ecstasy, and completely soil his new gloves. A better state of things !

Hurry off to Mr. N—'s house ; find the outside of it stuck all over with bills to let ! Inquire next door ; learn that Mr. N— has stopped payment, and is now in the Poultry Computer ! In a paroxysm of rage run back to G—'s office ; G— not there. Go to his private house ; he has left town for a week ! Abuse and strike the footman ; he shoves me down the steps and slams the door. Here's a melancholy state of things !

Dinner hour approaches ; desperately fatigued and hungry. Meet Jack Ogleby ; ask him to lend me 5s. ; Jack, in reply, turns his pockets inside out, which exhibit a deplorable vacuum. N. B. I believe Jack carries his money in his fob. Meet old Picklepork, the drysalter ; ask him whether he dines at home ; says yes, but never asks me to dinner. As a forlorn hope I called on the very reverend and sententious Caleb Crookbrain. The reply was characteristic—" I have no stock of money, as my money is all in the stocks." " I wish, with all my soul, that you were there too," thought I, and turned on my heel ; not much disappointed, however, for I expected nothing.

Driven now to my last resource ; go to the pawnbroker's and ask for 3s. 6d. on my waistcoat ; pawnbroker refuses to give so much, unless I throw my shirt into the bargain ; forced to comply. Button up my coat to my throat, and return to the coffee-house where I breakfasted, for my watch ; waiter very impertinent because I can give him nothing for himself. Back again to pawnbroker's ; pledge my watch for 10s. and regain my shirt and waistcoat.

Dinner at last ; slimed beef half cold, and altogether execrable, mouldy bread, cold potatoes, and stale porter. Horrid-looking fellow in the opposite box ; never takes his eyes off me ; what can he mean ? He is certainly either a bailiff, a pick-pocket, or a poet. I take up the paper to avoid his infernal glare ; a full account of the failure of my last piece at the Coburg. Melancholy state of things !

Pay my bill ; rise to go away, but can't find my hat. Ill-looking fellow gone ; must have taken my hat while I was reading the paper. My conjectures of his cha-

rafter partly right ; no bailiff, but evidently a thief, and possibly a poet.

Obliged to go out without my hat, shivering with cold ; for I was in such a hurry to dine, that I didn't put on my shirt and waistcoat at the pawnbroker's, but thrust them into my pockets. Passing through Fleet-street, I called at Miller's ; my last article rejected, as being too low.

A row in the Strand ; got into it most innocently ; pockets picked in the crowd of my shirt and waistcoat, and remaining silver. Taken to the watch-house ; kept there all night between two chimney-sweepers and a pot-boy. Up at Bow-street in the morning ; narrowly escaped being sent to the tread-mill as a vagabond. As I walked out of the office, arrested for 17s., and taken to Tothill-fields. What a melancholy state of things !—*Museum.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHARACTER.

Unity of effect is the great source of beauty in all nature and in all art. To speak of French and English scenery as matters of taste, and leaving particular associations out of the question, the difference between them seems to be, that, in the French, this unity of effect is perpetually broken, by the evident desire to blend, in the mind of the spectator, admiration of art with that of nature ; in the English it is perpetually preserved, by keeping art out of sight. An Englishman seems content to love nature for herself. A Frenchman can love nature too : but his admiration of her increases in proportion as she calls up feelings connected with himself—just as he loves his wife or his mistress best when she happens to have on a dress that he chose for her.

Would it be too fanciful, to trace the character of national scenery to that of the people to which it belongs ? The crying fault of the French character is egotism, arising from open self-satisfaction ; that of the English is gloom, arising from secret self-discontent. A Frenchman cannot have too much of himself : an Englishman cannot have too little. A Frenchman constantly feels himself to be a part of his country, and his country to be a part of himself ; so that he never cares to quit it : an Englishman feels that he has a country only from the particular ties that bind him to it ; so that when they are broken, the world becomes his country, and he wanders from one part of it to another, without end or aim. It cannot be denied that both these are very faulty extremes in character ; but I think of the two, the English one is likely to produce upon the whole, the least pernicious effects. Indeed, it may lead to good ones ; but the other cannot. That which makes us content with the thing we are, and with all that is about us, binds us to earthly and tangible reality, with a chain that is the more strong from its being visible, and from our having no desire to break it. It keeps the mind in perpetual subjection ; checks the growth of all its faculties, except the very worst ; and, in the end, inevitably destroys the very best. But that which induces us to fly from ourselves, though it often leads to more fatal consequences than the other, may have a contrary effect. The human mind cannot exist without love and admiration ; they are its daily food ; food that is scattered about for it every where. It is true that, when the mental appetite becomes vitiated, and cannot relish what it finds strewn about its feet, it may starve ; but, on the other hand, it may be driven to seek its food at a distance. Hatred of itself, and of humanity, may force it to seek refuge in other worlds—in the world of books—the world of thought—the world of nature : and, let it but once gain a true insight of these, and all its finer faculties must expand. Its fancy and imagination, which are always progressive, and yet always young, will then travel through all the regions of possible or impossible existence ; and if they return without finding a dwelling-place, they will yet bring back with them stores, from which they may for ever after create worlds of their own. The affections, too, will then recognise their kindred with humanity ; they will learn the true objects on which they were made to rest ; and will find, that, if they can for awhile expatiate in external nature, as in their country, they can, after all, have no home but in the human heart. The mind's vitiated appetite will then be corrected ; its taste for the simple and true will revive ; and all will be right again.—*Comte de Soligny.*

GENIUS.

Having then in my preceding remarks defined "Taste" to be "the capability of distinguishing the beauties and defects of specimens of Genius in the fine arts," I will now define "Genius" to be "that capacity of mind by which we are enabled to execute those specimens about which 'Taste' is employed." This definition may appear too limited, but as we are viewing "Genius" in connexion with "Taste," it will I think be sufficient for our present purpose. We perceive then that Genius is the capacity of executing, "Taste" of judging of that which is already executed; and consequently that though real Genius always includes Taste, the same cannot be affirmed of the reverse: for "Taste" may subsist and that in a very great degree without Genius.

When we have once come to the conclusion, that any power of the mind upon which we are treating is the gift of nature, and not acquired as an effect of a combination of causes, it appears as though our subject ought to close with our definition.—It is thus in the present instance.

When writing upon "Taste" I had room to dilate upon the sources whence the capability of judging is derived; but while treating upon Genius, having affirmed that it is the capability of executing, and that this capability is derived immediately from nature, my task seems finished and my subject closed. As however I have not yet thrown down my pen, and as I perceive there is still a small portion of ink in it, if the reader would wish to accompany me to the end of my journey, he must be content to travel a little farther yet. But should he feel already fatigued he can rest at this convenient stage which my prolix digression has afforded him.

Taste then being as I have endeavoured to prove wholly acquired, every one by cultivating his mind may hope to possess it; which (as it is a source of such refined pleasure) is a most delightful reflection. For, thus, though the sensibility of some men to the beauties of the best writers may at present appear almost infinitely greater than mine, yet by paying due care to the cultivation of my mind, the time will come when I shall be equally alive to them. But "Genius" on the contrary, though certainly capable of receiving improvement from diligent culture, and without it is like corn among thistles so choked and obscured that it is of very little profit to the owner, still must have its seeds first sown by the kindly hand of nature; and belonging to a much higher order of talent and not so necessary for general happiness, nature has been very frugal in the bestowing of it. In proof of this let us but glance through the records of antiquity, keeping in view at the same time the millions of beings which must have been continually renewed to people the nations, and we shall perceive with what a sparing hand great geniuses have been sprinkled, sometimes only one or two appearing to brighten the intellectual horizon for centuries. Upon this principle, viz. of Genius being derived almost entirely from nature, we can also account for the few great Poets, Painters, and Sculptors which have appeared in the various ages of the world, in comparison with the number of Philosophers, Mathematicians, and Metaphysicians: for the success of the former depending almost entirely upon "Genius" is only in the gift of nature, while the success of the latter depending more upon their own application and persevering exertions, is in their own power to insure: hence the maxim *Poeta nascitur* Orator fit—of the truth of the latter branch of which Demosthenes is a fine example, who almost in nature's spite made himself, by the intensity of his study, and the indefatigability of his exertions, the greatest Orator perhaps the world has produced. But where is the mind presuming enough to hope that by mere application and study, without possessing a poetic spirit, "that spark of fire divine," it could produce a Poem equal to the *Iliad* of Homer, or the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. Another fact which I think arises from the same principle is this: that in those arts which depend upon native Genius little or no improvement has been made from the times of David, Homer, Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles, to the present time, while in almost every other department of literature and science which depend more upon experiment and study we find a great and pleasing advancement has taken place.

Genius being derived from nature, it is no wonder that those who derive their powers from the same source should direct them: somewhat in the same way; and thus we find that when thinking upon the same subject, the conceptions of men of genius in all ages have been frequently similar, and even the very manner of embodying their conceptions has sometimes been the same, without any necessity for believing that they had copied from each other; and that though many of them wrote before any regular systems of composition were framed, yet their works are composed according to those rules which we now esteem as the standards of correct and pure taste. Of the truth of which we might mention as instances Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, who directed by real Genius, and following nature for their guide, have drawn up their works with such order of arrangement and harmony of design, that they have ever since become models from which we draw as from nature herself. And let me not forget that true child of nature, our own admired Shakespeare; for notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of his works, says Harris, who can believe that he was versed in critical systems? This is the grand distinction between Taste and Genius, and shews how infinitely superior the one is to the other; for though we can open to ourselves a source of the most refined pleasure by acquiring a Taste for the beauties of the arts, yet we must still look to Genius for the recruiting of the fountain. For if Homer had not written his *Iliad* whence should we have gained our rules for judging of the beauties of an Epic Poem, or have reaped the pleasure which we now receive from the reading of it, unless some other Genius had supplied his place, and had consequently become an Homer to us.

Dr. Brown, in his work on the Philosophy of the human mind, says "That our thoughts follow each other either because they are similar—or contrasted—or have been on some preceding occasion contiguous." To these principles he gives the name of primary laws of suggestion, upon which he further observes, that it is in the modification of the suggesting principle, and the peculiar suggestions to which it gives rise, that he conceives the chief part or he may say the whole of what is truly called Genius to consist. Into this however I will not enter, merely mentioning it by the by, but conclude by repeating that Genius is the capacity of executing, Taste of judging of that which is already executed—that the latter depends upon the cultivation of the mind, the former upon the bounty of nature.

Liverpool.

R. W.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep:
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing there sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:—
'Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod:—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death,
The trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lillies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is launched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveller overtorn with life's pilgrimage dreary
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.—*Russian Anth.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ROYAL LIBRARY.—The general plan of the formation of the Royal Library appears to have been determined upon, by his late Majesty, King George the Third, soon after his accession to the throne; and the first extensive purchase which he made was that of the library of Mr. Joseph Smith, the British Consul at Venice, in 1762.

In 1768, Mr. Barnard the librarian, was sent to the Continent by his Majesty; and in France, Italy, and Germany, he bought numerous books of great variety and value. Previous to his departure, he received a letter from Dr. Johnson, who frequently visited the library, pointing out the best means of completing it. The rules laid down in that letter have been followed with unremitting attention.

Under Mr. Barnard's judicious directions the entire collection has been made and arranged; and manuscript catalogues of the whole, both classed and alphabetical, have been prepared and completed with the greatest care and judgment.

This library has been considered as very complete, for its extent, in all branches of science and literature; besides geographical and topographical works, to the acquisition of which his late majesty paid the most particular attention; it is very rich in classics, in English history, in Italian, French and Spanish literature, and in the scarce early printed books of the fifteenth century.

His Majesty has accompanied his munificent donation of this library to the public, with the gift of a selection of coins and medals, the description of which was carefully revised by the late Dr. Coombe.

During his late Majesty's long and lamented indisposition, an annual allowance, equal to the sum usually expended, was appropriated to the purpose of carrying his known intentions respecting the library into effect, and the trustees of his private property submitted to the present King the propriety of granting an increase of that allowance to defray the expense of printing the catalogue. This proposal was sanctioned by his Majesty's entire approbation.

The sum expended in the purchase of Mr. Smith's library was about 10,000*l.*, and the sum applied for the purchase of books, for a period of sixty years, has been about 2,000*l.* annually; in the course of that time many opportunities occurred, and which were not neglected, of making most valuable acquisitions upon very advantageous terms.

It is also to be observed, that additions have been made to the collection by persons anxious to shew their respect to his late Majesty, and to promote his views. Among these, the late Mr. Jacob Bryant deserves particularly to be mentioned, as having enriched the library with some of the rarest specimens of the art of printing, at its commencement in this country.

On the demise of his late Majesty, all the expenses of the library were paid up to the 28th of February, 1820, inclusive.

The following payments have since been made by his present Majesty, for periodical publications and works in progress:—

	£.	s.	d.
'In 1820	767	19	3
'In 1821	1056	4	3
'In 1822	1051	9	8

The gentlemen employed in the library, with the time of their service, and their annual salaries, are as follows:—

	£.	s.
'F. A. Barnard....60 years' service	400	0
N. Carlisle.....11	200	0
W. Armstrong....40	183	10
J. H. Glover.....11	140	0
Extra:—		
A. Macpherson...11	140	0
G. Harding, about 5	109	4

Amounting in the whole to 1171 14

'It is no more than justice to these gentlemen to state, that the general arrangements of the library are considered by all those who have resorted to it, as very complete, and that the readiest access is easily obtained to any book to which the reader may have occasion to refer.—*Rep. of the Com. of the House of Commons.*

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Since the foundation of the National Museum, in 1753, the sums which have been granted by Parliament, for works of art, of science, and of literature, have been very considerable; the principal of which have been applied to the following purchases, viz. :—

• 1753, for the Sloanian collection.....£20,000
 • 1753, for the Harleian collection..... 10,000
 • 1772, for the Hamilton collection of vases 8410
 • 1805, for the Townly collection of statues 20,000
 • 1807, for the Lansdown manuscripts.... 4925
 • 1810, for the Greylite minerals.....13,727
 • 1813, for the Hargrave library..... 8000
 • 1814, for the remainder of the Townley collection..... 82000
 • 1815, for the Phigalian marbles..... 15,000
 • 1816, for the Elgin marbles..... 35,000
 • 1808, for the Burney library..... 15,500
 • The donations also of individuals have been most liberal and extensive.—*Rep. of the Committee of the House of Commons.*

SOLIGNY'S LETTERS.—It appears that Mr. Patmore, (Mr. Scott's second in his unfortunate duel) is the author of the *Count de Soligny's Letters*.

QUENTIN DURWARD we can state, will be published about the 10th of May. This work treats of the well-known and highly interesting contests of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, with the tyrannical and subtle Louis XI. of France. The hero of the tale, (Quentin) is one of the guard of Scottish Archers in the service of Louis.

THE POETS OF ENGLAND.—Lord Byron is going to quit the shores of Italy, and take his departure for Greece, there to join the standard of the oppressed, whom his Lordship will largely assist with his purse, while he dedicates to them, at the same time, his personal services. Thomas Moore has just finished his *Fables of Congress*, and a new edition of *The Loves of the Angels*, and is on the point of returning to his cottage in Wiltshire. Wordsworth is on a tour in Holland. Southey is expected very shortly in London, with a new poem, the hero of which is a Quaker. Rogers has prepared a new edition of his poem on Italy, which was published anonymously last year.—Coleridge still continues to ransack under the kind and hospitable mansion of his friend, at Highgate. Charles Lamb perambulates between his snug little villa at Dalston and the India House—whilst the *Great Unknown* remains alternately at Abbotsford, and at his residence in Edinburgh, contemplating another new novel, that which has been for some time announced being nearly ready for publication.

THE CABINET.

MINERALOGY.—A new fluid, of a very singular nature, has been recently discovered by Dr. Brewster, in the Cavities of Minerals. It possesses the remarkable property of expanding about thirty times more than water; and, by the heat of the hand, or between 75° and 85°, it always expands so as to fill the cavity which contains it. The vacuity which is thus filled up is of course a perfect vacuum; and at a temperature below that now mentioned, the new fluid contracts, and the vacuity re-appears, frequently with a rapid effervescence. These phenomena take place instantaneously, in several hundred cavities, seen at the same time.

The new fluid is also remarkable for its extreme volatility; adhering very slightly to the sides of the cavities; and is likewise distinguished by its optical properties. It exists, however, in quantities too small to be susceptible of chemical analysis. This new fluid is almost always accompanied with another fluid like water, with which it refuses to mix, and which does not perceptibly expand at the above-mentioned temperature.

In a specimen of *Cymophane*, or *Chrysoberyl*, Dr. Brewster has discovered a stratum of these cavities, in which he has reckoned, in the space of 1-7th of an inch square, thirty thousand cavities, each containing this new fluid; a portion of the fluid like water, and a vacuity besides. All these vacuities simultaneously disappear at a temperature of 85°.

If such a fluid could be obtained in quantities, its utility in the construction of thermometers and levels would be incalculable. There are many cavities in

crystals, such as those opened by Sir Humphrey Davy, which contain only water, and which, of course, never exhibit any of the properties above described. An account of these results was read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 3d and on the 17th March.—*Edin. Phil. Journal.*

BIRDS.—The month of April is a very interesting one to the ornithologist, as at this period most of our migrating birds return from their travels, and we recognize, in the grove and the hedgerow, the voices of many of our old acquaintances, which we as much expect to hear about this time, as if an appointment were made for that purpose; and we greet them as the harbingers of a delightful season. A person, well conversant with birds, will know them as certainly by their voice, or flight, as if the creature were in his hand; but the parus tribe, (tom tits,) in the spring, have such a variety of notes, that they at times surprise, and occasion a disappointment: we hear an unusual note, and creep with caution to observe the stranger it proceeds from, and at length perceive our old acquaintance, searching, with his usual activity the lichens of an old apple tree. All these birds will often acquire or compound a note not common to each other, seem delighted with it for a day, and then we hear it no more. The larger tom tit has two particular calls, familiar to every gardener; and no spring passes without our hearing the singularly harsh notes of this beautiful bird. The arrival of the swallow, about the middle of the month, foretells the approach of summer. The next bird that appears is the nightingale. From the time of Homer to the present day the poets have ever considered the nightingale as a melancholy bird. But Vallans, in his Tale of Two Swannes, says,

‘The cheerful birds
 With sweetest notes do sing their Maker's praise:
 Among the which the merry nightingale,
 With sweet and sweet, her breast against a thorn,
 Rings out all night.’

TWO GLASSES OF WINE.—A certain well-known Bacchanalian officer, having been severely wounded in an engagement during the late war in the Peninsula, was admonished by the surgeon who superintended his cure, that he must now relinquish his usual habits of indulgence, which in that hot climate, and under his circumstances, would be fatal, and must confine himself to one, or at most two glasses of wine daily. Fully aware of the hardship of such a prohibition in his patient, the surgeon anxious that it should be obeyed, begged of him to give his word of honour, as a soldier, that he would drink no more wine than the prescribed quantity. The patient consented. The surgeon frequently visited his patient, and failed not to remind him of his promise, which he was assured was inviolably kept. Finding the wounds healing, he expatiated on the praises of sobriety, and assured his patient that to nothing but the change in his living, was he indebted for his life; that indulging in the daily use of a pint of wine, would to a certainty have been attended by the most fatal consequences. The general reply to all these harangues was, ‘Very well, doctor, you know best.’ At length the wounds completely healed, and the doctor still insisted on a rigorous observance of his former instructions towards a perfect cure. The officer, however, replied, that finding his wounds were healed, he would not only indulge himself with an extra glass of wine, but would request the doctor to partake of a few glasses of some that he could recommend. The servant was forthwith ordered to bring a couple of glasses of wine, one for the doctor and one for his master. He speedily returned, bearing a salver on which rested two glasses, each containing fully a quart and a half of wine. ‘These,’ said the officer, ‘are my glasses, doctor; and on the honor of a soldier, I have drank no more than two of them daily, during the whole progress of my cure.’

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to solicit the attention of your readers to the beautiful lines, inscribed on a Monument in the Parish Church of Preston, and inserted at page 75 of your Iris, of March 1, 1823.—Those lines have appeared, *anonymously*, in almost every respectable periodical work in the kingdom, and have been read, doubtless, with peculiar interest,

by all who have taste and discrimination to appreciate their merits. They were designed to commemorate, with “deep concern,” the sudden and appalling death of four amiable youths, who were drowned in the river Ribble, by the oversetting of a boat, on the 24th day of April, 1822, and “to perpetuate the salutary impression of this truly awful dispensation.”

The writer of this inscription, it is presumed, is at present known only to very few persons; and if any of your readers should have hitherto omitted to peruse it, I am sure I shall not fail to bespeak their immediate attention to this excellent composition, by announcing the author's name, which I now do, from unquestionable authority, being no other than James Montgomery, Esq., author of “A World before the Flood.”

April 29, 1823.

Yours, &c.

S. X.

* As the composition alluded to, by our esteemed correspondent S. X., consists of only two stanzas, we here reprint them, for the accommodation of such of our readers as may not have seen them before, or may not, possibly, have the Iris referred to, at hand.

They sailed in hope, but they returned no more;

Youth, health, and pleasure, cheered them on the way;

Brief was the voyage, yet they reached a shore

Beyond the seaman's track, ere close of day.

Low in the grave their ashes slumber now:

Reader, their days are numbered—Where art thou?

Though on the stream of time thy vessel glide,

And pure as heaven the waters seem to roll,

Ere long, in calm or tempest, shall the tide

Cast on a land unknown thy naked soul:

Ah! then, when life and death no more shall be,

Where, reader, wilt thou spend eternity?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There's nothing I so much admire as an ingenious appropriation of the thoughts, style, or sentiments of others; it is cheap, and saves a world of trouble, particularly when we have no thoughts, style, or sentiments, of our own! I was led into this train of profound meditation, on reading a number of a *Liverpool* periodical; in the letter of “no plagiarist,” I met with as pretty, as neat an imitation,* as could have been imagined; and though I was in the open air, and it was rather cold at the time, I was under the necessity of taking off my hat out of respect to an old and esteemed acquaintance; and I ponder'd and paused, and ponder'd and ponder'd, and ejaculated, verily! verily! there is nothing new under the sun. You will readily perceive that this little epistle of mine is principally composed of an article to which I am very partial, and often indulge in; but like the bird in the fable, I am occasionally stripped of a borrowed plume or so; but on n'importe pas. I am, &c.,

CABBAGE.

* Historical readers and reflectors, magpies and mathematicians, dance through his epistle in all the mazes of a bewildered imagination.”

NO PLAGIARY.

“Masks, hatchets, racks and vipers, dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion.”

JUNIUS.

P. S.—I shall feel obliged to any of your correspondents who can inform me in what London newspaper or periodical publication a little piece entitled the “Lobby Challenge” appeared some 20 years ago, intending to republish it as original on the occasion of a squabble between an Alderman and a Cousin to a lord which lately happened at a watering place not so fashionable now as formerly.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Should the following lines, to the terminations which appeared in your last, obtain insertion, I shall feel obliged.

Manchester.

When launch'd upon the ocean wide,
 By storms, and rocks, and darkness tried,
 Thy name shall be a spell,
 To guide me like a polar star,
 Direct my wanderings when I'm far
 From thee my Jane—Farewell!

And when I'm to the battle led,
 And over mangled corpses tread,
 Thy prayers my shield shall be!
 Shall bring me safely back to thine
 My arms round thee—my name with thine,
 And make but one with thee.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.—"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."—"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.—"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum,

"it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed: when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night

MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, "take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be borne, so can another and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can; and if he were to live to the age of Methusalem, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or *next time*; but *now*, just now *this* once, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve that the next time he is provoked he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment, while there would, at any one time, be very little to do, yet, by this simple process continued, every thing would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life

passes with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those, who "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honour, and immortality:"—day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned: and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and their "works follow them."

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time."

PAINTING.

How terrible is the absence of him in whose presence alone the heart feels the sense of existence! Amaryllis thought this, one night in a cave where Lycidas was sleeping, while the wakeful beauty hung enamoured over each interesting feature: a *SUSPENDED LAMP* was placed near.—Ah! (she continued) even this pleasing light, this soft moon of my chamber, is the *thought* of his genius*. It was from the *PENDENT LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM*, in the illumined hedge, that he stole the hint; it is thus that, borrowing every happy conception from Nature, he discovers around him the sources of enjoyment.

The lamp threw its light on the even wall, and the solitary flame strongly reflected the *shadow of his face*.—Ye gods! (exclaimed the fond maid) behold *two Lycidas*! Ye speaking features, can ye not for ever dwell on that wall? then would Lycidas not entirely quit me in his absence. How consoling even the shadow of what we love! Lycidas! thy shade would to me prove a tender companion. Fugitive and cherished shadow! live here when Lycidas roves in the circling mountains!

She took up her sheephook, and affectionately tracing the shadow of her lover, its sharp iron graved it on the wall. Lycidas turned, and the lines remained unmoved.—He is for ever there! (exclaimed the enraptured Amaryllis.) Lycidas awoke.—Who is here? Amaryllis!—*THYSELF, THYSELF!* (she cried, in embracing him.) These eyes shall worship thee when thou art on the cliffs: whole suns from me, the light shall give me thy presence in the mimic wonder. Behold thy half-closed eye, thy half-opened lips, for ever smiling on that wall! Lycidas looked on the wall and on Amryllis, and they embraced. Such was the origin of *DESIGN*†!

Amaryllis, in the absence of Lycidas, passed many hours in contemplating this *FIRST PORTRAIT* of Love. But the familiarity of enjoyment discovered its imperfections.—Dismal shadow! (she cried) thou pleasest me, because thou resembles Lycidas; but Lycidas would not charm me, did he resemble thee! Where is the soft mutability of his cheek? Melancholy resemblance of a form of gaiety! Only when Lycidas is dead, will he resemble thee!

She held in her lap a treasury of flowers, which she was assorting to weave into a wreath for Lycidas. She took a rose, and continued:—This breathing rose is the hute of his cheek: O, Shade! I will place it on thy cheek! This white LILY is like the snow of his forehead:

* It is a pleasing idea of Apuleius, in his *Capid and Psyche*, that the *LAMP* was first invented by a *LOVER*, that he might, for a longer time, enjoy by *NIGHT* the object of his desire.

† It is singular that the origin of *painting* has ever been attributed to the often-repeated story of the *Corinthian Maid* sketching the shadow of her sleeping lover. But this is only the origin of *design*, and, in fact, is but a *SILVER-VEIL*. I have never been able to trace the origin of *colouring* to any recorded tradition.

that its splendid whiteness could for ever spread on thine; These blue VIOLETS are the purple of his veins; and she delicately laid them along the neck. And this dark eye of the TULIP is black as his brilliant eye: and she fixed it there!

Entranced, she gazed on the illusive shadow: for a moment it was her Lycidas! his beautiful colours lived to her eye. Such was the first essay of COLOURING! The tinted impressions which some of the flowers left behind, gave them afterwards a hint to express, from various plants and minerals, that variety of colours which gave birth to the more perfect parts of PAINTING*!—*D'Israeli*.

* After this was written, the notion was verified by two facts I discovered: the one, in the life of Carlo Maratti, who, when a child, for want of colours, made use of the juices of roots and flowers. The other, in the History of the Canary Islands, where the author writes, that "some of the Majorcans were good artificers; they built houses and painted them elegantly with the colours which they extracted from certain herbs and flowers upon the island." The Majorcans were then in the infancy of society.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE POLAR BEAR.

These animals inhabit only the coldest parts of the globe, where the savage and dreary landscapes will accord with their sullen disposition.

In the polar regions they are seen in prodigious numbers; not only at land, but often on ice-floes several leagues at sea. They are even sometimes transported in this manner to the shores of Iceland; and after the long abstinence they must necessarily have undergone in the voyage, they will attack every object indiscriminately; but it is said the natives easily elude their fury if they can throw in their way something to amuse them. 'A glove,' says Mr. Horrebow, 'is very proper for this purpose; for the bear will not stir till he has turned every finger inside out, and this consequently takes up sufficient time for the person to escape.'

It often happens, that when a Greenlander and his wife are paddling out at sea, by coming too near an ice-float, a white bear unexpectedly jumps into their boat; and, if he does not over-set it, sits calmly where he first alighted, and like a passenger suffers himself to be rowed along. The Greenlander is never very fond of his unwieldy guest; however, he makes a virtue of necessity, and hospitably rows him to shore.

The Polar bears are sometimes remarkably ferocious; and instances have occurred, in the Island of Nova Zembla, of their attacking seamen, seizing them in their mouths, carrying them off with the utmost ease, and devouring them even in the sight of their comrades.

When irritated or injured, they also exhibit the most obstinate perseverance in seeking revenge, as appears from the following anecdote:—Some years ago, the crew of a boat, belonging to a ship in the whale-fishery, shot at a bear at a little distance, and wounded it. The animal immediately uttered the most dreadful howl, and ran along the ice towards the boat. Before he reached it, a second shot was fired, which hit him. This, however, served but to increase his fury. He presently swam to the boat, and, in attempting to get on board, placed one of his fore feet upon the gunnel; but a sailor, having a hatchet in his hand, cut it off. The animal still continued to swim after them, till they arrived at the ship; and several shots were fired at him, which took effect: but, on reaching the ship, he immediately ascended the deck; and the crew having fled in the shrouds, he was pursuing them thither, when a shot laid him lifeless upon the deck.

The Polar bear brings forth two young at a time; and the affection subsisting between these and the parent is so ardent, that they will sooner die than desert each other in distress. The following anecdote will afford sufficient proof of the veracity of this assertion:—'While the Carcase frigate, which went some years ago to make discoveries towards the North Pole, was locked in the ice, early one morning the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way over the Frozen Ocean, and were approaching very fast towards the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of some blubber of a sea-horse that the crew had killed a few days before; which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she bear, and two cubs nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out of the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse, that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ships threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still remaining, upon the ice. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave to each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and, in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have witnessed the affectionate concern expressed by this poor animal in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself so dreadfully wounded that she could scarcely crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, endeavouring to raise them up; uttering the most piteous moans. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and when she had got to some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again; and, with signs of inexpressible tenderness, went round pawing them, and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and uttered a growl of despair, which the mariners returned with a volley of musket-balls. She then fell between her cubs, and expired in the act of licking their wounds.'—*Weekly Magazine*.

VARIETIES.

ANTIQUITIES.

Belzoni has presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum the lid of a Sarcophagus, found by him in one of the tombs of the Kings at Thebes in Upper Egypt. This interesting relic of antiquity arrived at Cambridge on Monday, and after considerable difficulty, (its weight being upwards of three tons) was placed in the court of the Museum. It was brought to England with the rest of the Egyptian monuments, which Mr. Salt, his Majesty's Consul at Cairo, was enabled to collect, principally through the zeal and ingenuity of Mr. Belzoni. The slab is composed of a single block of red granite; its length when entire, exceeds probably ten feet, its breadth is about five feet. The Sarcophagus itself, to which this lid belongs, is, we are informed, on its way from Egypt. On the surface of the granite lid, executed with uncommon spirit and in fine relief, reposes the effigy of the monarch, whose remains were

placed in the Sarcophagus itself. The figure is perfect with the exception of the legs, which are mutilated. On either side of the image (within whose hands are the emblems which Osiris constantly carries) appears the profile of a female figure, whose hands touch the body. On a line with these figures, we can clearly trace the Egyptian snake, that invariable companion of all their mystic and sepulchral processions, as we behold them represented in the plates to Belzoni's volume; whilst a snake of uncommon size encircles nearly the whole of the slab.

INDIAN TRADITION.—'We continued our route, sometimes over barren prairies, hills, &c. and at others, through woods, till we arrived at the great Pacific Ocean. Here, the surprise and astonishment of our whole party was indissolubly great. The unbounded view of waters, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them as immutable truths, the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit, from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread, the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death, before we could arrive at those delightful hunting grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and we were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say, our minds were serious, and our devotions continued, all the time we were in this country, for we had ever been taught to believe, that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more pacific water boundary assigned to him by our traditional dogmas.'—*Hunter*.

A HINT TO MISSIONARIES.—'We remained among the Grand Oeages, till early in the next fall. During our stay, I saw a number of white people, who, from different motives, resorted to this nation, among them was a clergyman, who preached several times to the Indians through an interpreter. He was the first Christian preacher that I had ever heard or seen. The Indians treated him with great respect, and listened to his discourses with profound attention; but could not, as I heard them observe, comprehend the doctrines he wished to inculcate. It may be appropriately mentioned here, that the Indians are accustomed, in their own debates, never to speak but one at a time; while all others, constituting the audience, invariably listen with patience and attention till their turn to speak arrives. This respect is still more particularly observed towards strangers; and the slightest deviation from it would be regarded by them as rude, indecorous, and highly offensive. It is this trait in the Indian character which many of the missionaries mistake for a serious impression made on their minds; and which has led to many exaggerated accounts of their conversion to Christianity.'—*Hunter*.

CHARACTER OF WHITE PEOPLE.—'The accounts of the white people, which the Indians had been very particular in giving me, were no ways flattering to my colour; they were represented as an inferior order of beings, wicked, treacherous, cowardly, and only fit to transact the common drudgeries of life. I was at the same time assured, that my transposition from them to the Indians was for me a most fortunate occurrence; for now I might become an expert hunter, brave warrior, wise counsellor, and possibly a distinguished chief of their nation. All this I considered as true, till the arrival of the traders among us. They were particularly kind and attentive to me, and made me several trifling presents; in consequence of which I in general formed strong attachments for them. They gave me to understand, that what the Indians had told me was incorrect; they informed me, that the white people were numerous, powerful, brave, generous, and good; that they lived in large houses, some of which floated on the great waters; that their towns were very extensive, and filled with people as numerous as the sand; and

that they fought with great guns, and could kill many at a single fire. They used various methods to induce me to visit them; but although these reports were in part believed, my curiosity much excited, and my mind filled with wonder and astonishment, at the existence of such extraordinary things; yet, I could not bring my feelings to consent to such a measure."—*Hunter.*

PHRENOLOGY.—The following is from a Scotch paper:—"On Thursday evening a cast of the head of Mrs. McKinnon (late executed for murder) was laid before the Phrenological Society. It was contrasted with casts of the heads of a clergyman and of a female of virtuous dispositions, and the differences were striking! In the last two the larger portion of the brain was perceived to lie before the ear, (indicating an ample development of the intellectual organs,) and the coronal surface of the head (the seat of the organs of moral sentiments,) was also observed to be largely expanded!! In the cast of Mrs. McKinnon's head, on the other hand, the larger portion of the brain was visibly situated behind the ear, the forehead was low, and the coronal surface comparatively narrow, indicating a great preponderance of the animal organs over those of the moral sentiments and intellect."

BLUNDERS AND BULLS.—A Correspondent, pointing out the difference between *blunders* (such as our Gotham stories) and *bulls*, gives the following as an example of the latter:—"An Irish gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on; but after a great deal of labour, and pulling, and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two."

GARRICK AND FOOTE.—The success of Garrick's "Stratford Jubilee," which ran ninety nights in one season, so much annoyed Foote, that he was going to burlesque it by a mock procession. A man dressed like Garrick was to be introduced as the principal character, and some one was to address him in his own Jubilee lines—

"A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too."

To which he was to make answer only by clapping his arms like the wings of a cock, and crowing out,—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Garrick, hearing of this, was so much alarmed, that he got a Nobleman to persuade Foote to abandon his mirth-moving design.

A VIRTUOSO.—The celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, has collected a most valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prizes. One morning a friend came to him with a long face, to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. 'Potztausend! (cried Blumenbach) into which window?' I am sorry to say, replied his friend, it was your daughter's. 'O man,' said B. 'you almost frightened me! I thought it had been into my cabinet!'

Keller, the Irish Barrister, was once examining a roguish witness, who, it appeared in the course of examination, had at one time been at the point of death, and had received the last rite of the Romish Church—that of extreme-unction. "So, (says Keller) you were anointed by a priest." "Yes, Sir." "There was little need then, (returned K.) for you were slippery enough already."

During the period when the debates in the Irish Roman Catholic Board were carried on rather stormily, the government papers were continually accusing the leading speakers of disaffection, revolutionary designs, &c. "What can be more absurd," said one of them, Counsellor O'Gorman, to Jerry Keller, "than to bring such charges against me, who as you know have a great stake in the country." "Indeed I know you have, (replied K.) and a great pike-head at the end of it."

AFFINITY OF THE TURKISH AND SCOTTISH DIALECTS.—A Turk, several years ago, made his appearance in Edinburgh, in the costume of his country. Such a spectacle being a great novelty in the gude town, he was generally attended by a crowd of boys, who amused themselves by pestering him. With these he usually got in a passion, and turning fiercely

round would address them by the most opprobrious name in his vocabulary, "*Giaour—G'aur*," (Infidel.) While in one of those moods, an old Scotchman took pity on him, and joined, as he thought, in his exhortation—"Fie, lads, dinna fash the pair body sae—do as he een bids ye—do gie ower—gie ower."—(give over.)

FOOTE'S LAST JOKE.—When Foote was on his way to France for a change of air, he went into the kitchen of the inn at Dover to order a particular dish for dinner. The true English cook, disposed perhaps to smoke the traveller, boasted that for her part she had never set her foot out of her own country. On this the invalid gravely observed, "Why, Cookey, that's very extraordinary, as they tell me above stairs that you have been several times *all over Grease*."—"They may say what they please above stairs or below stairs (replied the Cooke) but I was never ten miles from Dover in all my life."—"Nay, now, that must be a fib (said Foote) for I have myself seen you at *Spit-head*." The other servants by this time took the joke, and a roar of laughter followed.—The wag however never reached France. The very next morning he was seized with shivering fits; and he expired in the course of the day (Oct. 21, 1777,) in the 57th year of his age. His body was conveyed to London, and buried in Westminster Abbey by torch-light.

SONG.

Oh, sweet is the gale that blows over the sea
When the cinnamon groves are in bloom,
But the breeze that shall waft back my lover to me
Will be fraught with a richer perfume.
Oh, I'll fly to his heart—to his lips—
To be press'd in joy's exquisite swoon,
As the fond star Rohini, when past the eclipse,
Rejoiceth her well beloved moon.

Return then, my darling, and by the clear rills,
Where the blue lotos springs, let us rove:
Like a sandal-tree rent from its own native hills,
I languish, bereft of my love!
To you there are many like me—
But to me there are none like you—
As the moon many groves of sweet night-flowers may see,
But the night-flow'rs one moon only view.

J. R. Planche.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday April 28th, to Friday May 2nd, 1823.

Monday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Salter.—Damon and Pythias: with Monsieur Tonson.

Wednesday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Radcliffe.—The Foundling of the Forest: the Rendezvous: and the Blind Boy.

Thursday.—Adrian and Orrilla: The Sultan; and the Wandering Boya.

Friday.—For the Benefit of Miss M. Hamersley.—The Exile: with the Beggars' Opera.

A MONODY

On the Death of John Philip Kemble, written by a gentleman of this town, and spoken by Mr. SALTER, at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening last.

Beneath thy green and verdant sod Lausanne!
Sleep the last relics of the exelling man;
Though low the tomb where rests his mortal frame,
A living lustre hovers o'er his name;
That name, an echo, which nor Death nor Time
Can quench, shall live—imperishable—sublime:
The glorious spirit to the skies hath fled,
But still breathes round the essences it shed:
For his shall be, a life renewed again,
A better being—in the Heart's of men;
A lasting monument—a tomb of praise—
A crown of splendour—an ethereal blaze—
To light the future, shall its glories last,
To charm the present, and to gild the past.
The mighty Actor, like a dream, hath gone,
And dead is He the Drama's greatest Son;
His ashes Genius hallows with a tear,
And taste broods sadly o'er his silent bier:
The mortal sire of an immortal name,
The British Roscius in the hall of fame,
Hath passed away in glory and in light—
A dying sun still beautiful and bright—
A dying sun whose beams have left behind
A golden radiance in the clouds enshrined!
His was the power to paint with hand of light,
The subtle workings of the soul aright;
The deep convulsions of the heart to show—
Wild passion's frenzy, and corroding woe—
The desolation of a heart o'erthrown—
The noble nature—suited to his own—

The stately Roman proud, unbending, stern—
The warrior bursting from his marble urn—
The quenchless spirit—the fierce eye of fire—
The darkest vengeance, and the deepest ire,
To paint were his, and in such matchless wise,
The image would, like glowing life, arise
To each emotion, and to nature true,
He lost himself, and other beings grew;
And such perception o'er his models ran
The Actor sunk embodied in the Man.
Respected honour'd did THE KEMBLE fall,
His country's idol, and the boast of all,
And, in the hearts of those who knew him best,
His recollection shall for ever rest;
His social virtue, and his friendly love
A brighter laurel to his brows shall prove;
He lived in honour, and he died in fame,
And still shall glow—the splendour of his name;
His last proud triumph, that his lonely bier
Was fondly watered by a Nation's tear!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Published,

And Sold by ROBINSON & ELLIS, St. Ann's-Place,
A NEW MAP of the COUNTRY round MAN-
CHESTER, embracing the whole of the Manufacturing
districts within about forty miles of the town.
Price, neatly put up in case, 6s. 6d.

Theatre Royal, Manchester.

MR. BROWNE respectfully informs his Friends
and the Public, that his FAREWELL BENEFIT will
take place on MONDAY NEXT, May 4th, 1823, when will
be performed, (not acted these four years,) Morton's Comedy
of THE WAY TO GET MARRIED. After which the
Burlesque Tragedy of BOMBASTIC PURSUE. To con-
clude with the Musical Farce, called OF AGE TO-MORROW.
Tickets to be had of Mr. BROWNE, No. 31, St. James's-
Street, near Messrs. Pickford's Warehouse; at the IRIS
OFFICE; and of Mr. ELAND, at the Theatre, where places
for the Boxes may be taken.

Theatre Royal, Manchester.

MR. FOSTER respectfully informs his Friends and
the Public, that his BENEFIT will take place on
Wednesday Evening, May 14th, 1823, when will be performed
the popular Musical Play of GUY MANNERING.
Harry Bertram,..... Mr. FOSTER.

In the course of the Evening the following Glens, Songs,
Duets, &c.—Song—"Death of Nelson,"—Mr. FOSTER.
Duets—"Tis when he sings on some lone shore,"—Miss RICK
and Mr. FOSTER. Song—"Be mine, dear Maid,"—Mr.
FOSTER. Song—"O rest thee my Darling,"—Miss M. HAM-
MERSLEY. The celebrated Gypsy Glen—"The Chough and
Crow,"—Song—"Scots who hae wi' Wallace Bled,"—Mr.
FOSTER. Song—"Ye Banks and Braes,"—Miss M. HAM-
MERSLEY. Duets—"Without a Companion,"—Messrs. FOSTER
and PORTER. Song—"Ye Dear Paternal Streams Farewell,"
—Miss M. HAMMERSLEY. Song—"O Green were the Groves,"
—Mr. FOSTER. Comic Song—"Manager Strutt was four feet
high,"—Mr. G. PENSON. And by particular desire, for this
Night only, the Song of Old King Cole, harmonized for
Four Voices, by Messrs. G. PENSON, DOYLE, J. BENTLEY,
and FOSTER. With Full Band and Chorus.

The whole to conclude with the favourite Melo-Drama of
TEKELI; or, The Siege of Montezuma.
Tickets to be had of Mr. FOSTER, No. 25, Fountain-street,
and of Mr. ELAND, at the Box Office, where Places may be
taken.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Club.—We have, in the hurry of business, mislaid
the paper of the Club, which should have appeared in our pre-
sent number.—Mr. Medium will, we doubt not, give us credit
for the assurance of its being merely an accidental circum-
stance.

Maccafieldensis' Letter should have been forwarded to the
Office of the Observer Newspaper.

L.—B.—, of Chester, we recognize.—Our satirical
friend's good-humoured sallies, shall at all times have our
attention.

Jeremy's composition would puzzle the most profound scholar
of our age.

An Observer's suggestion is complied with.

P. W. should apply elsewhere for a solution.—Why not ad-
dress the aggressor at once?

Maria Mildmay; S. O.; Rusticus; Juvenis; P.; and Roger
Rightlove are received.

Music.—With our next number we shall give an extra
page of Original Music.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH,
St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Commu-
nications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.	Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.	Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
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Chester, Poole & Harding.	Oldham, W. Lambert.
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Leeds, J. Heaton.	Stockport, T. Chyke.

The Manchester Crisis

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.
The last column is open to ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 67.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. PERKINS' STEAM-ENGINE.

We have no recollection of any invention connected with the useful arts having produced so great a sensation among scientific men, as the improved steam-engine of Mr. Perkins. It is not surprising that manufacturers, whose interests are entirely involved in the construction of engines on the low-pressure system, should look with some degree of scepticism and jealousy towards the bold invention of Mr. P.; nor that they should raise doubts in the public mind as to the imminent danger to be apprehended from the use of high-pressure engines generally. But in the present case, many scientific men, totally unconnected with manufactures, seemed disinclined; in the first instance, to admit the possibility of the improvements suggested by Mr. P. being reduced to practice.

Notwithstanding the superior economy and increase of power in high-pressure engines of the usual construction has been gradually introducing them in various manufactories, where the proprietors take the precaution of employing only men of intelligence to superintend their concerns; the enormous increase of power ascribed to the engine of this gentleman's invention seemed perfectly incredible, until he produced conviction by the actual test of experiment. As we have had an opportunity of witnessing the operation of this beautiful invention, we shall give our readers as good an outline of its construction as we are enabled without the aid of a plate for reference.

Mr. P.'s invention is founded on a most invaluable discovery—that water is capable of enduring an elevation of temperature even to a red heat, or perhaps an indefinite extent, by being subjected to a very high degree of pressure; which pressure, while it permits the expansion of the molecules of water as a fluid, prevents their further expansion, or the liquid assuming the gaseous form of steam.

The profound science and resolution, requisite to manage experiments of this dangerous character, can only be appreciated by those who have devoted some attention to chemical subjects. This gentleman, however, has united to this discovery respecting the laws of expansion, the most simple and beautiful application of mechanical science, in the construction of his new steam-engine, which is briefly as follows:—Instead of the boiler of the ordinary engines, Mr. P. substitutes a cylinder, which he terms the *generator*. This cylinder is made of gun-metal (the most tenacious and least liable to oxydation) of about three inches in thickness, closed at both ends, with the exception of a valve in the top, opening outwards; which valve is loaded with weights equal to the state of the pressure from the expansion of the heated water within. The cylinder is placed vertically in a cylindrical furnace; consequently it becomes surrounded on all sides with the fire, and soon acquires a temperature of 400 to 450° Fahrenheit. The production of steam is effected by an injecting-pump throwing in water at one part of the generator, which displaces through the valve an equal volume of hot water from the generator. This water, at 420° passing into the induction or steam-pipe, instantly expands into steam, communicates with the working cylinder, and gives motion to its piston, which is placed in a horizontal direction, for the more convenient application of its power to machinery. The reciprocal action of the piston opens and shuts the apertures of the induction and eduction pipes, by means of rotatory valves, as usual in some other engines. But the operation of generating and condensing the steam is effected so instantaneously by this engine, that the piston performs about 200 strokes in a minute,

when the engine is at full work. Indeed, considering the small extent of surface, the power of this engine is almost incredible, the generator containing only about eight gallons of water, and the working cylinder not exceeding two inches diameter, with a stroke of the piston about 12 inches in length. The piston rod gives motion to a crank and fly-wheel similar to other engines.

A most decided improvement is also made by Mr. P. in condensing the steam under a very great degree of pressure, and at a temperature of about 320°, and in this state returning it into the reservoir for the successive supply of the generator. In consequence of this economical arrangement, the space occupied by the engine with all its appurtenances, does not exceed an area of six feet by eight. The present model is calculated as equal to a 10-horse power: and Mr. P. considers the whole of the apparatus of sufficient size for a 30-horse engine, with the exception of the working cylinder and piston. The consumption of coal for this engine is within two bushels per day, when at full work!

All risk of accident is effectually provided against, by the following ingenious contrivance. It should be remembered, that owing to the small extent of surface exposed to the expansive force of the steam, and the latter being generated only in sufficient quantity for each succeeding stroke of the piston, there is much less liability to accident from this engine than in most other high-pressure engines. To prevent, however, the possibility of such an event, the induction pipe, in which the steam is produced, is calculated to withstand an internal force of 4000 pounds to the square inch, and it is also provided with a thin copper tube, which is calculated to burst at a pressure of 1000 pounds; while the pressure under which Mr. P. works the engine does not exceed 500 pounds on the square inch.

In order to demonstrate the perfect safety of the operation of this engine, notwithstanding this immense internal pressure, Mr. P. in his polite efforts to satisfy the scruples and fears of his numerous scientific friends, has, on several occasions urged the power of the steam till it bursts open the sides of the copper tube without occasioning the smallest risk, either to the spectator, or to any other part of the apparatus. This mode of allowing the escape of the steam by rending open the sides of the ball, (which is made of a determinate strength,) is probably superior in the certainty of its operation to any modification of safety valves.

It is also a very remarkable fact, that the steam which escapes in this case is not by any means of that elevated temperature which might have been expected from its prodigious expansive force. This fact seems to involve some points connected with the doctrine of latent heat, or the conversion of fluid into gaseous matter, and vice versa, with which we are, at present, but very imperfectly acquainted. We understand Mr. P. is further engaged on some very important enquiries on this most intricate branch of natural philosophy.

The improvements of Mr. P. in the steam-engine, we cannot help considering as one of the greatest triumphs of art, even in this highly inventive age. It will, in all probability, effect a greater revolution in operative manufactures, than even the first introduction of the steam-engine by Bolton and Watt.

We have not heard any comparative estimate of the price of Mr. P.'s engines, but we apprehend their original cost will be very considerably lower than that of others; while they can be worked with 1-10th part of the fuel, and occupy only a fifth part of the space required for those of the low-pressure construction. The latter point is one of the highest importance, in

situations where manufacturers are limited for room, as in the metropolis and other great towns.

The very superior economy of these engines over all others, not only in the consumption of fuel and water, but in the weight of materials, must also render them peculiarly adapted for loco-motive engines; and we entertain little doubt that steam carriages will, ere another 20 years have elapsed, become as generally adopted among us as steam vessels are at the present. And when we take into consideration the immense saving in the consumption and tonnage of coals, we are of opinion that Mr. P.'s invention will infinitely extend the use of the steam-engine in navigation.—*Museum.*

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of April, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.		Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....		29.75
Highest, which took place on the 30th.....		30.30
Lowest, which took place on the 4th.....		28.95
Difference of the extremes.....		1.35
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 4th.....		.45
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....		4.30
Number of changes.....		8
TEMPERATURE.		Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....		46° 2
Mean of the 3rd. decade, com. on the 10th April.....		46.4
" " 4th. " ending on the 29th April.....		45.9
Highest, which took place on the 1st.....		60.
Lowest, which took place on the 20th.....		35.
Difference of the extreme.....		25.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 13th.....		18.
RAIN, &c.		
1.705 of an inch.		
Number of wet days.....	10	
" " foggy days.....	0	
" " snowy ".....	3	
" " haily ".....	2	

EVAPORATION.		Inches.
Water evaporated from a surface of water exposed to the wind but not to the sun's rays.....		1.282
WIND.		
North.....	1	North-west..... 5
North-east.....	10	Variable..... 1
East.....	3	Calm..... 0
South-east.....	1	Gentle..... 14
South.....	3	Brisk..... 1
South-west.....	3	Strong..... 0
West.....	3	Boisterous..... 1

REMARKS.

April 2nd. violent gusts of wind, and heavy showers of rain nearly all afternoon:—5th. fine day, but cold, with occasional sun gleams:—9th. the apparent cold from the prevalence of a north-east wind disorders the human frame, particularly with the tooth-ache:—11th. hoar frost in the morning, gentle wind, very fine, clear and warm:—12th. hoar frost, in consequence of low nightly temperatures after warm days:—15th. in the course of the day, the north-east wind changed to north-west:—16th. this morning wind south-west, attended with drizzly rain, this state continued the most of the day:—18th. wind strong and cold from north-west, attended with hail and snow:—19th. hail and snow at intervals:—20th. sharp frost last night, ice on ponds out of town a quarter of an inch thick; the reporter's thermometer indicated a night temperature

At three degrees above freezing: the wind, to the 27th continued for the most part to blow from the north-east, the consequence is, that vegetation is almost at a stand; the grass is unusually backward. The month closed with a change of circumstances, the barometrical pressure became high, and the temperature warm, with a gentle south wind, and if rain was to follow for a short time the whole vegetable world would put on a most charming aspect.

Bridge-street, May 2nd, 1823.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. BARRON.—The following Paper, on Inhumanity to the Brute Creation, is extracted, with alterations, from an excellent Dissertation, on that subject, by the Rev. Dr. Primatt, and I hope its intrinsic merit will entitle it to an early notice.—Young persons cannot be taught too early the lessons of humanity. The arguments used by the learned Author of this Dissertation have both novelty and cogency to recommend them.

Yours, S. X.

ON INHUMANITY TO THE BRUTE CREATION.

Abridged from a Dissertation, by the Rev. Dr. Primatt, on the duty of Mercy, and the sin of Cruelty, to Brute Animals.

THE man of feeling, who is influenced by a sense of justice, will not put another man to unmerited pain; because, as a christian, he will not do that to another which he is unwilling should be done to himself. Superiority of strength, or of the accidents of fortune, rank, or station, may and do give ability to communicate happiness to others; but they give no right to inflict unnecessary or unmerited pain, or to wound the feelings of those who have been less fortunate in the possession of those advantages. A wise man would impeach his own wisdom, were he to infer that he had a right to despise or make game of a fool. The folly of a fool ought rather to excite his compassion; in some degree he is entitled to the wise man's care and attention, since he is unable to take care of himself.

By the appointment of a wise and benevolent Providence, some men are clothed with white skins, and others with skins of a darker hue; but as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion, the white man can have no right, by virtue of his colour, to enslave and tyrannize over one whose skin is either tawney or black. Neither has a fair man any right to despise and insult a brown man; or a tall man, by virtue of his larger stature, to trample a dwarf under his foot.

Now, if amongst men the differences of their powers of mind, and of their complexion, stature, and accidents of fortune, do not give one man a right to abuse or insult any other man, on account of those differences; for the same reason, no man, no human being can have a natural right to abuse or torment a beast, merely because the latter has not the intellectual powers of a man. Such as the man is, he is but as God made him; and the very same is also true of the beast, or the reptile. Neither the man, nor the beast, nor the reptile can lay claim to any intrinsic merit, merely for being such as they respectively are; for before they were brought into existence, it was impossible that any of them could deserve a preference; and at their creation, their shapes, perfections, or apparent imperfections were invariably fixed, and their boundaries set which they cannot pass. There is, therefore, no more demerit in a beast's being a beast, a reptile a reptile, than there is merit in a man's being a man; that is, there is neither merit nor demerit in any of them.

A brute is an animal no less sensible of acute pain than a man. He has similar nerves and organs of sensation; his cries and his groans, in case of violent impressions made upon his body, are as strong, unequivocal intimations to us of his sensibility of pain, as the more articulate cries and groans of a human being, whose language we better understand. Now as pain is what we are all averse to, our own sensibility and dislike of pain should teach us to commiserate it in others, and to alleviate it if possible; but, at all events, never wantonly and needlessly to inflict it.

As the accidental differences amongst men are no impediments to their feelings, so neither does the difference of shape or figure of a brute from that of a

man exempt the brute from feeling. And as the difference of complexion, or stature does not convey to one man a right to despise or abuse another, so neither does the difference of shape between a man and a brute give to the former any right to abuse or torment the latter. He who made man and man to differ, in complexion, or stature, made man and brute to differ in shape and figure. And in this case, likewise, as in the former statement, there is neither merit nor demerit; every creature, whether man or brute, bearing that shape and peculiar organization which the supreme Wisdom judged most expedient to answer the end for which each was ordained. And it is solely owing to the good pleasure of God, that We are created men, and that brutes are formed what they are, and each in their appropriate shape and figure; but Nature never intended these distinctions as foundations for right of tyranny and oppression. "Do as you would be done by," is a truly christian maxim, and ought not to be confined to the treatment which one man receives, or is willing to receive of another; on the contrary, it may with equal propriety be extended to the brute creation. Do you, that are a man, so treat your horse, (for example,) as you would be willing, were you a horse, to be treated by your master. There is no absurdity or false reasoning in this application of the divine precept, nor any ill consequences likely to result from it, however contrary it may be to the barbarity which too much prevails, it must be lamented, in the general treatment of the brute creation.

In actions of humanity, where injury has been done, satisfaction may sometimes be rendered. You can make amends, in various ways, to a man for wrongs he may have sustained. You know his wants, and may relieve him. You may be as feet to the lame, and as eyes to the blind. You may supply him with every comfort and convenience which he is capable of enjoying. But to the injured brute, no adequate recompence can be made. If by passion, or malice, or sportive cruelty, his limbs have been broken, his eye-sight greatly impaired, or his constitution fatally injured, who or what can make the poor animal amends? He is maimed, perhaps, or blinded for ever, and rendered incapable of gaining his future subsistence; his little temporary happiness (which was his all to him!) is completely marred; and he is either doomed to a violent and premature death, or he is left to drag on a miserable and painful existence, till Nature puts a final termination to all his sufferings by a lingering or an agonizing death.

SANCHO SENSITIVE'S ADVENTURE.

I had occasion to call upon an old woman who lived in a mean and obscure part of our town. The direction to her residence being very explicit and minute, and my knowledge of the town in general, precluded the necessity of a guide, and I therefore proceeded on the errand alone. It was on the Monday morning when I set out from my habitation, situated at the south entrance of Manchester. After an hour's perambulation, during which I had traversed a many back and cross streets, and made numberless enquiries, I found the street I was in search of; and in a few minutes more I was, as I supposed, at the house of the old woman. I, however, paused a moment to con over my card of direction, and on examination found I was right. The house stood in the same relative position to a small shop, the corner of a certain street, and public house, as the one described in my instructions. But I recollected she had been described as keeping a lodging house; I looked over the door but saw no sign-board. There was, however, a bill of some kind in the window, which, on examining with the help of my spectacles, I found to contain the following curious notification—

"Lodgings for a single man and his wife."

I was now quite assured that this was the place I had been in search of. I put up my glasses, and seized hold of the latch, which gave way to the pressure of my thumb, and the door opened. Just at that moment a child cradled by the fire side, awakened by the noise I had made, began to cry.

No one save the infant appeared to be in the house; I gave at first a gentle tap, and after waiting a proper time and receiving no answer, I knocked a little louder,

but still nobody spoke. I then applied my clenched fist to the door pretty vigorously, but it was all in vain, for still nobody answered; and all the while the child was weeping most pitifully, which with my hallooing, knocking, and rattling the latch, formed a strange and most discordant uproar. I stood a few moments in this manner, holding the half opened door in my hand, without knowing how to proceed. Some one I was sure must have the infant in charge, and whoever it might be I thought they certainly were not far distant. Besides, a pan upon the fire, and some very fresh potatoe peelings on the table, plainly indicated that the inhabitants of the mansion could not have been long departed. I thought perhaps the old woman was above stairs taking a comfortable nap, but then it was forenoon, and she would have been awakened ere this by the noise that was made. Then it occurred to me that she might be gone to chat with some neighbour, also the probability of her being gone out upon some trifling errand forcibly presented itself to me; in either of which cases her return might naturally be expected very soon. Thus I endeavoured to sooth my impatience in the best manner I could.

The business on which I came was of little or no consequence; nor in fact was it that which made me so anxious and impatient for the arrival of some one. It was the extreme awkwardness of the circumstances in which I was placed. I ever had an imagination prone to magnify evils, and make a fool of me, and in the present instance I felt it in full action. I was irritated beyond measure, and would have given any thing to be released from my disagreeable situation.

I felt somehow as though by awakening, I had subjected myself to a responsibility for the safety of the child; and by opening the door, was identified with, and answerable for, the habitation; and I felt the trust press upon me with an oppressive and unbearable weight. I durst not withdraw. I seemed to be riveted to the spot by the power of destiny. A thousand times I wished that I had knocked at the door, for it was by opening it I conceived all these calamities had fallen upon me. Had I gone away at first I should have escaped this horrid dilemma.

In some situations, and at some seasons, it may be said we have scarcely right reason. We cannot judge properly, nor estimate correctly. The imagination is confused. We forget what relation and proportion things have with, and bear to, each other, and the more we struggle and the more we are entangled in our embarrassments.

Concluding that somebody would shortly appear, I remained where I was in the greatest impatience. The little infant still continued its wailing, and I began to feel a sort of compassion for it, but I knew not what to do. At length I bethought me that stirring the cradle might perhaps again lull it to sleep; so I ventured into the house to try the experiment. I took up the end of the cradle string and began to pull backwards and forwards, accompanying and aiding the soothing influence of the motion with my voice (I have a charming voice) to the tune of

Rocka be—Rock a by,
Be—bo—baby—O—&c.

Certainly every body will say I was laudably and handsomely employed, although I dare say I cut a rather strange figure in my novel employment. After rocking gently about five minutes my little charge ceased its cries. Determined, however, to make some work, I kept on a little longer, when being, as I thought, perfectly safe, and congratulating myself on my success, I gave over, and with the utmost possible caution went on tip-toe across the floor, resolving to await the arrival of somebody without the door. But just as I was stepping out, and pulling the door after me very gently, the little urchin again began to squall out as loud as ever.

I must own I was now almost distracted. I was a perfect fury. "Must I never," cried I aloud, "must I never be released from these cursed embarrassments—from these difficulties—from this worse than African bondage! But my complaints were unattended to. Nobody came to relieve me, and I had no other alternative than to walk back again, and resume my former employment. Accordingly I went in, and again took up the rocking string; but previous to putting my machine in motion, I thought I would just have a peep at

the being on whose account I was suffering such terrible agonies. I drew nigh the cradle, and bended over it to have a nearer survey. At my approach it ceased crying. The child was really a very pretty little creature; but being just then so much under the influence of ill-humour, I thought I had never seen such an ugly wretch before. "What a pair of eyes! and what a mouth. Hush! you little ill-looking noisy imp!" for on hearing me speak so gruffly it again began to moan. Then I commenced rocking, and after a little time all was silence, save the monotonous swinging jee-jow of the cradle.

While I stood performing my irksome task, my thoughts were busily engaged in forming plans of deliverance and schemes of emancipation. I could, however, fix upon nothing that was likely to answer; and I sometimes felt my face glow with vexation, and at others flush with shame, at being thus pinned down to so ludicrous an employment. Still nobody came, and my stock of forced patience was nearly exhausted. I had been standing upon tenter books for some time, and at length I broke forth and ran out of the house, resolving to leave the infant to its fate; thinking that if those connected with it had so little affection for it, it could not reasonably be expected that a stranger would have much. But still I durst not leave the premises, and I paraded before the door like a centinel.

After a little time had elapsed, the child I could hear was awake, by its cries, which became louder and louder every moment. I was, however, for some time invincible to all the attacks of pity: but at length an apprehension that, as I might have been seen coming out of the house, some one might think I had done something at the child, and my compassion, conquered my resolution, I entered the house again.

Before I had crossed the floor, a pan upon the fire began to boil over furiously. I instantly ran to lift it off, but while doing this, I happened to let the handle slip, and a splash of the liquid went into the fire, on which there arose such a sudden column of steam, that in order to save myself from being miserably scalded I was forced to quit my hold entirely, and the pan fell upon the hearth, and emptied its contents (half-boiled potatoes) in all directions over the floor.

On examination I found my fingers were flayed by the steam, and my clothes were covered all over with soot and ashes. I drew out my handkerchief, and gave my face a rub down; but perceiving my handkerchief to be rather soiled, I went to a small looking glass which hung against the wall, where I found my phiz to be in a most ridiculous plight. It had been covered with soot and ashes exalted by the steam, and I had lengthened each particle so, that I at first thought my face was covered with black and grey hairs.

I was now in a pretty mess; I could find no water in the house, and after all my rubbing I could bring my face to no better colour than that of a tinker's. My shirt and neckcloth were also tinged of a dusky hue, and added to these was the pain of my scalded hand. I thought if the old woman should come in now, she will find her house in a pretty state—the child shrieking—the fire out—and the dinner lying half cooked in all directions upon the floor.

This adventure, however, brought me some little to my senses, and all at once it occurred to me how easily I might have got one of the neighbours to have taken charge of the child. Hiding my dirty face with my handkerchief, and vexed I had not thought of the thing before, I ran out to the next door, but nobody was in—I went to the next, nobody in—to a third, nobody in; I then went to the fourth, and it was just the same, the door was fast. There were no more houses in the row, and on the opposite side of the street was a long dead wall, and the neighbours before-mentioned. I did not like to apply there; besides, the landlady and a fine daughter had, I fancied, from the window of the tap-room, been watching me for some time, and with a malicious pleasure, enjoying my awkward situation. Well, I walked back very melancholy to the other end of the row, and as I passed the house could hear the little infant pouring forth its unceasing cries. There appeared, however, no other plan but of finding some one to take charge of it. Looking up a cross street, I saw at some little distance two houses, the doors of which were open. I went forward and perceived the first house to be full of women—all the

gossips in the neighbourhood, as I supposed—talking in a loud and confused manner. Possibly, thought I, the very woman I want is here. I went up to the door, and all were silent—I enquired if Mary S— was there? "Here I am," said one advancing from out of the group. "Are you Mary S—?" "Yes, Sir." "Why how happens it that you could leave your child so long? it has almost shrieked itself to death," said I. "Eh, dear!" she exclaimed, with the greatest eagerness, "has it? I have not been gone above five minutes!" "Five hours, more likely," rejoined I. I have got it to sleep myself several times. I have been waiting for you three quarters of an hour by my watch, and have scolded myself with that cursed pan of your's.

We now both together proceeded to her house, and she seemed amazed at the state in which she found it. Mutual explanations, however, set all things to rights, and after disclosing my business, I left the house with feelings similar to those of a man just emancipated from slavery.

As I proceeded home, I summed up the events of the morning thus:—I have been transformed into a dry nurse, and an unfortunate cook! I have spoiled a suit of clothes, and my shirt will have to undergo the operation of the fulling mill, to restore it to its original colour.—My fingers have been scalded, and I have had my face tanned.—One lesson I have learned which will henceforth be of use—always to knock at the door! and I have likewise experienced that by perseverance, we may at length be extricated from the greatest difficulties.

While I was in my awkward predicament, I could not help frequently calling myself a fool for making such a fuss about nothing; but I do declare, I never was in all my life so embarrassed, so perplexed, so irritated, and so fooled by fancy, and the impression made upon my feelings will never be obliterated, though at the same time I can never think of that adventure without laughter.

EYAM BANKS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

From the Story of Riley Grave Stones.

On Eyam Banks the grass is green;
In Eyam dell, how fair
The violets blow, and mirthsome birds
With wild song fill the air!
With wild song fill the summer air;
And streamlets, as they go,
Sing, glad to see the old men sit,
With whiter heads than snow.

So Time goes now—but o'er my youth
Time far more rudely swept;
Alike the green ear and the ripe
Were by his sickle reaped:
From glowing morn till dewy eve,
'Twas nought but woe and wail
In gentle Eyam's fairy dell,
And gentle Eyam's vale.

As I came down by Eyam banks,
The harvest moon rode high;
I heard the virgins weeping loud,—
The mother's mournful cry:
The father sobb'd his woe,
As from each door in Eyam vale
I saw the corpses go.

"O, did they die by slow disease?
Or died they in the flood?
Or did they when the battle-field
Flow'd ankle-deep in blood—
Flow'd ankle-deep in English blood?"
He heard, nor answer'd he,
But shook his head, all hoary white,
And sang on mournfully.

O, When I reach'd my true-love's door,
And knock'd with love-knocks three,
No milk-white hand and downcast eye
Came forth to welcome me;
For silent, silent was the hearth,
And empty was the chair—
Within my true-love's bower I look'd,
And saw that death was there.

One sister at her head sat mate,
Her brother at her feet—
A lovely babe lay in her arms,
And seem'd in slumber sweet.
I made her bed in Eyam dell,
Where first the primrose peeps,
And wild birds sing, and violets spring—
And there my true-love sleeps.

THE TARANTULA.

It has often been asserted that the bite of the Tarantula has been cured by music; the following copy of a letter on the subject, from a late eminent musician, may in some degree authenticate the report:—

SIR,—According to your desire, I send you an account of the effect the bite of a Tarantula has on the human body. I shall only give a distinct detail of all the circumstances that I have seen, having once been instrumental at the cure of a poor ploughman that was bit by that insect. I do not undertake to give you any account of the Tarantula itself, being sure you are perfectly well acquainted with it; I shall only tell you what has happened in my country, at a small village called La Torre della Annunziata, about ten miles from Naples, where I was at the time.

It was in the month of October, a season of the year when all the students in Naples that have any relations in the country have leave to visit them. I was one of those that enjoyed the privilege of visiting the place of my nativity; and as I was then studying music in the College of Naples, generally, when I went into the country, brought my violin with me. It happened one day that a poor man was taken ill in the street, and it was soon known to be the effect of the Tarantula, because the country people have some undoubted signs to know it; and particularly, they say, that the Tarantula bites on the tip, or under lip of the ear, because the Tarantula bites one when sleeping on the ground, and the wounded part becomes black, which happens three days after the bite, exactly at the hour when the hurt was received: and they further assert, that if no one was to undertake to cure the patient, he would feel the effect of it every day at the same hour, for the space of three or four hours, till it would throw him into such madness as to destroy him in about a month's time. Some, they say, have lived three months after they have been bit; but this I cannot believe, because it never happens that any man is suffered to die by such distemper, the priest of the parish being obliged to play on the fiddle in order to cure them; and it has not been known in the memory of man that any one died of it.

But to proceed.—A poor man was taken ill in the street, and, as the priest was out of the way, several gentlemen begged of me to play for the poor fellow. I could not help going, without offending a number of friends. When I arrived I saw a man stretched on the ground, who seemed as if he was just going to expire; the people, at sight of me, cried out, 'Play! Play! The Tarantella!' (which is a tune made use of on such occasions.) It happened that I had never heard that tune, consequently could not play it. I asked what sort of tune it was. They answered, that it was a kind of jig. I tried several jigs, but to no purpose, for the man was as motionless as before. The people still called out for the Tarantella. I told them I could not play it, but if any would sing it, I would learn it immediately. An old woman presented herself to me to do the good office, who sung it in such an unintelligible sound of voice, that I could not form an idea of it; but another woman came, and helped me to learn it, which I did in about ten minutes time, being a short one. But you must observe that while I was learning the tune, and happened to feel the strain of the first two bars, the man began to move accordingly, and got up as quick as lightning, and seemed as if he had been awakened by some frightful vision, and wildly stared about, still moving every joint of his body. As I had not yet learned the whole of the tune, I left off playing, not thinking it would have any effect on the man; but the instant I left off playing, the man fell down, and cried out very loud, and distorted his face, legs, arms, and every other part of his body, scraped the earth with his hands, and was in such contortions, that clearly indicated him to be in miserable agonies. I was frightened out of my wits, and made all the haste I could to learn the rest of the tune; which done, I played about four yards from him. The instant he heard me, he rose up as he did before, and danced as hard as any man could do; his dancing was very wild; he kept a perfect time in the dance, but had neither rule nor manner, only jumped and ran to and fro, and made very comical postures, something like the Chinese dances we have sometimes seen on the stage. He per-

spired all over; and then the people cried out, 'faster faster!' meaning that I should give a quicker motion to the tune; which I did so quick, that I could hardly keep up playing, and the man still danced in time. I was very much fatigued; and though I had several persons behind me, some drying the perspiration from my face, others blowing with a fan to keep me cool (for it was about two o'clock in the afternoon), others distancing the people that they might not throng about me, I suffered a long patience to keep up such long time; for I played above two hours, without the least interval.

When the man had danced about an hour, the people gave him a naked sword, which he applied with the point in the palms of his hands, and made the sword jump from one hand to the other; which sword he held in equilibrium, and still kept dancing. The people knew he wanted a sword, because he scratched his hands very hard, as if he would tear the flesh from them. When he had well pricked his hands, he got hold of the sword by the handle, and pricked also the upper part of his feet; and in about five minutes time his hands and feet bled in great abundance. He continued to use the sword for about a quarter of an hour, sometimes pricking his hands and sometimes his feet, with little or no intermission, and then he threw it away and kept on dancing. When he was quite spent with fatigue, his motions began to grow slower; but the people begged of me to keep up the same tune, and as he could not dance accordingly, he only moved his body and kept time. At last, after two hours dancing, he fell down quite motionless, and I gave over playing. The people took him up and carried him into a house, and put him into a large tub of tepid water, and a surgeon bled him in both his hands and feet, and took from him a great quantity of blood. They then put him into a bed, and gave him a cordial, which they forced down because he kept his teeth very close. About five minutes after, he perspired a great deal, and fell asleep for five or six hours. When he awoke he was perfectly well, only weak from the great loss of blood he had sustained, and four days after he was entirely recovered, for I saw him walk in the streets; and what is remarkable, that he hardly remembered any thing of what had happened to him. He never felt any other pains since, nor does any one, except they are bit again by the Tarantula.

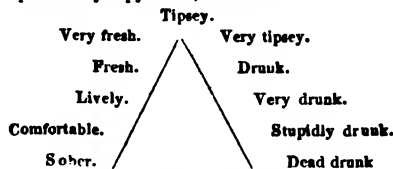
STEPHEN STORACE.

THE PYRAMID OF DRINK.

(Condensed from the Museum.)

Most of our male readers have doubtless been drunk once at least in their lives. Let them not be offended with this supposition—if it be not true, so much the worse for themselves. Their sobriety is no virtue,—so more entitled to approbation than the sobriety of a horse; an animal proverbial for making a dry meal. But though they may have been drunk once or many times, it is not probable that they have philosophised so deeply as we have on this subject. In truth we have had glorious opportunities of trying various experiments, and, to do ourselves justice, we have always made the most of them. It is not easy to say whether our imagination are most benefited by getting drunk, or our judgment by getting sober.

The operation of drink in its various degrees we shall represent by a pyramid, as thus:—



Sobriety is a state, unfortunately, too well known to need description; suffice it to say that the sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner are the most miserable in existence. The languor, the sense of utter inefficiency mental and bodily are dreadful. After a few glasses you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become *comfortable*. In this state you are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which, if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in

sleep. A philosopher seldom passes this point, except in company.

Drink on and you step up to the *lively*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You have the reasoning power in high perfection, but aided withal by a happy fertility of illustration. This may be considered as a mental aurora announcing that the sun of fancy is about to rise from the 'purple wave.'

Fresh.—There is more fire and colour in your ideas now, for that sun has risen. You grow more eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation. Your perceptions, however, are still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

Very fresh.—Your conversation is more and more highly coloured. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

Tipsy.—Now on the top of the pyramid you begin to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

Very tipsy.—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music, and regale your friends with a solo. Speech is in incoherent language, and evinces a most decided tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock, stout as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

Drunk.—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly go-natured. Dealing much in shake hands, and knock-downs. Tongue stammering, and feet unsteady.

Very drunk.—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double. Balance totally lost, you drift about like a ship in a hard gale. Vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

Stupidly drunk.—Head and stomach topsy-turvy. Eyes fixed and glaring. Utter incapacity of speech and locomotion, accompanied with an indistinct yet horrid consciousness of your situation.

Dead drunk.—An apopleptic sleep, and confused dreams of the devil or your creditors.

THE CABINET.

THE CORPSE.

I went to L— immediately. He was in the room with the corpse; and was sitting beside it when I entered. The moment he beheld me, he fell upon my neck and wept—for the first time, as I was afterwards told, since the catastrophe had happened. He wept long, very long. At last he seemed relieved;—he raised himself—took me by the hand, and led me to the coffin.

I had never seen her during life—but even now she was surpassingly beautiful. Cold, marble-pale, and rigid, she looked like one of those beautiful sculptures which are placed upon old tombs, in effigy of those who sleep below. The delicate and extreme clearness of the skin was become sheet-white—partly, as I believe, from the common effect of death,—and partly from the nature of her particular malady. The face alone was uncovered—long grave clothes closely enveloped the whole frame to the neck—and a napkin was over her brow. So smooth and softly white was the flesh, that it could scarcely be distinguished where the one ended, and the other began. From beneath this, however, one long tress of hair escaped, which, passing across the cheek, rested upon the shroud. This struck me more than all, for this gave the contrast of life with the perfect deadliness of all else. So still in the stillness of peace,—so calm in the calmness of purity,—was this corpse of loveliness and virtue, that one scarce could think that the King of Terrors had claimed it for his own. It looked, as I have said, more like the figure on a pale sarcophagus—or perhaps, more like one in a deep, a very deep, sleep—than the soulless wreck of passed humanity. But this one tress of bright hair, shining on the white skin—like a fling of golden sunlight upon snow—recalled the terrible truth at once. The hair is the latest portion of the human frame to betray the consequence of death. While the eyes become glazed, and the nerves fixed, and the flesh grows colourless and icy cold,—the hair is the same that it was when it added so much beauty to beautiful life—

when it waved in the wind, or gleamed in the sun, as the quick motion of youth might influence.

Yes, she was, indeed, lovely!—and what was this loveliness now?—almost already touched by that decay from which, though we know it to be inevitable, our nature causes us to shrink so sickeningly! Sad, indeed, is it to gaze upon a face we love, beaming in all the brightness of beautiful youth, and reflect that that flesh will moulder, and finally become dust,—that those eyes will cease to be,—and nought remain but an hideous and revolting bone, undistinguishable from that which formed the head of the coarsest or most brutal. What, then, must it be to look upon a countenance thus beautiful, and thus loved, when this terrible and disgusting process has nearly begun?—But this is a part of the subject too horrid to be dwelt upon.

There is, however, another idea, which has always risen within me, with a revolted feeling, when I have gazed on one thus about to be placed in the grave. I mean all the preparation (I might almost say decoration) which the senseless clay has undergone, to be laid to its fellow-earth. Why that livery of death—that uniform of the grave, in which all are equally wrapped? The Ruling Passion even of Narcissus is not strong after death;—we then, surely, need no adornment. The dress in which we chanced to be habited when the spirit passed, might, one would think, suffice to decorate the physical body which is left behind. But this coffin, into which I looked, was, besides all this, quilted throughout with satin, and a pillow of the same material supported the head,—as if the fair cheek could now taste its softness! Alas, alas, how paltry do these mockeries appear to us at such a moment!

I had ample time to gaze my fill, and to think of all these things, and many more;—for L— placed himself at the head of the coffin, and remained there, with his head bowed in his hands upon its edge. Low deep groans struggled from him at intervals—and the cold sweat was clammy on his brow. At length they came to fasten down the coffin. I wanted him to go with me from the room,—but the paroxysms of his despair were so terrible, when I strove to draw him towards the door, that I thought it better to desist. He flung himself upon the body, and fastened his lips upon her's—now so damp and rigid.—There he lay, as if he would have lain for ever;—at last, I gently raised him up, and signed to the men to replace the lid.—They did so at once. L— gazed at them as if he were changed to stone;—but when he heard the grinding sound of the first screw, as it was driven down into the wood, he uttered a loud and terrible shriek, and fell senseless into my arms.—*Ah—*

[The Music for the following Song accompanies the present Iris.]

O DARK, DARK IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

BY BURNS.

O dark, dark is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A woeful wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.
An exile from her father's hall,
And all for loving thee;
At least some pity on me show,
If love it may not be.—O dark, &c.
Lord Gregory, mind'at thou not the grove,
By bonny Irwine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I long, long had deiaed.
How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wouldst for ay be mine;
And my fond heart, itself so true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.—O dark, &c.
Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And fainty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrongs to heaven and me!—O dark, &c.

O DARK, DARK IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Composed expressly for the Manchester Iris.



LARGHETTO *PIA*



O dark, dark is this mid-night hour, And loud the tem-pest's roar, A



woe-ful wand'rer seeks thy tower, Lord Gre-go-ry ope thy door, An ex-ile from her fa-ther's hall, And



all for lov-ing thee, At least some pi-ty on me shew, If love it may not be: O



dark, dark is this mid-night hour, And loud the tem-pest's roar, A woe-ful wan-d'rer seeks thy tower, Lord



Gre-go-ry ope thy door.

EPITAPH.

Stretch'd in his winding-sheet, and cold-press'd in Boards
HERE RESTETH
the body, (waste or refuse) of
• • • of M—

Bookseller, Stationer, Bookbinder, and Printer.—
DISEASE

made many small stops (,) in his career, and yet of
DEATH

put a period to his early page of existence on ye 28th
day of April, 1823.

His qualities were as various as his callings, and each
had given a particular tone to his thoughts & actions.

As a BOOKSELLER—

though conversant in an eminent degree, wth literature,
yet his knowledge of

"Divinity, Medicine, ye Arts and Sciences, Auctores
Classici," &c. &c. was merely titular; but he had
higher attainments in "Poetry, Plays, Works on ye
Drama, Facetia, or books of Wit, Drollery, or Imagination."

THE CATALOGUE

of his virtues is not "extensive," but the few which he
possessed were select, and on inspection would be
found to be complete and perfect.

His vices were more numerous—but judge not
harshly, "gentle reader," for whom is there that has
not some inferior works in his collection?—However,
he loved virtue, and it obtained from him a note of
admiration (!) as much in the duodecimo as in the
largest folio—in the peasant as in the lord.—

As a STATIONER and BOOKBINDER,

his w^{orks} were of very different colours, sometimes dark
and sometimes light; yet they all bore a peculiar glare
and polish.—

Though never an agriculturist, yet he would occasionally
put his hand to the plough; he could sow also.

He was never clasp'd in the bands of matrimony,
consequently was unique, and denied the pleasure of
folding one small copy of himself to his breast, of forwarding it in this world, or of finishing it for that
which is to come.—Just, as well as affectionate, he
would have beaten his own child, had he deserved it.—

HIS TALENTS

were worth more than a Foolscap, being of a Demy or
Medium ratio.

THE JOURNAL OF HIS LIFE

was never blotted by the entry of a mean action, nor
was he ever a fool to any one. Poor fellow! Yet did he
"not escape calumny," for he had many enemies,
who frequently took him to pieces—these, he always
regarded as light as a feather, and was wont to laugh
and say, "they might go to Pot," convinced that they
looked at his outside only. But his inside, or heart,
was good and kind, nor was he cross-grained, for, before
he died he forgave them, trusting they would
forget their malice when he was (in the parenthesis of a
coffin) under the cold marble.—It is supposed
he did not travel much, though his favourite residence
was in the West of England, as appears from many
of his letters and papers being stamped "Bath."

His exterior was not handsome, not being ornamented
with much gold or brass—his dress perfectly
consistent with his calling, namely, half-calf and sheep.

As a PRINTER—

Here must be mentioned his descent from an
old English family.

In this capacity he was most known as a "man of
letters," being well acquainted wth the Greek, ROMAN,
ITALIAN, EGYPTIAN, and German characters.—His compositions in these languages are numerous,
yet strange to say, he never was an AUTHOR.
There are many other things in his career, equally as
paradoxical, for instance, though he was never in the
Navy, yet was he a Press-man; and without the aid
of magic did he "pull the devil by the tail."

He never cut a ——— for he was poor; therefore
always content with a pocket Addition; in his greatest

riches he never was possessed of a Diamond or a
Pearl.

STRANGER

such were the various qualities of the person who
sleeps in the grave below—there let his remains rest
until that great day when he shall come out in a new
form, in the joyful hope of receiving a royal and imperial
crown.—(Super-royal, because it fadeth not
away.—

"Reader! as gazing on this letter'd stone,"

Thou see'st my fate—regard not less thine own;

If on my virtues thou should'st sometimes think,

Or on my vices (though as black as ink)

May one call forth a note of admiration!

The other to thy soul interrogation?

Remind thee for one moment at the most

Of that long sleep, to which thou soon must post.

Yes! thy reflections may be grave as Sturm's

For men like books are eaten here by worms!

Ay! to such reptiles I am serv'd for meat

Who spread for table-cloth my winding-sheet:

Each day on me they sumptuously dine,

Quaffing my blood (to them the richest wine!)—

Then should this sheet in future days be found

By some old Sexton, digging up this ground

The relic to a Stationer convey—

"Tis antiquarian" he will quickly say

And prize it for a brother chip long dead

Last of his alphabet the letter Z.

My years just like these lines are two and twenty,

Go passenger! ere this you've had quite plenty.

LITERATURE.

ENGLISH LYRICS.

The English Lyrics, by W. Smyth, Esq. Professor
of Modern History, in the University of
Cambridge, being so well known and universally
admired, it is really matter of surprise that the
Editor of the Sheffield Independent should now
present his readers with a series of extracts
from that work, and introduce them by the following
original article:—

"In 1797, a small volume of Poems was published
[anonymously] at Liverpool, under the above unassuming
title. At the time it appeared, it was understood
to be the production of an Irish gentleman—a supposition
which some of the rhymes have a tendency to confirm.
[Notwithstanding this quizzical insinuation,
our readers do not need to be informed, that the Author
of English Lyrics is a native of England.] The different
pieces, however, which compose this little
volume, have, on the whole, great poetic beauty,—
and it is our intention occasionally to select a flower
from this charming bouquet."

The English Lyrics, in two Parts, with the
Author's name, was afterwards printed in London,
and has passed through two or three editions.
The work has also been reviewed in the
Edinburgh Review, and in most of the English
Literary Journals.

An original Poem, never before printed, by
Professor Smyth, was inserted in a former number
of our publication; and we should feel
obliged to the correspondent who favoured us
with a copy of that Poem, for any other original
composition, by the same Author.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday May 5th, to Friday May 9th, 1823.

Monday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Browne.—The Way
to Get Married: Bombastes Furioso: and Of Age
To-morrow.

Wednesday.—For the Benefit of Messrs Foster and
Portens.—Gay Mannerings: with Tekeli.

Thursday.—Wheel of Fortune: with No Song no
Supper.

Friday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Andrews.—The Castle
of Andalusia: with The Broken Sword.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

WALKING DRESS.

Cloak or mantle of Levantine silk, of *flamme de penche*
colour; at the bottom are four narrow satin rouleaux, and also
round the hood, which is drawn with white satin ribbon;
small square standing collar. The cloak is lined with white
sarsnet, and for cool mornings and chilly evenings will be
found appropriate and comfortable. The dress is of English
twilled sarsnet of pale primrose colour, made high; the body
full, but drawn to fit the shape by several longitudinal rows,
and fastens behind; the epaulette and cuff are full, and
arranged *en bouffants* by the drawings, at the bottom of the
skirt is a trimming of gauze, formed into *bouffants* by perpendicular
satin stripes.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of bright Spanish green tulle, trimmed with the same
material and with satin, and worn over a satin slip of the same
colour. The corsage is made plain, with a Farinet tucker of
white tulle; the folds tastefully confined by six small rosettes
of satin ribbon, equi-distant, one being placed in the centre of
the bosom, another at the back, and the remainder at the front
and back of the shoulders; the band is of satin, and the waist
is rather short. The sleeve is moderately long, and very full,
and has four satin rouleaux, ornamented half way with a circlet
of French folds, where the fulness of the sleeve is collected.
At the bottom of the skirt is a very full trimming of tulle, in
severed plaitings, set in a satin frame; to the band are
attached satin spikes, which extend rather more than half way.

BALL DRESS.

Over a gossamer satin slip is worn a dress of Urling's patent
lace, beautifully finished at the border with large puffings of
net, confined in bias wavings by straps of white satin; above
this, light and novel trimming, which forms a combination of
richness and simplicity, is a full rouleau of white satin
entwined with heading; and next the hem is a row of lace, with
points *a la Vandyke* next the shoe. The corsage is of white
satin, and is made in the Anglo-Greek style; the antique
robbings on each side of the stomacher finished by net puffings,
to correspond with the border of the petticoat: the bust
finished by a falling tucker of Vandyke lace. The sleeves
short, but not quite so full as they were worn last month; they
are ornamented to answer the other parts of the dress,

MORNING DRESS.

A dress made partially low of figured *gras de Naples* of a
lavender colour; next the hem at the border a full corkscrew
rouleau of satin, of the same colour as the dress; above
which a row of separate ornaments of rolled satin, in the
Indostan style, each headed by an Indian lotos. The drapery
that crosses over the breast is beautifully diversified by white
satin; and an elegant *schu a la Henriette* is worn underneath,
surmounted by a double frill of Vandyke lace.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, UNDER A DRAWING
REPRESENTING A WEEPING FEMALE WATCHING
A CHILD AT PRAYER.

That dewy eye, whose fringed lid
Just shades its beauteous orb of blue,—
That aptly'd forehead, almost hid
By glossy locks of golden hue,—

Those rosy hands with fervour prest,
And stretch'd devoutly tow'rd the sky—
That quivering lip—that heaving breast,
Which throbs in holy ecstasy,—

Tell that the spotless innocent
Breathes a petition to his God,
While angels' wings are kindly lent
To bear it to their blest abode.

Sweet boy! pour forth thy guileless prayer—
And let its incense mount to Heaven;
For sure to one so pure and fair
No harsh refusal can be given.

Oh, might his infant orison
Find grace before the Almighty throne,
Oh, might the virtues of my son
For all his mother's faults atone.

With hopes of heavenly bliss elate,
In welcome death I'd close my eyes,
Sure that we here should separate
Only to meet in Paradise.

BEAUTY—A PORTRAIT;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Every body thinks the pretty Mrs. D— agreeable, except her husband; and he, good man, to do him justice, and not to speak of beauty too lightly, resisted conviction with all becoming obstinacy and gallantry. Every charm of his wife's face and person supplied him in its turn with weapons, sword and shield, against every effort she made to disenchant herself. Her eyes served him for many a day as a sure artillery against all that she chose to say, or not to say. She had no tastes or feelings in common with him;—but then her complexion! It required almost six months to convince him, that this was not an excuse for her falling asleep when he was reading Guy Mannering to her. He took shelter behind her legs, for I know not how long, against an idle habit she had of never being serious, except when called upon to understand a joke. He found an answer to his wit in her ancles; her foot was a repartee for a month; and after heavy weeks of unmitigated dullness and empty trifling, he still looked upon her lips as eloquence. She drove him at length, however, from all his positions and defences, and he is now certified that his wife is a fool.

Now an ill-conditioned countenance, accompanied, as it always is of course, with shining abilities, and all the arts of pleasing, has this signal compensation; that it improves under observation, grows less and less objectionable the more you look into it and the better you know it; till it becomes almost agreeable on its own account—nay, really so—actually pretty: whereas beauty, we have seen, witless beauty, cannot resist the test of long acquaintance, but declines, as you gaze, while in the full pride of its perfection; “fades on the eye, and palls upon the sense,” with all its bloom about it. Talents bribe and bias the judgment in favour of ordinary features, in the same manner that it is sometimes bewitched by beauty in behalf of folly; with this distinction, that in the first case the error, once formed, knows no change; and in the other is but a passing dream—the mistake of a month—the fascination of a honey-moon.

I may illustrate this point, I hope, without the charge of irreverence, by some notice of our sentiments with regard to brute animals, who, whatever may be their own convictions, are, in our opinions, distinguished by great personal contrasts, many gradations of comeliness, and striking differences of feeling and intelligence. I went the other day to visit a collection of wild beasts, which had just arrived in a retired country town, where, being quite new to most of the people, they were received with eager curiosity. The first word uttered by every one on his entrance into the place of exhibition, was some expression of sudden and irresistible disgust at the elephant—that monster of matter, and miracle of mind, as Buffon calls it—an animal that nature seems to have only half made; the sketch, the rough-draught of a brute; a mass of deformity rendered hideous by a resemblance only to life—like the sculptor's statue just visible in the block; or some creature that a child might scrawl upon paper. Look at his clubbed, post-like legs! What a foot and ancle! And then his tail!—if ever a tail were ignominious, it is his; and mercy!—his carcase!—mean with all its magnitude,—his hogged back—sneaking haunches—and rugged, sooty, stony, hide:—a hay-stack set upon piles, or the wagon that incloses him, might as soon be mistaken for a living being. Loathsome! frightful! dreadful! such was the style of comment

that escaped from the mouths of men and women, as they cast a hasty and scornful glance upon this wise brute of the east. They then crowded about the dens of the other beasts, and nothing was heard but exclamations of delight and admiration at the grand mane of the lion, the rich spotted skin of the tiger, and the dazzling stripes of the zebra. It was curious to observe how soon this feeling subsided, how soon the interest of mere colour and form was exhausted, and lost in satiety—indifference—disregard. In the mean time, a little group that have recovered from the hurry of their first impressions, and are in a state to receive the truth, assemble about the poor patient piece of overgrown awkwardness, whom we have just so much abused—the calumniated elephant. He begins to be found out—he has had time to unfold himself, and his party every moment increases: now a deserter from the lion, and now a turn-coat from the tiger, come over to his side, till at last the whole company, who had so lately combined to vilify him, are jostling and elbowing one another, to witness his sagacity and share his notice. No one talks of his unsightliness now; his intelligence, his gentle manners, and kind, communicative, eye, have won all hearts: he is the sole favourite—the pet of the show. The miracles of his trunk-exercise alone are worth all the lions in the world, and the zebras to boot. Observe with what mixed propriety, handiness, and grace, he turns, and curves, and curls, that wonderful instrument, which can knock down a house, or pick up a pin! See with what politeness and tenderness he gives his keeper the wall!—a horse would tread upon your toes and say nothing; but he knows his own weight and your worth better. Look at him! a lamb in every thing but littleness—like Eli's giantess, “he goeth mineiingly”—being nine thousand six hundred pounds weight. And is this a creature to be despised for his hide? No, no—the women now are patting his iron sides, and think him “really not so very ugly;” they coax him, and joke, and laugh with him, and pull out their halfpence ungrudgingly, to buy him cakes, and see him eat them. “Now, ma'am, observe,” says the keeper—and straight he pokes a biscuit into that droll little puckered mouth of his, like a letter into a letter-box—and that is all you have for your penny. And now a mother trusts her infant to his keeping; he cradles it in a bend of his trunk, and stands motionless, like a figure of patience and paternal love. The child screams, and he hears and understands; nay, fear not, he would not, his eye swears to you he would not, harm it, for his liberty. There is no standing this—bursts of applause—“noble brute!”—“generous animal!”—“tender soul!”—came quick from all tongues; nay, as a climax to his triumph, even “pretty creature,” is not spared, so true it is that, “handsome is, that handsome does.” To pursue the parallel to the utmost of its bearing on my subject, I may state that this affectionate admiration was not more lively than it will be durable. The good folks will soon forget the lion's mane and the zebra's stripes; but their interchange of kindly thoughts and kindly acts with the elephant, are matters of the head and heart, and are not to be forgotten.—*Lond. Mag.*

POOR RELATIONS.

A Poor Relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondence,—an odious approximation,—a haunt-

ing conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a most intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you “That is Mr. —.” A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleteth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, “My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day.” He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think “they have seen him before.” Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. But for his familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet takes on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insals you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on velvet yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a cor-

ner, as precipitately as possibly, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-Relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house." She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*quando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira,—and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.—*Land. Mag.*

STANZAS

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

What an eventful period of one's life
Is that in which we make our first debut;
How many quarrels, bickerings, and strife
Which colour suits us best—pink, green, or blue;
And then the thoughts we may become a wife,
And that to some rich handsome fellow too:
And then there's the anxiety to appear
As pretty as Miss — did last year.

And kind Marianne assists us with our dresses,
Points out the way in which they should be made,
Whether Eliza's to have one like Bessy's,
Or whether her complexion she's afraid
Would not agree well with her flowing tresses,
And so would think it better in a braid;
Another's gown is made too full behind,
And then the body's very badly lined.

All these and many other little things
Become important at this anxious season,
Such as shawls, ribbons, necklaces, and rings,
(The last you put as many as you please on)
And then there're fans that every body brings,
For which, no doubt, there's many an urgent reason.
Fie state them if I'd nothing else to do,
But as I have, I'll leave that task to you.*

I like a partner dangling at one's side,
To watch our looks—and anticipate our wishes:
A fellow we can favour or deride,
Just as our fancy either hits or misses;
And then by all the ladies we are eyed
Inquiring eagerly what *creepers* this is;
With various other learned interrogatories,
Touching her manner, character, and coquetties.

All girls we know are fond of admiration,
And like a little flattery now and then;
This I confess without the least evasion,
As conscious it is known of by the men:
Flattery will go much further than persuasion;
Then you may say with truth enough again,
That compliments are reliable by them all.
High, low, rich, poor, old, young, and great and small.

What a queer, antique, ancient-looking fellow,
Has that Miss — got by way of spouse;
If he were mine I'd clap him in the cellar,
Or never let him enter in the house—
I really would—if she says much I'll tell her,
And put her up to it; she has no *sews*,
Or else she would have done it long before;
An odd, dull husband, Gracious! what a bore!

* These four last rhymes are Byron's every line;
For his sake, reader, take them not for mine.

+ Young ladies are generally ycleped *creepers* until they have made their public entrance.

Also! poor girl, I pity her indeed,
Ty'd to his tail to be a drudge through life;
How quickly after marriages succeed;
Honeymoons, quarrels, jealousies and strife:
And then it's always too late to recede
When you find out that you're become a wife.
Think well of this, ye ladies, ere you marry,
And take care lest you run off, or miscarry.

Who think you was the belle at the last ball?
Was it the lady in the pinkish gown?
She seem'd to be admired by them all;
I thought that her complexion was but brown;
Besides, for me, her figure was too tall,
And then she had an ugly sort of frown,
Which really spoilt the beauty of her face,
In spite of all her elegance and grace.

You will perhaps imagine I'm censorious
In speaking in this manner of a lady;
But reader, what I hold to be most glorious
Is, that having long since past my hey-day,
I never have run down the meritorious,
Nor ever, I am certain of it, said a
Word, that might be construd'd as an affront,
Nor even in the least way rude or blunt.

There're many other matters I could mention,
But pass them over for the ladies' sake;
For really I should merit reprehension
(Considering that my character's at stake)
As well as probably create dissention,
If I should more of these disclosures make:
I'll drop them if you please then for this time;
And humbly wish you a good bye in rhyme.

Chester, April, 1823.

L. B.

MISS STEPHENS; LISTON; AND MRS. DAVENPORT.

(Written on seeing Sharpe's Picture of the Covent Garden Company.

Immediately in front of the temple, at the head of the procession, stand Bartley and Miss Stephens as Henry the VIIIth and Anne Boleyn. "Miss Stephens!"—what a world of sweet sounds are conjured up by the very name! It is a synonyme for music—Music in its best, truest, most soul-felt sense. Miss Stephens's singing is, indeed, the poetry of music. When we listen to her, we forget that there are such things in the world as minims, crotchets, and double bass. Resin and catgut cease to exist—the orchestra vanishes from the view, and the tap of the leader on his tin candleshade is heard no more. Miss Stephens is in her worthy place in a Shakespearian picture—for I am sure that her singing is the music that Shakespeare loved so much, and has described so often. It is the breathing of the heart—the speaking of the soul. She does not display difficulty, that she may show how she can overcome it—she casts it entirely out of view, and gives to us only the delicious final effect. So completely, indeed, does she make us forget all the scientific means of attaining this delightful end, that we look on her, while she sings, less as an individual being, than as an embodying of the spirit of sweet sound. As the ghost, in the comedy of the Haunted House, appeared "in the shape of the sound of a drum," so is Miss Stephens, at such times, only the shape of the sound of all witching and irresistible music.

Before her is Liston, as Launce, kneeling with his hand on his dog. It is an admirable likeness;—the never-to-be-forgotten face of Liston lives and looks at you. What a face it is! Truly may Liston be said to be a realization of the milk-maid in the song—his "face is his fortune,"—and who would desire a better?—What expressive no-expression in the bullet eyes!—How eloquent are those abundant and drooping chaps without his speaking a word! Reader, have you not seen Liston fix some unfortunate in the pit, and lean over the foot-lamps with their full glare on his (countenance, I was going to say—no, his) face, (it is the only word) while he "mopped and mowed" as though he spoke, and spoke in mingled anger and complaint? Have you not seen this?—if you have not, go hang yourself, for you have seen nothing—or go and see it before you sleep, if he acts to-night. If you have seen it, then you have seen him in his picture also.—I laughed as I looked;—there he was in all his glory—his face round like a plum-pudding,—and bursting, like it, with all imaginable richness and good things. But with all this, Liston is no actor; he can act, at least, nothing but Liston—and it is scarcely to be wished he should do more. He cannot play Shaks-

peare;—his Malvollio is bad; his Sir Andrew worse—and his Lancelot and his Launce are but middling. Even any stock part is not fit for him. His Acres—his Tony Lumpkin—are but so-so;—but then his Liston! Truly that makes up, and more than makes up, for all. See him in Nicholas Twill—in Lubin Log—mere variations on the theme Liston—species of the genus Liston. See him in Lord Grizzle, which he, not Fielding, has made;—see him in these—his property—his creations;—see him in these, and you will acknowledge, with the rest of the world, that Dryden's line ceases to be paradox and fustian; in very truth, "none but himself can be his parallel."

A little farther back, and more to the right of the picture, is an exquisite portrait of Mrs. Davenport, as the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet. I have already wished that Shakspeare could rise from the dead to hear Miss Stephens sing—be ought to see Mrs. Davenport play the Nurse, also. It is no mean praise to say of any performance, that it embodies, in the most exact and perfect manner, a conception of Shakspeare. It shows a deep insight into the minutiae of his meaning, that argues no common order of mind in its possessor. And nothing can, by possibility, be more admirable, than the manner in which Mrs. Davenport plays this part;—nor this alone, but every part I ever saw her in;—but I cite this in particular, both from her being drawn in it, and from its being her great Shakespearian effort. Nothing is so easy as to play Mrs. Davenport's line of characters tolerably—nothing is so difficult as to play them finely. I am not sure whether the indescribable touch of genius is not more strongly shown by making that which is bearable when middling, exceedingly fine—than it is in higher and more ambitious matters. I do not use the word "genius" lightly—but I am not one of those exclusive persons who would confine it to one narrow and peculiar class of things. Comic genius is, I grant, of an inferior order to tragic genius, but it is genius still. What makes people so rarely think of applying the word to comedy, is, that exceedingly good comic acting and writing may be reached without any genius at all; while tragic writing and acting, without genius, is abominable. Nobody, I think, who can discern genius, will deny its strong display in Mrs. Davenport's Mrs. Malaprop—in her Mrs. Heidelberg—in short, in any part where the author gives room for it to work. All delight in her acting; but perhaps its very perfection makes her merit less loudly acknowledged than it should be, from herself being so totally kept out of view,—so completely sunken in the assumed character. I was delighted to hear, not long ago, a gentleman in the same box with me, exclaim on her going out, after having played a scene in the first style—"Egad, she's Garrick in petticoats!"—*Album.*

THE ROSES.

Translated from the Dutch of Bliedijk.

I saw them once blowing
Whilst morning was glowing,
But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er the ground
For tempests to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd
With dew-drops were nourish'd,
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are now banish'd,
Their fragrance all vanish'd,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay:
And smiling and gladness
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born:
And Pleasure's best dower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded,
Our strength disappears—we are helpless and lone:
No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us,
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

VARIETIES.

WONDERS OF LITTLENES.—Mr. Beedell, residing at Ottery St. Mary, Devon, has been induced to produce another specimen of his extraordinary performance of penmanship. Having observed in the Percy Anecdotes that a gentleman at Liverpool had written Goldsmith's poem of the Traveller (488 lines) in a square $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, Mr. B. commenced his arduous task, and wrote with the greatest facility Goldsmith's poem of the Traveller, Deserted Village, Retaliation, Stanzas on Woman, Stanzas on the Taking of Quebec, and a Sonnet, without any abbreviation whatever, in the same space, that is, in a square $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the whole comprising 1038 lines, and about 40,000 letters! It may be distinctly read with a magnifying glass, and by some without that help. Various productions of the kind have been produced by others, but this is considered the greatest piece of ingenuity that has ever been written. It will be placed in the British Museum.

EASTER RECKONINGS.—A Priest called upon one of his parishioners for what are called, in many places, Easter Reckonings. The person he called upon was a Quaker, and exercised the ancient profession of a barber. "Reckoning!" quoth the knight of the razor, "why, friend! I never had any dealings with thee, and therefore I can have no reckonings with thee." The priest replied it was a just claim, and if the perquier did not come to church, that was his own fault, as the doors were open. Upon this the amount of the demand was paid, and the priest departed. But soon afterwards the barber sent him an account for shaving and dressing, and when the clergyman came to require an explanation, saying that he had never been shaved or dressed by the barber, and consequently could not be in his debt; the Quaker replied, "No matter for that, friend! my doors were open, and thou mightest have come in and been shaved and dressed if thou hadst chosen, so pay me my demand."

GARRICK AND FOOTE.—Garrick was supping with Foote at a tavern, when the latter dropped a guinea, with which he was going to pay the waiter, and it rolled out of sight. "Where the deuce (said Foote) can it be gone to?"—"Gone to the devil, I suppose," cried Garrick. "Well, well, David (observed Foote) (you're what I said you were)—ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

THE LATE MR. NOLLEKINS.—The papers say that "Nollekins has left 50,000*l.* to his Majesty; 50,000*l.* to Dr. Kerrick, the public librarian at Cambridge; and 50,000*l.* to Francis Douce, Esq. who is also made residuary legatee, by which he will get 90,000*l.* in addition." The funded property exceeds 225,000*l.*; 20,000*l.* in the hands of the bankers, Chambers and Co.; besides many houses, his valuable works of art, &c.; the whole exceeding in value 300,000*l.* The whole amount of legacies not 90,000*l.*, leaving above 300,000*l.* to the residuary legatees, who were Mr. Douce, Dr. Kerrick, Mr. Russell, and another gentleman, who, after his appointment as executor, died. Mr. Nollekins wished that two other friends might be put in place of the deceased executor; and Mr. Smith of the Museum, and Sir W. Beechey, were requested to accept it, which they did; but Mr. Douce, who knew the contents of the will, inserted their names before they arrived at Mr. Nollekin's house, and sealed and sent away the will. Mr. Nollekins has neglected to provide for many who had absolute claims on his property. His old servant, grown grey, is now a candidate for a workhouse, having only nineteen guineas left to her. His old foreman, near 40 years in his service, is left a beggar; and young Bonomi, now at Rome, a student in sculpture, for whom Nollekins was sponsor, and who was always led by him to expect a proportionate remembrance in his will, has only a legacy of 100*l.*

Mr. N. was for years a successful dealer in works of art, as well as an excellent sculptor of busts, and his habits were all of the Elwes school, so that many years of accumulation must have heaped up no small sum. Such were his miserly courses, that he would, after due calculation, resolve on baking a shoulder of mutton, rather than have it roasted, on account of the difference in expense; and he has been heard to hold a

parley with his maid-servant as to whether two or three potatoes would be sufficient for dinner. When a brace of pheasants has been sent him as a present, rather than give the porter a shilling, he has ordered him to take them back, if he insisted on having such a sum!

A COSTLY SUBJECT.—A surgeon and apothecary, not 100 miles from this city (Salisbury) desirous of having a subject for the benefit of his pupils, agreed with some of the all-night people to procure him one. At about half-past eleven at night, a subject was accordingly brought, and placed in the parlour. The surgeon retired to rest, and early on the following morning he went to the parlour for the purpose of removing his purchase to the dissecting room. The bag was there, but the subject had left, most unconsciously, taking with him plate to the amount of 40*l.*

FOOTE AND MOODY.—Foote, while walking with a friend in his grounds at North End, saw coming towards them, on the Fulham-road, two persons in one of those high phaetons then so much in vogue. "Is not that Moody (said he) in that strange three-pair-of-stairs vehicle?" "Yes (said his friend) and Mr. Johnson the Stock-broker with him; and yet I wonder how he can leave his business, for I think this is no holiday."—"Why, no (said Foote) I think not, except they choose to call this *Ascension Day*."

SWIFT AND HIS PAD.—Riding out one morning near Dublin, Swift met one of his parishioners very well mounted, and began to compliment him on his horse. "This may be very true (said the gentleman) but still he is not equal to your's."—"To mine! (exclaimed the Dean) why this is but a mere pad."—"Aye; but notwithstanding that (replied the other) he carries the best head of any horse in Ireland."

PHENOMENON.—A gentleman found a small silver coin, (a Dutch piece, value two stivers,) adhering to the white of an egg. It was evidently interposed between the yoke and the albumen. The shell was discoloured in parts, and particularly in that part where the coin was situated. The egg was laid that morning, and the servant says there was no difference in the appearance of that and the others previous to their being boiled. It had not affected the flavour.

THE FLUTE.—An inhabitant of Dieppe, M. le Chevalier Rebsomen, a distinguished French officer who has had his left arm (as well as his right leg) amputated, has invented a piece of mechanism for the flute, which permits the execution, with a single hand, of passages that in general require both hands. It consists of two additional keys; so that the instrument has eleven keys instead of nine. The flute is of the same size as the common one. It is fixed to a table by means of a small wooden vice. The tone is very agreeable, and the notes are more firm and certain than those of a common flute. This discovery is considered to be very valuable, and the "Academie des beaux-arts" of Paris, have added their approbation of it to that of many celebrated musical amateurs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sancho Sensitive's Adventure exhibits an evil of frequent occurrence;—mothers and nurses leaving their tender offspring unprotected, or else under the care of children who are scarcely capable of minding themselves!—Many distressing catastrophes are unquestionably attributable to this inattention, not to say *dereliction of maternal feeling, and obligation!*

E. B. R.'s packet is received; its contents shall appear, and a continuation is requested.

Lines by J. P. Kemble possess merit; but our correspondent's introductory paragraph appears to us somewhat illiberal.

Barythmia.—The first part of this Poem shall be given in our next.

The Falling Leaf, by Mr. Montgomery, will be found in the Manchester Iris.

Civil's Coggeshall Illumination and Loyalty, in our next.

J. B.'s favours are solicited.—It is not in our power to reply to his query.

T. C.'s verses are not so incorrect as they are inelegant.

'A Tear' will be found, Manchester Iris 1022, page 92.

Anecdotes of Sir Isaac Newton; Celia's Soliloquy; Epitaphs; An Irish Baronet's Letter; The Complaint of Gertrude; Morning; Modesty; and Lines on the death of an ill-tempered, but otherwise worthy character—are received, and shall appear in due course.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

FOR the BENEFIT of MR. G. PENSON, on which occasion, by permission of the Manager, Mr. PENSON, late of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, and formerly of this Theatre, will have the honour of appearing again in Manchester, in Two of his Principal Characters, for that night only, on *Monday Evening, May 12th, 1823*, when will be presented Morton's favourite Comedy, not acted these Five Years, called **A CURE FOR THE HEART ACH.**

Old Rapid (his original part in Manchester) Mr. PENSON. His first appearance these Sixteen Years.

At the End of the Play, the celebrated Comic Song of the Cosmetic Doctor; or, a Receipt for Beauty, in Character, by Mr. Penson. After which, (by particular desire) Mr. G. Penson will sing "Oh! Dolce Doll Consento, O!" a favourite Parody on Madame Catalani's "Dolce Consento." The Origin of Old Bachelors, by Mr. Penson.

To conclude with the Musical Farce of the TURNPIKE GATE. Crack..... Mr. PENSON.

In the course of the Piece the following Songs, &c. "Britannia's Sons at Sea"—Mr. G. Penson. "Tom Sturboard"—Mr. Foster. "With a Merry Tale"—Mr. Penson. "Pray Young Man your Suit give over"—Mrs. Aldridge. "Ere Sorrow taught my Tears to Flow"—Miss M. Hammerley. "When off in Curricule we go"—Mr. Penson and Mr. G. Penson.

Tickets to be had of Mr. G. PENSON, 39, George-street; of Mr. ROBERT SMITH, Printer, 12, Market-Place; and of Mr. ELAND, at the Box Office, where Places may be taken.

This day is published,

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THE PHILANTHROPIST.

ESSAY I.

ON POISONS IN GENERAL.

THE Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal kingdoms, abound with substances which are poisonous or deleterious to animal life. We may give the name of poison to all such substances as derange the healthy functions of the body. Some of them operate in a slow manner, that is to say, not immediately endangering life; but there are others which cannot be introduced into the body, without creating that disturbance in the vital functions, which soon shows itself in an alarming form.—To these we shall restrict our inquiries.

The blessings which the three kingdoms of nature afford are alloyed by the poisonous properties which some of them possess, but in saying this, we do not mean to call in doubt the wise disposal of terrestrial objects. Every thing in nature has its specific use; it is their abuse that we deplore and suffer for, and this is to be attributed to the presumption, ignorance, or carelessness of man. The most formidable poisons in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms are, when judiciously prescribed, the most efficient and powerful remedies. Antimony, arsenic, mercury, opium, hemlock, and a few other articles, are the sheet-anchor of the pathologist; explode them from practice, and you will weaken the strong arm of the healing art so much, that disease will often outvie the physician's attempt at cure.—It is then, the mal-appropriation of these means that begets danger—their appropriation is productive of the most salutary results. In addition to the power which they have of triumphing over the bodily afflictions of mankind, there can be no doubt they have a secret operation in nature, which nature's Author alone is privy to. The different poisons have different modes of action—some destroy by producing inflammation of the parts with which they come in contact; this is one of the operations of most of the *mineral poisons*. Almost all the preparations of antimony, some of those of arsenic, and all of those of mercury, may not only be given with impunity in small doses, but often with the greatest advantage. Care, however, is necessary not to exceed the proper dose; if we do they prove dangerous, causing injury from the degree of slight irritation to inflammation and corrosion of the coats of the stomach, and death.—An immoderate quantity of arsenic or corrosive sublimate will occasion very speedy dissolution—too speedy, one would conjecture, to justify a conclusion that inflammation and corrosion alone could cause it. The experiments of physiologists go far to prove that the suddenness of death in these cases, must be explained on some other principle. If six or eight grains of corrosive sublimate, or muriate of mercury be dissolved in about one ounce of water, and injected into the stomach of a rabbit, the animal will become convulsed, and die in about five minutes from

the time of the injection. On examining the stomach after death, it will be found altered from its natural to a brownish gray colour, and instead of its usual firmness, may be lacerated with a very little force. We must infer from these facts, that the poison has, first a local operation, which operation consists in a disorganization of the stomach, but that the immediate cause of death is the sympathy of the brain and heart with the organ primarily affected.—In the term sympathy there is some obscurity—physiologists are in the habit of employing it for the sake of giving a name to the occult agent of certain phenomena occurring in animal bodies. We are often ignorant how distant parts of the body sympathize when we can trace no nervous communication between them, but the case in question is quite different, for there are no organs which so constantly sympathize with each other as the stomach, brain, and heart, and nervous connexion readily explains the fact. If we do not attribute the speedy dissolution to the influence of that obscure principle, sympathy, we must believe that the poison is absorbed, and by entering the mass of blood, acts in a direct manner on the heart and brain. We know well that we may soon destroy an animal by introducing poison into the blood vessels; therefore, should the sublimate be taken up by absorption, there can be no difficulty in solving the question, why death happens in so short a time, but seeing how soon the structure of the stomach is destroyed, and that the absorbents must share the fate of the other component parts of that organ, it is not easy to account for a continuance of their function.—We must conclude that corrosive sublimate, arsenic, and most of the mineral poisons, have a two-fold action, viz. directly on the stomach, and indirectly on the heart and brain by sympathy. The celebrated French physiologist Orfila, has placed the substance lead, in the class "astringent poisons," but I see no reason, in a practical point of view, for any such distinction. The preparations of lead in substance, when taken into the stomach produce inflammation, and, like corrosive sublimate, and other mineral poisons, they derange the nervous system, but in a more marked degree. A dog will survive a considerable dose of the sugar of lead some hours, during the whole of which time the animal will experience much pain, and ultimately grow convulsed. After death marks of inflammation will be detected in the stomach and bowels. A small dose not sufficient to excite inflammation, may, if not rejected, be absorbed, and if absorbed the nervous system will suffer—when lead is received into the body in the form of emanation the same system is disordered, hence the convulsions, palsy, &c. which characterize the injurious operation of this metallic poison. The *Vegetable Kingdom* includes many more poisonous materials than the mineral. Some of them kill by producing inflammation which terminates in mortification; the white and black hellebore, the sea onion, the meadow ranunculus and others, belong to this class. Others act on the stomach and brain, causing

inflammation, lethargy, stupor, &c.—the resinous narcotic vegetables are in this class. And others affect the nervous system only, giving rise to stupefaction, apoplexy, and death—the deadly night shade is in this class. As these essays are intended for practical instruction, and not for speculative inquiry, I shall waive the questions whether the brain is in these cases sympathetically disordered, or whether the poison is absorbed, and conveyed to the brain through the medium of circulation.

In the *Animal Kingdom* there exist evils, some of which, from giving rise to temporary inconvenience, may be called annoyances; but others put life in imminent danger. From these, however, luckily our happy clime almost exempts us. There are certain insects, as the bee, wasp, hornet, scorpion, &c. whose sting is very acute, and instances have been related of serious accidents in consequence, but in a general way we have not much to apprehend from it. There are some venomous reptiles in this country which inspire the husbandman with terror, but if the injury which they inflict be properly treated, we have not much to fear; this, however, is not the case in hot climates; the hotter the clime the more noxious and venomous are they, and the same obtains with regard to insects. The house spider is considered for the most part as an innoxious little creature, and so it is to man; but it has a venom malignant enough to destroy the insects on which it preys.—The tarantula is a species of spider, an insect as much more venomous in its bite in comparison with the common house spider, as the venom of an African serpent surpasses in virulence that of a serpent of this country. What has drawn my attention to the tarantula at this time, is a letter which appeared in your last number on the cure of the bite of this insect by music. Many extraordinary stories have been told by naturalists and physicians on this subject, but we are not bound implicitly to believe them all; they have been written under the influence of prejudice and superstition. Experiments have overthrown the opinion that the bite of the tarantula is mortal, as some have maintained, and as to the agency of music in luring its effects, a serious attempt to refute it cannot be necessary. It is believed by some, that the venom of this insect produces a slow fever, which will only yield to the ridiculous ceremony thus mentioned by Orfila.—"Unfortunate wretches have been seen all decorated with flowers and ribbands like victims, traversing the public places in the hottest part of the day, dancing bare-headed with their faces turned towards the sun, until the total exhaustion of their strength plunges them into a state of profound lethargy, then their relations carry them off on a couch, and the music is continued a long time after they have ceased to hear it." How great must be the credulity of those who put faith in such mummery!!!

All kinds of serpents are not venomous; some are quite harmless.—In the anatomy of the mouth, we have the means of determining whether the species is poisonous or not. In the

upper jaw of venomous serpents, we find two tusks which are perforated, and connected with the bladders in which the venom is contained. The venom is secreted by two small glands, and conveyed by a duct proceeding from each gland to the bladder and reservoir situated at the root of each tusk.—The tusks lie concealed in the jaw, but the animal has the power of protruding them at will. The innoxious serpents are not provided with these instruments—in the poisonous species the upper jaw is moveable, so that the mouth can be very widely opened, and it is this anatomical arrangement that enables them to take in animals even larger than themselves. The process of poisoning consists in this:—On seizing its prey the serpent bites with the fangs before alluded to, the bladders in connexion with them are by this means pressed on, and a small quantity of their contents passing into the cavity of each tusk, is introduced into the wounded part of the victim. The poisonous fluid is said by those who have examined it to be of a yellow colour, and soon proves fatal on being injected into the blood.

The venomous properties with which certain insects and serpents are endowed, are quite *natural*, and bestowed on them as the means of defence and preservation; but there is a malignant animal poison of a *morbid* kind, I mean that poison communicated by the bite of a rabid animal—of its nature we are ignorant; with its effects we are too well acquainted; and with proofs of its fatality the annals of medicine bear awful testimony. Hydrophobia is the dread of mankind, and acknowledged by physicians to be the opprobrium of the healing art.

In the treatment of poisons, from whatever sources they are derived, the following are the general indications:—First, to rid the body of the poison by the means adapted to the case.—Secondly, to change the injurious properties of it by chemical or other means, if the nature of the poison admits of a *strictly speaking* antidotal remedy—and thirdly, to remove or alleviate its effects.—These general views will be particularized in the essays which are to follow.

S.

REVIEW.

Ringan Gilhaize; or, the Covenanters. By the Author of 'ANNALS OF THE PARISH,' &c. 3 vols. Whittakers. London, 1823.

This romance is from the fertile pen of Mr. Galt, the author of 'The Entail,' and many other works of more than common popularity.

Ringan commences his tale with a brief history of his grandfather; who, being well chastised for insulting the monks in one of their sacred processions, deserts his father's home with some other godly-minded spirits, and enters into the service of the protesting Earl of Glencairn. By this nobleman he is employed as a spy on the Catholics, with directions to get into the secrets of the Archbishop of St. Andrews by appearing to enlist himself amongst the Catholic partisans. Gilhaize accordingly flings himself into the way of Sir David Hamilton, wins his favour, and by him is introduced to the service of the Archbishop, whom he finds drinking and feasting with his leman, Mrs. Kilspinnie, the adulterous wife of a poor tradesman. Here he stays long enough to see *Master Mill* brought to the stake for recusancy, to get acquainted with the Bailie of Crail, the unfortunate husband

of Mrs. Kilspinnie, and to inspire that very amorous lady with a passion for himself. By her he is invited to a midnight visit, which invitation he communicates to the poor Bailie, but without letting him know the name of the fair wanton. His intention is to cure him of his regret for a faithless wife, and accordingly they set out together:—

My grandfather observed the wicket open in the gate, and guessing therefrom that it was one spying to forewarn somebody within who wanted to come out unremarked, he made a sign to his companion, and they both threw themselves flat on the ground, and hirsled down the rocks to conceal themselves. Presently the gate was opened, and then out came the fat friar, and looked east and west, holding the door in his hand; and anon out came his Grace the Antichrist, birpling with a staff in his hand, for he was lame with that monkish malady called the gout. The friar then drew the yett too, and walked on towards the castle, with his Grace leaning on his arm. In the mean time the poor man of Crail was grinding the teeth of his rage at the sight of the cause of his sorrow, and my grandfather had a sore struggle to keep him down, and prevent him from running wud and furious at the two sacerdotal reprobates, for no lightlier could they be called.

Thus, without any disclosure on my grandfather's part, did Master Kilspinnie come to jealousy that the leman who had trusted him was no other than his own faithless wife, and he smote his forehead and wept bitterly, to think how she was become so dreadful in sin. But he vowed to put her to shame; so it was covenanted between them, that in the dusk of the evening the afflicted husband should post himself near to where they then stood, and that when my grandfather was admitted by the other entrance to the house, he should devise some reason for walking forth into the garden, and while there admit Master Kilspinnie.

Accordingly, betimes my grandfather was ready, and the stripling, as had been bargained, came for him to the vintner's, and conducted him to the house, where, after giving the signals before enumerated, the damsel came to the door and gave him admittance, leading him straight to the inner chamber before described, where her mistress was sitting in a languishing posture, with the table spread for a banquet.

She embraced my grandfather with many fond protestations, and filled him a cup of hot malvesie, while her handmaid brought in divers savoury dishes; but he, though a valiant young man, was not at his ease, and he thought of the poor husband and the five babies that the aduress had left for the foul love of the papist high-priest, and it was a chaste spell and a restraining grace. Still he partook a little of the rich repast which had been prepared, and feigned so long a false pleasure, that he almost became pleased in reality. The dame, however, was herself at times fearful, and seemed to listen if there was any knocking at the door, telling my grandfather that his Grace was to be back after he had sopped at the castle. 'I thought,' said she, 'to have had you here when he was at the burning of the heretic, but my gilly could not find you among the troopers till it was owre late; for when he brought you, my Lord had come to solace himself after the execution. But I was so nettled to be so balked, that I acted myself into an anger till I got him away, not, however, without a threat of being troubled with him again at night.'

Scarcely had Madam said this, when my grandfather started up and feigned to be in great terror, begging her to let him hide himself in the garden till his Grace was come and gone. To this, with all her blandishments, the guilty woman made many obstacles; but he was fortified of the Lord with the thoughts of her injured children, and would not be entreated, but insisted on scogging himself in the garden till the Archbishop was sent away, the hour of his coming being then near at hand. Seeing him thus peremptory, Madam Kilspinnie was obligated to conform; so he was permitted to go into the garden, and no sooner was he there than he went to the Sallyport and admitted her husband;—and well it was that he had been so steadfast in his purpose; for scarcely were they moved from

the yett into a honey-suckle lower hard by, when they heard it again open, and in came his Grace with his corpulent paulkres, who took his seat on the bench before spoken of, to watch, while his master went into the house.

The good Bailie of Crail breathed thickly, and he took my grandfather by the hand, his whole frame trembling with a passion of grief and rage. In the lapse of some four or five minutes, the giglet damsel came out of the house, and by the glimpse of a light from a window as she passed, they saw she had a tankard of smoking dring in her hand, with which she went to the friar; and my grandfather and his companion taking advantage of this, slipped out of their hiding-place and stole softly into the house, and reached the outer chamber, that was parted from Madam's banquet bower by the arras partition. There they stopped to listen, and heard her complaining in a most dolorous manner of great heart-sickness, ever and anon begging the deluded prelate Hamilton to taste the feast she had prepared for him, in the hope of being able to share it with him and the caresses of his sweet love. To which his Grace as often replied, with great condolence and sympathy, how very grieved he was to find her in that sad and sore estate, with many other fond cajoleries, most odious to my grandfather to hear from a man so far advanced in years, and who, by reason of the reverence of his office, ought to have had his tongue schooled to terms of piety and temperance.

The poor husband meanwhile said nothing, but my grandfather heard his heart panting audibly, and three or four times he was obligated to brush away his hand, for, having no arms himself, the Bailie clatched at the hilt of his sword, and would have drawn it from the scabbard.

The Antichrist seeing his leman in such great woe as she so well feigned, he at last, to her very earnest supplications, consented to leave her that night, and kissed her as he came away; but her husband broke in upon them with the rage of a hungry lion, and seising his Grace by the cuff of the neck, swung him away from her with such vehemence, that he fell into the corner of the room like a sack of duds. As for Madam, she uttered a wild cry, and threw herself back on the couch where she was sitting, and seemed as if she had swooned, having no other device so ready to avoid the upbraidings and just reproaches of her spouse. But she was soon roused from that fraudulent dnam by my grandfather, who, seizing a sagger of wine, dashed it on her face.

From this adventure Gilhaize is fortunate enough to escape, and, returning to Edinburgh, proceeds straight towards the lodging of the Earl of Glencairn. In his way he is met by a man, who gives himself out for one of the Earl's retainers, and endeavours to worm out of him the secrets of his journey, but he is fortunate enough to suspect his purpose: and, on telling the story to his master, he learns that the spy is a discarded servant, by name Winterton.

From this time, Gilhaize rises in the Earl's favour, and is employed in many affairs that required talent and fidelity; but we cannot follow him through all his adventures, and still less can we afford space for the history of Queen Mary and the reformers. His tale winds up in the second volume with the repentance of Mrs. Kilspinnie, and after living to the age of 91 years, seven months, and four days,—we love to be particular—he is, 'as it were, carried, in the downy arms of sleep, to the portal door of death, where all the pains and terrors that guard the same were hushed, and stood mute around, as he was softly received in.'

The next five chapters are devoted to Ringan's father; but the 16th introduces us to the bridal of Ringan, and he commences hero of a novel with a ceremony, that with all other heroes has been the conclusion. This was soon after the execution of Charles I. of England. From that time all passes on quietly to the Restora-

tion, which soon brought with it a persecution of the Covenanters, and its natural consequences, a civil war. The battle of Pentland Hills breaks the forces of the rebels, and Ringan flies in company with the godly Mr. Witherspoon, as fast and as far as their feet can carry them, and after many hazards, in one cold stormy night they find shelter in a deserted cottage:—

Every thing seemed as if it had been suddenly abandoned; but by the help of a pistol, which I had taken in the raid from one of Turner's disarmed troopers, and putting our trust in the protection we had so far enjoyed, I struck a light and kindled the fire, over which there was still hanging, on the sweep, a kail-pot, wherein the family at the time of their flight had been preparing their dinner; and we judged by this token, and by the visible desertion, that we were in the house of some of God's people who had been suddenly scattered. Accordingly we scrupled not to help ourselves from the auric, knowing how readily they would pardon the freedom of need in a gospel minister, and a covenanted brother dejected with want and much suffering.

Having finished our supper, instead of sitting by the fire, as we at first proposed to do, we thought it would be safer to take the blankets from the beds and make our lair in the barn; so we accordingly retired thither, and lay down among some unthreshed corn that was lying ready on the floor for the sail.

But we were not well down when we heard the breathings of two persons near us. As there was no light, and Mr. Witherspoon guessing by what we had seen, and by this concealment, that they must be some of the family, he began to pray aloud, thereby, without letting wot they were discovered, making them to understand what sort of guests we were. At the conclusion an old woman spoke to us, telling us dreadful things which a gang of soldiers had committed that afternoon; and her sad story was often interrupted by the moans of her daughter, the farmer's wife, who had suffered from the soldiers an unspeakable wrong.

'But what has become of our men, or where the bairns has fled, we know not,—we were baith demented by the outrage, and hid ourselves here after it was ower late,' said that aged person, in a voice of settled grief, that was more sorrowful to hear than any lamentation could have been; and all the sacred exhortations that Mr. Witherspoon could employ softened not the obduracy of her inward sorrowing over her daughter, the dishonoured wife. He, however, persuaded them to return with us to the house; for the enemy having been there, we thought it not likely he would that night come again. As for me, during the dismal recital, I could not speak. The eye of my spirit was fixt on the treasure I had left at home. Every word I heard was like the sting of an adder. My horrors and fears rose to such a pitch, that I could no longer master them. I started up and rushed to the door, as if it had been possible to arrest the imagined guilt of the persecutors in my own unprotected dwelling.

Mr. Witherspoon followed me, thinking I had gone by myself, and caught me by the arm and entreated me to be composed, and to return with him into the house. But while he was thus kindly remonstrating with me, something took his foot, and he stumbled and fell to the ground. The accident served to check the frenzy of my thoughts for a moment, and I stooped down to help him up; but in the same instant he uttered a wild howl that made me start from him; and he then added, awfully—

'In the name of Heaven, what is this?'

'What is it?' said I, filled with unutterable dread.

'Hush, hush,' he replied as he rose, 'lest the poor woman hear us; and he lifted in his arms the body of a child of some four or five years old. I could endure no more; I thought the voices of my own innocents cried to me for help, and in the frenzy of the moment I left the godly man, and fled like a demoniac, not knowing which way I went.

Adventure now follows rapidly on adventure, so rapidly, indeed, that we cannot pretend to

follow them. At last the violent counsellors of Charles are displaced, and the country endures a temporary quiet, till the return of Lauderdale to power, and the renewal of coercive measures, which led to the battle of Bothwell-brig. What injury this had wrought to the family of Gilhaize, may be judged from his answers when placed upon trial before Lord Kelburne:—

'Ringan Gilhaize, you were at the battle of Bothwell-brigg.'

'I was not,' said I.

'You do not mean to say so, surely?'

'I have said it,' was my answer.

Whereupon one of the clerks whispered to him that there were three of the name in the list.

'O!' cried he, 'I crave your pardon, Ringan, there are several persons of your name; and though you were not at Bothwell yourself, may he ye ken those of your name who were there,—Do you?'

'I did know two,' was my calm answer; 'one was my brother, and the other my son.'

All present remained very silent as I made this answer; and the Lord Kelburne bending forward, lent his cheek on his hand as he rested his elbow on the table, and looked very earnestly at me. Murray resumed—

'And pray now, Ringan, tell us what has become of the two rebels?'

'They were covenanted Christians,' said I; 'my son lies buried with those that were slain on that sore occasion.'

'But your brother; he was of course younger than you.'

'No; he was older.'

'Well, well, no matter as to that; but where is he?'

'I believe he is with his Maker; but his body lies among the rocks at the bottom of the Orkney seas.'

The steadiness of the Lord Kelburne's countenance saddened into the look of compassion, and he said to Murray—

'There is no use in asking him any more questions about them, proceed with the ordinary interrogatories.'

There was a murmur of satisfaction towards his Lordship at this; and Murray said—

'And so you say that those in the late rebellion at Bothwell were not rebels?'

'I said, Sir, that my son and my brother were covenanted Christians.'

'Well then,' resumed the advocate, 'what can you say to the barbarous murder of Archbishop Sharp?—You will not contend that murder is not contrary to the law of God?'

'I ne'er contended,' said I, 'that any sin was permitted by the law of God—far less murder, which is expressly forbidden in the Ten Commands.'

'Then ye acknowledge the murder of the Archbishop to have been murder?'

'That's between those that did it and God.'

'Hooley, hooley friend!' cried Murray; 'that, Ringan, winna do; was it or was it not murder?'

'Can I tell who was not there?'

'Then, to satisfy your conscience on that score, Ringan, I would ask you, if a gang of ruffians slay a defenceless man, do or do they not commit murder?'

'I can easily answer that.'

Lord Kelburne again bent eagerly forward, and rested his cheek again on his hand, placing his elbow on the table, while I continued—

'A gang of ruffians coming in wantonness, or for plunder, upon a defenceless man, and putting him to death, there can be no doubt is murder! but it has not yet been called murder to kill an enemy in battle; and therefore, if the captain of a host go to war without arms, and thereby be defenceless, it cannot be said, that those of the adverse party, who may happen to slay him, do any murder.'

'Do you mean to justify the manner of the death of the Archbishop?' exclaimed the advocate, starting back, and spreading out his arms in wonderment.

'Deed no, Sir,' replied I, a little nettled at the construction he would put on what I said; 'but I will say, even here, what Sir David Lindsay o' the Mount said on the similar event o' Cardinal Beaton's death,—

'As for this Cardinal, I grant
He was the man who might well want;
God will forgive it soon:
But of a truth, the sooth to say,
Although the loon be well away,
The fact was foully done.'

There was a rustle of gratification among all in the court as I said the rhyme, and Lord Kelburne smiled; but Murray, somewhat out of humour, said—

'I fancy, my Lord, we must consider this as an admission that the killing of the Archbishop was murder?'

Notwithstanding the sagacity of his defence, Ringan is fined, and imprisoned till he can provide security. This he does by the following day; but in that short time strange changes have taken place:—

My heart beat high with gladness. My son bounded forward to tell his mother and sisters of my coming. On gaining the brow of the hill he leapt from the ground with a frantic cry and clasped his hands. I ran towards him—but I remember no more,—though at times something crosses my mind, and I have wild visions of roofless walls, and a crowd of weeping women and silent men digging among ashes, and a beautiful body, all dropping wet, brought on a deal from the mill-dam, and of men, as it was carried by, seizing me by the arms and tying my hands,—and then I fancy myself in a house fastened to a chair;—and sometimes I think I was lifted out and placed to bask in the sun and to taste the fresh air. But what these things import I dare only guess, for no one has ever told me what became of my benign Sarah Lochrig and our too blooming daughters;—all is phantasma that I recollect of the day of my return home. I said my soul was iros, and my heart converted into stone. O that they were indeed so! But sorrowing is a vain thing, and my task must not stand still.

When I left Ayr the leaves were green, and the fields gay and the waters glad; and when the yellow leaf rustled on the ground, and the waters were drumly, and the river roaring, I was somehow, I know not by what means, in the kirk-yard, and a film fell from the eyes of my reason, and I looked around, and my little boy had hold of me by the hand, and I said to him, 'Joseph, what's your face big and green in our lair?' and he gazed in my face, and the tears came into his eyes, and he replied—

'Father, they are a' in the same grave.' I took my head out of his;—I walked slowly to the green tomb;—I knelt down, and I caused my son to kneel beside me, and I vowed enmity for ever against Charles Stuart and all of his line; and I prayed, in the words of the Psalmist, that when he was judged he might be condemned. Then we rose; but my son said to me—

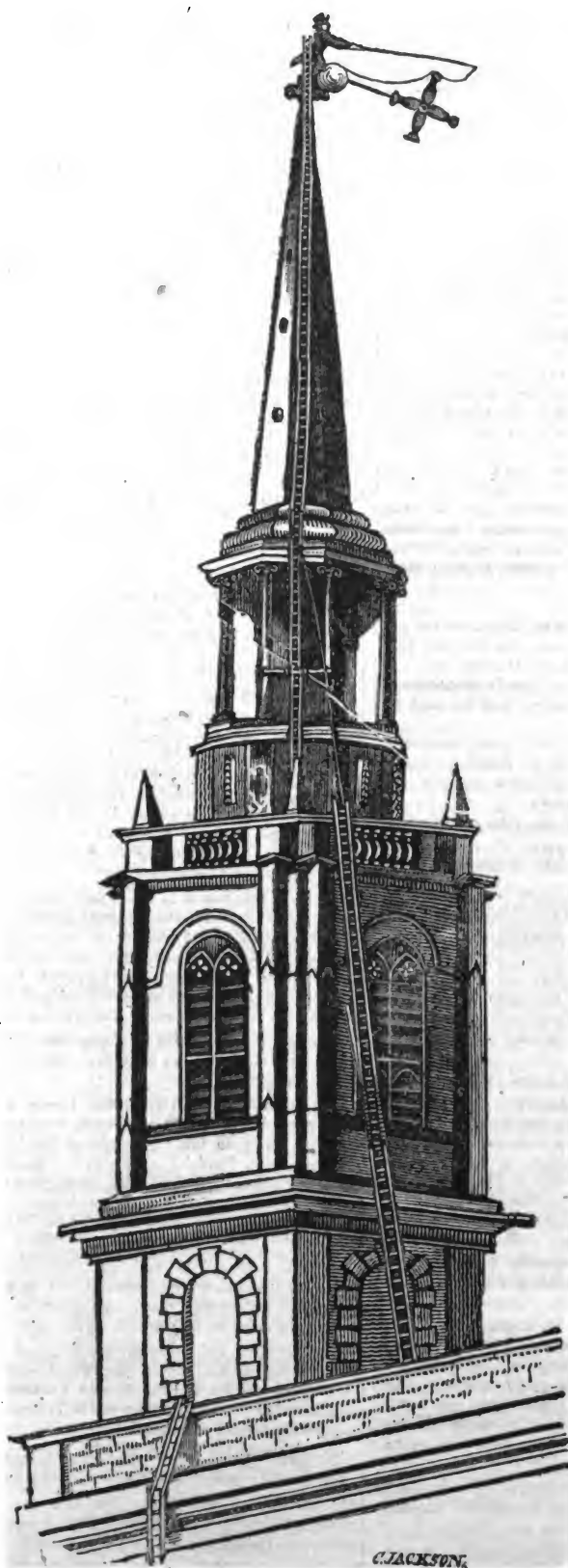
'Father, I cannot wish his condemnation; but I'll fight by your side till we have harlt him down from his bloody throne.'

And I felt that I had forgotten I was a Christian, and I again knelt down and prayed, but it was for the sin I had done in the vengeance of the latter clause. 'Nevertheless, Lord,' I then cried, 'as thou thyself didst take the sceptre from Saul, and gave the crown to David, make me an instrument to work out the purposes of thy dreadful justice, which in time will come to be.'

Then I rose again, and went towards the place where my home had been; but when I saw the ruins I ran back to the kirk-yard, and threw myself on the grave, and cried to the earth to open and receive me.

But the Lord had heard my prayer, and while I lay there he sent down his consoling angel, and the whirlwind of my spirit was calmed, and I remembered the promise of my son to fight by my side, and I rose to prepare myself for the warfare.

Ringan again joins the covenanters, and as usual to his own loss; his son is killed, and himself taken prisoner, but he is fortunate enough to escape, and fortunate enough to kill the great Dundee; who, as the scourge of the Scottish dissenters, is the peculiar object of his hatred. With this achievement the romance closes.—*Museum.*



ST. MARY'S SPIRE.

The engraving with which we here present the public, is a neat and correct representation of the *Spire*, and *Cross and Ball*, of St Mary's Church, in this town. The *Cross and Ball* were blown into the horizontal situation in December last, and so continued until Tuesday the 6th instant; when their removal was effected by the ingenuity and courage of an individual—FRANCIS WOOTTON of Nottingham.

Mr. Wootton (assisted by his son and another person) commenced his operations on the 1st or 2nd instant, by placing a ladder on the roof of the church; having ascended, and firmly cramped its upper extremity to the wall, he fastened a block and pulley to its top, by which was raised a second ladder; after securing the bottom of this to the top of the first, he then ascended the second ladder, and cramped it in the manner of the former; six others were raised in a similar way, when this dexterous, enterprising man gained the summit—an elevation of more than 230 feet, where he stood cheering and waving his hat, with the utmost confidence and composure.

The next operation was the fastening of a block for the suspension and lowering of the *Cross and Ball*, when separated from the *Spire*; a noose was then, by means of a staff, passed over an arm of the cross, and properly secured: after this he attempted the division of the bar by sawing; but the vibrations of the cross, occasioned by the wind, rendered it impracticable.

Tuesday morning, being calm, he again mounted and suspended a rope from the cross to the roof of the church; his son then undertook the operation of sawing, but not succeeding to his wish he descended; when, on pulling the rope, for the purpose of opening the division for the action of the saw, the bar unexpectedly snapped, and the cross and ball became suspended from the block and pulley, and were gradually lowered.

Mr. Wootton intended to have separated and lowered the cross first, and had been accordingly cutting between the cross and the ball. On inspection, it proved that the iron bar snapped within the ball, where, owing to a flaw, it had only about a quarter of an inch for the support of the whole. The ball and cross are of sheet copper, the former two feet diameter, and 60lbs. weight; and the latter six feet by five feet eight inches, and about 160lbs. weight. The portion of the bar between the cross and the ball is from two to three yards in length. This intrepid individual has also undertaken to repair the *Spire* towards the top, which he will effect by the use of *suspended ladders*; he will substitute a *tane* for the ornament just removed.

We extract the following particulars from "*Mr. Aston's Picture of Manchester*"—"This elegant Church, situated between Deansgate and the river Irwell, is of the Doric order; has a spire steeple 186 feet high, universally and deservedly admired for its elegance and fine proportions, though in point of architectural regularity, it is faulty, being of no particular or acknowledged order. The Architect has been accused of not being learned in his profession, but if it is deficient in regularity, like the *Dramas* of the immortal Shakespeare, it rises superior to rule, and will be admired as long as a taste for the really beautiful is inherent in those who observe it. The lantern is particularly striking. It is composed of eight Ionic pillars, which support the spire (the highest in the town) surmounted by a large globe, upon which, instead of a wind vane, is placed a massy cross, which, as well as the globe, is gilt."

THE CABINET.

PRODUCTIONS AND INHABITANTS OF THE SEAS.

From Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North Cape, in the Summer of 1820. By A. de C. Brooke, A. M.

"Nothing can be more surprising and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the northern seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathom. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep thus unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruined by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight I gazed on the slowly moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of *asterie*, *echini*, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed in some measure to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now creeping along, we saw, far beneath, the rugged sides of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf, as we pushed gently over the last point of it, it seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a sudden start. Now we came again to a plain; and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter, animals unknown to man: and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shape, gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was moving above them. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean."

BONAPARTE ON CRANIOLOGY.—"I contributed very much to the discredit of the theory of Gall. Corvisart was his principal follower. He, and all who resemble him, had a great attachment to materialism, which was calculated to strengthen their theory and influence. But nature is not so barren. Were she so clumsy as to make herself known by external forms, we should go to work more promptly and acquire a greater degree of knowledge. Her secrets are more subtle, more delicate, more evanescent, and have hitherto escaped the most minute researches. We find a great genius is a little hunchback, and a man, with a fine commanding person, turns out to be a stupid fellow. A big head, with a large brain, is sometime destitute of a single idea, while a small brain is found to possess a vast understanding. And observe the imbecility of Gall. He attributes to certain protuberances, propensities, and crimes, which are not inherent in nature, which arise solely from society and the compact of mankind. What becomes of the protuberance, denoting thievery, where there is no property to steal;—of that indicating drunkenness, where there are no fermented liquors, and of that characterising ambition, where there is no social establishment?"

"The same remarks apply to that egregious charlatan, Lavater, with his physical and moral relations. Our credulity lies in the defect of our nature. It is inherent in us to wish for the acquisition of positive ideas, when we ought, on the contrary, to be carefully on our guard against them. We scarcely look at a man's features before we undertake to ascertain his character. We should be wise enough to repel the idea and to neutralize those deceitful appearances. I was robbed by a person who had grey eyes, and from that moment am I never to look at grey eyes without the idea of the fear of being robbed? It was a weapon that wounded me, and of that I am apprehensive

wherever I see it, but was it the grey eyes that robbed me? Reason and experience, and I have been enabled to derive great benefit from both, prove, that all those external signs are so many lies; that we cannot be too strictly on our guard against them, and that the only true way of appreciating and gaining a thorough knowledge of mankind is by trying and associating with them. After all, we meet with countenances so hideous, it must be allowed, that the most powerful understanding is confounded, and condemns them in spite of itself."—*Las Cases*.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.—A gentleman at Harwich, alluding to the account of the piece of money found in an egg, states the following as fact:—

"In July 1822, the wife of the man who superintends the decaying ponds in the parish of Great Oakley, near this town, took an Egg from a hen's nest, in which was a remarkable discoloration: she kept it about a week, and, upon breaking it, observed something within alive, which so alarmed her that she let it fall, and ran for her husband, who was close by, and immediately came and found lying on the ground, surrounded with the contents of the Egg, an animal of the Lizard species alive, but incapable, from weakness, of getting away. The contents of the egg were fetid, it contained a very small portion of yolk, with the albumen, not more than sufficient to half fill the shell. Hearing of this strange incident, I sent for the man, who fully corroborated the above, and produced the animal, which proved to be a common Land Swift, speckled belly, about four inches in length, nothing remarkable in its form, except its hind legs being longer than usual: it died shortly after being out of the egg. The man has it dried, for the inspection of the curious, and will with his wife, who are honest creditable people, make oath of the above."

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—"Our title of *General* was once very strangely mistaken, and by no less a personage than the celebrated King of Prussia, Frederic II. It happened thus:

"A great intimacy and friendship, private as well as political, subsisted between the late Lord Ash—n (Mr. D—g) and Colonel Barré. They travelled to the continent together, and chanced to arrive at Berlin or Potsdam (I forget which) exactly at the time of a grand review. Being particularly desirous of seeing it, they found means to be presented to the King on the very ground; as two Englishmen of distinction, and members of the British Parliament. Colonel Barré as Colonel Barré, and D—g as the King's Solicitor General. Frederic knew enough of Colonels and Generals, to be caught by the sound of such titles, never dreaming that in this particular instance they were not equally military. War-horses, richly caparisoned, were immediately offered to the English Colonel and General, and of necessity accepted. The Colonel rode like a Colonel, but the General no better than any other Solicitor-General, and very unlike what the Prussian troops and Frederic himself had been accustomed to see in the field. The horse besides on which he rode, being under the same mistake as his royal master, was not sparing of his military movements, to the no small embarrassment of his *law-full* rider, who being quite unused to such actions, had a hard difficulty to keep his seat, and in going through the various manœuvres, which he had no means of controlling, afforded considerable amusement to the company at large."—*It matters not who*.

TITLES.—"All distinctions by *attributes*, whether in the concrete or abstract, are hazardous, and likely to run into incongruities. Of the Ducal Archiepiscopal Title of '*Grace*,' for instance, which is of this nature, what shall we say? I know what it betokens; *Gratia*, *decor*, *Veneratus*, &c.: but how strange it would appear to say to a Duke or an Archbishop, will your '*comeliness*,' '*beauty*,' or '*fine mien*,' do me the honor of dining with me? I shall be proud to wait upon your '*Felicity*,' or '*Becomingness*.'"

"If the Title imply that the high personages themselves are really '*Graces*,' we fall into greater difficulties; for, *mythologically* speaking, what Duke or Archbishop could wish to be taken for *Aglais*, *Thalia*, or *Euphrosyne*, the daughters of Bacchus and Venus?"

LINES TO —

Oh! who could gaze upon that eye
Without emotions of delight;
Oh! who could tell what bliss was nigh
When evening usher'd in the night.

'Twas better felt by far than told;
For what are words!—but empty sounds—
And sounds indeed are much too cold,
When passion reigns and love abounds!

For there's a language in the eye
That speaks directly to the heart;
That deeper in the breast will pry,
Than all the eloquence of art.

'Tis nature there herself express'd,
'Tis nature unconstrain'd and free;
No look abash'd, or thought suppress'd,
She shines in native liberty.
Oh, breathe not his name!

Chester, April, 1823.

L. B.

LINES,

Addressed to W. Smyth, Esq., Author of English Lyrics.

By A LADY.

"They tell me, Muse, (O! words of fear),
"Thy ruin thus thy Lyre to bear,
"That thou hast smiles that but deceive me;
"That idly while thy power inspires,
"My mind consumes, my life retires—
"They tell me, Muse, that I must leave thee."
English Lyrics, Part II.

Shall the Bard, whom the charms of *Maria* inspire,
Bid adieu to his Muse, and abandon his Lyre?
Shall he who the hopes and enchantments of youth,
Can sing with such grace, with such sweetness, and truth;
And from *Ball-rooms* and *Bowers*, with such delicate art,
Can extract the pure *moral* that sinks to the heart;—

Or pensively turn to the sea-beaten shore,
Or the crags of the heath-purpled mountain explore;
And still, whether mournful or festive the scene,
Draw reflection sublime, or the precept serene;
With elegance trifle, with plety glow,
And always in numbers harmoniously flow;—

Shall he let his Harp lie neglected, unstrung?
Shall its versatile melody never be sung
On the charm'd ear again? must we calmly resign
New strains like the former, and yet not replace?
Shall we sigh o'er the Poet, and yet not wish to view
His feverish fancies, his visions anew?

Or to *Wisdom* attuning, in votive acclaim,
Sweep the chords to her whippers of undying fame,
Yet listen no more to the sound of her praise,
No longer the theme of her glory raise?
Forbid it, ye Muses, nor suffer the Bard
To break the enchantments your witcheries guard;

Hem your fugitive round with a magical spell,
Send the sprites of the mountain, the river, the dell;
Let them flit through the breeze, and descend in the shower,
Let them guard every stream, every bud, every flower;
That each with new beauties his heart may inspire,
And string to new rapture the chords of his Lyre.

Yet soft—why this terror? away with such pains!
—Leave him free as the winds,—unloose all his chains!
The friend may remonstrate, the Bard may resolve,
(Such vows any one of the Nine would absolve)
Yet driv'n by his fancy, he still will be found
In bands of fresh flow'rets entangled and bound—

And "*Pity*," "*Benevolence*," "*Laura*," "*The Bee*,"
In his heart all by turns renew the soft plea;
Our sweet Bard again shall awaken the Lyre,
Nor e'er let its natural breathings expire:
While virtue and innocence hang on the strings,
And the heart is refined by each strain that *He* sings.

THE ANSWER.

Strain of delight, how sweetly breathed!
Fair Muse, to thy soft smile I bow;
And place the bays thy hand has wreathed,
In triumph, on my honoured brow.

My towering pride that heedless turns,
Nor asks a laurel from the throg,—
Waked by thy praise, delighted burns,
And thrills, and trembles at the song.

O! thine be still each varied joy
Of fancy gay, and thought refined;
No ruder, colder cares destroy
Thine airy taste, thy feeling mind!

Each pure delight the virtuous know,
On *Thee* be poured by favouring heaven;
And thine the bosom's generous glow,
That feels the bliss itself has given.

ON ACCUMULATION.

There is scarcely any one effect of accumulation by which a man can benefit himself,—or at least attain to that prospect of pleasure which a hasty and premature view holds out. All men seem perfectly to understand the nature of accumulation, and suppose that the bare heaping together of the objects of certain wants and desires is the true end of comfort; and this they risk without coming to know the consequences which such occupations might produce.—As men's dispositions and occupations vary, so do their wants. The miser seeks only after the accumulation of riches—the soldier after that of his trophies and badges of honor—and the Squire's highest ambition is in collecting together a greater number of hounds than his neighbour. All these pursuits are widely different, yet each fancies himself on the high road to happiness;—and if one can count his gain—another tell his campaigns—and a third shout *halloo*, surrounded with his dogs in full chase,—he will never think his hours too tedious, nor his journey too long. And so it is with every man: each labours only to increase one certain train of objects which lay nearest his heart, and without which he would be miserable. It is the spring of his happiness to be ever on the pursuit. But no sooner is this pursuit rendered unnecessary by the full attainment of its object, than the bright chimera of his expectations only discovers itself to him as an *ignis fatuus*, that deluded his imagination and blasted his hopes. No accumulation of any kind can ensure happiness, but on the contrary it empisons the sap of contentment, and frequently proves too burthensome for life to bear.

Evils of this magnitude are daily under our observation,—but like most other forewarnings, prove only fulsome and unavailable, and from which we turn away with disgust. The accumulation of riches, when done through avaricious motives, is assuredly fraught with the weightiest evils, as it invariably proves an abettor to farther and more earnest desires, without satisfying the parsimonious and niggardly spirit which prompts such research. It behoves every one to avoid contracting penurious habits, or to endeavour to direct his views to objects where the effects of his accumulation may be beneficially felt.

Contentment is the most powerful remedy against the invasion of such a spirit—but even this, when contrasted with the enjoyments of the latter, presents but a bleak and unhappy prospect. To a miserly disposition, whose every joy dances on his profits and receipts, no persuasion could induce habits of contentment. If men would but weigh the different states of riches and poverty, carefully and openly calculating on the good and evil arising from each, it may safely be conjectured that individuals would see the destructiveness of the miser; and that such a character would be looked upon rather as a prodigy than as one of a numerous sect. It requires no argument to convince men that every condition of life brings with it a train of peculiar pleasures and distresses. That this was equal in all, would not be so easily comprehended by them,—for riches, which can procure any pleasure and almost as easily dispense with any misfortune, will certainly put a man in a more opportune and convenient means for supplying his wants. Human nature shrinks from poverty, and scorns her aspect.

But who can affirm that a beggar finds less pleasure in the accumulation of his daily pittance, than a lord whose revenue far exceeds

his wants?—The one is at constant pains to amass together as much as will just support life—the other whose fortune is already made can be no longer gratified with the object of accumulation, but his riches open a thousand doors to mortification and distress—while poverty smiles with satisfaction on the humble means of realizing a subsistence, unaccompanied either by solicitude or remorse. I am not attempting to prove that poverty is preferable to high preferences, or that the latter are inseparable from a state of disquietude and care; but most men will think with me that, inasmuch as regards the accumulation of possessions, those are most enjoyed which are least easily attained, and when most needed, and on this consideration the enjoyments of an indigent state can seldom be surpassed by those of a rich one.

It is better to be poor in riches, than rich in bad principles. Habit, example, and fortitude concur in supporting us under the former—but the latter forms an insuperable barrier to our happiness, and deprives us of the purest enjoyment of reflection, viz. the certainty of possessing a good conscience.

Avarice is one of the most detestable of vices; and the accumulation of riches under such motives is productive of much greater disquietude than the most abject poverty. Here is every good principle of character sacrificed for a mere perishable idol of gold—consequently every source of happiness is impeded.

— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames? Vico.

There are other objects of accumulation equally sought after by men of different casts of mind. Such are the pursuits of a class of *virtuosi*, a set of people harmless enough to the world at large, but who not unfrequently turn out rank enemies to themselves. There is a degree of selfishness very observable amongst them; their passion for accumulation obliterates every other study from their minds that might be more agreeable to their own interests. Consequently their own business is neglected, and their duty as members of society is altogether disregarded. The antiquary, who is one of this class, is a perfect accumulator—no matter how important his researches might prove by a chronological or historical application; provided he can muster together a multiplicity of antique non-descripts his object is fairly gained, and he feels himself the possessor of an invaluable prize. The different stratagems which men of opposite pursuits make use of to satisfy this monopolizing spirit are no less ludicrous than criminal; but I shall avoid commenting on any, as to do justice to one, all should be considered, and it would be too voluminous a task to condense in the limits of an essay. I shall conclude then by briefly observing, that an unrestrained indulgence of this spirit undermines a generous and noble disposition: lays barren a mind that promises a fruitful cultivation, and ultimately robs the heart of such emotions as are best adapted for creating permanent and untainted happiness.

Leeds.

E.

MANCHESTER, ONE O'CLOCK, NOON.

PARODY.

The old Church tolls the knell of pudding time,
The dight truss'd Dandy trips along with glee,
The Porter homeward wends his way to dine,
And leaves each warehouse to the vermin free.

Now knives and forks are clattering on the board,
And many a frying-pan delighted sings,
Save that where poverty no means afford,
Or black phiz'd penury hath spread his wings.—

Save that in yonder solitary pile,
The specious salesman (to himself) complains,
Of such as keep him, rudely keep him, while
His beef-steak's cooling waits at house in vain!

Beneath yon roof the sav'ry stridin smokes,
Where costly sideboards deck the splendid room,
Each bearing port, inspirer king of Jokes,
And sparkling burgundy that foe to gloom.

The ring of glasses hobbing, nobbing round,
The toast eye echo'd from a dozen throats,
The crack of Alberts and the mingled sound,
Of pensions, profits, politics, and votes.—

Such are the rich man's joys, but, ah, the poor,
At once with fortune and with fate at strife,
Just keep the wolf from eat'ing at the door,
And eke with meagre fare the wants of life.—

For them no cooks the viands choice prepare,
Nor busy Butler draws the racy wine,
No footmen wait attentive at their chair,
Nor bow obsequious at ambition's shrine:

Oh does the shuttle through their fingers stream,
The treddies off their nimble foot demands,
How jocund do they drive the ponderous beam,
How grows the web beneath their plastic hands!

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.”—

The grace of beauty, and the gauds of dress,
And all the trappings which the great assume,
Await alike, let human pride confess,
The varied workings of the lowly loom!

Nor you, ye rich, consider these unmeet,
If fashion o'er their limbs no vesture throws,
Where fragrant perfumes scatter round their sweets,
The pride of Dandies, and the boast of Beaus!—

Can yellow dross or all Potosi's mine,
Bestow the meed to worth and virtue due?
Can greatness bring the bosom's joy divine—
Which godlike Howard, Cheetham, Reynolds, knew!

Perhaps in yonder garret high, is mew'd,
Some head which Genius proudly calls his own;
Hands that the staff of office might induce,
And grace, with honor meet, the civic throne.—

But Fortune to their eyes her ample store,
Rich with the spoils of Ind did ne'er unfold,
Chill wait alone stood sentry at the door,
And barr'd the way to Plutus and his gold.

Full many a face of manly beauty bright,
The dark and narrow lanes and courts contain;
Full many a charm of feature's hid from sight,
Till soap and water wash away each stain.

Some darling • • that with dauntless heart,
The firm unshrinking friend of freedom stood;
Some • • here unnotic'd acts his part,
Some • • zealous for his country's good.—

The rending shouts of wondering mobs to draw,
The name of patriot liberal to prize;
To give to Britons liberty's full law,
And be an Alfred in the nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad, nor circumscrib'd alone
Their future greatness, but their steps confin'd,
Condemn'd to walk unknowing and unknown,
And bless with industry their fellow kind.

The biting pangs of poverty to hide,
To quench the wishes for a better fate;
And take with meekness what their toil supplied,
With unpa'd appetite unknown to state.

Far from the splendour of the rich and gay,
In lowly cellar or in attic high,
They kept the humble tenor of their way,
And cut the pile or made the shuttle fly.

Yet even these have failings like the best,
Some darling weaknesses, but all are frail,
With Whiskey's potent juice they break their rest,
And drown their senses oft in foaming ale.

Their long drawn score trac'd by waiter's hand,
The place of figures and of books supply,
Where many strokes in high terror stand,
Which tells of noggins and of gills gone by.

For who in Dog-days unto thirst a prey,
The tankard's cooling liquor e'er resag'd,
Left the snug kitchen or the bar room gay,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look, behind?

On some full pot the parting eye is fix'd,
Another drop the thirsty soul requires!
E'en the tobacco box hath joys unmix'd,
E'en can the fragrant tube create desire!

J. A.

Salford, May 9th, 1822.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

Sir,—A perusal of your "*Review of Macardy's Evidences of Christianity*,"* led me to purchase that work in January last; and an advertisement with two commendatory extracts having appeared in the *Iris* of last Saturday, I am induced to trouble you with a few corroboratory remarks.

The Author's reason for undertaking the work is explicit,—“That a work of this nature is much wanted, no friend to Christianity will deny. The illustrious Bonnet complained that Christian advocates were too prone to dissertation; and to which I add—their candour is in reality, little short of indifference—To it, I attribute much of our present formality, coldness, scepticism. The infidel chooses a bold, nervous style;—the advocate, temperate, supposititious replication. What is the consequence? The latter obtains a few nice, considerate, logical converts; whilst the former gains a host in every rank and class of society.”

The justness of these observations will be immediately acknowledged by every man who has, with a view of founding his belief on an immovable basis, investigated our popular evidences. And, I must here confess, that Macardy's was the first conclusive, satisfactory treatise I ever met with.—His proofs are striking, comprehensive, and well arranged; and the whole work is admirably calculated to remove the doubts of the intelligent inquirer, and to confirm him in an unequivocal belief of the Gospel Dispensation.

The style is worthy of the subject, and the original matter is, throughout, marked with just discernment, and manly eloquence. Indeed, the plan and execution of the work are alike meritorious—they are equally characteristic of the talent and powers of the writer.

I am, &c.

T. G.

* The Review alluded to was by a popular literary gentleman of Sheffield, whose initials it bears.

TO THE EDITOR,

Sir,—Whilst seated the other night, as usual, before my blazing fire, with the plentiful supper board on the table, and the life of Lorenzo d' Medici, which I had been perusing, on my left hand side, I fell into a sort of dreaming reverie, and found myself wandering on the classic shores of Italy, with the whole paraphernalia of statues, books, manuscripts, and medals, floating, as it were in panoramic procession, before my delighted eyes. At the very moment I fancied myself on the entrance to the palace of Lorenzo, I was arrested by a warbling which seemed to fill the vast space where I stood, and to rivet my guide to the spot; the notes were sweet, but the tune melancholy; and, when I would have approached to discover the source of this melody, I started from my seat, and awoke!—Judge of my disappointment when, instead of my intelligent guide, I discovered my old housemaid, standing in an attitude, which conveyed to me well the state of her mind. She, with a low courtesy begged to know my commands, and hoped that I was not seriously indisposed. “It was all a dream,” said I, “but no, what sweet notes are those, and who is the divine creature that can warble so charmingly?” “Only a friend,” replied she, “who has called upon me.” I then begged that the door should be left open, and that her companions might not be disturbed, but rather urged to continue her musical recreation.

As she sung on, I endeavoured to take down the words, and found it no very difficult task, so sweetly yet so distinctly every syllable flowed from her lips.

The first appears to be a new version of the beautiful song “Flow, Flow, Cubana,” and so pathetic was her manner, that I seemed rivetted to the spot—it ran as follows:—

Strike, strike once more that melancholy strain,
No more thy harp with merry song shall sound;
For its lost master lies amid the slain,
And ne'er shall hear its tuneful notes again;
No more with it shall Cambria's halls resound!

Sound, sound, once more, that long and plaintive lay,
And tune it to the night bird's doleful mourn:—
For in thy master's music; and the day,
When I have listened—and his martial play;
Ah, all, alas! I am now for ever down!

The other was set to the tune of the old, but no less beautiful song—“Over the mountains.”

Far o'er yon mountains deep cover'd with snow,
Have you not heard of the poor orphan child?
Deerest and faintest my sister is dying,
My poor little brother seeks food in yon wild.

Far o'er the ravines midst storms and dread tempests
Have I sought out this retreat from the rain;
Give me one morsel of bread now I pray you do,
Then will I seek my poor sister again.

Longing she looks for my coming to shelter her,
Give but one morsel, 'twill ease all my pain;
Give me some clothing to cover her starving limbs,
Then my good friends I'll ne'er trouble again.

Such were the two pieces that she sang, and, as the hall door closed upon her, I heard a promise that she would return in a few evenings, and take tea with them. How I longed to see the creature who had afforded me so much delight, I painted her as the most—but hold, I shall maybe see her, and that ere long; then you shall hear my report, and, should I be able to copy any more songs, you shall have them from

Liverpool, 1823.

IGNOTO.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton was the only child of Mr. John Newton, who had a small paternal estate near the little village of Woolthorpe, about half a mile west from Coltersworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, by the daughter of a gentleman whose name was Ayscough, who also lived in Woolthorpe, and was Lord of the Manor. Sir Isaac was born in the year 1642, and when a boy he was sometimes employed in very servile offices. He often watched the sheep; and it is reported that a gentleman once found him reading a book on practical geometry; and that upon asking him some questions, he discovered such tokens of uncommon genius that he applied to his mother, and strongly urged her to take the boy from the field, and give him a good education; offering to assist in his maintenance, if there should be occasion. It is not probable however, that if such an offer was made, it was ever accepted, for in the rolls, or records, which are sometimes read at the court-lects in Grantham, mention is made of Mr. Ayscough, Isaac's maternal grandfather, as guardian or trustee of Isaac Newton, under age. It is therefore reasonable to believe that Isaac had a provision under his mother's marriage settlement, and that his grandfather took care of his education. But, however this be, he was sent to the grammar school: and, as is well known, he afterwards pursued his academic studies in Trinity College, Cambridge.

His father died while he was yet a lad; and his mother married a second husband, whose name was Smith, then rector of North-Witham, a parish adjoining Coltersworth, by whom she had a son and some daughters, who afterwards intermarried with persons of property and character, of the names of Barton and Conduit.

The manor of Woolthorpe, with some other property, descended to Sir Isaac upon the death of his grandfather Ayscough; and he made some purchases himself; but the whole was inconsiderable, for his estate in that neighbourhood, at his death, amounted only to £105 per annum.

He went to College in the year 1660; and in 1664 took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1667 he was chosen Fellow, and took the degree of Master of Arts. In November, 1669, Dr. Isaac Barrow resigned the mathematical chair to Sir Isaac: and in 1671 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1686 the privileges of the University being attacked by King James the Second, Sir Isaac appeared among the most hearty defenders, and was, on that occasion, appointed one of the delegates to the High-Commission Courts. In 1688 he was chosen one of the Members for the Convention Parliament, in which he sat till it was dissolved. His merit was now so well known to Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, that when he undertook the great work of reconciling the money, he fixed upon Sir Isaac as his assistant, and in 1696 appointed him Warden of the Mint, in which employment he did very signal service to the nation. Three years

afterwards he was promoted to the Mastership of that office, a place worth £1500 per annum. Upon this promotion he appointed Mr. Whiston his deputy in the Mathematical Professorship in Cambridge, giving him the full profits of the place, which too he procured for him in 1703. The same year he was chosen President of the Royal Society, in which chair he sat twenty-five years, till the day of his death.

Sir Isaac's principal residence in town was in a house at the corner of Long's Court, in Saint James's Street, Leicester Fields; upon the roof of which he built a small observatory. He died in Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, March 20, 1727, in the 85th year of his age; and was interred near the entrance into the choir of Westminster Abbey, where a stately monument is erected to his memory, with an inscription upon it, drawn up with consummate elegance.

This account, however brief and imperfect, may confute some errors which those who have written the life of Sir Isaac have fallen into. One author represents Sir Isaac's father as the eldest son of a baronet; but if this had been true, Sir Isaac, who was the only child of his father, would have had an hereditary title; whereas it is notorious, that the honour of knighthood was not conferred on him till 1705. Neither is it true that the family were opulent. The son of his father's brother was a carpenter, whose name was John Newton: he was afterwards game-keeper to Sir Isaac, and died at the age of sixty, in 1725. To Robert, the son of this John, Sir Isaac's estates in Woolthorpe descended, as his heir at law; and Sir Isaac's personal estate, which was very considerable, was shared among the children of his mother by her second marriage, and their descendants.

THE ALPS.

From Italy, a Poem, by S. Rogers.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
Of Mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to Heaven than Earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever!

To me they seemed the barriers of a World,
Saying, Thus far, no farther! and as o'er
The level plain I travelled silently,
Nearing them: more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still, oft as I looked,
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er me,
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Of as I looked, I felt as though it were
For the first time!

Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared; and the towered elephant
Upturned his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
He and his rider.

Now the scene is changed;
And o'er Mount Cenis, o'er the Simplon winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As though it were another, not the same,
Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
Yet thro' its fairy-course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens locked up before.

Not such my path!
Mine but for those, who, like Jean Jacques, delight
In dizziness, gazing and shuddering on
Till fascination comes and the brain turns!
Mine, though I judge but from my age—its
Over the Drance, just where the Abbot fell,
The same as Hannibal's!

But now 'tis past,
That turbulent Chaos: and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden raptivism as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

VARIETIES.

COGGESHALL FACETIE.—In perusing your 1, 2, 3 to 11 Coggeshall facetie, most of which I well remember being played off many years ago by the cocknies against those wise men of the East the Coggeshallians. I was much disappointed at your omitting two which for native ingenuity, are surely, though now they appear the last, not the least conspicuous.

On some general public rejoicing, it was rumoured through the town, that Colchester on the appointed Evening would be brilliantly illuminated. Many of the *haut ton* wishing much to have a view of this rarely occurring spectacle, set their wits to work how it could be managed that the loyalty of their ancient town should not be impeached, and, at the same time, the inhabitants not disappointed of this jaunt to Colchester. It was at last resolved in Solemn Conclave, that to enable the good people to enjoy themselves at Colchester during the night, Coggeshall should be illuminated during the day-time.

13. When the mania of Volunteering was at its height, the valorous Youth of this town not to be behindhand in patriotic spirit with their neighbours, agreed to form themselves into a Corps of Cavalry but wishing their military to interfere as little with their civil occupations as possible made the following prudential—*Sine qua non*.—That they never should be ordered to march beyond 8 miles of the town, nor within 3 miles of the enemy.

CIVIS.

NICE DISTINCTION.—An old gentleman of the name of *Gould* having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:

"So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A Girl of Eighteen is in love with *old Gould*."

To which his friend replied.

"A Girl of Eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear Sir, it is Gold without *U*!"

POLITICAL DISTICH.—On Lord *Rockingham's* becoming Minister during our disputes with America, a declaratory Bill being brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame by the adverse party, the following distich appeared in the papers—*You had better declare, which you may without shocking 'em, That the Nation's asleep, and the Minister Rocking 'em.*

A SOVEREIGN.—"Though not perhaps to be reckoned amongst puns, yet the names of things as well as persons, are liable to very odd perversions. I do not like the name of our gold coin the *Sovereign* on this account. We need be careful of not incurring the charge of High Treason, by our common expressions concerning it. How strangely the following must sound to any loyal ear:

"I have got a *deadfully bad Sovereign*."

"I wish I could *change my Sovereign*."

"I am sure the *Sovereign* I have got is not worth twenty shillings."

"I have but *half a Sovereign*."

"And how many of His Majesty's most devoted subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, must cordially and daily wish, to have more *Sovereigns* than one."

"To console however the friends of Monarchy, we may be just as certain that every person in His Majesty's dominions would rather have one, than none."

LONDON GAS-LIGHTS.—The length of streets already lighted with gas in London is 215 miles; and three principal companies light 39,504 public lamps, and consume annually about 33,158 chaldrons of coal.

STRANGE APPROPRIATION.—A magpie built her nest, in 1821, in a tree sixteen feet high, and brought forth five young ones; in 1822 a hawk brought forth four young ones in the same nest, which were taken by Mr. Grant, game-keeper to H. Peirse, Esq.; and this year, 1823, a wild-duck has taken up her residence in the same nest, and deposited ten eggs.

METEOR.—On Friday night, the 2nd instant, exactly at eleven o'clock, a fiery meteor of considerable magnitude, resembling in shape a large kite, was observed (says the Carlisle Patriot) in the heavens, travelling with great velocity in the direction from south to north.

In its progress it emitted a vast number of sparks from its tail, and so brilliant and vivid was the reflection caused thereby, that the streets of this city and the surrounding country were illuminated in a very extraordinary degree. It finally separated into distinct masses, without any explosion.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—"A subject in itself didactic and critical, admits neither the charms of the beautiful, the corruscations of the surprising, nor the *emportement* of the sublime."—A less circumscribed course of reading would have taught the author otherwise!

CRITICISM.—"When the reader has investigated, balanced, viewed, and reviewed every particular, his opinion may be candid and impartial."! It may indeed!—And he will have afforded ample proof that he is a patient investigator, balancer, viewer, and reviewer!!

TECHNICALS.—"If the character of a Poet be concentrated within a single line, it has been the result of painful analysis. It is hoped that no precipitate judgment will be formed with respect to the decision that is made." These technicals, with the *effervescences* and *efflorescences* so frequently met with, prove that the writer or his TUTOR must be a chemist—at least a dabbler in *theoretical chemistry*!

DEIFICATION.—"The apotheosis of a character is the work of a century; and even the estimate of genius should pass seven times through the furnace of criticism, before it can appear without dross and alloy."! This is profound and unassuming!!

SCIOLOGISTS.—"Peculiar predilections for some particular author, and a circumscribed acquaintance with the Poets, will necessarily induce a warmth of partiality, which, more general perusals would at once moderate and cool. He who has read 'Thomson's Seasons,' often speaks with as invincible dogmatism and supercilious animadversion as if he had read Chaucer and Spenser; or rather, I may more justly observe, as if he had never seen them."! See *Eustace St. Clere's Beauties of English Poetry*—Manchester Iris for 1823, page 3!!

WAVERLEY.—The unknown author of *Waverley* is elected member of the Roxburgh Club, and we believe it is understood, that, in case this mysterious person should be found wanting, when called upon, his chair is to be occupied by Sir Walter Scott.

ANECDOTE OF LORD BYRON.—In front of Newstead Abbey, (ten miles from Nottingham,) the seat of the *Byron* family, is an elegant monument, erected by Lord Byron, the Poet, to the memory of a favourite Dog.—Near it, were formed three *vanitas*, which were also prepared by his Lordship.—In one of them are deposited the remains of his favourite Dog, and in the other two, his Lordship intended his own remains and those of a favourite servant to be also interred, when the hand of death closed their earthly career.

The following inscription was placed on the Monument.

"Near this Spot

Are deposited the Remains of one

Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,

Strength, without Insolence,

Courage, without Ferocity,

And all the Virtues of Man, without his Vices.

This Praise.

Which would be unmeaning Flattery, if inscribed

over

Human Ashes,

Is but a Just Tribute to the Memory of

Beau-swain.—A Dog

Who was born in Newfoundland, May, 1803,

and died at

Newstead, Nov. 18,

1808."

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,

From Monday May 12th, to Friday May 16th, 1823.

Monday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Penson—A Cure

for the Heart Ache: with the Turnpike Gate.

Wednesday.—*Lover's Vows*: with the Padlock.

Friday.—For the Benefit of Mr. Eland.—Road to Rain: Is He Jealous? and Husbands and Wives.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

The following beautiful Charade is attributed to the late
C. J. Fox, Esq.

My first doth affliction denote,
Which my second is destined to feel;
My whole is a sure antidote,
That affliction to sooth and to heal.

The following appeared in the Periodicals sometime ago,
and the answer escaped the notice of some Ladies, who,
beg a reply from your Correspondents.

My first is cut,
My second broken—
My whole a quarrel,
Quickly spoken,

ADVERTISEMENT.

Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Last week of the Company's Performing this Season.

MR. W. REES has the honour to announce that his BENEFIT will take place on WHIT-MONDAY, May 19th, 1823, and although his long and continued indisposition has deprived him of the pleasure of following the duties of his profession, yet he trusts the entertainments he has selected, will be found worthy of that patronage which it has always been his study to deserve. The entertainments will commence with the admired Play of

THE CURFEW.

After which (by particular desire) the favourite Interlude, entitled AMOROSO, King of Little Britain. Amoroso, Mr. W. REES, (his first appearance these six weeks) which character he will attempt (for this night only) in IMITATION of Messrs. KEAN, KEMBLE, and MUNDEN. The whole to conclude with the Popular Melo Drama of the MILLER AND HIS MEN.

Tickets to be had of Mr. W. REES, 13, Richmond-Street: of Mr. ELAND, at the Box Office, where places may be taken; and at the IRIS OFFICE, St. Ann's-Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Humphrey Plausible appears to be a shrewd impertinent fellow.—But, on consideration, we are inclined to receive his communication as a pure irony; in which case, we shall only dub him a pleasant, ingenious trifler.—Why, Mr. H.P. should we pirate from an unpublished Novel!—Are our readers as impatient for its plot, as the Cornhill tribe are said to be for a first intimation of the decision of a long-pending battle?—Or, is the mere plot at all interesting or necessary? The admirers of Sir Walter will peruse *Quentin Durward* for themselves, however copious our extracts; and readers who have no taste for the original, will hardly deign to dip into even a pirated chapter!—This, Mr. H. P. was, said it, our opinion; and it induced us to pass over the extracts alluded to with a smile of pity and contempt, and a passing remark, as to the disappointment that would arise to these garbling forestallers, should the great unknown interpose, and block up their illicit medium.—And that this, Mr. H. P. has really turned out to be the case, is to us a source of great self-gratulation; inasmuch as it shows the correctness of our judgment, disappoints the host of *continuers*, and chastises their unreflecting edrontery.

L. B.'s favours are received.—Our quizzical and very loving friend is somewhat too severe.—Having despatched the work in question with unqualified incense, would not a further similar notice of it be highly indecorous and illiberal!—We are satisfied with our legitimate province, and having discharged the duties incumbent upon us, unless they are grateful and entertaining, a recurrence is avoided.—We heard of the preposterous puff so pointedly animadverted upon; but think its weakness and fallacy too gross for reprobation.—See our commented "varieties."

Barythmia is unavoidably deferred till next week, owing to our engraving of St. Mary's Spire.

Lines on a fallen leaf; To Morrow; A. Z.; H. R.; A Translation from the French by G.; and Quiz;—are received.

N. W. Halcassia's Soldier has not yet "quitted the world in a blaze;" nor have we made tight of him.—He shall shortly appear.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.
Birmingham, Bellby & Knott.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.
Bury, J. Kay.
Chester, Poole & Harding.
Coltshill, Wm. Tite.
Derby, Richardson & Handford.
Huddersfield, T. Smart.
Leeds, J. Heston.
Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
Nottingham, E. B. Robinson.
Oldham, W. Lambert.
Preston, L. Clarke.
Rochdale, M. Lancaster.
Stockport, T. Claye.

The Manchester Iris:

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

This Paper is Published Weekly, and may be had of the Booksellers in Manchester; of Agents in many of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.
The last column is open to ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1823.

PRICE 3^d.

REVIEW.

[On reference to the advertisement in our last page, it will be seen that *Quentin Durward* is published; and we lose not a moment in presenting our readers with an analysis and specimens of the work, as given in the Literary Gazette of Saturday last.—We at the same time notice with peculiar satisfaction how spiritedly this respectable periodical animadverts upon the flimsy puff, and disingenuous conduct of some contemporary Journals.—See our address to "Hampshire Plausible," in "NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS" last week.—Ed.]

Quentin Durward. By the Author of *Waverley*, &c. 3 vols. London, Hurst Robinson and Co.

THE first volume of this work, dishonourably obtained (as we are assured,) has furnished some Journals with long articles, and a prolific cause for bragging of their priority of intelligence and immense circulation. Such priority far be it from us to contest—such circulation may it never be our lot to know; for we cannot steal, and to beg we should be ashamed. The homely adage of "the more haste the worse speed," has been completely verified in this instance; and though disgusted with the quackery which has made a moonshine mountain of a partial knowledge most equivocally obtained and discredibly used, we should evince a poor sense of the established character of our work with its extensive influence and consequent power, and a strong suspicion of stupidity in the public, were we to employ more breath in blowing away these bubbles.

An admirable Introduction, in the Author's very best manner, brings us to this novelty from his pen,—a picture of foreign manners towards the end of the fifteenth century. And well is it contrasted with this introductory outline of those of the beginning of the nineteenth, in which the interesting portrait of a restored Emigrant of the old Court is one of the happiest ever drawn even by the master of *Waverley*. The nature and humour of this outwork would detain us, had we not ample occasion to adduce similar qualities in the main fortress; suffice it to say, that in the ruined Chateau of Hautlieu the history of *Quentin Durward* is said to have been found.

The hero, a young Scotsman of the shire of Angus (or Hanguisse, as the Marquis persists in calling it,) and the only surviving branch of a gentle family, whom the Ogilvies had harried and exterminated in a feud, arrives in France in quest of happier fortunes; but previously to entering on his adventures, we have a finely written view of the state of that country, and of the characters of Louis XI. and Charles Duke of Burgundy. It is the hap of *Quentin* to encounter the former near Plessis-les-Tours, and to ingratiate himself into his favour, as far as an ingenuous youth could be prized by a tortuous politician. At first Louis suffers the adventurer to be nearly drowned, and then succours him as *Maitre Pierre*, a substantial citizen; while his attendant (*Tristan*, his provost marshal) passes for a still lower character. He is carried

to an inn, and kindly entertained by the king, who discovers that he is in search of service, and looks forward to a maternal uncle, one of his Majesty's bravest Scottish archers, and named *Ludovic Leslie*, or *le Balafré*, from a scar on his face. At this inn *Quentin* is blessed with a sight of *Isabelle*, Countess of *Croye*, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy's, but who, with her aunt *Hameline*, had fled to *Louis*, to avoid being forced into a hated marriage by that hot and peremptory Lord.

The next character who appears on the stage is his uncle *Ludovic*; and a portion of the author's description of the interview between the relations is well worth citing as an example of the work:—

The cavalier who awaited *Quentin Durward's* descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom *Louis XI.* had long since said, that they held in their hands the fortune of France, as to them were entrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

..... Each of them ranked as gentlemen in place and honour; and their near approach to the king's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *couteilier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *metz* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The *couteilier* and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in that capacity.

Ludovic Leslie, or, as we shall more frequently call him, *Le Balafré*, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheek-bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sun-burnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as the Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-piece, and gauntlets, were of the finest

steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frost-work of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad strong poniard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side—the bauldrick for his two handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called *Ludovic* with the Scar, or *Le Balafré*; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough moustachios, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his fair nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

'Little good, dear uncle,' replied young *Durward*; 'but I am glad that you know me so readily.'

'I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bourdeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down—sit thee down—if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it.—Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant.'

The well-known sound of the Scottish French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis, as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *ginguettes* of Paris; and promptly—ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flaggon of champagne soon stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drank wine that morning.

'That had been a rare apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew,' said *Le Balafré*; 'you must fear the wine-pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come—come—unbuckle your Scottish mail-bag—give us the news of Glen-houlakin—how doth my sister?'

'Dead, fair uncle,' answered *Quentin*, sorrowfully.

'Dead!' echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy—'why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after revelling out my two or three days' furlow with the brethren of the joyous science—and my poor sister is dead!—And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?'

And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, 'What, no?—I would have sworn that Allan *Durward* was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order—loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal—matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock—I am scarce holy enough for that.'

'Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year since, when *Glen-houlakin* was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there

is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin.'

'Cross of Saint Andrew!' said Le Balafre; 'that is what I call an onslaught. Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen-houlakin—an evil chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?' With that he took a deep draught of wine in lieu, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied, that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last bye-past.

'Look ye there,' said the soldier; 'I said it was all chance—on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.—Here, Andrew—Andrew!'

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armour for the limbs,—that of the body more coarsely manufactured—his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or coarse cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafre twisted off, with his firm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, 'Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's—greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight.—Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies, in what way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?'

The countess nodded.

'Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine-house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle-girth and stirrup-leather, till thou art as raw as St. Bartholomew.—Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine-measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting.'

So saying, he filled him a brimful cup, which the countess drank off, and retired to do his patrons commission.

'And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter.'

'I fought it out among those that were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down,' said Durward, 'and I received a cruel wound.'

'Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself,' said Le Balafre.—'Look at this now, my fair nephew,' tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face.—'An Ogilvy's sword never ploughed so deep a furrow.'

'They ploughed deeply enough,' answered Quentin, sadly; 'but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of the Aberbrothock, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk.'

For this vocation, however, he was unfit; and after being taught the rare accomplishments of reading and writing, set forth, as shown, to push his fortunes. These prosper, for he acts bravely and prudently; saves the King at a Boar-hunt, is enrolled among the Scots archers of his guard, and employed on matters of the utmost pith and moment. In the end of the first volume, Crevecoeur, a brave Burgundian ambassador, delivers a hostile message from his

master the Duke; but Louis temporizes, and to avoid one part of the ground of quarrel, entrusts Quentin with a charge of the ladies, Hameline and Isabelle, to convey them to the Bishop of Liege for protection, while in reality he plans their being seized by William de la Marck, a lawless warrior, called the Boar of the Ardennes, and disposed of by that savage.

The characters introduced in this volume are finely delineated. Louis, and his ministers or adherents, Cardinal Balue, Oliver le Dain (his barber), Tristan (his executioner), and his satellite hangmen, Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, are not only strikingly identified, but the Duke of Orleans, the brave Dunois, Joan, the King's daughter, Crawford, the Captain of the Guard, Isabelle of Croye, and certain Bohemian vagabonds who perform no unimportant parts in the drama, are all most characteristically woven into the web of this history so unlike a fiction.

The second volume is nearly occupied with the journey of Quentin and his beloved charge to Leige, after the superstitious King has consulted his astrologer Galleotti on the probable issue of that step. Our hero avoids the snare laid for them on the route, and overmatches his treacherous guide, one of the Bohemians whom we have mentioned. A short bit of colloquy on the way may serve as a characteristic sketch of those rude times. Isabelle says—'God knows, I never wished—to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as me. I only implored permission to retire to the Convent of Marmonthier, or to any other holy sanctuary.'

'You spoke then like a fool, my cousin,' answered the elder lady, 'and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive, who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sun-burnt milk-maid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel-poles for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous Passage of Arms at Hastinghem was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days; and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one back-bone, one collar-bone, three legs and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honoured. Ah, had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory, at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe, to maintain the rights of the House of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France.'

'But, fair kinswoman,' answered the younger Countess, 'I have been told by old nurse, that although the Rhingrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected grandmother, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory.'

'And wherefore not?' said the elder Countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry; 'why should those victorious arms, accustomed to blows abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a-day, by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me, than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife, nor to any one else!'

'I should wish you joy of such a restless mate, fair aunt,' replied Isabelle, 'without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower.'

'Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms; though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhingrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and

addicted to the use of Rhein-wein.—The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies, and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montguy—God be with him!—he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discomfited as to lift hand against his lady, but, by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors, found a fair foe could labour him within.—Well, 'twas his own fault—he was one of the challengers at the Passage of Hastinghem, and so well bestirred himself, that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montguy, who had used his gentle nature more gently.'

The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this Passage of Hastinghem, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who had been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning their route.

A graver theme soon occupied them. Orleans, who could not love the match provided for him by the King, could love Isabelle, and follows her escort. Quentin, however, unhorses him, and sustains a noble combat with his companion the renowned Dunois; till a body of the archers ride up to his relief. The assailants are carried off prisoners, and our victorious Scot pursues his dangerous way, under uncertain guidance, as the following extract will show:

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, he heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which, in the Scottish poney, is often lumpy and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling a shoveler, so short, that his knees were well nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces, on the eastern side of their gulf, was green in colour, and tawdriely laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trousers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword, and by a tarnished baldrick over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation, which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man.

Quentin rode up to the Bohemian, and said to him, as he suddenly assumed his proper position on the horse, 'Metinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide, if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears.'

'And if I were actually blind,' answered the Bohemian, 'I could guide through any country in this realm of France, or in those adjoining to it.'

'Yet you are no Frenchman born,' said the Scot.

'I am not,' answered the guide.

'What countryman, then, are you?' demanded Quentin.

'I am of no country,' answered the guide.

'How! of no country?' repeated the Scot.

'No,' answered the Bohemian, 'of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may chuse to call our people; but I have no country.'

'Are you a Christian?' asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

'Dog,' said Quentin, (for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days,) 'dost thou worship Mahan?'

'No,' was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended nor surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

'Are you a Pagan then, or what are you?'

'I have no religion,' answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back; for, though he had heard of Saracens and Idolaters, it had never entered into his ideas or belief, that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatsoever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask where his guide usually dwelt.

'Wherever I chance to be for the time,' replied the Bohemian. 'I have no home.'

'How do you guard your property?'

'Excepting the clothes which I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property.'

'Yet you dress gaily, and ride gallantly,' said Durward. 'What are your means of subsistence?'

'I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way,' replied the vagabond.

'Under whose laws do you live?'

'I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure,' said the Bohemian.

'Who is your leader, and commands you?'

'The father of our tribe—if I chuse to obey him,' said the guide—'otherwise I have no commander.'

'You are then,' said the wandering querist, 'destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no home, or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness and religion?'

'I have liberty,' said the Bohemian—'I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes.'

'But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the Judge.'

'Be it so,' returned the Bohemian; 'I can but die so much the sooner.'

'And to imprisonment also,' said the Scot; 'and where, then, is your boasted freedom?'

'In my thoughts,' said the Bohemian, 'which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I am free in spirit when our limbs are chained.—You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom.'

'Yet the freedom of your thoughts,' said the Scot, 'relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs.'

'For a brief time that may be endured; and if without that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all.'

There was a deep pause of some duration which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

'Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe—Whence do they derive their origin?'

'I may not tell you,' answered the Bohemian.

'When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?' said the Scot.

'When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished,' replied his vagrant guide.

'Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?' said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothock.

'Had we been so,' answered the Bohemian, 'we had followed their faith, and practised their rites.'

'What is thine own name?' said Durward.

'My proper name is only known to my brethren.—The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrabbin, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor.'

Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde,' said the Scot.

'I have learned some of the knowledge of this land,' said Hayraddin.—'When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest begged me from the Provost's archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years.'

'How came you to part with him?' demanded Durward.

'I stole money from him—even the God which he worshipped,' answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; 'he detected me, and beat me—I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people.'

'Wretch!' said Durward, 'did you murder your benefactor?'

'What had he to do to burden me with his benefits?—The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur to dog the heels of his master and crouch beneath his blows, for scraps of food.—He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chain, reared his master, and returned to his wilderness.'

There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, 'Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines, of more polished society?'

'We pretend to it,' said Hayraddin, 'and it is with justice.'

'How can it be that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?' said Quentin.

'Can I tell you?' answered Hayraddin.—'Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of man, while man, the nobler animal, hath no power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring, what fruit it will bear in the harvest.'

The man who besets their way, in correspondence with this strange being is still more hateful:

'His name is William de la Marck.'

'Called William with the beard,' said the young Scotchman, 'or the Wild Boar of Ardennes?'

'And rightly so called, my son,' said the Prior; 'because he is as the wild boar of the forest, which treadeth down with his hoofs and rendeth with his tusks. And he hath formed to himself a band of more than a thousand men, all, like himself, contempters of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and holds himself independent of the Duke of Burgundy, and maintains himself and his followers by rapine and wrong, wrought without distinction, upon churchmen and laymen.'

The loves of Quentin and Isabelle grow on this uneasy journey; but greater peril awaits them after they are safely lodged with the Bishop of Liege, whose castle is attacked in the dead of night by the Boar of Ardennes and the Liegeois, and its master barbarously murdered. Quentin, by courage, skill, and good luck, succeeds in rescuing Isabelle. In the midst of the carnage he penetrates to her oratory—

—Where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonising supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save—the Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom—he conjured her to awake—entreated her to be of good cheer—for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

'Durward,' she said, as she at length collected herself, 'is it indeed you?—then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate—Do not again abandon me.'

'Never—never,' said Durward. 'Whatever shall happen—whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit

the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!'

Through fortuitous circumstances, too long for detail, Quentin finds allies in Pavillon and his party; but they cannot quit the castle without permission from De la Marck, before whom they go:

At the head of the table sat, in the Bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which, indeed, he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong sarcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver, and the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged, that, drawn over the casque, when the Baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grinning, ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression.

The upper part of De la Marck's face, as Nature had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character; for though his hair, when uncovered, resembled the rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn over it, yet an open, high, and manly forehead, broad ruddy cheeks, large, sparkling, light-coloured eyes, and a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous; yet the effect of these more favourable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which, joined to debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with the rough gallantry which they would otherwise have exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swollen the muscles of the cheeks, and those around the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the eyes themselves, reddened the part of them that should have been white, and given the whole face a hideous resemblance of the monster which it was the terrible Baron's pleasure to resemble. But, from an odd sort of contradiction, De la Marck, while he assumed in other respects the appearance of the Wild Boar, and even seemed pleased with the name, yet endeavoured, by the length and growth of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that had originally procured him that denomination. This was an unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and upper jaw, which, with the huge projecting side-teeth, gave that resemblance to the bestial creation, which, joined to the delight that De la Marck had in haunting the forest so called, originally procured for him the name of the Boar of Ardennes. The beard, broad, grisly, and uncombed, neither concealed the natural horrors of the countenance, nor dignified its brutal expression.

The soldiers and officers sat around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him. The soldiers wore, most of them, their beards long and grisly, in imitation of their leader: had their hair plaited and turned upwards, in the manner that might best improve the natural ferocity of their appearance; and intoxicated, as many of them seemed to be, partly with the sense of triumph, and partly with the long libations of wine which they had been quaffing, presented a spectacle at once hideous and disgusting. The language which they held, and the songs which they sung, without even pretending to pay each other the compliment of listening, were so full of license and blasphemy, that Quentin blessed God that the extremity of the noise prevented them from being intelligible to his companion.

The preparations for the feast had been as disorderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the Bishop's plate—nay, even that belonging to the Church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege—were mingled with black jacks, or huge

tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

One circumstance of horror remains to be added and accounted for: and we willingly leave the rest of the scene to the imagination of the reader. Amidst the wild license assumed by the soldiers of De la Marck, one who was excluded from the table, (a *Lansknacht*, remarkable for his courage and for his daring behaviour during the storm of the evening,) had impudently snatched up a large silver goblet, and carried it off, declaring it should atone for his loss of the share of the feast. The leader laughed till his sides shook at a jest so congenial to the character of the company; but when another, less renowned, it would seem, for audacity in battle, ventured on using the same freedom, De la Marck instantly put a check to a jocular practice, which would soon have cleared his table of all the more valuable decorations.—'Ho! by the spirit of the thunder!' he exclaimed, 'those who dare not be men when they face the enemy, must not pretend to be thieves among their friends. What! thou frontless dastard thou—thou who didst wait for opened gate and lowered bridge, when Conrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must thou be malapert?—Knit him up to the stanchions of the hall-window!—He shall beat time with his feet, while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil.'

The doom was scarce sooner pronounced than accomplished; and in a moment the wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and, intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the Castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which, dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it.

When the *Syndic Pavillon* was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume, in right of his authority and influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the fearful object at the window, and at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, 'Up heart, master, or we are but gone men!'

The *Syndic* maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.

'Ay,' answered De la Marck, sarcastically, 'we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady's brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! Sir Burgomaster, you come like Mars, with Beauty by your side. Who is this fair one?—Unveil, unveil—no woman calls her beauty her own to night.'

'It is my daughter, noble leader,' answered *Pavillon*; 'and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings.'

'I will absolve her of it presently,' said De la Marck; for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings.'

There was a shuddering among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, revered the Kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

'Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties,' said De la Marck; 'only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution.—But come hither, noble Burgomaster—sit beside me, when you shall see me make a vacancy for my own preferment.—Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat.'

A bustle took place in the hall, while *Pavillon*, ex-cusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old bell-weather, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sat a very handsome lad, a natural son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and concerning whom he sometimes shewed

affection, and even tenderness. The mother of the boy, a beautiful concubine, had perished by a blow dealt her by the ferocious leader in a fit of drunkenness or jealousy; and her fate had caused her tyrant as much remorse as he was capable of feeling. His attachment to the surviving orphan might be partly owing to these circumstances. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, planted himself as close as he could to the youth in question; determined to make, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

.....The Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire, bore witness to the ill-treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. By good fortune, as Quentin was compelled to think it, the Countess Isabelle, whose feelings at seeing her protector in such an extremity might have betrayed her own secret and compromised her safety, was so situated as neither to hear nor see what was about to take place; and Durward sedulously interposed his own person before her, so as to keep her from observing alike, and from observation.

The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy Prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he shewed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undimmed: his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive:—'Louis of Bourbon,' said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper—'I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise?—Nikkel, be ready.'

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck's chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arm.

'Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,' said De la Marck again—'What terms wilt thou now offer, to escape this dangerous hour?'

The Bishop cast a melancholy but undaunted look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then he said with firmness, 'Hear me, William De la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian.—William de la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city—hast assaulted and taken the palace of a Prince of the Holy German Empire—slain his people—plundered his goods—maltreated his person;—for this thou art liable to the Ban of the Empire—hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken—more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord—laid violent hands upon a Father of the Church—defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber—'

'Hast thou yet done?' said De la Marck, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping his foot.

'No,' answered the Prelate, 'for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me.'

'Go on,' said De la Marck; 'and let the terms please me better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head!' And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth, till the foam flew from his lips, as from the tusks of the savage animals whose name and spoils he wore.

'Such are thy crimes,' resumed the Bishop, with calm determination; 'now hear the terms, which, as a merciful Prince and a Christian Prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading-staff—renounce thy command—unbind thy prisoners—restore thy spoil—distribute what else thou hast of goods, to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows—array thyself in sack cloth and ashes—take a palmer's staff in thy hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the Imperial Chamber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope for thy miserable end.'

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper knelt a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair; the amazement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the Bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered Bishop sank, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.

A parley ensues, and our hero's party are extricated, with the close of volume II. Before proceeding to the third, we may observe, that the beautiful style and masterly touches of the author are so conspicuous in this volume as to render the story a secondary consideration. These are the true signs of the genius which causes the works of the author of *Waverley* to be so universally prized; and yet they are such as do not admit of our particularizing them.

Flying from Liege, Quentin and Isabelle are taken prisoners by Crevecoeur, who is on an incursion into Brabant. The lady is left at Charleroi, and her knight carried prisoner to Peronne, where, at the court of Charles the Bold, he most unexpectedly finds Louis XI. a voluntary visitor. Here matters had gone on as smoothly as could be expected between the politic King and his audacious vassal; but the news of the murder of the Bishop of Liege throws all into flame. This act of his quondam friends is imputed to Louis, and his headstrong rival imprisons his guest—they are at an entertainment when the tidings arrive. Louis is sent to a gothic keep, where Charles the Simple was "done to death," and in his agony here puts up a curious prayer.

A reconciliation between Louis and Charles is ultimately brought about; and many incidental adventures vary these pages. The Bohemian comes as a Herald from the Wild Boar, and is first hunted, then hanged; confiding the secret of his employer's plans to Quentin, which in the end enable him to win the heiress of Croye. Liege is taken by the French and Burgundians in concert; and William de la Marck slain, in a desperate sally, by Balafre, after being wounded almost to death by our hero. His reward for the head of the boar is the hand of Isabelle, for which all the chivalry contended; and among others, Le Glorieux, the Duke of Burgundy's jester, who figures pleasantly enough in this history—

'No one thinks of me,' said Le Glorieux, 'who am sure to carry off the prize from all of you.'

'Right, my sapient friend,' said Louis; 'when a woman is in the case, the greatest fool is ever the first in favour.'

Of course the author had a right to give the triumph to whom he pleased; but we confess we should have liked it better if Quentin had won it solely, than as a participator of his uncle's victory. The latter owes this laurel to the au-

thor's affection for the superstitious and preternatural; for it seems only to fulfil an old prophecy, that he robs his hero of so much honour. On the whole, however, for character and the general development of human nature; for dramatic involution, for description, and for the finer touches of a shrewd and acute spirit, the tale of Quentin Durward, on a foreign soil, appears to us equal almost the happiest efforts of the author on his native soil.

THE CLUB.

No. XXXIII.—FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1823.

"The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head;
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs."

YOUNG.

To the Members of the Club at the Green Dragon.

GENTLEMEN,—I have long been a regular reader of your papers, which I always peruse with interest, and often with pleasure. I shall not praise your lucubrations as much as I think they deserve, lest I should either give pain to persons of your modesty, or raise an unfounded suspicion of my own sincerity.

I write this letter to give you advice, and to offer you assistance.—In the first place I think you often take a wrong view of persons and things; inasmuch as you have occasionally opposed your sentiments to popular opinion. What a just clamour, for example, was raised against you for questioning the talent of a young author of much popularity; and how ready were you, on the contrary, to praise another person, who, if I mistake not, is placed in very different circumstances. You have been suspected, too, of satirizing very worthy females in some of your descriptions, and of paying unmerited compliments to others.

Now, gentlemen, it appears to me, that in this proceeding you are neglecting your own interest. If you will let me advise you, you will lay it down as a maxim, to be invariably followed, never to hold an unpopular opinion; but, on all occasions, to praise what the world praises, and believe that every man is precisely what he describes himself to be, or what his friends say of him; in which prudent course you have an excellent example in my sagacious friend Mr. Butterworth, who, in his very amusing work on the history of Manchester, very naturally concludes that — and other similar personages, are really men of extraordinary skill and attainments, because he sees them so represented in their own advertisements. You will always find people civil when you applaud them, and angry when you venture to scrutinize their claims to praise.

Let me, therefore, gentlemen of the Green Dragon, persuade you not only to be cautious, but to be wise; that is to say, not only to abstain from censure, because no one likes it; but to be liberal of your praise, for that will always please somebody, if it only please those on whom it is bestowed.

The second object which I had in writing this letter, was, as I before stated, to offer you occasional assistance in the carrying on of your publication. You must however, expect, if you accede to my proposal, that I shall frequently controvert your opinions; for though I think

highly of your talents, I think still more of my own circumspection: and, therefore, I am determined, for the reasons which I have just assigned, to support every man who happens to be admired; and to praise every thing that happens to be in fashion.

Allow me also to add, that it will afford me high gratification to have my name associated with that of Mr. Medium, whose abilities, displayed in his eloquent reports of the proceedings at the Green Dragon, have been too long and too generally admired, not to excite feelings of genuine esteem in the breast of, Gentlemen,
Your faithful and obedient Servant,
ANTHONY PRUDENT.

The letter of Mr. Anthony Prudent was duly forwarded to us by Mr. Smith, and read by the Secretary at the last meeting.

The delicacy which the writer shewed in respect to our feelings at the commencement of his letter, seemed to have been forgotten when he arrived at its conclusion. We found ourselves considerably relieved, however, from the weight of our Correspondents' praise, by the explanations which he gave us on the subject. We may here allude to a point in which we are obliged to differ from our worthy adviser. Almost every thing in the present world seems to depend upon contrast; we enjoy prosperity because we can compare the superior advantages of the present situation with the inferiority of some former. Of this principle every reader can furnish himself with abundant illustrations. Praise is greatly enhanced when it comes from the persons who occasionally censure.

We cannot, therefore, concur with our kind adviser in thinking that we mistake our own interest because we do not merely scatter unmeasured applause.

We should be very sorry if there were any just grounds for the supposition, that in our references to the ladies, we directed any expression of disapprobation to particular individuals. No set of persons entertain more respectful sentiments with regard to the ladies than the Members of the Club at the Green Dragon. Of all the expressions of praise which we have at different times heard applied to our essays, we have been most highly flattered by those which have fallen from some of our fair readers. If, with the best intentions, we sometimes allude to their foibles, we hope we make atonement by our admiration of their many excellencies.

The letter of our correspondent does not appear to us to require any further commentary.

We shall have much pleasure in receiving the proffered assistance of Mr. Prudent, of whose abilities his letter has impressed us with a favourable opinion. The President, who is one of the most acute critics in the meeting, paid much attention to the above letter. We mention his closing remark for the information of our correspondent. "I think the author of this letter would write a good style were he under my care for a short time. But the amazing length of some of his sentences places us in the same predicament as his letter placed him, that of forgetting at the end what was said at the beginning." M. M.

THE CABINET.

The following Poem or "Sonnet to Fancy," was written about 30 years ago, by a boy, a native of, and then residing at, York, when only 14 years of age; and though one of the most beautiful in our language, it has rarely met the eye of the public, and has escaped the notice, as far as I have observed, of the Editor of every collection of English Poetry. The writer's

name was Edmond Gill, an apprentice to a shoemaker, a youth of great promise, and particularly noticed by that amiable writer, the Rev. Wm. Mason, author of the "English Garden." About the same period the European Magazine received from the pen of Gill a continued series of beautiful Sonnets.

Nottingham,

E. B. R.

TO FANCY.

My scenes are uncommon and wild,
No words can express what I paint;
I skim the bright meadows, so mild,
And I raise the sweet flow'rets that faint.
When Phillis reclines in the grove,
Carnations their blossoms unfold;
I hasten to fetch her true love,
And I tinge every grove with gold.
I fall with the foaming cascades,
I fly with the breezes that blow,
I rest in the green laurel'd bower,
Or I sink in the mansions below.
To thousands of shores I am driven,
To find meadows where no one has trod;
I pierce the fair regions of heaven,
And climb the bright throne of my God.

LETTER FROM AN IRISH BARONET, A. D. 1798.

My dear Sir,—Enjoying now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from those blood thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, either killed or dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed; and whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning this wd be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet, at present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only read it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town, the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, and they had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing under French standard, but they had no Colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.—Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too many for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword—not a soul of them all escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, and a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a number of blank French commissions filled up with fishermen's names. Troops are now placed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am, in haste,
Yours truly,

P. S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will write immediately to let me know.

FALCON.—There was lately found on the estate of Ingleson, the property of John Heron, Esq. in the parish of Kelton, Scotland, a falcon, with two brass bells attached to its neck, and a silver ring to each foot, with the inscription "— Sinclair, Esq. Belfast." It was discovered dead near the rookery, having fallen, as is supposed, a sacrifice to the resentment of the crows, as it had been seen a short time before engaged with a number of the dark feathered tribe, on one of which it made a truly falcon-like descent, and its antagonist instantaneously dropt down dead. It measured over the wing, when extended, three feet and a half, was of a bluish colour on the back, and of a bluish gray on the belly.

FIGHTING REMINISCENCES. (BY A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.)

If fighting is not one of the Fine Arts, it is as good a thing—as deservedly dear to all lovers of real refinement in manners and real purity in morals—as essential to the march of national prosperity, and as ornamental to the fabric of national greatness; and that its progress runs in a parallel line with all these,—stopping when they stop, and turning aside or retrograding when they do so,—will not for a moment be doubted by those who have duly considered its nature, origin, tendency, and effects!

I shall, in the preliminary remarks that I have to make on the immediate subject of this paper, content myself with using assertions merely,—leaving the proofs of such assertions to suggest themselves (as they naturally and necessarily must) to all my readers. And I desire it may be expressly understood, that I adopt this course purely out of respect to the judgment and knowledge of the said readers:—for it will immediately occur to every one, how greatly I should facilitate my task (of writing an article), if I were to make an assertion of one line, and follow it by an argumentation of fifty. But I greatly suspect that this plan would not lead to either the amusement or the emolument of any one but myself. I shall, therefore, without further preface, take it for granted, that others are as capable of appreciating the truth of things as I am, and shall proceed to lay that truth before them accordingly—no better dressed than in its own bare simplicity and beauty.

Perhaps I should add, before I throw myself for good into the arms of my subject, that I am qualified to treat of Fighting simply as a spectator. I love it from what I see of it, not from what I feel. I admire it at a distance—as I do the stars. I am a mere reader of it, as I am of poetry; not a creator: for if I do now and then put on the gloves, and was once reckoned a pretty hand at a rally, it was merely in the character of a *sparrer*—whom I take to stand in the same relation to a fighter, that a mere versifier does to a poet.

There is one other point, too, in which I venture to differ from all other lovers of fighting. I would divorce this noble art from that hideous and incomprehensible jargon, or *slang*, which has, of late years, been introduced into its language, as if for the express purpose of mystifying, rather than ornamenting or illuminating. Why should the expressions which appertain to fighting be so round-about and metaphorical, when the thing itself is so very plain and straight-forward? Why should the words, which describe a blow and its effects, be so very recondite and far-fetched as to be scarcely cognizable even to the learned, when the blow itself is intelligible to the meanest capacity? In fact, in humble imitation of Mr. Wordsworth in the matter of *written* poetry, I would instantly banish from the *acted* poetry of fighting all modes of expression that do not strictly belong to the language of common life. We happily possess “a well of English undefiled,” that is deep and clear enough to supply all the wants even of the historians of “Sporting Intelligence,” however “extraordinary;” and should scorn to see an English fight described in any other than plain English.

I would not be thought importunate on this point; and yet, as it is one nearest my heart, I must be allowed to press it a little farther. Is an English fighter, who can feel his blood flow from him in the field unmoved, afraid to see it in print—that it must be called “*Claret*?” Is his head no better than that of a knave of spades—that it is to be denominated *his nub*? Shall the seat of his “wind” (the very breath of his fighting existence) be demeaned into a mere receptacle for kitchen-stuff, and called his “*bread-basket*?” Shall getting an adversary’s head under your arm, and giving him digs in the mouth till you can’t hold him up any longer (which I take to be as unequivocal and truth-telling a proceeding as need be)—be styled “*fibbing*?” Does a man’s starting up on his legs like a hero, half a minute after you’ve knocked him down like an ox, deserve no better description than the scurvvy one of “*coming to the scratch*?” Is it sufferable, that being hit off one’s legs upon the beautiful green turf, “with his face to the sky, and his feet to the foe,” should be designated by the ignoble phrase of “*flooring*?” Above all, shall getting a sound beating, so that a man’s own

mother wouldn’t know him (which is the delight and glory of a real good ‘un),—be transgressed into the lying phrase of being “*well punished*,”—as if we were speaking of a naughty school-boy?

That pugars and pickpockets should seek the “darkness” of a disguised language, is natural enough—because “their deeds are evil;” but that honest English fighters should wish to express themselves in any other than honest English words,—that men whose deeds are as plain as their faces, and who have nothing close about them but their fists, should wish their actions to be recorded in a hidden language,—in short, that sons, who have such signal reason not to be ashamed of their mothers, should be ashamed of their mother tongue—is no less unaccountable than it is lamentable. But, perhaps, this is one of those evils which only require pointing out to be remedied; and accordingly, I do not despair of seeing spring up a “Lake School” of fighters, who shall utterly discard that pedantic jargon, which is the only fault of the present race, and insist on their deeds being recorded as openly and intelligibly as they are acted;—or (still better) who shall take to recording them themselves, and not suffer them to pass through the transmogrifying pen of paid writers, who have no doubt invented this method for the purpose of keeping the most lucrative part of the profession in their own hands. I should be glad to know who is so capable of describing the effects of a blow, as the man who feels them? Or who so worthy of reaping the profits and the honours of such description? It is a lamentable thing to think of, that the only man who has made a fortune by fights, is one who never fought a battle in his life. I should be sorry to impugn the merits, or interfere with the interests, of the illustrious author of *Boxiana*, “so far from it, quite the reverse,” as Witty Will, the Fulham coachman said, when they asked him if he was related to the man that had just been hanged; but I do hope that, for the future, fighters will seriously think of turning writers too, and thus embrace the enviable opportunity of “fighting their battles o’er again.”

Perhaps, fighting is, to those who do not immediately partake in it, one of the highest among “the Pleasures of Imagination;” and to those who do, it is, no doubt, a rich union of “the Pleasures of Hope” and “the Pleasures of Memory.”—Who, then, shall deny, that it is the most poetical of pursuits? It is, therefore, with particular satisfaction that I direct the attention of the reader to this subject, at this time; because an unlucky cloud has lately passed across the hemisphere of the art, and has left behind it an unsightly streak, which at present a little dims its purity, and shades its lustre. But *the Gas* (to whose misdeeds I allude) is extinguished, never to burn again. And if his memory is destined to “stink in the nostrils of posterity,” let us at least turn it to good account, by regarding it as a warning to the wavering virtue of others. “*De mortis est nil nisi bonum*,” is a maxim that I discontinue altogether.—I would, in fact, substitute in its place one that is too often the direct opposite of it; “*De mortis nil nisi verum*.” Of whom shall we speak the truth, if not of the dead—supposing that truth to be injurious to their name?—of the living (especially behind their backs), it is an excellent general rule to speak nothing but the good we know. This practice at once proves good nature, and promotes good-fellowship; and those who conscientiously adopt it, may safely indulge themselves in that natural propensity of our kind, which we possess in common with no other animal. *Mum* (I do not, of course, include woman!) is by nature a back-biting animal; and, in the name of truth, let him enjoy this proud distinction in peace, provided he exercise it only towards those whom it cannot harm.—*Gas*, then, (I am determined, now that he is dead, to make a scape-goat of him, for he was a *black-sheep* while he lived)—*Gas* was a memorable example of the instability of human resolution, and the flexibility of human virtue. Like the next greatest among modern heroes (I mean *Buonsparte*), he began well, I dare say; but like him also, he lived to be a tyrant and a boaster, and died as such heroes should die—namely, *not* in the field of battle.—“This is the hand” (he used to exclaim at the Fives Court).—“This is the hand,” (doubling his deadly dexter).—“that shall dig the graves of a few more of ‘em, before I’ve done!” This was not long before his own

grave was dug for him.—The stage-coachman by whose side I went down to see his last grand battle, told me what he had heard him say to a brother whip on that road the day before. “Well, Tom, shall you beat him?”—“Beat him!” he replied, with a sner of ineffable contempt.—“Look here”—pulling a twenty pound note out of his breeches pocket—“if you’re a mind to cover that, I’ll lay I beat him and you too, within a quarter of an hour!”

Never shall I forget that memorable day! Next to Wordsworth’s, it was the most interesting and instructive “excursion” I ever made. And the recollection of it live in my memory even more vividly than those of the other poem do, because, in reading the one, I always make a point of forgetting as soon as I have read, in order that I may be able to recur to the theme again in all its first freshness; whereas, knowing that I should enjoy the other a second time only through the medium of memory, I took care to impress it there as deeply as the materials would permit. The poetry that I read I suffer to impress itself only on the sands of my memory—but the poetry that I see, I engrave on the rocks.

Perhaps the reader may not object to see a few of these *lithographic* etchings, relating to the above occasion—especially as the subject of them has quitted the scene of life, and can stand up for a model no more.

I had not shackled myself with any engagements about the manner, &c. of going down, lest the arrangements of others might put me out; and I had not made a single bet on the event, lest my interest might interfere to warp the impartiality of my judgment. Indeed I may here remark, that I discontinue the practice of betting on such occasions, altogether; and hold that no real lover of the art ever indulges in them. Those who love the thing with a due and becoming love, “love it for itself alone,” and would no more bet as a pitched battle, than they would on a game of chess. I started, therefore, a thoroughly free agent, both in body and mind—my actions unshocked by the will of friends, and even my wishes unbent by the inducement of bets.—At five o’clock, then, in a December evening, behold me seated on the box of the Bath Heavy, enveloped in an impenetrable covering of coats and capes, and prepared to brave the worst weather that winter could pour upon me. I remember that, for want of something better to do, I counted, as we went along, the coverings that intervened between my person and the piercing night air, and that they amounted to fifteen. Under such circumstances, what were the rains and the winds to me!—Accordingly, I hid them a “*hiltie defiance*,” which they seemed very readily to accept—for I now, by an effort of memory, can just recollect that it blew a storm, and rained torrents nearly the whole night long, till four o’clock in the morning; at which time I, and a young Castab who sat on the roof, and who had come up from college that morning on the same errand, descended in the dark before the door of a large inn at Hungerford, and in a moment heard the wheels rattle away from us, and leave us to the mercy of the open street.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FUNERAL ORATION OF A FEMALE IROQUOIS OVER HER DECEASED CHILD.

From Mons. De Chateaubriand.

Hadst thou but lived, my lovely boy,
What strength of arm were thine;
How graceful wouldst thou bend thy bow,
What skill and force combine.
The bear upon the mountain top
Wouldst in his fury seize
The elk so swift, thy swifter foot
Would overtake with ease.
White ermine of the rock! so soon
To seek the land of souls,
Ah what a boundless sea is that
Which now between us rolls.
How wilt thou live without thy sire,
Thee with his game to feed,
No kindly spirit to procure
Thee skins, when thou shalt need—
Thou wilt be cold—O, I must come
And warm thee in my breast.
And give thee milk, and sing thee songs,
And lull my babe to rest.

Manchester.

T. T.

ON PEEVISHNESS OR ILL-HUMOUR.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disabie it from practising that intercourse of benevolence, which is one of the chief duties of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness: for, though it break not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts of clamour, yet it supplies the deficiency of violence by its frequency, and wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries, incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to out-run the motions of the will, and discovers itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree offensive and disgusting, because no caution or regularity, no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address can insure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. Whilst we are courting the favour of a peevish man, and are making the warmest offers of service, or exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and, in the moment when we flatter ourselves that we have gained a friend, we have the mortification of finding all our endeavours frustrated, and all our assiduity forgotten, in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident has thrown in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness often produces such a quick sensibility, such an alarming apprehension of any increase of uneasiness, as keeps the mind perpetually on the watch to prevent or repel any thing from which inconvenience may be felt; such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care, no tenderness can appease; and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of the pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness is the *captiousness of old age*: when the strength is diminished, the senses impaired, and the common pleasures of life are become insipid, we are apt to impute the uneasiness of our condition to causes not wholly out of our power, and fancy that we suffer from neglect, unkindness or want of skill, or any evil which admits of remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which can neither be prevented, nor repaired. We therefore revenge our pains on those upon whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive our friends away, when we have the greatest need of their kindness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants upon prosperity, employed by insolence in exacting homage, and by tyranny in harassing subjection. In these cases it is the offspring of pride and idleness: of idleness, anxious about trifles; and pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have lived in solitude, indeed, whatever their condition may be, naturally contract this unsocial quality; because,

having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their usual inclinations; their singularities, therefore, are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world: but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submission, the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who watch their eyes, and observe the motions of their heads; who never speak but to applaud, or act but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to soothe him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the energy of truth. A little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him: for a man who has been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour and caprice, soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

In the worst of cases, the solid comforts of religion will at all times alleviate, if not cure, those obliquities of temper which arise from impatience under affliction; and will induce us calmly to submit to the dispensations of providence, and fully realize the words of our admired Poet:—

"Sweet peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each breast a little heaven."

BARYTHYMIA;*

A POEM.—BY N. N.

Addressed to all the Sons and Daughters of Adversity.

"When my spirit was in heaviness, Thou knewest my path."
PSALM 143, v. 3.

"The innocent may grieve; but it is guilt alone that can render us truly miserable."
AION.

For him whose brows with Cypress wreaths are bound,
Who weeping seeks some lone funeral mound;—
For him whose heart with secret anguish bleeds,
On whose pale cheek the worm of sorrow feeds;—
For all who find, as darkling on they go,
This world a weary wilderness of woe;
Thy soothing strain begin, my pensive Muse;
Though critic Taste her cold applause refuse,
Still, if it wipe one tear of grief away,
Pity shall bless, and Heaven approve the lay.

The calmest brows o'erclouded oft appear,
The brightest eyes are dimm'd with many a tear!
Let others tell of joyous days and nights
Sped on the wings of ever-new delights;
Of happy swains who tend their flocks, and sing,
Sip nectared sweets, and find no latent sting,
Pluck the fresh rose, yet still avoid the thorn,
And laugh the miseries of life to scorn.

* The title of this Poem is derived from two well-known Greek words, meaning, simply, anxiety or heaviness of spirit; a feeling under which the writer was himself labouring when he composed the Poem. "You must not," observed the Author of Barythymia, in a letter to a friend, "look for much novelty in the sentiments, much elegance in the language, or many flowers of poetry in the versification. But it does cost me, I trust, some good moral sentiments, and some points of divinity which it becomes every man, and particularly a gowman, to be well acquainted with.—It was written with a view of consoling the afflicted, rather than amusing the indifferent; and as it will be my future study to profit as a *swindler* more than to please as a *poet*, it has perhaps more the nature of a didactic discourse than a song."

"The Poem of Barythymia," said a living Author, a native of Ayrshire—"evinces pure taste, and good feeling; and there is one couplet in it which I never can forget; namely,

The world's Redeemer lonely vigils kept,
Himself a man of sorrows,—Jesus wept."

Believe it not!—what many a bosom feels,
No tear, no sigh, no sorrowing look reveals;
For who can shun the curse of ancient date,—
The thorns and thistles of our lost estate!
Let cold Self-love, unmoved by others' pain,
The feeling heart's soft sympathy disdain;
Let the gay through their round of mirth pursue,
And, if they can, still keep delight in view;
But who shall bless through life his happy lot,
And say to sorrow, "hence! I know thee not."

Nor is it always Heaven's avenging frown
That breaks the heart and weighs the spirit down;—
The good, the wise, the innocent, the just,
Have hid their sorrowing faces in the dust.
The upright man of Us bewailed his birth,
And longed to lay him in the peaceful earth;—
The world's Redeemer lonely vigils kept,
Himself "a man of sorrows,"—"Jesus wept."
Child of afflictions, then, whose'er thou art,
With Christian hope sustain thy drooping heart;—
Drink with strong fortitude thy cup of gall,
And know, thy lot is but the lot of all.
Awhile, perhaps, will Sorrow claim her due,
Awhile each rising dawn thy tears renew;
But human joys and griefs, what are they? say;—
The clouds and sunshine of an April day.
Soon, of themselves, thy tears shall cease to flow,
And calm regret succeed the storm of woe;
Till, soothed by Friendship, or by Love caressed,
Thy lightened heart shall bound within thy breast.

But who is he, with sad expressive mien,
Who loves to roam, by mortal glance unseen,—
Now hurries on, with wild and headlong pace;
Now stops abrupt, with woe-dejected face?
'Tis he,—I know him by his swimming eye,
And bosom heaved with many a stifled sigh;
Poor Child of feeling! how shall I disclose
The secret sources of thy various woes?
Perchance some loved companion bids adieu;
Some friend proves faithless, or some trust untrue;
Some cruel jealousy disturbs thy rest;
Or hope protracted sickens in thy breast.
Perhaps some waking dream thy fancy fired;
Some scheme of bliss thy secret soul inspired;—
For this each other aim was thrown aside,—
For this each nerve was strained, each effort tried;
But when the plan, to thine enraptured thought,
Seemed near, at length, to full perfection wrought,
Some latent cause has dealt a fatal blow,
And Hope's fair fabric in the dust laid low!
The dream is past;—thy faded joys depart,
And leave substantial sorrow on thy heart.
Nor heaves thy breast with Misery's throbs alone,
Joys, too, are thine, to vulgar souls unknown;
Thine are the transports of the speaking eye,
When language fails thee, and thy heart beats high;
Thine are the raptures of a Poet's mind,
Which soaring leaves each earthly care behind;—
The Muse shall bear thy sadly proffer'd vows,
And smiling, weave a chaplet for thy brows.

(To be concluded in our next.)

YOUNG AND KEMBLE.

Written on seeing Sharpe's Picture of the Covent Garden Company.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155.)

The likeness of Young is admirable—not in the least flattering, but, severely, like. There is a sort of Quixotic look about the character of the head, which is very observable in Young's Hamlet, where the nearly unaroused cheek rises from the suit of sable. He chose rightly (if it was his choice) to be painted in Hamlet—it is by far his best part. Young totally wants passion,—has good sense and taste, and is an excellent declaimer;—hence the contemplative, moping, moralizing Prince is exactly suited to his powers. His coldness—his mannerism—are here little felt;—his gentlemanly deportment—his scholar-like enunciation—his classical taste,—are all of infinite service. Young never offends—generally pleases—but scarcely ever gives rise to strong emotion or vehement applause. He is less praised and less abused than any other actor.

He has no splendid excellencies, and no glaring faults. He has a calm, equable, and ample popularity,—but excites very little exclusive, and no ardent, admiration.

Charles Kemble, in a splendid suit of brass armour, as Faulconbridge. I believe this is an anachronism, by the bye—but, no matter for that;—it is not a striking one, and the habit well becomes his magnificent figure. "Sir Robert never help to make this leg!"—Who can doubt that assertion, when he 'suits the action' to the word, and slaps his stalwart limb in triumph? Most actors appropriate some favourite part, but perhaps it was never done so completely as in Charles Kemble's Faulconbridge. It is, in truth, one of the most admirable and perfect pieces of acting ever exhibited on the stage.—Gay, brilliant, undauntedly bold—with a spice of the bluster and the bully, redeemed by true courage, and good feeling—he is the exact embodying of the Shakspearian idea—and what more can be said for any acting? There is (*par parenthèse*) one part of this character which has always revolted me, and made me angry with Shakspeare, and Charles Kemble, for interesting me about him afterwards—I mean his conduct towards his mother. Though Sir Robert Faulconbridge was not his father, he ought never to have forgotten that Lady Faulconbridge was his mother.—To return. If I were desired to characterize Charles Kemble's comic acting by one word, I should cite its *brilliance*. His Charles Surface—his Lovemore—his Benedick (what a piece of acting is there!)—his Don John—are all exemplifications to the very fullest of those most difficult of all qualities, buoyancy and effervescence of spirits, without over-acting—*brilliance*, without the least tinsel. Don John was one of Garrick's favourite parts, but I can scarcely think it could have been superior in his hands to the way in which I have seen it played by Charles Kemble. It is a most admirable comedy, full of the raciness of the old writers, and brimmed with life and action throughout. The cutting it into an opera in some degree broke and impeded its continuous rapidity—but then it gave us Miss Stephens—and as an actress also—a delightful actress!—There was, I believe, a spark of emulation alive at that moment—at all events, she played Violetta with a vivacity and archness which would have been worthy of its old representative.* The scene between her and Don John was one of the most *fascinating* comic exhibitions I ever witnessed.

Charles Kemble's Cassio is also a remarkable performance;—he is the only man I ever saw, who can act a drunken gentleman. It is not a character (I thank heaven) often introduced upon the stage; but it is most difficult in representation—in Cassio, especially, where the gradations of *getting drunk* take place before the audience. Nothing can be finer than the manner in which they are given, unless it be the endeavouring to assume self-guidance, on the appearance of his General—and the sobering occasioned by the shock of his final sentence.

In tragedy, Jaffier and Romeo are his finest parts, (his Hamlet I have never seen,) but his Stranger—his Antony—his Biron—and many others, are excellent. *Grief* is the passion which he delineates the best, and in that no one excels him;—he is also, certainly, the best lover at present on the stage, to which perhaps his personal beauty in a great degree conduces—and these qualities it is which gives such power and truth to the characters I have named above. He has been accused of degrading Jaffier too much—of making him too mean, too despicable.—I think this impossible:—the man who is alternately a traitor to both parties, half a dozen times over—who is swayed to treble and four-fold treachery by the voice of the last speaker, whether it be in the indignant voice of his friend, or the tears and blandishments of his wife,—*cannot* be pictured as more contemptible than he really is. In Romeo, the youthfulness and spirit of the lover in the early part of the play, are finely contrasted with the saddened and broken hearted man towards the close. Both the forgetfulness and the sudden remembrance (perhaps especially the latter, as being the more difficult) of his own impending death, on the recovery of Juliet, are perfect touches;—but there is one which has always struck me as peculiarly happy, which I have never seen noticed by the critics.—I mean, when

* Mrs. Abington.

the death of Mercutio has urged him to madness against Tybalt.—He does not attack him like a fencer—he does not stop to put himself into attitudes like a posture-master,—but dashes his sword with fury from his hand, and runs him two or three times through the body, almost before he knows what he is about.

In addition to these two lines of acting, Charles Kemble lately played a part in a style hitherto unattempted by him;—I allude to Friar Tuck, in an opera founded on the pretty Robin Hood story of "Maid Marian."—This effort has made many of opinion, and I incline to myself, that he is the knight who might achieve the so long unperformed adventure of playing Falstaff!—It is a most hazardous piece of business, certainly—but the glory of success would be proportionate.—*Album.*

VARIETIES.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—The Duke of Marlborough being indisposed, was pressed by the Duchess to take some medicine; who, with her usual warmth, added, "I'll be banged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth being present, said, "Do take it then, my Lord, for it must be of service one way or other."

WANSTEAD HOUSE.—Wanstead House was sold by auction on Monday, for 10,000l: one of the conditions of sale binds the purchaser to clear every thing away even to the foundation, by Lady-day, 1825. The biddings commenced at 1,000l. and advanced by thousands till they reached 8,000l. when they dwindled to an advance of 100l. each bidding, till they reached the sum at which the building was sold; the purchasers are Messrs. Stannard and Athow, of Norwich, in conjunction with three others. The auctioneer announced that they intended to sell the whole in lots, large or small, to suit buyers, and they absolutely sold a pair of marble chimney pieces for 300 guineas, before they left the room. Thus is sacrificed a mansion, which cost in its erection more than 360,000l. and which has no equal in Essex.

FONTHILL ABBEY.—The Abbey at Fonthill, and its beautiful domain of 6,000 acres, are now, we understand, undergoing considerable improvements. The present proprietor is going to reduce the tower as low as the observatory, and to perfect the whole of the east wing, agreeably to the plan of the late Mr. Wyatt, of Gothio celebrity. The estimate for perfecting the whole is said to be under 50,000l. but previously, we learn, the marbles, bijoutry, books, and paintings, will either be removed to the pavilion in the park, or be sold. The reduction of the disproportioned tower will be a decided improvement.

HAYDN.—The celebrated Haydn composed, from his 18th to his 73rd year, 163 pieces for the viola di gamba, 20 divertissements for various instruments, 3 marches, 24 trios, 6 violin-solos, 15 concertos for various instruments, 40 services, 13 quartets, 66 sonatas, 42 duets, 5 German puppet operas, (a performance which Maria Theresse was much attached to), 5 oratorios, 366 Scotch airs, and 400 minuets and waltzes, amounting in all to the prodigious number of 1228.—He was born, 1730; died in May, 1809.

SWALLOWS.—The following is a copy of memoranda made for the last ten years, as to the first time the swallow and swift have been seen in each year. 'I generally keep a good look out,' says the writer, 'in the spring for their appearance, but I cannot notice their departure. I have only been able to observe, that the black martin, or swift, cannot be seen after the 12th of August, it being the last of the kind that appears, and the first that leaves us.'

In 1813, swallows 12th April, swifts 2nd May.		
— 14, —	14th —	1st —
— 15, —	26th —	2nd —
— 16, —	21st —	4th —
— 17, —	22nd —	3rd —
— 18, —	17th —	3rd —
— 19, —	18th —	1st —
— 20, —	24th —	1st —
— 21, —	22nd —	2nd —
— 22, —	21st —	2nd —

EPITAPHS.

ON MR. AND MRS. HOGG, OF EVERTON,
By Mr. George Hamorth.

John and Mary Hogg lie here,
By Butcher Death o'erthrown;
Have mercy on the faithful pair,
O Lord, and save their bacon.

A monument is erected in the Greyfriars Church-yard, Edinburgh, to the memory of the Scottish poet Allan Ramsay; it is on the south wall of the church, between those erected to the memory of Professor M'Laurin and Dr. Blair. The tablet contains the following inscription:—

In this Cemetery
Was interred the Mortal Part
of an Immortal Poet,
ALLAN RAMSAY,
Author of the GENTLE SHEPHERD, and other admirable
Poems in the Scottish Dialect.
He was born in 1686, and died in 1758.
No sculptur'd marble here, no pompous lay,
No storied Urn, no animated Bust;
This simple Stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.
Tho' here you're buried, worthy Allan,
We'll ne'er forget you, canty Callan;
For while your Soul lives in the Sky,
Your Gentle Shepherd ne'er can die.

LINES

On the Monument of Sir Nicholas Pelham, Knight, in
St. Michael's Church, Lewes, Sussex, who died 1559.

His valour add his worthy praise,
His brave exploits in great King Henry's days,
Could not be mentioned in a narrow room;
He among worthies has a worthier tomb,
For when the French thought to have sack'd Seaford,
This Pelham did repel 'em back on board.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER,
From Monday May 19th, to Friday May 23rd, 1821.

Monday.—For the Benefit of Mr. W. Rees.—The
Curfew: Amoroso: and Miller and his Men.
Wednesday.—The Benevolent Tar: with Tom and Jerry.
Thursday.—Mr. Tibbs: with Tom and Jerry.
Friday.—The New Marriage Act: with Tom and Jerry.

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Owing to our lengthy extracts from Quentin Durward, we
cannot this week have the pleasure of replying to our cor-
respondents in further detail.

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containing a neat and accurate engraving of St. Mary's
Spire being reprinted—it may be had at the Iris Office,
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No. 70.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

REVIEWS.

THE ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY. By William Henry, M. D. F. R. S. *Vice-President of the Literary and Philosophical, and Natural History Societies of Manchester; Member of the Royal Medical and Wernerian Societies of Edinburgh, &c. &c.* Ninth Edition. London, Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, 2 vols. 8vo.

CHEMISTRY has certainly had a greater number of cultivators, and excited the exercise of a greater portion of talent, than any other science. It has not been confined either to one place or to one class of students; it has attracted the attention of persons of all ages and of both sexes; and in the Royal Institution of London in particular, the patronage of the fair sex, which ever imparts a charm while it confers a benefit, has been productive of such good effects as to call for the repeated acknowledgments of the celebrated professors.

There are few towns in the country in which chemical lectures are not either regularly or, at least, occasionally delivered. In this respect Manchester has excited the surprise and reproach of all strangers; there not having been, to the best of our information, a course of lectures on the subject since that given, in 1804, by the distinguished chemist, whose work forms the subject of this article.

It is a singular circumstance that the merits of the two very eminent chemists whom we have the honour to rank among our townsmen, are comparatively less known in the place of their residence, than in any other part of the kingdom. In what manner the fact is to be accounted for, there is, we think, no difficulty to determine.—We purpose to call the attention of our readers, in some of our future numbers, to those discoveries, many of them of a very important nature, which have originated in Manchester. In this undertaking we shall be glad to receive the assistance of any of our philosophical friends.

We shall, on the present occasion, proceed to notice the last edition, just published, of Dr. Henry's Elements of Chemistry. This excellent work has acquired and maintained a reputation quite unprecedented. It has already reached the ninth edition, having, in its progress, made its appearance in every shape, from that of a small pamphlet, to that of two handsome octavo volumes. From advertisements and reviews few works have received less assistance to promote their circulation. Its success, great as it has been, must, therefore, be ascribed to its own merits; and we have it in our power to cite very high authority in support of the assertion, that it is the best work which has ever been written upon the subject.

The last edition "comprehends all the recent discoveries, and is illustrated with ten plates by Lowry, and several engravings on wood." It has been almost completely re-written, in a style which combines, in a very eminent degree, simplicity and elegance.

"Every new edition of a chemical book," the author observes, "must necessarily, if it keep pace with the progress of discovery, differ essentially from the one which preceded it; for while it embraces every thing that is new or important, it must reject whatever recent experience has proved to be erroneous. It is by freely effecting the latter purpose, that I have been enabled to accommodate this work to the state of the science, without materially enlarging the size of the volumes. They will be found, however, by those who may be at the pains of comparing this edition with the last, to comprise a large proportion of new matter. I have been induced also, by mature consideration of those analogies which have of late years been unfolded among chemical substances, to adopt an entirely different arrangement. It is founded, as to its leading outline, on those relations of bodies to electricity, which have been developed by the genius of Sir Humphrey Davy, and, though the classification is far from being unobjectionable, it seems to me the best that can be followed in the present state of the science."

When it is considered how favourably the arrangement of the subject in the former editions was received, the adoption of "an entirely different arrangement" might at first occasion surprize. We think, however, it will be generally admitted, that the alteration has been an improvement; though, it must be allowed, it is exposed to some very plausible objections, which the author has, in his introduction, stated fully and without disguise. It is, at least, the most philosophical arrangement that is to be found in any work on the subject.

Among the great quantity of new matter contained in this work, the reader will be pleased to see a chapter on "the chemical agencies of common and galvanic electricity," which presents a very compressed account of some of the most important facts in this highly interesting branch of science. The electro-magnetic phenomena, which excite at present so much attention in the scientific world, and in which so much has been done by Oersted, Ampere, Barlow, Faraday and others, are illustrated by neat wood engravings. Dr. Henry has thought it worth while to give a statement of the vague and unsatisfactory hypotheses, which have been offered to account for the very singular phenomena to which we refer. We select this passage as no unfavourable specimen of the brevity and clearness of the style in which the work is written.

"The theory of Oersted, which, though it appears to have led him to his principal discoveries, is not stated in a very intelligible manner, rests on the assumption of two different and opposite electricities, positive and negative, the former of which is developed by the more oxidizable, the latter by the less oxidizable metal of galvanic arrangements. Each of these forces has a repulsive activity for itself, and an attractive activity for the opposite force. In the wire connecting the two opposite poles of a galvanic battery, and in the space around it, there are, he supposes, two currents, the one of positive, the other of negative electricity, moving in spiral and opposite directions; and an effect is supposed to take place in the wire and around it, dependant on the union of these electricities, to which he gives the names of the *electric conflict*. By this conflict, all non-magnetic bodies appear to be penetrable, while magnetic bodies, or rather their magnetic particles, resist its passage, and are therefore, moved

by the impetus of the contending powers. All the effects on the north pole of the needle may be understood, by supposing that negative electricity moves in a spiral line bent to the right, propelling the north pole, but not acting on the south pole. To positive electricity a contrary motion is ascribed, and a power of acting on the south pole, but not on the north. This theory requires, therefore, that there be two electric fluids: but in the opinion of Dr. Wollaston, which on every obscure topic of Science is entitled to the greatest deference, the phenomena may be equally well explained by a single electro-magnetic current, passing round the axis of the wire, in a direction determined by the position of the voltaic poles. The assumption of such a current is, it must be confessed, altogether gratuitous; but, without such a supposition, it is not easy to conceive any adequate cause for the motions that are observed in the magnetic needle, when brought within the influence of the uniting wire. Further researches will probably unfold the causes of these interesting phenomena, and class them under general laws, founded on a more extensive induction of facts than we now possess, notwithstanding the zeal and genius that have already been devoted to the enquiry."

We intended to point out, in a short statement of the contents of these volumes, the improvements and additions the work has received; but such a statement, though it would be a great recommendation to the publication, we are constrained to omit, because it would increase the length of this article beyond our limits, and, if we mistake not, could be of little use to the purchaser of the work, and of little interest to any other person.

The work is dedicated to Mr. Dalton: and in mentioning this fact, we cannot refrain from noticing the interesting circumstance of the friendly intercourse which seems to have long subsisted between these two distinguished philosophers. It reminds us of the friendship of Virgil and Horace, of Pliny and Tacitus, of Hume and Robertson. It illustrates a fact, so rarely illustrated, that two philosophers may be engaged successfully in the same pursuits, without any sacrifice of mutual esteem; and it forms a striking contrast with the very opposite behaviour of some eminent scientific characters in other places, where we witness the existence of that petty jealousy, and unworthy wrangling, which reflect discredit upon the very name of philosophy.

THE KING OF THE PEAK, a Romance. By the Author of "The Cavalier."—3 vols. 12mo. Longman, 1823.

We have often been surprised, that, prolific as the High Peak is in traditionary lore, so peculiarly adapted to the purposes of the Novel Writer, no one should hitherto have availed himself of the advantages it presents. The inhabitants of this interesting and romantic country are a singular people, retaining, in a great measure, that open-hearted hospitality, and that primitive simplicity of manners, which we are taught to consider as remnants of the olden time, and which we may in vain look for among the more civilized inhabitants of the town. Secluded, as it were, from the world, by the pecu-

liar situation of their country, and possessing an attachment almost bordering on veneration for the customs and habits which have been handed down to them by their forefathers, they present to the eye of an observer of human nature, a picture, alike interesting and important. The attachment of a mountaineer to his native land is proverbial; and no where is this attachment more strongly exemplified, than in the High Peak of Derbyshire.

A state of society such as this, is undoubtedly the most favourable for the preservation of local traditions, and legendary tales. And to those who are acquainted with this country, it is well known, that there are few families who do not possess stores of this kind of information, which, in the hands of a skilful writer, might form the basis of many an interesting work. The time is at length arrived when we may expect to see this plentiful harvest gathered into the public granary. And if we are to judge of our author's ability for the task by the specimens with which we have been already favoured, we have no hesitation in asserting, that it could not have fallen into better hands. He is evidently a young writer, and there are many faults about him, which time alone can cure: but the intimate acquaintance he displays with the peculiar manners of this interesting people, plainly evinces, that his powers are of the highest order; and that those powers have not been misapplied, the high reputation he has already gained, is a sufficient evidence.

The work before us possesses little interest as a tale:—there is too much appearance of carelessness in the management of the plot, and too many trifling incidents, which have no connection whatever with the development of the story. But these defects are amply compensated for, by the striking beauty of many of the detached scenes, the admirable management of the dialogue, in many parts highly dramatic, and the correctness and beauty of the descriptions of local scenery. These are the points upon which the author's fame must rest:—and on these points we know of no one by whom he is surpassed, (excepting, of course, the Wizard of the north.)

The tradition upon which this work is founded, is well known to almost every inhabitant of the district to which it refers. In the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the ancient Hall of Haddon, on the banks of the romantic Wye, now part of the possessions of the Duke of Rutland, belonged to the Vernon family, and was the residence of Sir George Vernon, the last of that name, who, from his unbounded hospitality, and the little less than regal splendour in which he lived, had acquired the title of "the King of the Peak." He is a widower, and his family consists of two daughters, the youngest of whom, the Lady Margaret, is the betrothed wife of Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the renowned Earl of Derby. The elder daughter, Dorothy, is secretly addressed by a son of the noble house of Manners, who, in consequence of a feud subsisting between the families, is obliged to conceal his name and quality, and from this concealment, is known only as the outlaw of Haddon, under which title he is to this day mentioned in the traditions of the country, and his exploits form the theme of many a romantic tale. After a variety of adventures, he at length succeeds in carrying off the fair lady, and from their union, we are told, has sprung the present Duke of Rutland.

Although this is the tradition upon which the work is professedly founded, it forms but a small part of the materials of which it is com-

posed. Sir Edward Stanley, youngest son of the Earl of Derby, is the real hero of the tale;—a most determined villain, and perhaps the only member of that illustrious family, of whom they have reason to be ashamed. This character, distinguished as much by an undaunted bravery, as by an utter recklessness of every thing honourable and praiseworthy, the author has depicted in a style which would not have disgraced the pen of Sir Walter Scott;—and which, had the work possessed no other merit, would have been sufficient to have ranked it amongst the best novels of the age. The following scene will serve to shew the character of this villain, and at the same time exhibit a fair specimen of the author's style.

Edward Stanley is endeavouring to supplant his brother in the affections of Margaret Vernon, more for the purpose of gratifying his own malicious disposition, than for any affection he is capable of entertaining for her. For this purpose he has taken advantage of a morning ride in the Park at Lathom, in the course of which, they are separated from the rest of their company. After prevailing upon her to alight from her horse in order to await the arrival of their friends,—

'They are long in appearing,' said Margaret, 'we had best ride on.'

'Nay, not so, sweetheart,' said the youth, whose confidence began to be more plainly marked; 'you must tarry and listen to me.'

'What mean ye, Sir,' said Margaret Vernon, seriously, 'am I way-laid in your father's park?'

'No, my angel, believe it not,' cried Stanley, 'though my tale is one of love, and no place can be fitter than this solitude for the mysteries of lovers. This place, too, hath ever been propitious to a Stanley's wooing; these oaks, this rock, and this limpid stream, have been obtested in the vows of many a man of my house, made happy by the enjoyment of his love; and if they should witness my shame and rejection, I would curse and renounce the genius of this place as leagued against my happiness.'

'Sir, unclasp my hand, or—'

'Nay, thou wouldst not swear, dear Margaret; but if thou didst, I would not let thee go. Sit down and hear me, for by St. German, and all the saints of the isle, we will not part till thou hast heard me.'

'Nay, then, I will hear thee another time,' said the maiden, who now began to be alarmed at the vehemence of his manner.

'Another time!' replied Stanley, with a lip of scorn; 'thinkest thou that I, like yon doting fool, will give credit to every word thou dost utter? No, my beauty, not even from thy sweet mouth; and if thou wouldst hear me some other time, why not now? This place is fittest for the confessions of love; the flaring sun is shadowed by these protecting trees, and the rippling brook would lend additional sweetness to the murmurs of the doves. Come, then, let us revel in pleasures. Be bounteous, my fair one, and save me the trouble of imploring thy love by a voluntary surrender of thy heart.'

'Your style of wooing, Sir, is admirable from its singularity,' said Margaret Vernon, indignant at his impudent proposal.

'Perhaps it may,' answered Stanley; 'but thou wilt find I am no common lover. I am not one of those who will attempt to amuse their mistresses with sighs and groans; but, nevertheless, my passion is as fierce as theirs who can. I like not your seven years' courtships, passed in telling my sweetheart that I love her, whilst my fruition is held aloof by a frigid and insensible daintiness. No, marry, give me heart for heart. I am thine now, and I would have thee mine presently. Life, as the moralist says, is but a span,—let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'

'Fie upon thee, for an audacious libertine,' said the damsel; who, notwithstanding her alarm at his wildness of manners, was moved beyond the power of repressing her feelings. 'Take not the words of the Scriptures into thine unholly mouth, or tremble, lest thy blasphemy meet retribution.'

'By St. Bride,' cried Stanley, 'thou art the most lovely enthusiast my eyes were ever blest withal—retribution! ah, let it not lie in thy frown, and there is naught of ill I will not brave undauntedly. Let death by tortures seek me this day, and if he find me revelling in thy bosom, I am content—let him strike.'

'Thou wouldst not dare, Edward Stanley, to insult me thus,' cried the maiden, bursting into tears, 'but thou seest I am lone of protection; thou didst lure me from horse by a mean and subtle falsehood.'

'In love, sweetheart,' replied the heartless deceiver, 'all stratagem is fair. I should not indeed have had the wisdom of the serpent, had I told thee my purpose before thou didst diamount. Nay, I faith, yon gentle barb is over-swift to trust a coy maiden withal. Had I given the world a second edition of Apollo losing his Daphne, I should soon have measured the lover's leap from yon rock.'

'Not you, Sir, you dare not,' returned the maiden, endeavouring to excite his pride; 'you are courageous in way-laying defenceless women, and offering them insult where they should have protection.'

'Twice, Margaret Vernon,' said Stanley, with an air of stern contempt, 'hast thou uttered that silly word, dare; as if, forsooth, a passion so base and warm-like as fear could tenant the breast of a Stanley; and most of all, of one who has to win his fortune by his sword. Thou mayest believe me, fair one, when I tell thee, that for very sport, with fee or guerdon, have I thrice staked my life against the prize-fighters of Paris, in single combat, naked to the shirt, and without defence, save this slender rapier. Before my cheek was darker than thine, love, I had tasted the air of battle; the odours of blood, and fire, and smoke, were as familiar to me, as to thee and thy taffaty suitors the fragrance of the rose and the lily. Think, then, if I am like to dread chastisement for my temerity? Nay, in sooth, a darkening glance of the eye, were I at all penetrable, would weigh with me more than the protectors drawn up in battle against me.'

'And one of them,' said the maiden averting her head.

'My brother!' cried the ruffian, drawing her close to him; 'ha! Margaret, build not upon that; thou art on the sand, and it will crumble beneath thee. Thomas Stanley is a gay knight, and a gallant:—he is worthy the blood he springs from, and he may not fall better how to whisper a love tale into a lady's ear than I do; but his soul is not made of the same stuff as mine; he is the minion of honour, whilst he will accept easy service; the ocean he sails on is smooth and placid; but I have lived in the hurricanes of life, and have sought my object, call it, if ye will, a selfish one, through storm and fire: neither heaven nor hell could avert my gaze from the suns that I worshipped, and thou art one: I have thee, and by my soul, we part not as we met.'

'And hast thou no sense of hospitality?' said Margaret Vernon. 'Wilt thou wrong the guest of thy father's house?'

'Would ye talk to the lion of courtesy when he rages with hunger?' answered Stanley. 'If thou urge the ties of hospitality to thwart my passion, I utterly discard the word as a worthless vagabond; nay, I will disclaim all ties of sociality, and revert to a state of nature, rather than lose thy beauty. I would not part with thee, to be esteemed a saint in virtue, or an Alexander in generosity; neither would I forego thy possession, though I be branded with the vices of Caligula.'

'And dost thou think, false traitor,' cried the maiden, 'that thy outrage will go unrevenged? My father, thou knowest him, a man little patient of injuries, will wreck his vengeance on thine head; beware, then, while thou mayest.'

'And if thy father were so formidable, gentle Margaret,' replied Stanley, 'thou wouldst not, I'll be sworn, excite his revenge. Thou wouldst not betray thy love?'

'My love!' ejaculated the damsel, with sovereign scorn.

'Ay, thy love,' returned her persecutor, in the same tone, 'for such I am, and will be. I am not used, fair Margaret, to dally my time. I am for the storm, instead of the blockade. Thou shalt become mine. The hour that has seen the first of my vow,

shall see my joy complete. Nay, struggle not, my queen, thou art beyond aid.'

'False villain, thou liest,' cried the indignant maiden; 'I shall have aid when thou hast none. What he! help Sirs! rescue! rescue!'

The damsel, whose voice was as powerful as it was beautifully modulated, made the wood echo with her cries, and forced Stanley to the exertion of all his strength to prevent her escape. But at length, when her voice was become more feeble, and her strength was almost wearied, a man appeared on the rocks above, and bade the villainous ravisher to forbear.

'Curses on thee, villain!' cried Stanley, drawing a pistol from his breast; 'get thee gone speedily, or I will slay thee out of hand.'

'I would thou couldst, proud ruffian,' replied the man, who proved to be the fanatic brought by the Earl from Southport, 'I am doomed to my fate; if thou art my slaughter-fiend, I hail my hour.'

'Ha, Ashby!' exclaimed the damsel; 'is it thou that Heaven has sent to my rescue? Good fellow, shout aloud for help; raise thy voice speedily.'

'If thou dost dare to speak above thy breath, thou shalt die, by hell,' cried Stanley.

'My days are not in thy hand,' answered Ashby; and raising his voice to its utmost pitch, he roared aloud for help and rescue with wonderful vociferation.

'Take thy death, villain!' cried Stanley, discharging his pistol at the enthusiast.

'God protect him!' cried the maiden.

But whether Edward Stanley had not in his hurry taken a sufficiently deliberate aim, or the ball had struck upon somewhat in its flight, and either glanced aside, or rebounded, is uncertain, but the stranger escaped wholly unhurt; and so careless did he appear about his own life, that his voice neither ceased nor wavered at the weapon's explosion.

The length of this extract has left us little room for further remark; but we hope that what we have said will excite the curiosity of such of our readers as are not already acquainted with the writings of this gentleman, and induce them speedily to become so. They will thus not only contribute to their own pleasure, but they will increase the author's profits, which, in this age of speculation, is a matter of some importance.

L.

COURTSHIP.

Could fancy paint, or thought suggest,
One time more happy than the rest,
That's spent on earth, 'twould be express'd
As Courtship.

The pleasing tale, and fond embrace,
The smiling look, when face to face,
Are things which long have taken place
At Courtship.

Some have a noble end in view,
But some there are (and not a few),
Who for the sake of gain pursue
This Courtship.

But others, whom the wise commend,
Are striving for a bosom friend:
Knowing that Marriage is the end
Of Courtship.

No matter if for love or gain:
The fair one should they once obtain,
They're riveted in Hymen's chain,
For Ever!

Then seeing it requires care,
In love affairs young men beware,
Lest you like some repent the snare
Of Courtship.

Lenton Terrace.

W. L. S.

FOR A FRIEND'S WATCHPAPER.

Oh mark the moments gliding by!
They speed into Eternity:
Prize each, then, as a priceless gem,
For life—thy life—is made of them.

May 1844.

H. R.

FIGHTING REMINISCENCES.

(BY A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.)

(Concluded from our last.)

I was in the ring just before the commencement of the fight on the memorable 11th of December, 1821. To describe the details of that fight at this distant period, and after the manner in which they have been recorded by historians so much better qualified than I can pretend to be, would be no less presumptuous than superfluous. But as I saw the whole under peculiar advantages, (being close to the ropes nearly all the time,) it may not be amiss to mention a few particulars that necessarily escaped general observation; or that have, at all events, remained hitherto unrecorded. In speaking of the battle afterwards to a friend, he compared it to one between a cat and a terrier dog—likening the extraordinary quickness and vivacity of Gas to the one, and the cool and wary determination of Neate to the other. I liked this illustration at the time, as I do all his; but I have since thought, that a bull-dog and a bull would have been more appropriate: for the blows of Neate actually tossed his adversary off the ground—you could see him *sprawling* up in the air before he fell, and could hear him fall *stop* down. But, in fact, neither of the comparisons are very appropriate, except in one or two particulars. And no wonder; for it was not a sight to be compared with any other that ever was seen, or will be;—"None but itself can be its parallel."

After the battle was over, I was at Gas's side before he awoke from the stupor into which the last blow had thrown him. On recovering his senses, his first words were—"Hollo!—where am I?"—then recollecting himself, he tried to start up, crying—"Come! Come!"—meaning, "Let me be at him again!"—But it was too late. "No, Tom," was Jackson's reply—"He's beat you, my boy; but you're the bravest fellow alive, for all that." Meantime, the majority had collected round Neate, who was almost unhurt. He was as mild and unassuming after his victory as he had been before it; except that he rather disdainfully declined the offered hands of the crowd of would-be friends who were pressing round him—knowing, perhaps, that if he had lost the battle, the same hands would have been pointed at him in scorn; and once, and once only, he let an exclamation of honest exultation escape him, on catching the eye of a friend at a little distance: "Well, my boy—didn't I tell you I should lick him!"

Luckily the promised fight between Jos. Hudson and the Suffolk Champion (which was to have followed) did not take place. Good as this would, doubtless, have been in its way, it would have seemed like staying to witness a paltry melo-drame after having seen Kean and Kemble act together in a high tragedy!—for Neate's fighting is, in fact, not unlike Kemble's acting, and Gas's was as much like Kean's as fighting can be. The lesser would have disturbed and weakened the impressions left by the greater, without adding to them, or substituting others in their place.

Behold us, then—for I had a friend on the ground, and we had determined to be conjunctive during the journey to town—at three in the afternoon turn our faces towards our home sixty miles in the distance:—I, prepared to assert with the pertinacity of an old believer, and he to prove with the zeal and eloquence of a new one, that fighting is the finest of all possible things, and that the fight we had just witnessed was the finest of all possible fights.

I must not trust myself to tell of our journey home, and of the talk that beguiled it, lest I should be tempted to extend these desultory reminiscences throughout all the rest of the pages of this "pleasant periodical." Not that I doubt the propriety of such a proceeding, for once in a way—at least as it regards the readers of those pages. But readers' inclinations are not the only ones to be consulted on such occasions. If it were not as pleasant to write a good thing as to read it when written, the pages of many an Album might remain blank. Suffice it, then, that the out-door part of our talk, as we paced the pathway in the cold sunshine, changed the winter about us into spring—decking the dry branches of the trees with green, and the hard ground with flowers; and that the in-door part, at our pleasant inn at night and in the morning,

brightened the fire better than stirring, and gave a relish to the repast that nothing but conversation can. Of my own share I shall say nothing; because I am a modest man, and moreover pique myself on being the best of listeners;—and one rare quality (as I have hinted above) is enough to look for from one man. But of my friend's, I will venture to say, without the fear even of his contradiction, (though he, too, is a modest man,) that it would not have been better, had it proceeded from the lips of either of the Sams to whom I have before alluded. Finally, it was redolent of The Fight in every feature of it. From that it proceeded as from a spring; round that it revolved and coursed in its eccentric course, like a comet round the sun; and in that it ended and was merged and lost, like the aforesaid comet in the sun.

I have, gentle reader, called up these reminiscences at this time, partly because the principal subject of them has lately quitted the scene for ever; but chiefly because he was suddenly

Sent to his account, unhouseled, unanaged,
With all his imperfections on his head,

in addition to the weight of a broad-wheeled waggon; and has thus been prevented from wiping off that stain upon his name which, perhaps the weakness of his and our nature, perhaps the malice of his enemies, cast upon it; and which has been industriously communicated thence to his profession, with a view to prove that *that* has a tendency to deteriorate the human character, instead of elevating it, and to weaken the principles in proportion as it strengthens the muscles. I deny the inference with my doubled fists—as every lover of fighting ought. Admitting that Gas did take a bribe—have not his betters (as they would call themselves) done so before him?—and at least he took one on both sides—which few of the said "betters" would dare to do; and he did his duty afterwards—which their spurious honesty would stand in the way of. Admitting that he took five hundred pounds of the "legs," to lose the battle, he at least told his backer what he had done, and took his promise of a thousand pounds to win it. And what was the natural result under these circumstances, but that he would lose it?—Supposing it to be an equal match at setting-to,—(and who shall say that there can be more than an equal match for Neate?)—it is, in fact, mathematically demonstrable that Gas must have lost it. Taking their respective powers, resulting from strength, skill, honour, profit, fame, &c., at 10, there was, doubtless, a drawback of about 1 unconsciously acting upon Gas's innate sense of right in favour of his first bribers, which cast the balance into the scale of his adversary. At all events, there's no denying that he did his duty, whether he deserves the credit of it or not. Nobody who saw that battle can deny that he did what he could to win it, because he had promised to do so for his own benefit and that of his backer; and he did what he could not help in losing it, because he had promised to do so for the benefit of other people! I conceive that, after this, nothing more need be said, either for or against him in this matter.

If I now recur for a moment to the day of Gas's death, it will certainly not be to lament over the particular manner of it; still less to wish that it had not happened. A prize-fighter is mortal, as well as another man—whatever one might be led to think to the contrary during the witnessing of a well-fought battle. As he must die, then, those are but sorry friends to his fame, who would have him breathe his last upon a feather-bed. A hero's death should refer, in some way or other, to his past life. Napoleon's, alas! had no farther reference to his life, than that it took place in the captivity to which that life had led;—but Gas, if for his misdeeds he was not permitted to lie in the lap of glory, was not denied the boon of dying in the open air while on a fighting errand, and on the anniversary of his Waterloo! namely, the battle of Hungerford. This singular coincidence may serve to show, that these seeming accidents are nothing less. "There is a special providence even in the fall of a sparrow."

The ideal of an immaculate hero's death is, doubtless, on the field of battle, and in the arms of victory; and accordingly, Abercrombie and Nelson, who were immaculate heroes, died in that manner. Napoleon and Gas were, alas! not without spots in their fame, and their final fate was correspondent. But they were

illustrious persons nevertheless; and will not be forgotten while Fighting is remembered; the less, perhaps, that they mixed up something of the errors of humanity with those qualities which lifted them above it. At all events, there was no hypocritical pretension about either of them, and no cant. They professed to cultivate the arts of war, not of peace, and to be fighters, not fine gentlemen; and they were as good as their words in this respect, whatever they might be in others. If one of them offered bribes, and the other took them; what then?—they at least confessed it—one when he was drunk, and the other when he was sober; and the confession of our sins every one admits to be a virtue! If they both broke treaties, it was doubtless because at the moment of making them they never meant to keep them any longer than they found it convenient. They made them to serve their own views, not those of other people; and if they had kept them any longer than was consistent with those views, they would have broke faith with themselves; and a thief that will rob himself, must be a thief indeed!—But I will run this parallel no further at present, or seek excuses for people who sought none for themselves. In fact, to complain of Buonaparte, because he was not Belisarius; or of Gas, because he was not Sir Charles Grandison, is a mere impertinence. They were all four models in their way; and what would we have more! Finally, they are gone to their long home; and peace be to their manes!—*Album.*

TO LAURA.

Through those eyes with sorrow streaming,
Where a timid fire is beaming,
In the tongue that dreads to tell—
Ere we part, the sad farewell,
In the cheek so pale with woe,
In the pulse that beats so low,
See a heart that loves thee more
Than the Indian loves his shore,—
Brighter burns for thee, than e'er
Burn'd the Persian's Eastern star!
Thousand cares my thoughts distress,
Thousand fears my soul oppress:
Much it fears, lest time should prove
Foe perfidious to my love;
And lest absence, more severe,
Bid a rival triumph here:
Yet when such attends thy path,
Courts thy smile, and plights his faith,
When his accents sooth thine ear,
And his vows first seem sincere,—
Think that there is one, whose brain,
Were he nigh,—'twould rack with pain:
Think (as well as thou mayst) that he
Perhaps is thinking then of thee;
Think thou seest his hollow eye,
And canst hear his bosom's sigh.
Think, at eve, when'er thy gaze
Rests upon the moon's bright rays,
That thy lover's eyes recline
On the same pure orb as thine,
And recalling when, by night,
Last with thee he view'd her light,
Strains his gaze, in her to see
Some remembered form of thee.

As for him whose swelling breast,
Trembling, dictates this request,
Trust—where'er his footsteps bend,
That to thee his thoughts still tend,
O'er the bounds of hill and dale,
Stretch'd across the interval.—
Pratt—where'er on earth he goes,
Though his fortune meet with those
Who are set with charms as bright
As the starry gems of night,—
Lips of coral—eyes of fire—
Cheeks of most intense desire,
Yet he turns from these, unmov'd,
To the maid whom first he lov'd.
All the beauties art can twine
Tasteless seem, compar'd with thine;
Tis for thee he keeps his love,
And his hopes—if thou approve.
Canst thou, gentle Laura, wait,
While he runs the course of fate?
Till he wins fair Fortune's smile,
And improves to age the while?
Till the years of trial o'er
Make him worthier than before?
Doubt not them his plighted troth
Chang'd for Hymen's graver oath,
And the visions, now so gay,
Turn'd to never-fading day:
When so bright an age begins,
Lighted with refulgent scenes,
That our bliss will only prove
An antepast of joys above!

J.

Manchester, 1823.

BARYTHMIA;

A POEM.—BY N. N.

Addressed to all the Sons and Daughters of Adversity.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

But what are chaplets! what the Poet's lays!
Or what the boast of never-fading bays!
Ah, what is mortal life! search Nature round,
Where shall its strange similitude be found?
'Tis like the bow that decks the humid sky,
Chequered and changed with many a mingled die;
Which glows awhile, with all its colourings gay,
Then, unperceived and sudden, melts away.
Such, and so varied, is the life we lead,
Sorrow to joy, and smiles to tears succeed;
While Time each chance and change, with ceaseless wings,
Wafts to the lumber of forgotten things.

Light are the passing sorrows of a day,
Which Love or Friendship sweetly smiles away;
Short are the pangs where sympathy remains,
Where Hope beguiles, or Pity soothes our pains;
But oh! what consolation shall we find,
When Death has left no comforter behind!
When they who, once, in all our griefs could share,
Or with a smile dispel the clouds of care,
And pour sweet counsels on our listening ear,
In marble silence press the sable bier!
Yon church-yard mound, though wild and few its flowers,
Is sprinkled oft with more than vernal showers;
For there, beneath the yew-tree's awful shade,
The mother's hopes are with her infant laid;
There the lorn husband tells the Grave his pain;
There the fond lover beats his breast in vain;
The orphan there, one well-remembered morn,
Saw his last friend, his widowed mother, borne;
And oft returns to shed a filial tear,
And call on her who never more shall hear.
Ah! what can tears avail to them that sleep!
Though 'tis your mournful privilege to weep;
Yet, oh! be mindful in your bitterest grief,
There is a sacred source of pure relief!
There is a clime, where, wet with heavenly dew,
The flowers that withered here, shall bloom anew;
Removed from summer's heat, from winter's blight,
To one perennial spring, with skies for ever bright.
The Mourner needs me not;—I hear him say,
"Lost to all hope, bereft of every stay,
"Why should I bear of life this useless load,
"Weary, and faint, and sick of sorrow's goad?
"We travel all to death, be mine the shortest road!"
Christian, forbear! the Virgin's suffering Son
Sighed o'er the bitter cup, "Thy will be done."

Oh happiest he, amid this changeable state,
Whose hopes are fixed above the reach of fate;
Whose views beyond this wilderness extend,
His refuge, Heaven, Omnipotence, his friend;
But hapless man, if guilt alarm thy fears,
If keen remorse be mingled with thy tears,
Ah, seek not thou to put aside thy woe,
But let thine eyes like ceaseless fountains flow;
If haply tears can wash away thy stains,
And sanctify what yet of life remains!
Let not thy soul's deceiver whisper peace,
Or dark despair;—but pray, and never cease!
Pray for thy spirit's everlasting weal,
Till he who bruised thee, shall in mercy heal;
He will not,—wept, implored, besought, in vain,
A broken and a contrite heart disdain.

In that dread hour, when round thy dying bed,
The horrors of that unknown world are spread,
The Voice that bade the winds and tempests cease,
Shall bid thy troubled spirit rest in peace,
Till death's dim shadows shall have past away,
Before the brightness of eternal day.
Thus some worn sea-man, on the foaming tide,
Whose wasted strength the storm has long defied,
While the strong mast beneath the whirlwind groans,
And night broods o'er him, and the tempest moans,
Weary at length of struggling with the deep,
Sinks feebly down in dull and deathlike sleep;
Nor wakes till when, before his raptur'd eyes,
The peaceful splendours of the morning rise.

ON NATURE AND ART IN POETRY.

In the first place I hold, that, though the poetical objects in Nature and in Art heighten and assist each other, yet that Nature has few, if any, unpoetical objects, whereas many of those of Art are so;—and secondly—That the most poetical objects in Nature are more poetical than the most poetical objects in Art.

With regard to the first of these positions—What object in Nature, unspoiled by man, and still existing as it came from the hand of God, is not highly susceptible of poetry?—I know of none.—There are, indeed, few things left with which man has not meddled. But still there are some;—some which he has hitherto left untouched, others on which his touch is powerless. "Cette superbe mer, sur laquelle l'homme n'a jamais pu imprimer ses traces" still bears, and ever will bear, its own unchangeable aspect. The mountains which soar into the sky, and lift their heads far beyond the reach of man and his power, reign in the majesty of Nature,

"On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Many parts of the American forests also are yet untrodden, at least unchanged, by man. And are not they poetical? Those vast woods which cover what in our smaller hemisphere would be the space of kingdoms—with all those sights and sounds which embellish and give a charm to forest scenery—fruits and flowers, and leaves of every shade of green, from the shadowy pine to the brilliant acacia—their birds of every conceivable variety of plumage, and modulation of song—and those beasts which add to all these things the interest and the dignity of danger—are not, I again say, forests in this primeval state, in the highest degree poetical?—And what does art do here?—the axe resounds and the fire blazes, and the proud trees of the forest become blackened stumps—the beautiful and varied glades are opened into unsightly clearings,—and the picturesque Indian, who pursues his enemy or his game through the almost trackless woods, is replaced by a *back-woodman*—the brutal and dissolute savage of civilization, instead of the pure-minded and dignified savage of Nature.

But even the most unpromising things in Nature, such as leafless trees, stagnant pools, and barren heaths, may be adapted with the utmost advantage to the purposes of poetry.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest beach,
Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring;
And in the April dew or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen fresher and revive.

Is not this poetry?—and what is its subject?—

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest beach.

There are few things in Nature of more wretched appearance than a fen, and yet even this has given rise to writing truly poetical. The passage I allude to is in Crabbe's tale of a *Lover's Journey*—and it is so powerful and extraordinary, that it is well worth quoting:—

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by Ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right, the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between;
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straten'd flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to th' opposing side;
The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flow'rets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow.
Here a grave *Flora* scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf shallows creep, the seepfold hard,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,
Birds, save a wat'ry tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run—

—and what is the subject of this powerful poetry?—a marsh!—To this passage is appended a note, which, though of course in prose, is so picturesquely and vigorously written, that I shall copy it,—and claim its evidence in my cause,—for writing need not be in verse to be poetry. "The ditches of a fen so near the ocean are lined with irregular patches of a coarse and stained

lava; a muddy sediment rests on the horse-tail and other perennial herbs, which in part conceal the shallowness of the stream; a fat-leaved pale-flowering scurvy-grass appears early in the year, and the razor-edged bull-rush in the summer and autumn. The fen itself has a dark and saline herbage; there are rushes and arrow head, and in a few patches the flakes of the cotton-grass are seen, but more commonly the *sea-aster*, the dullest of that numerous and bardy genus: a *thrift*, blue in flower, but withering and remaining withered till the winter scatters it; the *salt-wort*, both simple and shrubby, a few kinds of grass, changed by their soil and atmosphere, and low plants, of two or three denominations, undistinguished in a general view of the scenery;—such is the vegetation of the fen, when it is at a small distance from the ocean.”

I will give another, perhaps still more striking, instance. It is a description in Rob Roy of a barren moor—of Nature in her very meanest aspect—where,

Far as the eye can reach, no tree is seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorns the lively green,—

and yet, see what, in the hands of a master, can be made even of a country like this:—“Huge continuous heaths, spread before, behind, and around us, in hopeless barrenness,—now level, and interspersed with swamps, green with treacherous verdure, or sable with turf, or, as they call them in Scotland, peat-bogs,—and now swelling into huge heavy ascents, which wanted the dignity and form of hills, while they were still more toilsome to the passenger. There were neither trees nor bushes to relieve the eye from the russet livery of absolute sterility. The very heath was of that stunted imperfect kind which has little or no flower, and affords the coarsest and meanest covering which, as far as my experience enables me to judge, Mother Earth is ever arrayed in.”

I have purposely cited nothing in support of the poetical susceptibilities of the higher orders of natural objects—I have confined myself to what relates to Nature's very lowest appearances and attributes, and yet I have, I trust, proved that even these can be, and are, poetical.

Now, that there are numberless objects in Art which cannot by any powers, however great, be made poetical, we have in these days conclusive and most abundant

evidence. I do not ask, whether it can be possible for any one to give poetry to the commonest productions of mechanical art,—household utensils, for instance, brooms, mops, pails, and warming-pans;—but look at the attempts of persons of poetical genius confessedly great,—of Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth,—to poetise these things;—look at nine-tenths of the lyrical ballads—above all, Mr. Wordsworth's “washing-tub,” and his “Alice Fell,”—and say whether it is possible for any genius to dignify objects like these.

I have said, secondly, that the most poetical objects in Nature are more poetical than the most poetical objects in Art. Is not, for instance, mountain scenery, in sunshine, in moonlight, and perhaps still more in storm—is not the ocean in its “boundless magnitude,” whether in the heavy heaving of a dead calm, in the smiles and serenity of a light breeze, or in the appalling terrors of a tempest—are not, more than all, the heavens, with their sun and moon and stars, their clouds and winds, their rain and hail and snow, and all their infinite varyings of weather, and thence of atmosphere and appearance—are not these things—this earth and sea and sky—and last, not least, is not human beauty—more poetical than any objects of Art whatsoever?—

I grant that many things in Art are highly poetical;—that Athens, Rome, the pyramids, the remains of ancient sculpture, the master-pieces of painting—I grant that these and numberless other objects of Art may be cited as breathing poetry;—but are they as poetical as the splendid manifestations of Nature I have instanced above? Mr. Bowles says, finely and truly, that the one leads the thought to God—the other to man—that the imagination rises “from Nature up to Nature's God;” this alone, one would think, should decide the question—but let us take an instance.

One of the most beautiful and impressive objects in Nature is the sky on a moonlight night.—What is the blemish in the beauty of the following lines, composed on contemplating the heavens in this state?—lines of high power in themselves, and extraordinary as having been written by Voltaire:—

Tous ces vastes pays d'azur et de lumière,
Tirés du sein du vide, et formés sans matière,

Arrondis sans compas, et tournant sans pivot,
Ont à peine coûté la dépense d'un mot.

What is, I ask, the drawback from these fine verses? why, the associating compasses and pivots, objects of mechanical art, with the grandest ideas of Nature in all her pride. After the line,

Tirés du sein du vide, et formés sans matière,
it is, indeed, a falling off to speak of this magnificent and miraculous heaven as being

Arrondis sans compas, et tournant sans pivot.
(To be concluded in our next.)

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—As the unwarrantable liberties complained of in the following petition (by our Manchester Poet Byrom) are still very common, I shall be obliged by its re-publication in the Iris. L. M.

PETITION OF THE PASSIVE PARTICIPLE.

O hear a passive participle's case!
And if you can, restore me to my place.—
Till just of late good English has thought fit
To call me *written*, or to call me *well*.
But what is *writ* or *written*, by the vote
Of writers now, hereafter must be *wrote*;
And what is *spoken* now, hereafter *spoke*,
And measures never to be *broken*, *roke*.
I never could be *driven* but in spite
Of grammar, they have *drove* me from my right.
None could have *risen* to become my foes;
But what a world of enemies have *rose*!
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And *born* as I have been, have *tore* me out.
Passive I am and would be, and implore,
That such abuse may be henceforth *forborne*,
If not *forborne*; for by the spelling-book,
If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistook*;
And in plain English it had been as well,
If what had *fallen* upon me had not *fell*.
Since this attack upon me has *began*,
Who knows what lengths in language may be *ran*?
For if it once be *grew* into a law,
You'll see such work as never has been *saw*.
Part of our speech, and sense perhaps, beside,
Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I am *died*.
Then let the preter and imperfect tense,
Of my own words, to me remit the sense,
Or since we two, are oft enough agreed,
Let all the learned take some better heed,
And leave the vulgar to confound the due
Of Preter tense, and Participle too.

JOHN BYROM.

THE MANCHESTER BELLES.—A FAVOURITE QUADRILLE.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

Allegretto.



FIGURE.

Four ladies hands across—the eight set holding partners hands in form of a cross—the grand promenade—the second and third couple set in a line—promenade half round—chassez across—cross over—allemande—the other party the same.

THE FATALIST.

The subject of the following melancholy tale has long ceased to exist, and there is not in the place of his nativity a being who bears his name. The recital will, therefore, wound the feelings of no one; nor will it disturb the ashes of the dead, to give the world the story of his madness, rather than his crime.

The name of John Mackay appears on the criminal records of the town of Belfast, in the north of Ireland. He was the murderer of his own child. It is unnecessary to dwell on the character of this unhappy man; suffice it that, from early education and deeply rooted habits, he was a fatalist. An enthusiastic turn of mind had been warped into a superstitious dread; and the fabric that might have been great and beautiful, became a ruin that betokened only death and gloom. Yet into his breast the Creator had infused much of the milk of human kindness, and his disposition peculiarly fitted him to be at peace with all men. The poison had lain dormant in his bosom, but it rankled there. Domestic sorrows contributed to strengthen his gloomy creed; and its effects were darker as it took a deeper root. Life soon lost all its pleasures for him; his usual employments were neglected; his dress and appearance altered; his once animated countenance bore the traces of shame or guilt; and a sort of suspicious eagerness was in every look and action.

He had an only child; one of the loveliest infants that ever blessed a father's heart. It was the melancholy legacy of the woman he had loved; and never did a parent doat with more affection on an earthly hope. This little infant, all purity and innocence, was destined to be the victim of his madness. One morning his friend entered his apartment, and what was his horror at beholding the child stretched on the floor, and the father standing over it, his hands reeking with the blood of his babe. 'God of heaven!' exclaimed his friend, 'what is here?' Mackay approached, and calmly welcomed him, bidding him behold what he had done. His friend beat his bosom and sunk on a chair, covering his face with his hands. 'Why do you grieve?' asked the maniac; 'why are you unhappy?' I was the father of that breathless corpse, and I do not weep; I am even joyful when I gaze on it. Listen, my friend, listen; I knew I was predestined to murder; and who was so fit to be my victim as that little innocent, to whom I gave life, and from whom I have taken it? He had no crime to answer for;—besides, how could I leave him in a cold world, which would mock him with my name? Even before the commission of the crime, he had sent to a magistrate, whose officers shortly entered and apprehended him. He coolly surrendered himself, and betrayed no emotion; but he took from his bosom a miniature of his wife, dipped in the blood of his babe, and, without a sigh or a tear, departed. It was this circumstance that made many loath him, and created against him a sentiment of general abhorrence; but when he afterwards, in prison, declared to his friend the storm of passions to which that horrible calm succeeded—that he had torn his hair until the blood trickled down his forehead, while his brain seemed bursting his skull; his friend was satisfied and still loved him. In the prison he was with him: though all others deserted him, he pitied and wept. Still, even to the last, he believed he had but fulfilled his duty in the death of his child; and often, when he described the scene, and told how the infant smiled on its father at the moment he was prepared to kill it,

lipping his name as the weapon was at its throat, he would start with horror at his own tale and curse the destiny which had decreed it, but always spoke of it as a necessary deed. The time appointed for his trial approached; he contemplated it without dread, and talked of the fate that awaited him without a shudder. But his friend had exerted himself to procure such testimony of the state of his mind, previous to his committing the dreadful act, as to leave little dread of the result; yet he feared to awaken hopes in the unhappy prisoner which might be destroyed, and had never mentioned it to him. The morning of his trial arrived; he was brought to the bar; his hollow eyes glared unconsciously on his judge, and he gave his plea, as if the words 'not guilty' came from a being without life. But his recollection seemed for a moment to return, he opened his lips and gasped faintly, as if he wished to recal them. The trial commenced, and he listened with the same apathy; but once betraying feeling, when he smiled on his friend beside him. The evidence had been heard; the jury had returned to their box, and were about to record a verdict of insanity, when a groan from the prisoner created a momentary pause, and he dropped lifeless in the dock. He had for some minutes shadowed his countenance with his hand, and no one but his friend perceived its dreadful alteration. He attributed it to the dreadful suspense of the moment, the agony between hope and despair. Its cause was a more awful one;—he had procured poison, had taken it, and, with an almost superhuman strength, had struggled with its effects until he fell dead before the court.

He was buried in the church-yard of his native village, where a mound of earth marked his grave, but there was neither stone nor inscription to preserve the name of one so wretched.

NATURE OUTDONE.

(From the Literary Chronicle.)

In common with almost every one, I have this year had to lament the untimely backwardness of the Spring; Winter has extended his 'iron reign,' and so prevented Dame Nature (all-bounteous as she is) from sending her buds and blossoms among us.

But, really, we cockneys have but little to regret in our rambles from London Bridge to Shoreditch Church, or from Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, thanks to the plastic hands of the artificial-flower makers, and the unbounded beneficence of our haberdashers, milliners, and other shopkeepers, who make gay *parterres* of their windows, and so take away the necessity of gardens altogether.

The other day, I saw, in one of the shops in Burlington Arcade, roses both red and white, such as Nature never made, and never can hope to make; so large, and so red, and so white, and, in short, so every way unlike to Nature's, that it was quite delightful; along with these were some lilies, finer by far, I should conceive, than those that Solomon made so much of; myrtles and vine-leaves on one hand, enough to tempt all the ladies to become Bacchantes; and on the other, beautiful wreaths of nondescripts, enough to tempt them all to return shepherdesses; indeed, to judge by some of the fair heads you meet, it would not require much temptation to induce them, for they seem to carry a whole flower-garden on their bonnets, and look as if they belonged to a female horticultural society, and their respective *bouquets* were bunches of prize flowers.

One lady looks as though she affected to be Flora, and is loaded with geraniums, pinks, bluebells, and heart's-ease; another is a would-be Ceres, and sports poppies and ripe corn in April; and another, Pomona, who is decorated with apple and peach blossoms; and all this show of nature's choicest productions is the work of art, and would look as divinely in the midst of a Siberian solitude. Who, then, ought to complain of backward springs, and late summers, when they

may buy a whole bunch of everlasting flowers for sixpence; nay, more, when they can buy *scented* artificial blooms even, with their native smells!—for some of these cunning rogues insert certain perfumes in their flowers, that would vastly puzzle many a rustic.

Nature is thus outdone by art; the first, to be sure, works—

'In fields, and woods, and by the fountain's side;'

and the last, up in some garret in St. Giles's, probably; but, then, it must be recollected, that the latter enables us to anticipate Nature, and to look finer than Nature;—would that I could add, as *Happy*. There, I fear, I must stop, and cockney as I am, confess, that along with our artificial flowers, we have also artificial hours, and habits, and pleasures, and *vices* too often, that are enough to make us turn to Nature, and wait her good time for sending us what is useful and proper, and not force her as we do in every way, but to remember, that—

'God made the country, and man made the town.'

CROCKERY, JUN.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR.—The following short tribute to the amiable and gentle virtues of the late David Whitehead, was written by Mr. William Newton, of Cressbrook, in Derbyshire—the aged and venerable Minister of the Peak.

Mr. Whitehead was some time a resident in Manchester, and his character, I should think, must be known and remembered by many who are still living. A biographical sketch of his life would doubtless be an acceptable present to many of your readers; and the elegant tribute now sent to you, may perhaps stimulate some of your correspondents to undertake the pleasing task of doing that justice to his memory, which his talents and his virtues seem to demand.

'As a civil engineer,' Mr. Newton remarks, 'he had few competitors; as a calculator, perhaps not an equal. He looked through a long train of figures, in all their multifarious combinations, with an intuitive glance, and seemed to know their aggregate by inspection, and their results without the intermediate links of gradual approximation. His felicity of invention left him few rivals. He was fruitful in expedients, correct in design, and accurate in delineation. But though great and prominent were the qualities of his head, they were eclipsed and absorbed by those of his heart. No one ever sought the friendship of David Whitehead, and was disappointed. To the ignorant he was a kind instructor; to the friendless, a friend; and to the needy, he was a father. His mild and tranquil spirit was like that of the immortal Newton, whom an elegant and a nervous poet denominates a "child-like sage." To those who knew him, his memory will long be dear; and though they may not be able to rival his abilities, they may at least imitate his virtues.'

Yours, &c.

S. J.

LINES

On the death of Mr. David Whitehead.

O'er the grave where Whitehead lies,
May the sweetest flowers arise;
On the turf which wraps his clay,
Pour thy richest treasures, May!

Summer's ardent stores be spread
On the sod which hides his head:
Autumn, long with lingering feet,
Guard each tributary sweet:

And, Winter! may a Poet's voice
Change thy mandate to his choice;
O! gently pass this hallow'd spot,
And all thy rigours be forgot!

Spare these sweets, thou hoary king,
Here be one eternal spring;
Breathe ye vernal gales around
Soft on this Elysian ground.

Kind was he the sod beneath,
As the gentlest air that breathe;
Warm his heart that lies below,
As the Summer's warmest glow.

Autumn never shone more mild
Than his breast, "meek Nature's child!"
Then, Winter! spare this hallow'd spot;
Here all thy rigours be forgot.

W. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—If the following particulars of the birth-place of Sir Isaac Newton are worthy of becoming an appendix to your Anecdotes in Iris No. 68, they are at your service. CIVIS.

Some few years ago travelling with two friends towards the north, we dined at the Angel at Coltersworth, or, as it is commonly called, Colesworth. After dinner we walked to Woolthorpe. In a small sequestered hamlet, exhibiting a scene of repose well fitted for the birth-place and residence of a philosopher, stands the manor house, with its blank side-wall close to the road; a plain regularly formed stone building, its front looking over a neat lawn, fenced along the road side by a cut quickset hedge, and entered by a narrow wicket gate. To the right of the road are a few cottages, and a rivulet crossed by a wooden bridge. On the farther side of the lawn stands a dwarf pear tree whose branches are bowed down so as to form an alcove. This tree is said to have been planted by Sir Isaac; it was then in full bloom, and had a very pleasing effect. While we were contemplating the scene with feelings that could not but be common to every Englishman, the resident owner came from the house, and opening the wicket politely invited us in. The interior of the house is divided into two parlours in front, one on each side of the door way, the entrance about four feet in depth, faced by a dead wall, such as is seen in many dwellings in the country. Ascending a narrow staircase, we were ushered into the room in which the pride and glory of his country first drew that breath which only ceased to breathe when he had enlightened the world with new and sublime philosophy: it is over the parlour next the road, square, very scantily supplied with old furniture and a four post bedstead—a well known print of him hangs on the wall, opposite the door; the fire place is in the front corner near the window—over it is placed a white marble tablet, on which is inscribed, as well as reminiscence supplies me,

"Sir Isaac Newton
Born in this room,
On Christmas Day, O. S.—1642."
Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night—
God said let Newton be, and all was light.

THE CABINET.

VAUXHALL-GARDENS.

It is not very generally known that Vauxhall-Gardens is one of the oldest places of amusement in London, and that the place is traditionally said to have been planted for public gardens as early as the reign of Charles I., but does not appear to have been used as such until some time afterwards:—

About the year 1667, as Aubrey tells us in his "History of Surrey," Sir Samuel Morland, to whom they then belonged, gave them a considerable degree of celebrity by building here a fine room, "the inside of which," says he, "is all looking-glass, and fountains very pleasant to behold; and which is much visited by strangers. It stands in the middle of the garden, covered with Cornish slate; on the point whereof he placed a punchinello, very well carved, which held a dial, but the winds have destroyed it." In 1712, Addison, in his *Spectator* gives an account of a trip by water, from Temple Stairs, with his friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to these gardens; and later, we find, in No. 68 of the *Connoisseur*, a very humorous description of the behaviour of an old citizen, who, notwithstanding his puerile disposition, had treated his family here with a handsome supper. It was not until the year 1730, however, that these gardens were opened with the present sort of amusement; when they were taken by the eccentric Jonathan Tyers, who rebuilt, or much altered Sir Samuel Morland's mansion; and the gardens, which Sir John Hawkins describes as large, "planted with a great number of stately trees, and laid out in shady walks, obtained the name of Spring Gardens; and the house being converted into a tavern or place of entertainment, was much frequented by the votaries of pleasure." Tyers opened the gardens with an advertisement of a *Ribotta al Fresco*—a term which the greater part of the people of this country had, till that time, been strangers to. These entertainments

were repeated in the course of the summer, and numbers resorted to partake of them. This encouraged him to establish them as a place of musical entertainment for every evening during the summer season. To this end he was at great expense in decorating the gardens with paintings. He engaged an excellent band of musicians; he issued silver tickets for admission, at a guinea each; and continuing to receive great encouragement, he set up an organ in the orchestra, erected a fine statue of Handel in a conspicuous part of the garden, and adopted such other improvements as soon rendered them an object of general attraction.

Of late years, Vauxhall had begun to sink in popularity. The last season, however, redeemed its character, and the present one will confirm it. The improvements consist in trees replanted—walks newly gravelled—boxes new painted—a new theatre for ballets—then for the ascent à la Saqui, we have a Moorish fortress, which Mr. Blackmore scales, on the rope, to a tremendous height. A musical temple, exhibiting the five orders of architecture, a mechanical theatre, cosmoramas, hydraulics, rope-dancing, fireworks, &c. &c. keep the visitors continually on the alert, and continually gratified. The more substantial part of the entertainment—the wine and suppers to wit, are on the same liberal and excellent style.

VARIETIES.

DR. JENNER.—The Society *Arti Salutaris* met at Amsterdam, May 14, to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of Vaccine by the immortal Jenner. Mr. Van der Breggen, President of the Society, made an animated address, in which he did merited justice to the illustrious deceased, whose bust, covered with a veil, stood before him. In the middle of his discourse he took off the veil and placed on the bust the civic crown.

TESSELATED PAVEMENT.—On Wednesday se'night some labourers working in a field belonging to H. Noyes, Esq., of Throxton, near Weyhill, discovered, about two feet under the ground, a most beautiful tessellated pavement, supposed to be the flooring of a tent used by some Roman general. The land is cleared away, and, with little exception, it presents a most perfect picture of antiquity. The pavement is composed of small dyes, about half an inch square, of various colours, and, according to the different compartments, varying in size; the workmanship is beautifully shaded, and the figures, which are mostly preserved perfect, shew great art of delineation. In the centre is placed the general, with the right arm extended, clasping a goblet—in the left is a spear—over his shoulder hangs the skin of a wild beast, and his feet are resting on the back of a leopard. The whole is delightfully ornamented, and certainly offers to the curious a choice specimen of early days. The inscription, which is as perfect as at first, is on the upper margin of the pavement, and is as follows:—

QVINTVS NATALVS IVITALINVS ET DODENI.

At the upper side of the square, indeed, just above the letter Q, is a piece of free-stone about two feet square.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—A man, who wished to pass one of the barriers of Paris, in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the persons on duty. 'I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr.' 'Citizen, there are no Mousieurs now.' 'Very well, then, le Marquis St. Cyr.' 'You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor *marquises*.' In that case, de St. Cyr, if you please.' 'De is not used now.' 'Then say simply, St. Cyr.' 'Ah! but all saints, you know, have been abolished.' 'Well, if it must be so, write Cyr.' 'No, citizen, there are no longer any *Sires*,' (the pronunciation is the same.) Thus, piece by piece, the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the Revolution, till he found himself at the barrier of Paris without a name.

FINE ARTS.—A numerous and respectable body of artists met at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday evening last, to consider the most eligible means of erecting an extensive suite of rooms for the exhibition and sale of the works of British artists in every depart-

ment of art,—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving,—when a society was instituted, and resolutions passed, declaratory of their determination to proceed on broad and liberal principles; their object being to give to the rising, as well as to the more advanced artists, the means of displaying their works for sale during the season, when the opulent patrons of art are usually resident in the metropolis; a desideratum which has long been required, and which the limited resources of the existing establishments, together with the increasing number of professors, have rendered indispensable.

CURIOUS REPETITION IN THE BURIAL SERVICE.—

It may be remarked that the number three has ever retained a certain mysterious preference; and as the earth was heretofore thrice cast upon the dead, to satisfy the gods below; '*injecto ter pulvere curras*,'—having thrice thrown dust upon me, you may hasten on your journey; so doubtless the same harmless, yet affecting custom has been preserved, inadvertently perhaps, in the burial service, to the present day. When the coffin is lowered into the grave, the sexton sprinkles a small portion of soil upon it, three several times, whilst the minister repeats the corresponding expressions, '*earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*.' Now every member of this sentence actually signifies the same thing; and though the beautiful effect of such a repetition may perhaps be thought ground enough for the use of it; yet it is more than probable that these three tautological members were first introduced in order that the mysterious and propitious number might not escape.—The word '*funeral*' is derived from '*funes accensi*,'—lighted torches; because anciently a profusion of torches accompanied the corpse; and these were thought equally necessary, though the ceremony was performed at mid-day.—*Blunt's Vestiges of Ancient Manners*.

NEW NOVELS BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.—

It appears by the papers that the author of Waverley has contracted for three new novels, at the enormous sum of 10,000*l.*, which has been paid down. The first of these is *Quentin Durward*, just published; the second is to appear in October next; and the 3rd early in the ensuing year.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF INTREPIDITY.—

At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army which lay before the town, ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man. I have therefore set you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death for you all. I place you there, to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately, at that instant, Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped.—*Boswell*.

THE CORSICAN HANGMAN.—

The hangman of Corsica was a great curiosity. Being held in the utmost detestation, he durst not live like another inhabitant of the island. He was obliged to take refuge in the castle, and there he was kept in a little corner turret, where he had just room for a miserable bed, and a bit of fire to dress such victuals for himself as were sufficient to keep him alive, for nobody would have any intercourse with him, but all turned their backs upon him. I went up, and looked at him; and a more dirty, rueful spectacle I never beheld. He seemed sensible of his situation, and held down his head, like an abhorred outcast.—It was a long time, it seems, before they could get a hangman in Corsica; so that the punishment of the gallows was hardly known, all their criminals being shot. At last this creature whom I saw, who is a Sicilian, came with a message to Paoli. The general, who has a wonderful talent for physiognomy, on seeing the man, said immediately to some of the people about him, "Behold our hangman." He gave orders to ask the man if he would accept of the office, and his answer was, "My grandfather was a hangman, my father was a hangman, I have been a hangman myself, and am willing to continue so." He was therefore immediately put into office, and the ignominious death dis-

pensed by his hands, had more effect than twenty executions by fire-arms.

It is remarkable, that no Corsican would, on any account, consent to be hangman—not the greatest criminals; who might have had their lives upon that condition. Even the wretch who, for a paltry hire, had strangled a woman, would rather suffer death, than do the same action, as the executioner of the law.—*Boncell.*

THE EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA AND BUONAPARTE.—While he was visiting the quays at Boulogne, the empress was taking an airing in a boat in the interior of the port: she even went as far as the Estran. On her return, she perceived Buonaparte, who was waiting for her. On quitting the vessel, her foot slipped, and she would have fallen down, if General Vandamme, who held her hand, had not supported her, by putting his arm round her waist. Buonaparte, who was about ten paces distant with the engineer, perceived the accident; he ran up, and said rather angrily,—"What! do you not know yet, madam, how to use your feet?" Maria Louisa, without being disconcerted at this apostrophe, looked at him steadily, and said jocularly,—"To hear you speak thus, Sir, would not one think you never made a false step in your life?" This reproach was made in that tone, mixed with sweetness and dignity, which can only be acquired by an union of the favours of nature and the benefits of superior education. Buonaparte felt how much he was in the wrong, and although little accustomed to such remonstrances, he replied very submissively, "I beg, madam, you will excuse my abruptness, and only attribute it to the fear occasioned by the idea of the harm a fall might do yourself." "Since that is the case," said the empress, still smiling, "I forgive you; give me your arm."—*Sarasine's Philosopher.*

UNUSUAL VISITANT.—A spotted cock-pheasant, of beautiful plumage and large size, has, during the last and present season, forsaken his own species in the woods, and attached himself to the domestic poultry of the Rev. George Bowness, at the Rectory, Rokeby, Yorkshire. It is seldom absent till the evening, when he generally walks off to roost in his native haunts, but returns to give the maids the benefit of his "clarion" in the morning. He is so tame as nearly to feed from the hand, and has occasionally ventured to enter the dwelling. During the heavy snow in the spring he was invisible, but reappeared with the thaw in full feather and beauty.

METHOD OF TAKING IMPRESSIONS.—A very easy and elegant way of taking the impressions of medals and coins, not generally known, is thus described by Dr. Shaw: Melt a little isinglass glue with brandy, and pour it thinly over the medal, so as to cover its whole surface; let it remain on for a day or two till it is thoroughly dry and hardened, and then taking it off, it will be fine, clear, and as hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and will have a very elegant impression of the coin. It will also resist the effects of damp air, which occasions all other kinds of glue to soften and bend, if not prepared in this way.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A COOK.—The qualifications of a cook are thus described in a scarce book, entitled "The English Housewife:—"First, she must be cleanly, both in body and garments; she must have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and ready ear; she must not be butter-fingered, sweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted—for the first will let every thing fall; the second will consume what it should increase; and the last will lose time with too much niceness." In the same volume it is recommended, as a preservative from the plague, "To smell on a nosegay made of the tasselled end of a ship-rope."

RABBITS SUCKLED BY A FERRET.—A curious instance of the reconciliation of supposed natural antipathies in animals was witnessed by many persons in Shrewsbury last week. W. Jones, of Frankwell, having taken a nest of seven rabbits, in the Cromere fields, Abbey Foregate, put one of the rabbits into a box in which he kept a female ferret, then rearing three young ones. Instead of instantly devouring the helpless young rabbit, the ferret carried it to her nest, and adapted it as one of her own family. The man put another rabbit into the box, which the ferret carried also to her nest! The other rabbits he gave to other

ferrets, which instantly devoured them. During five subsequent days the two adopted strangers were suckled by the ferret with the same kindness as her three legitimate offspring; but, either in consequence of the new sustenance, or the frequent handling, (to gratify the curiosity of strangers,) the two rabbits died. Maternal affection, however, was not even then extinct in the ferret; for she repeatedly carried the dead bodies to her nest whenever they were removed, and betrayed to the last all the anxiety of a parent.

ST. MARY'S SPIRE.—Mr. Wootton completed the repair of St. Mary's Spire, fixed a handsome Vane, and removed his ladders yesterday, we are happy to say, without accident.

QUERY.—[From a Correspondent.]—When did Manchester first return Members to Parliament? and when, and why did the privilege cease?

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past!
And, long before it reached its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

MOORE.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Saturday, May 24th, 1823.—The West Indian: with Love, Youth, and Folly.

After a successful season, the Theatre-Royal closed on Saturday evening, the 24th instant; when Mr. Bass delivered the following farewell address to a brilliant and crowded house:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This being the concluding night of the season, I am deputed to have the honor of addressing you on the occasion.

The Managers beg leave, most respectfully, to offer you their most grateful acknowledgements for your kind attention to their exertions during the season, with the assurance of their future efforts to ensure a continuance of your patronage.

On behalf of the Company, as well as of myself, Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to return you our most heartfelt thanks, for the uniform applause and encouragement you have bestowed on our professional labours; and at the same time to assure you, that our greatest pride will ever be to be found deserving of it.

In the name of the Managers, the Performers, and myself, Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me respectfully to say—Farewell.

MR. SALTER, who spends the summer season in Birmingham, returns at the next regular opening of the Theatre.

The amount of the Benefits as quoted by our contemporaries, being erroneous, we lay a correct statement before the public.—

Mr. McGibbon.....	£149	Mr. Browne.....	£139
Mr. Bass.....	182	Messrs. Foster and Porteus	93
Mr. Salter.....	127	Mr. Andrews.....	189
Mr. Radcliffe.....	143	Mr. Penson.....	84
Miss Hammersley.....	105	Mr. Rees.....	88

MINOR THEATRE.—This little Theatre opened for the season on Monday evening. The taste displayed in the decorations—the new and beautiful scenery—and the excellent dresses, give an *ecclat* to the performances which we never before witnessed at this place of amusement. We cannot but notice with much pleasure, that very judicious arrangements are adopted by the manager for the prevention of those annoyances and interruptions which have hitherto been frequently severely felt by the respectable part of the audience.

MR. SALTER.

The following paragraph, which we have extracted from the Birmingham Chronicle, will, we doubt not, prove highly gratifying to the admirers of Mr. Salter.

"On Monday evening the play of *Henri Quatre* was produced: the principal novelty of the evening was the introduction, for the first time before a Birmingham audience, of **MR. SALTER**, (from the Liverpool and Manchester theatres), who supported the character of

Henri with great pathos, judgment, and discrimination; his performance throughout was replete with energy and feeling, and we are happy to say received, as it justly merited, the loudest approbation. On Tuesday Mr. SALTER made his second appearance as *Hamlet*; and his personation of that most difficult character (which has long been pronounced the touch-stone of histrionic genius), cannot fail to stamp him a favourite in this town. We have seen the part performed by the first-rate actors of the day, and we fear not to say, that it faded not in the hands of Mr. SALTER; in some passages, we were strongly reminded of our old favourite, Macready. To criticise throughout the excellencies of this performance, would exceed our limits; and we shall therefore confine ourselves to pointing out one or two beauties. His delivery of the soliloquy at the opening of the third act, "To be, or not to be," was impressive, dignified, and powerful; and in his following interview with Ophelia, his voice, countenance, and action, harmonized with perfect truth; and we think a finer touch of nature could not be displayed than the look of tenderness and pity he casts upon her ere he finally rushes from her presence. His acting, in the play-scene, before the King and Queen, was a high intellectual treat; the impetuosity and fire with which he burst forth, when the King, conscience-stricken, rises from his seat, and calls for lights—had a striking and almost appalling effect upon the audience, and drew down the most enthusiastic applause. His interview with his mother was a most powerful and successful piece of acting."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Robert Meikleham, Civil Engineer, has in the press a Practical Treatise on the Various Methods of Heating Buildings by Steam, Hot-Air, Stoves, and Open Fires. With some introductory observations on the combustion of fuel; on the contrivances for burning smoke; and other subjects connected with the economy and distribution of heat. With numerous explanatory engravings.

The Natural History of Meteorites, or of those remarkable masses of iron and of earthy and metallic compounds, which at different periods have fallen from the atmosphere, is in the press, from the pen of Mr. Brayley, junior.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication *Memoirs of her Father*, with Original Essays and Miscellaneous Pieces, by the late Dr. Aikin.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. X. will find that both our compositor and reader were attentive to their copy.—In quoting from the *ALBUM*, particularly would be fastidiousness, and criticism not only supererogatory, but homeromatically preposterous.—Has Roswell ever yet been considered as an authority in orthography?—If not, we see no reason why Tim Bobbin should not as well be contrasted with our great lexicographer—Johnson!

A Subscriber's first query cannot be replied to satisfactorily, as Johanner's two communications might have been mislaid and overlooked.—We will thank him to favour us with copies, which shall have immediate attention.

Ignoto's queries are inserted in our present number.

In reply to the note of M. R. we have only to say, that we should have much pleasure to insert a good translation of a few of Pascal's admirable Provincial Letters.—We have read the two English translations which our correspondents has alluded to; and we concur with him in opinion, that neither of them gives a correct idea of the point and spirit of the original.—We know of no French classical work which better deserves to be well translated.

Amicus is requested to favour us with the paper alluded to.

Tyro would do well to cast off the mask, and show himself in those better proportions which are so awkwardly concealed: we wish to hear from him in a different style.

R. O. shall not slip through unnoticed;—he is not one of that class, upon which we should merely drop a few words by way of chastisement—we are more inclined to encourage than to animadvert—and, although the subject is somewhat out of our province, we cannot but recommend a judicious prosecution of its leading features.—It will do credit to its author.

L. M.; J. O. G.; Veritas; R.; and Osmond, are received.

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AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.
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The Manchester Iris:

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the Iris, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 71.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1823.

PRICE 3^d.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

[The following paper cannot be too strongly recommended to immediate and frequent perusal: nor can we omit this opportunity of thanking our kind correspondent for his disinterestedness and generous sympathy.—Professional knowledge becomes valuable when it thus *gratuitously* enlightens and benefits mankind.—Ed.]

ESSAY II.

MINERAL POISONS.

ON ACIDS.

It is not often that the mineral acids are chosen as the instruments of self-destruction, but they have been taken by mistake, and the result has been a forfeiture of life: the public prints have within the three or four past years communicated to us very many awful instances of death from the swallowing of Oxalic Acid in lieu of Epsom Salts, a poison scarcely to be surpassed by any, both for the celerity of its operation, and the fatality of its effects; it is therefore imperatively required that the mineral acids should be admitted into our essays, as poisons of a most formidable description, and oxalic acid in particular, from being so very notorious for its poisonous properties.

SULPHURIC ACID, (commonly known by the name of oil of vitriol) is not likely to be selected for the purpose of suicide, but when taken in the quantity of a few drams in an undiluted state, it will produce death, unless remedies are at hand; and even the hazard is tremendously great, because concentrated acids are powerfully caustic, and therefore exert an immediate action on the mouth, gullet, stomach, and intestines. I shall mention an experiment performed by Orfila, and to be found in his "*Traite de Toxicologie*," illustrative of the caustic effects of the sulphuric acid. Two drams of concentrated sulphuric acid, mixed an hour before with a dram of water, were introduced into the stomach of a dog, and the gullet was tied. Ten minutes afterwards the animal experienced horrible sufferings, and made great efforts to vomit. At one o'clock (the injection having been made at five minutes after twelve at noon) the dog continued to utter plaintive cries; he made fresh and fruitless efforts to vomit; his breathing did not appear at all incommoded. Half an hour afterwards, he had great inclination to vomit, and was agitated to that degree that he broke the thread with which the oesophagus or gullet had been tied, and which was partly burnt by the sulphuric acid. The dog instantly threw up a great quantity of matter as black as ink, and of the consistence of a thick liquid, similar in appearance to sulphuric acid which has remained a long time upon straw or matches. His sufferings continued very severe, and obliged the animal to remain lying on his belly. The dog died at half-past three o'clock, having survived the introduction of the poison three hours and twenty five minutes. Quarter of an hour after death the body was examined. The internal or mucous membrane of the stomach was destroyed, and partly expelled, by the vomiting. The middle or muscular coat, which was of a cherry red colour, was covered over in some points with a sort of blackish pulp, and exhibited se-

veral small ulcerations.—The symptoms caused by a large dose of sulphuric acid, and the appearances which present themselves after death, lead to a conclusion that the sulphuric acid destroys like the solid mineral poisons, by inducing inflammation and disorganization of the stomach, with which the brain and heart (but more particularly the former) are brought into consent, or in other words, to sympathize.

The operation of the **NITRIC ACID**, as aqua fortis, on the animal economy, is in every respect similar.

The name of **OXALIC ACID** is sufficient to create a shudder, from the melancholy fact that many have fallen sacrifices to its poisonous influence. This salt is contained in some mineral as well as vegetable substances, and is used occasionally for domestic purposes. At the hotels in Paris it is employed as a substitute for lemon juice, in the making of lemonade and other cooling beverages. In a small quantity it forms a grateful acidulated drink, but a strong solution of it causes rapid dissolution. The first account published shewing the poisonous properties of this acid was in 1814. A woman swallowed half an ounce of it instead of the sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, and expired in forty minutes after, enduring the most horrible agonies. Death, however, has been known to ensue in a much shorter time. Within the last two years a great number of cases in which this poison proved fatal, have appeared in the public newspapers and periodical journals, and the necessity that something should be done to prevent such occurrences has been so urgent that the attention of chemists and scientific men has been directed to the subject. Oxalic acid is a salt presenting small, needle like, white crystals, very much resembling those of the sulphate of magnesia, or the Epsom salts; and to the similarity of the two salts in their external character are to be assigned the fatal mistakes which have happened. Not many months ago publicity was given to a case where a country man and his wife found in the street a paper of salts, which they mistook for Epsom; the man standing in need of an aperient medicine dissolved and swallowed a portion of it, and died in consequence. Seeing the ground of error, it has been suggested that preparers of the oxalic acid should colour it by artificial means, and thereby destroy the resemblance which it naturally bears to Epsom salts: this suggestion is judicious, and the adoption might prevent the mischief. Either this should be done, the sale of it prohibited, or certain restrictions established. The temptation to druggists to vend this article is so great from the profits arising out of it, and from the extraordinary demand, that it will not be easy to persuade them to exclude it from their shops. I was surprised beyond measure the other day to hear of the quantity sold by a druggist in this town, for the purpose, I presume, of cleaning leather, or of that domestic economy adopted by the continental innkeepers. I do not think it necessary that the article should be expelled from the shops, but the druggist should vend it with as great a caution as he would do arsenic,

and label it in a conspicuous manner, **VIOLENT POISON**.

Experiments have recently been made at Edinburgh with a view to determine its modus operandi on the animal economy, and the conclusions drawn were as follow:

1st. That when introduced into the stomach in large doses, and highly concentrated, it irritates and corrodes it, and death takes place by a sympathetic injury of the nervous system.

2ndly. When given in a diluted state, it acts neither by irritating the stomach, nor by sympathy, but through the medium of absorption upon distant organs.

3rdly. Though it is absorbed it cannot be detected in any of the fluids, because probably it undergoes decomposition in passing through the lungs, and its elements combine with the blood.

4thly. It is a direct sedative. The organs it acts upon through absorption, are the spine and brain primarily, and the lungs and heart secondarily; and the immediate cause of death is sometimes paralysis of the heart, sometimes slow asphyxia, and sometimes a combination of both.

TREATMENT OF PERSONS POISONED BY ACIDS.

A fact well known in chemistry is the incompatible existence of an acid and an alkali. If an acid and an alkali be brought into contact, a mutual action takes place, and a new compound arises out of it; that compound will be a neutral salt, provided the acid and alkali are in due proportions according to chemical circumstances, thus from sulphuric acid and soda there will result sulphate of soda, or Glauber's salts—sulphuric acid and potash, sulphate of potash—sulphuric acid and magnesia, sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, and so on. If the respective quantities should exceed the bounds of neutralization, the new salt will contain either the acid or alkali in excess. An alkaline substance then may be regarded as a counter-poison or antidote in cases of poisoning by acids; but a choice out of them must be made, because some are corrosive or caustic, and therefore cannot be given in sufficient quantity with impunity.

Suppose a person swallowed in mistake half an ounce or more of oil of vitriol, the error would be immediately detected. What is to be done in this case? By loss of time life is imminently endangered: our first aim should be to destroy the nature of the poison, and experience has shown that *common magnesia* is well calculated to do this. A dram or more of this medicine mixed with water should be administered, and repeated twice or thrice at intervals of five or ten minutes. The patient will soon begin to vomit, and this is to be encouraged by frequent potations of tepid water. Should not the whole of the contents of the stomach be rejected, no harm will follow its passing into the intestines, for the compound formed is Epsom salts, which will be beneficial as a mild aperient. Magnesia is at hand almost always, but should it not be a solution of soap may be given instead.

When the acid is thus chemically acted upon, the patient is not to be considered as rescued from peril; its effects on the gullet and stomach are yet to be combated: and to do this a medical

practitioner must be consulted, great judgment, great care, and active treatment are necessary. To hint at what should be done would be to put into the hands of the unprofessional man a weapon which he would be more likely to abuse than to use.

In poisoning too from aquafortis, magnesia is the antidote best to be relied on.

Oxalic acid proves more rapidly fatal than either the sulphuric or nitric acids. Out of all the cases on record there are only two or three instances of recovery. Some have died in a few hours after taking this poison—some within an hour—one person survived scarcely 15 minutes—and in the London Courier for Feb. 1st, 1823, notice is given of an inquest on the body of a young man who lived scarcely ten minutes. The same substances as act on the acids previously mentioned, act too in changing the chemical nature of the oxalic. *Magnesia* here is entitled to our preference, both for its simplicity and its efficacy.

Thus the first management of cases of poisoning from acids is very simple. The after treatment involves circumstances which can only be safely trusted to the medical practitioner.

There are other mineral acids beside those mentioned, but official preparations of them are not common. Should any of them however be procured, and criminally given or accidentally taken, the hints thrown out are applicable, and therefore may be extended, to them. S.

REVIEW.

The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna, a Descriptive Tale. By the Author of "The Spy." London, 1823.

THIS transatlantic writer, Mr. Cooper, is one of the most successful rivals of our Northern Novelist. Whether we regard the number of his characters, their diversity, or their able development, our admiration is equally elicited, and we evidently follow a pen that has been directed by genius, and governed by the nicest judgment. *The Pioneers* is intended to represent the manners and pursuits of a back-settlement in its commencement; consequently, we cannot look for deep plot, mysterious character, or romantic story; but in sketchings of scenery, persons, manners, and common and extraordinary incident, it is so extremely natural and beautiful as to reconcile us to it as it is, in all its highly interesting variety and appearances. As our extracts are copious, we feel it incumbent to be concise in our introductory remarks.—

The sleigh was one of those large, comfortable, old-fashioned conveyances, which would admit a whole family within its bosom, but which now contained only two passengers besides the driver. Its outside was of a modest green, and its inside of a fiery red, that was intended to convey the idea of heat in that cold climate. Large Buffalo skins, trimmed around the edges with red cloth, cut into festoons, covered the bank of the sleigh, and were spread over its bottom, and drawn up around the feet of the travellers—one of whom was a man of middle age, and the other a female just entering upon womanhood. The former was of a large stature; but the precautions he had taken to guard against the cold, left but little of his person exposed to view. A great-coat, that was abundantly ornamented, if it were not made more comfortable, by a profusion of furs, enveloped the whole of his figure excepting the head, which was covered with a cap of marten skins, lined with morocco, the sides of which were made to fall, if necessary, and were now drawn close over the ears; and were fastened beneath his chin with a black ribbon; its top was surmounted with the tail of the animal whose skin had furnished the materials for the cap, which fell back, not ungracefully, a few inches behind

the head. From beneath this masque were to be seen part of a fine manly face, and particularly a pair of expressive, large blue eyes, that promised extraordinary intellect, covert humour, and great benevolence. The form of his companion was literally hid beneath the multitude and variety of garments which she wore. There were furs and silks peeping from under a large cambric cloak, with a thick flannel lining, that, by its cut and size, was evidently intended for a masculine wearer. A huge hood of black silk, that was quilted with down, concealed the whole of her head, except at a small opening in front for breath, through which occasionally sparkled a pair of animated eyes of the deepest black.

Both the father and daughter (for such was the connection between the travellers) were too much occupied with their different reflections to break the stillness, that received little or no interruption from the easy gliding of the sleigh, by the sound of their voices. The former was thinking of the wife that had held this their only child fondly to her bosom, when, four years before, she had reluctantly consented to relinquish the society of her daughter, in order that the latter might enjoy the advantages which the city could afford to her education. A few months afterwards death had deprived him of the remaining companion to his solitude; but still he had enough of real regard for his child, not to bring her into the comparative wilderness in which he dwelt, until the full period had expired, to which he had limited her juvenile labours. The reflections of the daughter were less melancholy, and mingled with a pleased astonishment at the novel scenery that she met at every turn in the road.

The mountain on which they were journeying was covered with pines that rose without a branch seventy or eighty feet, and which frequently towered to an additional height, that more than equalled that elevation. Through the innumerable vistas that opened beneath the lofty trees the eye could penetrate, until it was met by a distant inequality in the ground, or was stopped by a view of the summit of the mountain which lay on the opposite side of the valley to which they were hastening.

The sleigh had glided for some distance along the even surface, and the gaze of the female was bent in inquisitive, and, perhaps, timid glances, into the recesses of the forest, which were lighted by the unsullied covering of the earth, when a loud and continued bowling was heard, pealing under the long arches of the woods, like the cry of a numerous pack of hounds. The instant the sounds reached the ears of the gentleman, whatever might have been the subject of his meditations, he forgot it; for he cried aloud to the black—

'Hold up, Aggy; there is old Hector; I should know his bay among ten thousand. The Leather-stocking has put his hounds into the hills this clear day, and they have started their game, you hear. There is a deer-track a few rods ahead;—and now, Bess, if thou canst muster courage enough to stand fire, I will give thee a saddle for thy Christmas dinner.'

The black drew up, with a cheerful grin upon his chilled features, and began thrashing his arms together, in order to restore the circulation of his fingers, while the speaker stood erect, and, throwing aside his outer covering, stepped from the sleigh upon a bank of snow, which sustained his weight without yielding more than an inch or two. A storm of sleet had fallen and frozen upon the surface a few days before and but a slight snow had occurred since to purify, without weakening its covering.

In a few moments the speaker succeeded in extricating a double-barrelled fowling-piece from amongst a multitude of trunks and band-boxes. After throwing aside the thick mittens which had encased his hands, that now appeared in a pair of leathern gloves tipped with fur, he examined his priming, and was about to move forward, when the light bounding noise of an animal plunging through the woods was heard, and directly a fine buck darted into the path, a short distance ahead of him. The appearance of the animal was sudden, and his flight inconceivably rapid; but the traveller appeared to be too keen a sportsman to be disconcerted by either. As it came first into view he raised the fowling-piece to his shoulder, and, with a practised eye and steady hand, drew a trigger; but the deer dashed forward undaunted, and apparently un-

hurt. Without lowering his piece, the traveller turned its muzzle towards his intended victim, and fired again. Neither discharge, however, seemed to have taken effect.

The whole scene had passed with a rapidity that confused the female, who was unconsciously rejoicing in the escape of the buck, as he rather darted like a meteor, than ran across the road before her, when a flat, dull sound struck her ear, quite different from the full, round reports of her father's gun, but still sufficiently distinct to be known as the concussion produced by fire arms. At the same instant that she heard this unexpected report, the buck sprang from the snow, to a great height in the air, and directly a second discharge, similar in sound to the first, followed, when the animal came to the earth, falling headlong, and rolling over on the crust once or twice with its own velocity. A loud shout was given by the unseen marksman, as triumphing in his better aim; and a couple of men instantly appeared from behind the trunks of two of the pines, where they had evidently placed themselves in expectation of the passage of the deer.

'Ha! Natty, had I known you were in ambush, I would not have fired,' cried the traveller, moving towards the spot where the deer lay—near to which he was followed by the delighted black, with the deer; 'but the sound of old Hector, was too exhilarating to let me be quiet; though I hardly think I struck him either.'

'No, no, Judge,' returned the hunter, with an inward chuckle, and with that look of exultation that indicates a consciousness of superior skill; 'you burnt your powder only to warm your nose this cold evening. Did ye think to stop a full-grown buck, with Hector and the slot open upon him, within sound, with that robin pop-gun in your hand? There's plenty of pheasants amongst the swamps; and the snow birds are flying round your own door, where you may feed them with crumbs, and shoot enough for a pot-pye any day; but if you're for a buck, or a little bear's meat, Judge, you'll have to take the long rifle, with a greased wadding, or you'll waste more powder than you'll fill stomachs, I'm thinking.'

As the speaker concluded he drew his bare hand across the bottom of his nose, and again opened his enormous mouth with a kind of inward laugh.

'The gun scatters well, Natty, and has killed a deer before now,' said the traveller, smiling good humouredly. 'One barrel was charged with buck shot; but the other was loaded for birds only.—Here are two hurts that he has received: one through his neck, and the other directly through his heart. It is by no means certain, Natty, but I gave him one of the two.'

'Let who will kill him,' said the hunter, rather surlily, 'I suppose the creature is to be eaten.' So saying, he drew a large knife from a leathern sheaf, which was stuck through his girdle or sash, and cut the throat of the animal. 'If there is two balls through the deer, I want to know if there was'n't two rifles fired—besides, who ever saw such a ragged hole from a smooth-bore, as this is through the neck?—and you will own yourself, Judge, that the buck fell at the last shot, which was sent from a truer and a younger hand, than your'n or mine 'ither; but for my part, although I am a poor man, I can live without the venison, but I don't love to give up my lawful dues in a free country.—Though, for the matter of that, might often makes right here, as well as in the old country, for what I can see.'

An air of sullen dissatisfaction pervaded the manner of the hunter during the whole of this speech; yet he thought it prudent to utter the close of the sentence in such an under tone, as to leave nothing audible but the grumbling sounds of his voice.

'Nay, Natty,' rejoined the traveller, with undisturbed good humour, 'it is for the honour that I contend. A few dollars will pay for the venison; but what will requite me for the lost honour of a buck's tail in my cap? Think, Natty, how I should triumph over that quizzing dog, Dick Jones, who has failed seven times this season already, and has only brought in one wood-chuck and a few grey squirrels.'

'Ah! the game is becoming hard to find, indeed, Judge, with your clearings and betterments,' said the old hunter, with a kind of disdainful resignation. 'The

time has been, when I have shot thirteen deer, without counting the fawns, standing in the door of my own hut;—and, for bear's meat, if one wanted a ham or so from the cretar, he had only to watch a night, and he could shoot one by moonlight, through the cracks of the logs; no fear of his over-sleeping himself, either, for the howling of the wolves was sartin to keep his eyes open. There's old Hector, '—putting with affection a tall hound, of black and yellow spots with white belly and legs, that just then came in on the scent, accompanied by the sirt he had mentioned; 'see where the wolves bit his throat, the night I drave them from the venison I was smoking on the chimney top—that dog is more to be trusted nor many a Christian man; for he never forgets a friend, and loves the hand that gives him bread.'

There was a peculiarity in the manner of the hunter, that struck the notice of the young female, who had been a close and interested observer of his appearance and equipments, from the moment that he first came into view. He was tall, and so meagre as to make him seem above even the six feet that he actually stood in his stockings. On his head, which was thinly covered with lank, sandy hair, he wore a cap made of fox-skin, resembling in shape the one we have already described, although much inferior in finish and ornaments. His face was skinny, and thin almost to emaciation; but yet bore no signs of disease;—on the contrary, it had every indication of the most robust and enduring health. The cold and the exposure had, together, given it a colour of uniform red; his grey eyes were glancing under a pair of shaggy brows, that overhung them in long hairs of grey mingled with their natural hue; his scraggy neck was bare, and burnt to the same tint with his face; though a small part of a shirt collar, made of the country check, was to be seen above the over-dress he wore. A kind of coat, made of dressed deer-skin, with the hair on, was belted close to his lank body, by a girdle of coloured worsted. On his feet were deer-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupines' quills, after the manner of the Indians, and his limbs were guarded with long leggings of the same material as the moccasins, which, gartering over the knees of his tarnished buck-skin breeches, had obtained for him, among the settlers the nick-name of Leather-stocking, notwithstanding his legs were protected beneath, in winter, by thick garments of woollen, daly made of good blue yarn. Over his left shoulder was slung a belt of deer-skin, from which depended an enormous ox horn, so thinly scraped, as to discover the dark powder that it contained. The larger end was fitted ingeniously and securely with a wooden bottom, and the other was stopped tight by a little plug. A leathern pouch hung before him, from which, as he concluded his last speech, he took a small measure, and, filling it accurately with powder, he commenced re-loading the rifle, which, as its butt rested on the snow before him, reached nearly to the top of his fox-skin cap.

The traveller had been closely examining the wounds during these movements, and now, without heeding the ill-humour of the hunter's manner, exclaimed—

'I would fain establish a right, Natty, to the honour of this capture; and surely if the hit in the neck be mine, it is enough; for the shot in the heart was unnecessary—what we call an act of supererogation, Leather-stocking.'

'You may call it by what learned name you please, Judge,' said the hunter, throwing his rifle across his left arm, and knocking up a brass lid in the breech, from which he took a small piece of greased leather, and wrapping a ball in it, forced them down by main strength on the powder, where he continued to pound them while speaking. 'It's far easier to call names, than to shoot a buck on the spring; but the cretar come by his end from a younger hand than 'ither your's or mine, as I said before.'

'What say you, my friend,' cried the traveller, turning pleasantly to Natty's companion; 'shall we toss up this dollar for the honour, and you keep the silver if you lose—what say you, friend?'

'That I killed the deer,' answered the young man with a little haughtiness, as he leaned on another long rifle, similar to that of Natty's.

'Here are two to one, indeed,' replied the Judge, with a smile; 'I am out-voted—over-ruled, as we say,

on the bench. There is Aggy, he can't vote, being a slave; and Bess is a minor—so I must even make the best of it. But you'll sell me the venison; and the deuce is in it, but I make a good story about its death.'

'The meat is none of mine to sell,' said Leather-stocking, adopting a little of his companion's hauteur; 'for my part, I have known animals travel days with shots in the neck, and I'm none of them who'll rob a man of his rightful dues.'

'You are tenacious of your rights, this cold evening, Natty,' returned the Judge with unconquerable good nature; 'but what say you, young man, will three dollars pay you for the buck?'

'First, let us determine the question of right to the satisfaction of us both,' said the youth, firmly but respectfully, and with a pronunciation and language vastly superior to his appearance; 'with how many shot did you load your gun?'

'With five, Sir, said the Judge, gravely, a little struck with the other's manner; 'are they not enough to slay a buck like this?'

'One would do it; but,' moving to the tree from behind which he had appeared, 'you know, Sir, you fired in this direction—here are four of the bullets in the tree.'

The Judge examined the fresh marks in the rough bark of the pine, and, shaking his head, said, with a laugh—

'You are making out the case against yourself, my young advocate—where is the fifth?'

'Here,' said the youth, throwing aside the rough over-coat that he wore, and exhibiting a hole in his under garment, through which large drops of blood were oozing.

'Good God!' exclaimed the Judge, with horror; 'have I been trifling here about an empty distinction, and a fellow-creature suffering from my hands without a murmur? But hasten—quick—get into my sleigh—it is but a mile to the village, where surgical aid can be obtained;—all shall be done at my expense, and thou shalt live with me, until thy wound is healed—aye, and for ever afterwards, too.'

(To be continued in our next.)

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

'WHERE is the man who will dive for his King,
In the pool as it rushes with turbulent sweep?
A cup from this surf-beaten Jetty I fling,
And he who will seek it below in the deep,
And will bring it again to the light of the day,
As the meed of his valour shall bear it away.'

'Now courage, my knights, and my warriors bold,
For, one, two, and three, and away it shall go—"
He roar'd, as he said it, the goblet of gold
Deep, deep in the howling abysses below—

'Where is the hero who ventures to brave
The whirl of the pool, and the break of the wave?'

The steel-coated lancers, and nobles around,
Spoke not, but they trembled in silent surprise,
And pale they all stood on the cliff's giddy bound,
And no one would venture to dive for the prize.

'Three times have I spoke, but no hero will spring
And dive for the goblet, and dive for the King.'

But still they were silent and pale as before,
Till a brave son of Erin, in venturesome pride,
Dash'd forth from the lancers' trembling corps,
And caught his helm, and his mantle aside,
While spearman, and noble, and lady and knight,
Gazed on the bold strippling in breathless affright.

Unmoved by the thoughts of his horrible doom,
He mounted the cliff—and he pass'd on his leap,
For the waves which the pool had imbibed in its womb
Were spout'd in thunder again from the deep—
Yes! as they return'd their report was as loud
As the peal when it bursts from the storm-riven cloud.

It roar'd, and it drizzled, it hiss'd and it whirl'd,
And it bubbled like water when mingled with flame,
And columns of foam to the heaven were hurl'd,
And billow on billow tumultuously came;
It seem'd that the womb of the ocean would bear
Sea over sea to the uttermost air.

It thunder'd again as the wave gather'd slow,
And black from the drizzling foam as it fell
The month of the fathomless tunnel below.
Was seen like the pass to the regions of hell;
The waters roll'd round it, and gather and boom,
And then all at once disappear in the gloom.

And now ere the waves had returned from the deep,
The youth wiped the sweat-drops which hung on his brow,
And he plunged—and the cataracts over him sweep,
And a shout from his terrified comrades arose;
And then there succeeded a horrible pause
For the whirlpool had clos'd its mysterious jaws.

And stiller it grew on the watery waste,
In the womb of the ocean it bellow'd alone,
The knights said their Aves in terrified haste,
And crowded each piancise, jetty, and stone;
'The high-hearted strippling is whelm'd in the tide,
Ah! wall him,' was echoed from every side.

'If the monarch had buried his crown in the pool
And said: "He shall wear it who brings it again,"
I would not have been so insensate a fool
As to dive when all hope of returning were vain;
What heaven conceals in the gulfs of the deep,
Lies buried for ever, and there it must sleep.'

Full many a burden the whirlpool had borne,
And spout'd it forth on the drizzling surge,
But nought but a mast that was splinter'd and torn,
Or the hull of a vessel was seen to emerge,
But wider and wider it opens its jaws,
And louder it gurgles, and louder it draws.

It drizzled, it thunder'd, it hiss'd and it whirl'd,
And it bubbled like water when mingled with flame,
And columns of foam to the heaven were hurl'd,
And stood upon flood from the deep tunnel came,
And then with a noise like the storm from the North,
The bellish eruption was vomited forth.

But, ah! what is that on the wave's foamy brim,
Disgorge'd with an ocean of wreck and of wood,
'Tis the snow-white arm and the shoulder of him
Who darily dived for the glittering meed:
'Tis he, 'tis the strippling so hardy and bold,
Who swings in his left hand the goblet of gold.

He draws a long breath as the breaker he leaves,
Then swims through the water with many a strain
While all his companion's exultingly heave
Their voices above the wild din of the main,
'Tis he, O! 'tis he, from the horrible hole
The brave one has rescued his body and soul.'

He reach'd the tall Jetty, and kneeling he laid
The massy gold goblet in triumph and pride
At the foot of the monarch, who instantly made
A sign to his daughter who stood by his side:
She fill'd it with wine, and the youth with a spring
Received it, and quaff'd it, and turn'd to the King.

'Long life to the monarch! how happy are they
Who breathe and exist in the sun's rosy light,
But he who is doom'd in the ocean to stray,
Views nothing around him but horror and night;
Let no one henceforward be tempted like me
To pry in the secrets contain'd in the sea.'

I felt myself seized, with the quickness of thought
The whirlpool entomb'd me in body and limb,
And billow on billow tumultuously brought
Its cataracts o'er me; in vain did I swim,
For like a mere pebble with horrible sound
The force of the double stream twist'd me round.

But God in his mercy, for to him alone
In the moment of danger I ever have clung,
Did bear me towards a projection of stone:
I seized it in transport, and round it I hung,
The goblet lay too on a corally ledge,
Which jutted just over the cataract's edge.

And then I look'd downward, and horribly deep,
And twinkling sheen in the darkness below,
And though to the hearing it ever might sleep,
Yet still the eye clouded with terror might know,
That serpents and creatures that made my blood cool,
Were swimming and splashing about in the pool.

Ball'd up to a mass, in a moment uncoil'd
They rose, and again disappear'd in the dark,
And down in the billows which over them boil'd
I saw a behemoth contend with a shark;
The sounds of their hideous duel awaken
The black-bellied whale, and the slumbering craken.

Still, still did I linger forlorn, and oppress'd
With a feeling of terror that curdled my blood;
Ah think of a human and sensible breast
Enclosed with the hideous shapes of the flood;
Still, still did I linger, but far from the reach
Of those that I knew would await on the beach.

Methought that a serpent towards me did creep,
And trailing behind him whole fathoms of length,
He open'd his jaws; and I dropp'd from the steep
Round which I had clung with expiring strength:
'Twas well that I did so, the stream bore me up,
And here is thy servant, and there is the cup.

He then was retiring, a look from the King
Detain'd him: "My hero, the cup is thine own,
'Tis richly thy meed, but I'll give thee this ring,
Beset with a diamond and chrysolite stone,
If again thou wilt dive, and discover to me
What's hid in the deepest abyss of the sea."

The daughter heard that with compassionate thought,
Quick, quick to the feet of the monarch she flew:
'O father, desist from this horrible sport,
He has done what no other would venture to do,
If the life of a creature thou fain must destroy,
Let a noble take place of this generous boy.'

The monarch has taken the cup in his hand,
And tumbled it down in the bellowing sea;
"And if thou canst bring it again to the strand,
The first and the best of my knights thou shalt be:
If that will not tempt thee, this maid thou shalt wed,
And share as a husband the joys of her bed."
Then the pride of old Eirin arose in his look,
And it flash'd from his eye-balls courageously keen,
One glance on the beautiful vision he took,
And he saw her change colour, and sink on the green.
"By the stool of Saint Peter the prize I'll obtain;"
He shouted, and instantly dived in the main.
The waters sunk down, and a thundering peal
Announced that the time of their sojourn was o'er;
Each eye is cast downward in terrified zeal,
As forth from the tunnel the cataracts pour,
The waters rush up, and the waters subside,
But ah! the bold diver remains in the tide.

THE CHILD ANGEL:—A DREAM.

I chanced upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, "what could come of it."

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine!—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely out of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet unclosed eyes: which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dims the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants—but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—which mortals *cauld* call below—

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem—so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeited kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young Present, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth

shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmix'd vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their etherial minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is to know all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Mirzah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A pensive hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is as a shadow or emblem of that which stains the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Mirzah sleepeth by the river Pison.—*Lond. Mag.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—While the Magazines and Newspapers teem at the commencement of every month with profuse reports of female fashions, from the feather to the shoe-tye, it has been a matter of considerable surprise to me, and, no doubt, of great concern to many, that the Corinthians, Exquisites, Dandies, and Demi-dandies, should so long remain neglected in the list of public

notice, and have been without some "Speculum modicum," to guide them to the pinnacle of fashion; as well as to hand down to posterity, the exquisite taste of our own tasteful, and variegating period, in the art of male decoration.

Peaceful and propitious as the times now are, when "Arma cedant togæ," a report of this nature would unfailingly be received with approbation, studied with admiration, and followed by inclination. Therefore, in order to set a laudable example in an affair of such importance, I hand you a report for the last month; or rather a prospectus of what may be done to gratify so large a body of your readers, if some more able correspondent would take up the cause, and vindicate the modes of men, as is done of women, or in politer phraseology, gentlemen and ladies.

Q in the corner.

REPORT FOR MAY.

The last month most inauspiciously commenced—

"Child by rude gales, while yet relictant May
"Withheld the beauties of the vernal day;"

and, while

"Winter revell'd with protracted power,"

both trees and fashionables were prevented from shooting forth in their gay and spring-like attire. Benjamins and travails still enveloped the Corinthians, and the dingy winter campaigning black or blue trowsers, held a too long reign of hard worn service.

Spring has at last enlivened us by her genial presence, and the hemisphere of fashion is displayed in its full luxuriance.

The few observations we have hitherto been enabled to make convince us that grey hats, after the temporary banishment of a few years, are likely to become once more prevalent and produce a plentiful crop; among those already sported, we think, we recognise a few that are somewhat shorn of their pristine honour.

The hair is disposed in so peculiar a form, that we scarcely know how to report it,—the front rising in perpendicular assurance of its appearing as if saturated and emitting sparks of electric fancy, while the sides, in negligence and confusion, seem to bid defiance to the comb, and demand the assistance of the fingers only.

Black and occasionally blue stocks still keep their stations round the necks of both old and young—constrived to buckle behind—with ends in front which try nothing—and pins or brooches which fasten nothing. They far outdo the dull inventions of our ancient *bona monde*. The angles of the shirt collars, (vulgarily called shams) are not quite so acute as of late, and we perceive them *lowered* about the eighth of an inch. This has a very becoming effect on the bust and general contour. Coats and coats are both worn, the latter however confined for the present to the exquisites—while the short frocks remind us of the out-grown ones of our childhood, reaching only a little below the knees.

Some upper and under waistcoats have appeared with a high military like collar, and buttoned close to the neck; we see neither the ornament nor utility of this mode, excepting occasionally to hide unbleached linen—they are chiefly confined to Corinthians and Demis—Wristbands as low as the knuckles still prevail; but we observe among the Demis that they seldom appear beyond the first or second day of the week; some few again shew themselves about Thursday, but this is by no means general.

White kid gloves bear a very ephemeral beauty, like premature old age fast fading into grey.

Of the light striped trowsers we have occasion to make the same remarks; but we think the present rage of wearing them down to the ground extremely well adapted to preserve the brilliancy of Day and Martin on the heels and insteps, and particularly useful in keeping the boots clean in miry weather. The tops of whole or riding boots are almost universally covered with drab kerseymeré—this we think wonderfully well imagined: our foolish ancestors wore boots to protect and cover their woollen hose; we more wisely protect and cover our boots with woollen tops.—Of these matters however, we may simply conclude with the poet that

Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway,
And boots and pantaloon have each their day.

Manchester, June 3, 1823.

THE SALFORD BELLES.—A FAVOURITE DANCE.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)



First couple and second lady hands round—first couple and second gentleman hands round—first couple lead down the middle and up again—first and second couple Pousette.

ON NATURE AND ART IN POETRY.

(Concluded from our last.)

Lord Byron himself furnishes a striking and beautiful instance of the superiority of Nature to Art in its effect on human passion, as pictured in poetry—

*They were alone, but not alone as they
Who, shut in cham'ers, think is loveliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay—
The twilight glow which momentarily grew less—
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, which lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky,
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.*

Such, indeed, is the true effect of Nature upon the soul. The lines under which I have run my pen are the most direct exemplification of my position. They were not alone in the chambers of man, but in the vast dome of Nature;—the most gorgeous scenes of worldly art would not have drawn their hearts together like the simple solitude of the evening shore, and the solemn aspect of its natural beauty.

Again—Take the following splendid passage from *Manfred*—for from Lord Byron's own mouth will I judge him:—

*My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the ice'd mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite;—or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new-breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted, or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developments; or catch
The dazling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song.*

Now, could a mind like *Manfred's*—fallen, indeed, but originally, and at the time to which these lines have reference, of the highest mould possible for humanity to be cast in,—could this mind have derived the same sensations from gazing on any objects of Art, as it did from communing thus with Nature in the scenes and seasons of her wildest and grandest sublimity?—I think not.

It is also observable, that every image in this passage of exquisite poetry, is drawn from Nature—not one single one from Art. The same remark is generally applicable to the whole of the splendid poem from which these lines are taken—and, indeed, with few exceptions, to all Lord Byron's works. But it is natural that it should be so,—for all our most poetical poets (if I may so speak) derive the great majority of their images from Nature. I will defy the best-read Shakspearian to point out in his works more than one image in ten not deduced from the poetry of Nature.

Lord Byron has made great appeal to sculpture in support of the doctrines which he upholds so much in his theory, but from which he departs so wholly in practice—and he cites the *Venus* as being more beautiful than (almost) any thing he has ever seen in Nature. I shall not take advantage of his exception in favour of Lady Charlemont and the Albanian road-maker,* I shall merely say that I have seen numberless women who, however inferior to the *Venus* in form, have far excelled her in general beauty, inasmuch as a woman of marble must always yield in expression to a woman of flesh and blood. Marble may have—the *Venus* has—all the beauty of perfection of form and feature, and of gracefulness of attitude—but can it have that far superior grace, the grace of motion? Can a statue have that magical variety of beautiful colouring which delights us in the eyes, lips, teeth, hair and complexion of a living woman? Can the surface of stone possess that exquisite texture which nothing but the skin of lovely living flesh can have—that mingling of velvet and satin, with the freshness of life superadded? Can the hair of a statue float on the wind? Can the glance of its eye shift? Can the smile of its lip change?—These, it will be said are impossibilities—they are so; stone cannot be made to equal a living being—Art cannot be made to equal Nature.

How beautifully this idea is expressed in the following lines:—

*They said her cheek of youth was beautiful
Till withering sorrow blanched the bright rose there—
And I have heard men swear her form was fair,
But grief did lay his icy finger on it,
And chilled into a cold, joyless statue.*

These lines certainly were written without the slightest reference to the rivalry of Nature and art—but they were written in the true spirit of poetry, and they represent the effect of withering grief on a lovely woman, as being that

*Song and smile—beauty and melody,
And youth and happiness are gone from her,
and that her form is "chilled into a cold and joyless statue";—that, in short, she has faded from a being, instinct with beautiful life, formed by Nature,—to motionless "shapen stone," chiselled by Art. May we not say, then, physically, as Godwin has said,*

* Lord B., in the following lines, directly contradicts the position here advanced in his letter—but, indeed, his precepts in the pamphlet are in direct opposition to his practice in poetry:—

*"—she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A rare of mere impostors, when all's done.)
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."—So have I.*

† Bertram.

morally, "It is better that man should be a living being than a stock or a stone?"

Has Art any thing so poetical as the desert—with its ocean-like extent—its columns of moving sand—its burning and death-bearing winds—and, more than all, its occasional green spots and gushing springs, rendered doubly beautiful and grateful by their contrast to all around? I believe there is no image more frequently made use of in poetry, especially by Lord Byron himself, than this very one of a fountain in the midst of the desert—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be; [me.]

So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to

How is it that caravans add poetry to the desert? It is not by the contrast between the littleness of man and the immensity of the wilds through which he journeys?—by his toil, his privations, his peril? We see him exposed to be swept from the face of the earth by the whirlwinds of sand, or to perish from drought in the desert; and we reflect how little he is, and how vast and awful is the wilderness around him. Which is it, then, which confers poetry—the caravan on the desert, or the desert on the caravan? Each certainly heightens and adds to the interest of the other, but the desert would still be sublime, though man never crossed its surface,—whilst the bales, and slaves, and camels of the merchants would lose all poetry, were they unconnected with the wildness and grandeur of the desert.

But there is one whole class, and that the highest class, of poetry, in which Nature is all—Art nothing.—I mean that of feeling and of passion. I think it will be conceded, that the highest of all poetry is that which portrays the workings of the human mind—the conflicts of the human heart.—And is not this *all* Nature? Is not the jealousy of Othello, Nature? Is not the love of Romeo, Nature? Are not the irrelative guilt and vacillating ambition of Macbeth—the relentless cruelty of Richard—the broken-hearted madness of Lear, Nature? Truly may we say with him—"Nature's above art in that respect." I would willingly rest my quarrel upon this ground. Strike out from poetry all that relates to *Man*, and what have you left? 'Twere endless to prove by citation that all poetry which does relate to man, is wholly derived from, and dependent upon, Nature—and has no connection with Art. To do this I might quote the better half of the poetry of the better half of poets—to do this I might quote nearly the whole of Shakspeare. You have only to take down from your shelf the first volume of Shakspeare that falls under your hand, to see how truly Nature was the well-spring from which the streams of his genius flowed. Hence is it that he still lives within the soul of all those to whom his language

is known.—His contemporaries reared their structures on the shifting sands of Art, and the advancing tide of society has undermined them, and made them fall;—the rock of Nature was the foundation on which Shakespeare built—it is immutable, and the glorious edifices stands unshaken, unshakable, by ages.

In conclusion, I must guard against being supposed to deny the poetical susceptibility of many objects of Art. I fully admit that it exists, and that to a high degree, but not to the very highest. The master-pieces of Art are the highest manifestations of the human mind, but the master-pieces of Nature are manifestations of the Deity himself. I regard, in fine, Art to yield to Nature; inasmuch as the noblest of the works of God are superior to the noblest of the works of man.—*Albion.*

THE DAISY IN INDIA:—

Supposed to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary, at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. The subject was suggested by reading a letter from Dr. Carey to a botanical friend, in England, an interesting extract from which is given at the foot of these verses.

1.
Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
My mother country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

2.
Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

3.
Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only Thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended or unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

4.
Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the like memorial be:
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with these
Are mine in this far clime.

5.
Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
O for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk—that here might shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root!

6.
Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To me the pledge of Hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Extract from a Letter of Dr. Carey, in India, to Mr. J. Cooper, of Wentworth, Yorkshire.

"With great labour I have preserved the common Field Daisy, which came up accidentally in some English earth, for these six or seven years; but my whole stock is now only one plant. I have never been able, even with sheltering them, to preserve an old root through the rains, but I get a few seedlings every year. The proportion of small plants in this country is very inconsiderable, the greater number of our vegetable productions being either large shrubs, immense clim-

bers, or timber trees. By the kindness of yourself and other gentlemen, who have lately sent me roots or seeds, our number of small plants is much increased, and our stock of bulbous plants become very respectable. Still, however, tulips, hyacinths, snow-drops, most of the lilies, &c. are strangers to us. I have a great desire to possess honeysuckles, especially the common woodbine. I mix the seeds which I send you with twice or thrice their bulk of earth, and ram the whole in a box (a cask would do better), and nail or hoop them up close. I have no doubt but a quantity of most of your wild seeds, and many others, would succeed here, if well packed in earth as I have done with this box. A cask of your peat-earth, thus full of seeds, would be an invaluable treasure, as the earth itself would be of great service in the culture of many plants. We have no peat in India. All our soils are either strong clays, deep loam, or loose, but fertile, sands. I need not say, that the seeds should be packed as soon as possible after they are ripe. Old seeds have scarcely ever succeeded in this country."

MEDITATIONS ON AN OLD COAT.

— Quæque ipse vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger that sticks to you most impertinently wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat on is not at home even in his own house; abroad he is uneasy; he can neither sit, stand, nor go like a reasonable mortal.

All men of sense hate new coats, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat. Without looking at his person, you can tell if he has one on. *New coat* is written on his face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his smooth and senseless phiz; a disgusting keeping in the portrait. Of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new blue coat with brass buttons! Avast then, new coat! Hence horrible substance, broad-cloth mockery hence! But come, thou old coat fair and free; be thou my muse, be thou my Charon! Conduct me to the Elysium of threadbare essayists, battered beaus, and jobbing tailors, where the genius of shreds and patches dwells in some fairy Monmouth-street, while eternal cabbage springs beneath his feet.

An old coat is like an old acquaintance. However stiff you may have felt with either at first introduction, time makes you perfectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with much ceremony. An accidental breach with either is soon repaired.

An old coat is favourable to retirement and study. When your coat is old you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation. Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress wig, and Haydn to compose in a new coat and ruffles. I cannot conceive how they could manage it. I could no more write an article in a new coat than in a strait waistcoat. Were I to attempt it my very good friends, the public, would be severe sufferers.

A happy thought, by the way, just strikes me. You may tell by the manner of an author how he is usually dressed when composing. I am convinced that Sir Walter Scott writes in an old coat. Lord Byron without any coat at all. Barry Cornwall in an elegant morning-gown and red slippers. Geoffrey Crayon in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, neither new nor old. Cobbett in a coat very often turned. Moore in a handsome brown frock and nankeen trowsers. Croly in full dress. Leigh Hunt in a fashion-

able night-gown, of a fantastic pattern, and somewhat shabby. Wordsworth in a frieze jacket and leather gaiters. The late Mr. Shelley wrote in a dreadnought. Coleridge in a careless dress, half lay, half clerical. Haslitt in an old surtout, that was never brushed. Gifford in a fine pepper and salt; and—in a fustian jacket.

Your old coat is a gentle moralist; it recalls your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. No man ever thinks of drawing the eyes of the ladies in an old coat; their flattery is not likely to turn his head as long as his coat remains unturned. A friend asked me to go with him last night to the Opera; I consulted my old coat, and stayed at home to write for the benefit of posterity.

I cannot say that I have so great an attachment to other aged articles of dress as I have to an old coat. An old waistcoat is well enough; but old breeches are treacherous friends, too apt to desert you on a pinch: their friendship rests on a very slight foundation, and they often fail those who are in need.

Not so an old coat: it sticks by you to the last. With a little care you may wear it for years, nay, for life. The vulnerable parts of an old coat are the arm-pits, the elbows, and the skirts; of those you must be cautious. I remember a friend who was rather attached to emphatic gesticulation, and used to elevate his arms to an indiscreet height long after his coat had passed its grand climacteric: this should be avoided. I recollect another, an old brother soldier, who, Joseph like, left his skirts in his washerwoman's hands one morning, and went to parade in a short jacket, though not belonging to the light infantry.

I have seen an old coat appear to its advantage on the body of a great buck; as thus—he was well dressed in all other respects, immaculate waistcoat, unexceptionable inexpressibles, silk stockings in perfect health, but coat as old as Adam. Thus attired, he used to caper at a ball with immense applause. Next morning he visited his partners in a suit that Sir Rd. Steele would call fire-new.

The indifference with which you can look on sorts of places and adventures when your coat is old, your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages of an old coat.

The last benefit I shall notice of an old coat is the exercise it affords to the genius of the wearer. Judgment, taste, and fancy are equally strengthened by the patching, disguising, and setting of it off to the best advantage. I found a friend the other day busily engaged on a blue coat that, to all seeming, was in the very last stage of decrepitude. First, he patched the elbows, &c. and strengthened the tottering buttons. Next came brushing and dusting, a finishing operation let me tell you. Then watering; your water is a sore refresher of a weather-beaten old coat. Then came a second brushing, with a soft brush. Then he took a sponge, dipped it in ink mixed with vinegar, and rubbed the seams of the garment with it. Lastly, he polished the buttons with a piece of leather. After all this, the coat was not to be recognised by its most intimate friends. There was as much difference between it and its former self, as between an old beau of sixty when he first rises in the morning, bald, grizzled, rough and toothless, and the same beau shaved and dressed, with his false teeth, his painted eyebrows, and his new black wig.—*Museum.*

THE PERIPATETIC.

Dandies in general—Dandy Automata and their Tailors—Dandies in Wax—Grecian and Roman Dandies—French Petits-maitres and Gourmands—Duke of Cumberland's Wig—Dandy Relics.

It is a common notion, that the present age abounds more than any preceding one in those frivolities of dress, which, in different times, have been known by so many various designations. And the man of grave habits, (I may use this expression in a double sense,) who is occasionally obliged to do penance as a pedestrian, through the fashionable haunts of the 'West End,' encountering, on his route, the swarm of dandies, that, 'thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa,' are scattered along that quarter of the town, seldom fails to return home with the most alarming impressions against the unparalleled foppery of the age. For my own part, however, I am much disposed to set down this notion among our 'vulgar errors,' since I cannot but think, that the insignificant tribe in question, whether under the appellation of beaux, fops, *petits-maitres*, dandies, or exquisites, have equally abounded in all ages, and have, for the wisest purposes, been destined to act as a foil or set-off to the more sober part of their species.

Accordingly, when, in my peripatetic excursions, I fall in with any of these non-descripts, the circumstance throws me into a fit of philosophical speculation on the insanity of their pursuits, as contrasted with the more important objects of mankind. And the latter are proportionally elevated in my opinion, as they are thus brought into a comparison so much in their favour. The frivolous creature, who lives only in his clothes, may justly be considered as being nothing out of them;—he is in fact no more than an automaton, made to shew off the newest fashion,—a mere walking figure, designed to display to the best advantage the dexterity of his tailor, and too often, his own in the bargain, when he happens to walk away, much to the cost and chagrin of the storesaid ingenious artificer. And this, by the bye, is the grand mark of distinction between the walking dandy and that of wax, which remains stationary in the tailor's shop-window to the great edification of all admiring passengers. But, whatever ingenuity the automata in question may occasionally evince in this particular, I still hold them to be as unqualified for any rational functions as Punch and Judy themselves, and should as little think of entering into conversation with them, as with the Italian images that parambulate our streets, or with the royal effigies in the tower.

But I have said, that the race of irrationals under consideration are by no means confined to our age and country. On the contrary, we read of them in all times and among all nations. Even those sage and philosophical people, the Greeks and Romans, were not exempt from them. A modern traveller in Greece discovered amongst the ruins of the Parthenon, the representations of several Grecian dandies, attired in the full costume of jockey-boots and gipsy-hats, and thus exhibiting complete prototypes of certain well-dressed gentlemen in the present day. But the wise man has said, that 'there is nothing new under the sun;' and it is, therefore, probable, that all the inventive powers of our modern *fabriquans des habits* have been unable to add any thing material to the discoveries of their precursors of Athens and Rome.

It is among the Romans, however, that we are to look for the ancient dandies in the greatest perfection. Not only are they described by their poets, and depicted in their statues, but they are even recorded by their historians. For myself, I have no wish, at present, to set forth my learning in this abstruse science, by introducing, as I might, an erudite dissertation on the *toga*, *stola*, *paludamentum*, or *cinctus gabinus*. Yet these, with a thousand other varieties in the Roman costume, would form an edifying study for the dandies and tailors of this metropolis, who might thus add materially to the grace and refinement of the art in which they so much delight. Among all the garments worn by the beaux of Rome, the *multitum* seems to have been the favourite: it was of a fine transparent nature, and therefore well adapted to display the human shape to advantage. Juvenal, in whose time this effeminacy appears

to have been all the rage, inveighs against a distinguished warrior of the day, for having assumed it. These are his words:—

Non facient alii, cum tu multitum sarnas,
Cretice?

What, valiant Cretians, won't others do,
When thus we see such foppery in you?

But the ultra-dandies of Rome went still further than this, and not content even with the transparency of the *multitum*, appeared frequently, as to the upper part of their persons, *puris naturalibus*. Thus Horace in allusion to a bea of the name of Telephus, says:—

'Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem, roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, &c.'

While Telephus's blooming charms,
His rosy neck and waxen arms,
With rapture, Lydia, you admire.

Far be it from me, however, as a grave and moral peripatetic, to insinuate that our modern fops ought to emulate those of Rome in abandoning, à la Byron, their cravats and collars, or in appearing without sleeves to their coats or shirts. All this may be very well on Moulsey Hurst or Hornsey Down, but would, I admit, be quite against all *bien-séance* in Pall Mall or the Park. For this reason, I would, by no means, insist on this point, much as I might be disposed to recommend the Roman *toga* in preference to the tight-laced dandy jacket, to say nothing of the stays, now so much in vogue.

It would be easy enough to show, that the rage of dandyism, under other names, has ever prevailed, more or less, in this country, and that France, in particular, was, at no very distant period, the grand mart for all things needful for our bodies, whether externally or internally, whence it became the perpetual resort of our milliners, caterers, cooks, beaux, epicures, *et hoc genus omne*.

Our dandies, therefore, remain the same witless automata they have always been. But it may be some consolation to them to reflect, that, a century hence, their hats, stays, or trowsers, (should they luckily escape the ravages of time and old-clothesmen) may become objects of as great curiosity, and be as highly prized by antiquarians and virtuosos, as a roman *citta* or *pilum* would be now, or as the great Duke of Cumberland's wig was, about ten years ago, when it was bought for fifty pounds sterling. It may then be worthy the consideration of our fops and exquisites, whether, instead of bestowing their cast-off habiliments on a set of thankless valets and grooms, it would not be more advisable to direct them, by their last wills, to be carefully treasured for the benefit of posterity, so that, by being disposed of as pieces of virtue, they might acquire a value which never belonged to their wearers.—*Lit. Chron.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A GREEN COLOUR EXTRACTED FROM COFFEE-BERRIES.

At Venice a certain method has been lately discovered for composing a fine unchangeable emerald-green colour. A certain quantity of coffee is boiled in river-water: spoiled coffee (*café avarié*) is preferable. By means of a proportional quantity of pure soda a green precipitate is obtained, which is suffered to dry for six or seven days, upon polished marble, stirring it about occasionally, in order that every part of it may be in contact with atmospheric air, from which it receives a new vivacity of tint. The green lake obtained by this process has resisted the action of the acids, and even the influence of light and moisture.

NEW PRINTING MACHINERY.

DR. WILLIAM CHURCH, of Boston, whose improvements in printing we lately noticed, is now in England, procuring the construction of his apparatus and machinery. A principal object of this improvement is to print constantly from new types, which is effected by simplifying the process for casting and composing. The type is delivered perfect by machinery, and laid as it is cast in separate compartments, with unerring order and exactness. The composition is then affected by other apparatus, directed by keys like those of a piano-forte, and the type may be thus arranged in words and lines, as quickly as in the performance of notes in

music. No error can arise, except from touching the wrong key; hence an expert hand will leave little labour for the reader. The form may be worked as usual, either by a printing-press or machine. It is then found less expensive, under Dr. Church's economical system of recasting, to remake the types, and recast them, than to perform the tedious operation of distribution. The melting takes place without atmospheric exposure, by which oxydation and waste of metal are avoided. It is calculated that two men can produce 75,000 new types per hour, and in recomposing one man will perform as much as three or four compositors. In the production of types, the saving is ninety-nine parts in a hundred, and in the composition, distribution, and reading, three parts in four. In regard to press-work, Dr. C. has invented a machine to work with platens instead of cylinders, from which he will be able to take thirty fine impressions per minute; and some of these have been ordered by London printers.—An establishment is about to be commenced in New York, in which these inventions will be applied to the reprinting of popular works, and to printing in general.

THE CABINET.

A PROPER ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

A curious trial took place not very long ago, to determine whether a particular person were a *Gentleman* or not? it arose out of the following circumstances:—A match had been made to run some horses which were to be ridden by *Gentlemen*—on the day appointed the race took place, and was won by a horse, ridden by a person of upwards of seventy years of age, an old sportsman, but who, according to the feelings (not to say prejudices) of the other parties, did not come up to their ideas of a *Gentleman*. The prize therefore was disputed, and the dispute brought into open court; I was not present at the trial, but the report of it soon after passed through my hands, and though I cannot undertake to give it exactly, some circumstances struck me so forcibly, that I believe I may venture to vouch for their truth. Those who had made the match, and some who rode, were young men of very large fortunes, and to mend the matter M. P.'s, which being interpreted means, *Members of Parliament*. They were of course, all subpoenaed as witnesses on the trial.

Unfortunately, the cause did not come on so soon as was expected, and after all, in the evening of the day of trial, at an hour when all the young M. P. witnesses, having finished their libations at the hotel, came into court by no means so sober as the Judge. They came in also just as they had ridden into the town in the morning, *booted, spurred, splashed, and dirty*. Vexed at having been kept waiting longer than they expected, and impatient to be gone, they behaved very rudely to the Judge, the Jury, and the Counsel for the defendant. The latter, who rose afterwards to one of the highest stations in Westminster Hall, and to the dignity of the Peerage, began with very gravely stating to the Court, that he was afraid he must throw up his brief, for that though he came into Court fully persuaded that his client was a *Gentleman*, he now despaired, from what he saw, of being able to prove him so, for as the other parties, from the very nature of the case, must be presumed to be, beyond all dispute, *proper Gentlemen*, he could only proceed in the way of *comparison*. He was therefore afraid to call the attention of the Judge and Jury to the manners and appearance of those Gentlemen, because if they exhibited proper specimens of the conduct and character of a real Gentleman, his Client was decidedly not one.

That his habits of life, for instance, were of that temperate and sober cast, that nothing he was sure would have induced him (but especially at such a time) to drink to such excess, as to stupify his understanding, and bewilder his senses, which was evidently the condition of all the *Gentlemen* in the witnesses' box. Had his client been to attend personally, he was confident he would have felt such an awe and respect for the Court in general, as well as for the laws and public institutions of his country, as to have suffered his tongue to be cut out, rather than utter such speeches as had been so recently addressed to the Judge, the Jury, and himself, by the *Gentlemen* who appeared against him. His client was a man so attentive to all matters of established decorum, that it was most likely, that if he had been called to appear before the Court, he would have been

seen there in *decent, clean, and comely* apparel, not in *dirty boots, and dirty shirts, and dirty breeches*, like the *Gentlemen* then before them.

To judge therefore from appearances, and comparing his client with the '*Gentlemen*' who disputed his right to that appellation, he was afraid he must give way upon those three points, inasmuch as being *sober, civil, and cleanly*, he could not be such a *Gentleman* as they were.

But there were other traits in his client's character, which he was afraid, upon comparison with the characters and habits of the *Gentlemen* before them, might tend still farther to degrade him in their eyes. His fortune for instance, was *small*, not exceeding a few hundreds a year, but *entirely unincumbered*, which he was apprehensive would be thought not *gentlemanlike* by many persons of much larger fortunes; nor yet his mode of *spending* his income, for he *never went beyond it*; never squandered any portion of it in *idle, useless, and unnecessary* expences; never gambled with it; never *ran in debt*. He bred up his family (three daughters and a son) in a *plain and frugal* manner. He was careful to set them the example of a *moral and religious* life. He *hallowed the sabbath*, and gave rest to all dependent on him, to man and beast. He was careful above all things, not to travel on a Sunday, to the disturbance of the rest of others, and profanation of the Lord's Day; in fine, however *ungentlemanlike* it might appear to the opposite party, he did not wish to conceal from the court, that his client was in all respects a *good Christian, a good husband, a good father, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good friend*!—for, after all, it was *friendship* alone that had brought him into the predicament in which he now stood. *Friendship* not for the living, but the dead. It was entirely in consequence of an *old promise* to a *dead friend*, that at 70 years of age he had acceded to the proposal of his friend's son, to ride the race. He need not go further into particulars; he had stated these things exactly as they were, for the information of the Court. What effect they might produce, he could not pretend to judge; there were those present, who seemed to say, that a person of this description did not come up to *their ideas of a Gentleman*; it would remain with the Court and Jury to say whether it came up to *their ideas* of such a character.

I am happy to have to record, that this worthy person so described was in the fullest manner allowed by the Judge and Jury to be a proper *English Gentleman*, to the great satisfaction of a most crowded hall, who hailed the decision with the loudest acclamations!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

RHUBARB JAM.—An excellent jam may be made with a mixture of two thirds of red currants to one third of garden rhubarb. Good jam may also be made with two thirds of red rough gooseberries, not quite ripe, and one third of rhubarb; and raspberries succeed as well as currants. The flavour is best if not overdone with sugar; and, if the jam is made with gooseberries, it will be spoiled should they hang on the trees until fully ripe.

VARIETIES.

SINGULAR INTERMARRIAGE.—A Mr. Hardwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick; this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hardwood married, and by her he had a son; therefore, John Coshick's second wife could say as follows:—

My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother;
My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother.

BUONAPARTEAN RELICS.—At the sale at Mr. Bullock's Museum, of the articles taken by the Prussians in Flanders, belonging to Napoleon, nothing could exceed the eagerness with which they were bought up. The following statement of the prices given for some of the things, will serve to show in what estimation these relics were held:—the worn-out carriage, 168*l.*; small opera glass, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Tooth-brush, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Snuff-box, 166*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; Military stock, or collar, 1*l.* 17*s.*; Old slippers, 1*l.*; Razor (common), 4*l.* 4*s.*; Piece of sponge, 17*s.* 6*d.*; Shaving brush, 3*l.* 14*s.*; Shirt, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Comb, 1*l.*; Shaving-box, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Pair of old gloves, 1*l.*; Old pocket handkerchief, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Many other articles were sold for prices equally high.

A FALSE ALARM.—A few weeks ago, the inhabitants of one of the principal cities in the West of England were filled with conjecture and consternation at the following notice, painted in large capitals on the front of a house, recently fitted up and repaired, 'Mrs. M. —, from London, deals in all sorts of Ladies.' All was consternation! Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs. M. might be? No one could tell; she was a stranger from London about to establish a new concern. Great anxiety prevailed as to this equivocal proclamation of the new establishment. For two whole days all was injustice and consultation. On the third morning, behold, the mystery was unravelled. The house-painter, who had, it seems, been suddenly attacked by a severe fit of gout, returned to finish his work, and in ten minutes concluded it by adding—*"and gentlemen's wearing apparel."*

ENGLAND AN IMPROVING NATION.—Who, twenty years ago, would have supposed that, in the year 1823, ladies and gentlemen would be forced from London Bridge to Calais in twelve hours, by a kettle of boiling water; or that, while we were stirring our drawing-room fire, we should be feeding the lamps at our hall-door? Every thing has improved—how much is public taste refined! Instead of barrel organs, grinding English ballads through the streets, we have Savoyards, gaily dressed, playing foreign airs. Instead of two long parallel rows of people jumping awkwardly about a room, by way of dancing, we have the attitudinizing quadrille and the twining waltz; our shops are saloons; our warehouses emporiums; our packets are yachts; our country boxes villas. A man who cures deafness is an *aurist*; a man who cooks one's dinner is an *artist*; a gig, with a head, is a *cabriolet*; a boys' school is a *seminary*, and a girls' school an *establishment*. An actor's benefit is *appointed* now—not fixed (like Sylvester Daggerwood's.) Instead of common-place exhibitions, such as we had of old, we have fourteen coloured prints stuck on a wall, and called a *cosmorama*; we have a *peristrophe panorama* of the coronation; we have *equestrian exercises* instead of horsemanship, and *gymnasia* instead of tumbling; even Punch himself has grown genteel.

THIEVES.—Thieves have of late hit upon a novel mode of deception, while engaged in the work of depredation. When picking a lock in the night, they conceal the sound of the operations by imitating the cry of cats!

EPSOM RACES.—Of all the races in this race-loving, cock-fighting, fisticuffing, bull-baiting, beef-eating, hard-working, money-getting, money-spending, jolly, comfortable, careless nation, none are at any time so multitudinously attended as those at Epsom—Epsom, famed alike for fun and physic; and of all the preceding races at this favourite spot, none have been more largely attended than the present.—Thursday was the *grand day*—the day for the decision of the Derby Stakes; and perhaps greater interest never was excited by a single race. So early as eight o'clock in the morning all London seemed to be in an unusual bustle, and for full three hours thereafter the gayer part of its population poured over the different bridges into Surrey in continuous torrents. Princes and Peers, Knights and Squires, and mercantile and shopkeepers of all sorts; jockeys, handicraftsmen, beggars, black-legs, and thieves, with ladies of every caste to match, all rolling, or spanking, or jogging, or toddling, or trudging, or fagging, in barouches, in tilburies, in buggies, in caris, and waggons; on horse-back, on donkey-back, and on blistered feet, *yak-hup* for Epsom! beneath a burning sun, and beneath a cloud of dust that obscured the country for a quarter of a mile on either side the road throughout the whole distance. By one o'clock there must have been at least fifty thousand persons assembled on Epsom Downs; and when it is recollected that the greater part of them had horses or equipages of some kind or other, some idea of the scene may be formed. What they all went thither for is best known to themselves, but certainly not one twentieth part of them saw the race, and the only other amusements were, broiling on an arid heath, beneath a mid-day sun, or sitting in booths crowded to suffocation, amidst the fumes of tobacco and all sorts of hideous uproar. There were a superabundance of gambling tents, and pick-pockets out of number.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

High dress, of pale blue silk, fastened in front, and ornamented with a trimming of the same material, and edged with satin of the same colour: the trimming is flat, suited, and broad in the centre, but separates and gradually diminishes; each division seems to be fastened by a silk button, and terminates in three points: the trimming is very broad at the bottom of the skirt, but lessens as it approaches the waist; it continues to the throat, and nearly covers the front of the corsage. The collar is square, and falls over, admitting a lace frill within; and the cape is rounded off to display the front. The long sleeve is nearly tight, and has a very free half sleeve, set in a band rather narrower than that of the waist, and is ornamented to correspond with the bottom of the skirt, where rays, emanating from a point, form a semicircular trimming, which appears to rise from the satin rouleau that edges the dress. The rest has a similar, though smaller trimming than the front. The cap is particularly light and novel, having the appearance of a coronet: it is made of tulle, and set in a white satin frame, with a wreath of Syrian roses, and is generally worn at the back of the head, with the hair in very full curls. Embossed gold earrings and chain, and circular eye glass, Jon-quill-colour gloves; blue corded silk shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of white crepe lisse over a white satin slip; the corsage is without fulness, and shaped *à la tunique*, narrow at the shoulder, but approaches so as to form a stomacher in front, which is simply ornamented with three bands, each consisting of two rows of satin piping, uniting with those that descend from the waist; two deep Vandyke of blond lace; bands of double piping set in a broad band of satin and gold, and finished by two deep Vandyke of blond lace; which is very full and broad, and divided transversely by satin bands. Gold tian, embellished with rubies and turquoise, and a pendant pearl in the centre: the hair parted in front, with short light curls on the temple; the hind hair brought up to the top of the head, and fastened by a bodkin of gold and turquoise. Necklace and earrings of turquoise. Long white kid gloves. White satin shoes. Painted Ivory fan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Friend's intention is very good; but, being wholly ignorant of the parties, should we implicitly confide for a continuance? And, if so, are we to hold a discretionary power of inserting, or retarding articles, without the fear or possibility of offending?—Entertainment being our chief object, we cannot enter into profound disquisition; nor, in any measure, embark in the controverted points of politics, ethics, or divinity.

Our London Correspondent will oblige us by forwarding the essays.—We are not fastidious—our only aim is to amuse and edify.

W. K.'s wish shall be complied with in our next.—We hope to hear from him frequently.

Johannes—in our next; and we shall be glad to receive the promised paper.

CRISTINA CHRONICLE.—In the Manchester Iris, No. 68, our reply to a Chester Correspondent contains the following clause,—"We heard of the preposterous puff so pointedly animadverted upon; but think its weakness and fallacy too gross for reprehension."—This censure the sapient Chronicle gratuitously, and, we will add, very candidly and justly, takes to himself, and, subsequently, favours us with a notice, which, coming from him, we esteem creditable.—In return (requesting the sanction of our respected correspondent, for the liberty we take of selecting from his very judicious structures) we compliment him with our friend's address:—

Yes, Chester Chronicles shall laud thy muse,
And gull the public with their stale reviews;
Inspid scribbles—destitute of wit,
Assuming humour, but not having it;
A set of fools—without the least pretence
To judgment, decency, or common sense!
Oh! H—H—think'at thou'rt unknown,
That slipshod pertness, and that vapourish tone,
Where e'er thou go'st, will still proclaim 'tis thee,
A worthless blockhead for the world to see!
But stop my muse; and vent not thy wrath
On men whose brains are nought but wind and froth
Base hiring critics, by whose venal pen,
Authors are praised, then damn'd, then praised again.

Chester, May 14th. JULIAN.
† Only imagine, gentle reader, the Editor of the Chester Chronicle sitting down to review poetry—

Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden are we come to this!

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NATURAL HISTORY.

HORÆ OTIOSE.—(No. I.)

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Le rossignol fait entendre des sons mélodieux et plaintifs :
et ses tendres accens remplissent les coteaux les vallons et
les bois. STURM.

THE Nightingale derives its name from night, and the Saxon word, *galan*, to sing. This universally admired chorister is about six inches in length; and is in no wise remarkable for the beauty or variety of its plumage. On the contrary, its whole appearance is mean and shabby; but these seeming imperfections are more than compensated, by the variety and exquisite sweetness of its strains. The males annually arrive about the middle of April, and the females a week afterwards; and they do not erect their nests till the following month. They build in close quickset hedges, and produce two or three broods in a year. During their stay in this island, great numbers are taken by the bird-catchers. A gentleman, who has for many years made the study of ornithology his chief amusement assures me, that Nightingales possess less cunning than any other kind of birds; to which circumstance he is indebted for having caught such vast numbers of them. They feed chiefly on insects, worms, and the eggs of ants. In a state of domestication, their best food is raw sheep heart, mixed with boiled egg, in the proportion of three parts of the former, to one of the latter. They leave us in September, and in all probability retire to Asia, as we are informed by men of the strictest veracity.

"This sweet harbinger of the light," says Fryer, "is a constant cheerer of the groves of Persia, charming with its warbling strains, the heaviest soul into a pleasing ecstacy."

In Aleppo there are many persons who obtain a livelihood, by letting out Nightingales on hire.* The Nightingale is the sweetest musician of the woods. Oft have I lain reclined beneath the shadowy trees, secure from the scorching beams of the noon-day sun, and fed with admiration on her soul enlivening strains. At midnight too, when nature assumes her general sleep, I oftentimes have sought the solemn walk in wandering mazes lost; and listened to her exquisite strains, which, aided by the surrounding gloom, have pressed a weight of pleasing grief upon my heart, and caused the tears to flow in torrents down my cheeks. "He, that at midnight," says an interesting writer, "when the very labourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet decants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling, and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.' It is generally believed that

the Nightingale never sings in the day time. Hence, Shakspeare says,

"The Nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought,
No better a musician than the wren."

But this opinion, however general it may be, is certainly incorrect. She sings all the day long, as well as during the night; and is in fact, the most garrulous songstress of the grove. That Milton was acquainted with this fact, is evident from the following passage:—

"From branch to branch, the smaller birds with song
Solace the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then, the solemn Nightingale
Ceases to warble; in shallow covert hid,
She all the night tunes her soft lays."

There is no other bird of the same size as the Nightingale, in which the muscles of the larynx are so strong: consequently, no other bird of the same size is capable of such violent thrilling sounds. Who, that has not heard the Nightingale, can believe so small a bird to be capable of such violent exertions without rupturing its lungs? or that her notes, soft, quavering and melodious, can be heard to the distance of half a mile? At the lonely hour of midnight, when not a star twinkles, and there is no light, save that which is afforded by the numerous glow-worms shining on the green-wood side; then, the music of the sweet-tuned songstress, which during the day was in the highest degree enlivening, becomes plaintive or melancholy.

"Darkling she wails the sadly pleasing strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains."

It is a well known fact, that Nightingales may be taught to adopt the notes or calls of other birds: they may also be taught to articulate words and sentences.† During my residence in London, in the summer of 1821, I witnessed a remarkable instance of this kind in a Nightingale, the property of a young sailor who resides in the Borough. This bird very distinctly articulated the following short sentences in my hearing:—"Poor Tom"—"pretty boy"—"bless the king." Upon interrogating the boy concerning his bird, he informed me that he took it from the nest about two years ago, since which time it had received no tuition from any person whatever, but from being constantly in company with a male parrot, it had learned to speak several short sentences, among which were those I had already heard. He also informed me that it could not sing a single note, a circumstance scarcely worth recording, as it has long since been proved that the peculiar notes or calls of birds, are no more innate than language is in man. The Nightingale was ever a favourite bird with the poets, and perhaps no person ever spent more agreeable hours than Thomson did while listening to those which used to frequent Richmond Gardens. Equally with Thomson was it a favourite with Milton, and beautiful as is Thomson's celebrated Ode, there are passages in the *Il Penseroso*, and

Paradise Lost, which are justly entitled to a superiority over its most prominent beauties.

The ancients considered it as the most exquisite of singing birds, and while they listened with ecstasy to its enchanting strains, they compared it to those persons who have neither elegance of form, nor beauty of features to recommend themselves; but whose minds are stored with amiable qualities, and pregnant with solid and polite literature. The same may be said of the moderns; for they have likewise enjoyed the luxury which so much delighted their ancestors.

Elegance of form, uncombined with mental beauty, can never secure the admiration of those persons who are worthy of our esteem.

JOHANNES.

Manchester, 1823.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Slowly vanish'd the shade of the rich setting sun,
And sad, lonely, and hoarse did the convent bell toll,
Philomela her heavenly strains had begun,
And the murmuring waters did mournfully roll;
When Edwin the path to yon fair village trod,
And high beat his kind heart, now in hope, now in fear,
As he view'd the lov'd and the well known abode,
Where contented, tho' poor, dwelt his family dear.

Many years had flown past, since Edwin was torn
From the village he lov'd by a merciless band;
Who left aged and helpless the father to mourn;
And the son forced to fight in a far distant land:
Oh how shall I paint the distraction which reign'd,
What pangs tore the heart of his Anna, his love;
To his heart-broken parents how oft he was strain'd,
While they sought for relief from the heav'n's above!

From the bosoms bereft heaven heard the fond prayer,
And, when on the death-strewn and horror-clad plain,
Watch'd o'er their lov'd son with a father's kind care,
Till sweet peace brought him back to his village again:
Now he hop'd, with what joy, what pleasure, to cheer
Their old age of care, while from labour they'd rest:
To wipe from his Anna's beautiful cheek the blest tear,
To clasp those he lov'd to his joy-throbbing breast.

O'er the scene Luna's softest effulgence was thrown,
As nearer and nearer the village he drew,
As he gain'd the white cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
And with quick-beating heart to the threshold he flew:
He knocks—hears a foot, strangers open the door,
And despair to his breast as lightning swift flew;
For his parents he asks—alas they're no more;
For his Anna—but she too was dying, or dead.

How blest had he fall'n on the gore- crimson'd field,
He then should not know that soul- overwhelling grief,
As breathless he stood; nor would tears their ease yield,
Nor give his sear'd soul one short moment's relief:
My father, he moan'd, your prediction was true—
"Ah, before you return we shall sleep in the grave."
And my Anna, my lov'd, my betroth'd—and must you—
Oh God will no pray'rs from the tomb my love save!

Heart-blighted and fainting, he sank on the chair;
But short was oblivion's balm to his soul,
His features were stamp'd with the hue of despair,
And wand'ring and frenzied his eyes 'gan to roll:
"Who said," he exclaim'd, "that my parents were dead,
That the lips which have blest me are cold in the earth;
Who said that my Anna's pure spirit had fled,
To give to the Angels its beauty and worth?"

Ah sir, they replied, when your parents had lost
The dear child of their age, their fondly-loved son,
By poverty they were relentlessly cross'd,
Ere yet death in pale sickness his purpose begun:
But still they would hope the Creator would hear
And protect you when dire in the battle-strode death;
And hop'd yet to see all on earth they held dear,
Then with blessings resign in his arms their last breath!

Destroy'd was their balm-breathing prospect the day
That tidings arriv'd—none their anguish can tell—
When they heard that a corpse, 'mong the slaughter'd you lay
The arrow of death pierc'd their breasts and they fell!

* Vide my Essay on "Ornithology," *Imperial Mag.* vol. col. 814.

† Piny informs us that the sons of the Emperor Claudius, kept several of these birds that spoke to their masters in Greek and Latin; but the whole story is ridiculous and contemptible.

But death was their comfort,—they wished not to live;
For the child of their hope now on earth was no more;
Without him e'en wealth no true comfort could give,
And they left for his Heaven, time's treacherous shore!

Your Ann heard the tale, and, oh sad is her fate—
Not the least spark of hope for her life is descried:—
Your parents not long languish'd in their lorn state,
With your name on their lips the next evening they died.
"But my Anna—she lives!"—Edwin breathlessly spoke,
"To thy aid—O, thy mercy Eternal!—I fly—
Spare, spare her, tell death, from thy withering stroke,
Or strike here—and lifeless with her let me lie!"

They lead him where faint on the couch she reclin'd,
Pale and wan was that cheek the rose once had o'ercast;
And dim that bright eye which bespoke the gay mind,
In those hours of delight, which for ever had past!—
"My Anna," he moan'd, as he sank by her side;
She rais'd her fair form, where each grace lent their charms—
"Tis he—'tis my life—'tis my Edwin," she cried—
With the last kiss of love she expir'd in his arms!

He shriek'd—'twas the cry of one mad with despair,
He gazed on that form, ah still beautiful, tho' dead,
His gestures were frantic, his shrieks rent the air—
And his wild glaring eyes spokes his senses were fled!—
'Nexth the low drooping willow a grave they unclosed
The remains of the lovely and fair to entomb;
The sun on that morn o'er the village ne'er rose,
And it seem'd as though heaven wept 'mid the deep gloom.

And while o'er the plain to the churchyard she's borne,
Edwin after the corpse, shrieking frantically, trod;
The coffin he clasps—from his clasp it is torn,
And a deep hollow groan sends his spirit to God!—
In evening's sweet hour, oft the villagers rove,
And strew o'er their grave the fair flow'rs of the year;
They think of their youth, and their beauty, and love,—
And their mem'ry embalm with the sorrow-fraught tear.

Manchester.

N. M. HALCESRISA.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF HUMPHREY CETHAM, FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL AND LIBRARY AT THE COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

(From Fuller's Worthies of England.)

Humphrey Cetham, third son of Henry Cetham, of Crompsall, gentleman, is thought (on just ground) to descend from Sir Jeffrey Cetham, of Cetham, (a man of much rank in former days) and some old writings in the hands of worshipful persons, not far remote from the place, do evidence as much, but the said Sir Jeffrey falling in troublesome times into the King's displeasure, (in effect) was long since ruined.

But it seems his posterity was unwilling to fly far from their *old* (though destroyed) *nest*, and got themselves a handsome habitation at Crompsall, hard by, where James, elder brother of this Humphrey Cetham, did reside. The younger brethren, George, Humphrey, and Ralph, betook themselves to the trading of this county, dealing in Manchester commodities sent up to London, and Humphrey signally improved himself in piety and outward prosperity. He was a diligent reader of the scriptures, and of the works of sound divines, a respecter of such ministers, which he accounted truly Godly, upright, sober, *sincere* and *discreet*. He was high sheriff of this county, 1635, discharging the place with great honour. Inasmuch that very good gentlemen of birth and estate did wear his cloth at the assize, to certify their unfeigned affection to him, and two of them* of the same profession with himself have since been sheriffs of the county.

Grudge not, reader, to go through so long a porch, for I assure thee it leads unto a fair palace; to as great a master-piece of bounty as our age hath afforded. This Mr. Cetham, by his will, bearing date the 16th of January, 1651, gave 7000*l.* to buy a fee-simple estate of 420*l.* for ever, for the education of forty poor children in Manchester at school, from about six till fourteen years of age, when they are to be bound out apprentices. They must be the

* John Hartley and H. Wrigley, Esqrs.

children of poor but honest parents, no bastards, nor diseased at the time they are chosen, not lame nor blind, in regard the town of Manchester hath ample means already (if so employed) for the maintenance of such impotents. Indeed he intended it for a seminary of religion and ingenuity, where the aforesaid boys were to have diet, lodging, apparel, and instruction. He gave 1000*l.* for books to a library, and 100*l.* to prepare a place for them. He bequeathed 200*l.* to buy books (such as he himself delighted in) for the churches of Manchester, Bolton, and other chapels thereabouts; he gave the remainder of his estate (debts and legacies first paid) to the increase of the books in the library.

Now, as the loaves in the gospel multiplied in the breaking; so Mr. Cetham's estate did not *shrink* but *swell* in the calling of it in; inasmuch that the aforesaid surplusage is known to be the better part of 2000*l.* Dying a bachelor, he appointed George Cetham, Esq. citizen and grocer of London, (whereof he was chosen alderman, 1656, and fined for the same) and Edward Cetham, gent. executors of his will and testament.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS ROGER BACON.

[Communicated by R. T.]

This great man was born near Ilchester, in the year 1214; and began his studies very early, at Oxford. He afterwards went to Paris, where he learnt physic and mathematics. On his return to Oxford, he applied himself to languages and philosophy; in which he quickly made such progress, that he wrote a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammar; and improved the latter considerably. He also wrote several tracts on chemistry; some of which are to be seen in the Bodleian library, and in that of the Earl of Oxford. He speaks of almost every operation now used in chemistry, and mentions the incineration of Fern, from which the English made glass. He also describes the method of making tinctures and elixirs. He understood, and explained the nature of concave glasses, on which he wrote a treatise, shewing their force in burning things at a distance. How far he advanced optics, in all its branches, is sufficiently evident from his book on perspective, where he discourses of the reflection and refraction of lights, and describes the *camera obscura*, and all sorts of glasses which magnify or diminish any object, bring it nearer to the eye, or remove it farther off. Among the rest, the use of the optic tube, or telescope, thought to be a modern invention, was plainly known to him. In short, he was the miracle of the age he lived in; and perhaps, the greatest mechanical genius that ever appeared in the world since the days of Archimedes. His mathematical instruments cost 300*l.*; and he says, that in twenty years, he spent 2000*l.* in them and books: a prodigious sum for such expenses in those days.

Roger Bacon was almost the only astronomer of that age. He found out an error in the calendar, in relation to the quantity of the solar year, which had been increasing from the time of Julius Cæsar; and proposed a plan, to Pope Clement the Fourth, in 1267, how it should be corrected: and, above three hundred years afterwards, Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, followed that very plan, in the reformation of the Julian Calendar, with this difference only, that Roger Bacon would have begun it from the birth of Christ; whereas the Gregorian correction reaches no higher than the Nicene Council. His penetrating genius did not stop here: he

entered into the depth of mechanical science, and was so well acquainted with the force of elastic bodies, that, in imitation of Archytas, who contrived a wooden dove that could fly, he, *as we are told*, could make a flying chariot, and had the art of putting statues in motion, and producing articulate sounds from a brazen head. He hit upon the secret of gun-powder, and describes the materials of its composition, and the amazing effects of its noise and light. "These," says Dr. Friend, "are great discoveries in so ignorant an age, especially considering that he had no master to instruct him." But it is still more wonderful that such discoveries should lie so long concealed, till others should start up, in the succeeding centuries, and lay claim to those very inventions which Roger Bacon only had a right to.

He went on prosecuting these studies, with indefatigable application, more than forty years. He was a very learned man, in a very illiterate age: and performed such things, by the help of mathematics, that he was suspected of magic, and persecuted by his own fraternity: they would not receive his works into their libraries; and, at last, got him imprisoned. Such was the gross ignorance of people, in those ages, that extraordinary actions done, by knowledge of the arts, and a judicious application of the powers of nature, were, by them, attributed to conjuration; and accordingly, they deemed this great man neither more nor less than a conjurer or magician.

It was the subject of this brief biographical sketch who taught philosophy not to advance a single step without leaning on the crutch of experiment; and it is by following this lesson that the study of Nature is now become, the *science of facts*.

TO AN ALMOND TREE.

Imitated from a French translation of some Spanish Lines.

Sad Winter still prolong'd his stay,
Nor yet the timid zephyr's sigh
Proclaim'd from far the summer's day—
The sultry eve—the rosy sky.

Pale Almond tree—I viewed thee then
In em'rald vestments richly drest,
Implo'ring nature—once again
To let thee bloom the earliest.

Thou op'd thy bloom—ere yet the rest—
Of solitary beauty vain—
Thou deem'd'st thyself the happiest
Of Flora and Pomona's train.

Poor Almond tree—the charm soon past—
Gay pleasure hurr'd thee but an hour;
Alas! a rude relentless blast
Tore from thee both thy fruit and flower.

Like thee I err'd:—alas! no less
Were folly and imprudence mine—
Too soon I grasp'd at happiness,
And lost for ever Eveline.

June 5th, 1823.

TO STELLA.

Stella, tell me lovely maid,
Why it is that thou'rt so sad:—
Why that sigh—that look so drear—
That pensiveness—that limpid tear
Sparkling in thy downcast eye,
Which erst with eastern gems might vie!
Shall from thy cheek the blushing rose
Be rudely snatch'd ere yet it blows?
Thy sprightliness and spring of soul,
Shall dim despondency controul?
Is it decreed that thou should'st know
The gloomy truth, which years bestow?
That happiness is but a dream—
A bubble floating down a stream?
That life is but a chain of woe—
A path where numerous briars grow—
And though a cheerful hour may pass,
Yet pain and anguish form the mass!

Oh no!—again that harsh eye
Shall dart its wonted brilliancy—
That pallid cheek shall yet disclose
The deepening blushes of the rose :—
Responsiveness no more shall greet
With heavy hand thy sprightliness—
No more thy gentle hand be fraught
With mournful and embitter'd thought.—
Thy gloom—thy pensiveness shall see,
Supplied by smiling gaiety.

Manchester, June 2nd, 1852.

23.

THE PIONEERS.

(Concluded from our last.)

The following account of the escape of Elizabeth and her friend, from a Panther, is particularly interesting.

They proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Ontego, or passing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

'Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?'

'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. 'Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried—

'Look at the dog.'

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the foot of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of sickening, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

'Courage, Brave,' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, 'courage, courage, good Brave.'

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.—Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment: and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog; the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast overleaping its intended board, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff, for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever, raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not, move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks

were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

'Hist! hist!' said a low voice—'stoop lower, gall; your bunnet hides the creator's head.'

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

The death of an Indian is beautifully sketched.—

Elizabeth took from the hand of Edwards the liquor which he offered, and then motioned to be left again to herself.

The youth turned at her bidding, and observed Natty kindly assiduous around the person of Mohegan. When their eyes met, the hunter said sorrowfully—

'His time has come, lad; I see it in his eye;—when an Indian fixes his eye, he means to go but to one place; and that the wilful creators put their minds on, they're sure to do.'

A quick tread diverted the reply of the youth, and in a few moments, to the amazement of the whole party, Mr. Grant was clinging to the side of the mountain, and striving to reach the place where they stood. Oliver sprang to his assistance, and by their united efforts, the worthy divine was soon placed safely among them.

'How came you added to our number?' cried Edwards; 'Is the hill alive with people at a time like this?'

The hasty but pious thanksgivings of the clergyman were soon ejaculated; and when he succeeded in collecting his bewildered senses, he replied—

'I heard that my child was seen coming to the mountain: and when the fire broke over its summit, my uneasiness drew me up the road, where I found Louisa, in terror for Miss Temple. It was to seek her, that I came into this dangerous place; and I think but for God's mercy, through the dogs of Natty, I should have perished in the flames myself.'

'Ay! follow the hounds, and if there's an opening, they'll scent it out,' said Natty; 'their noses be given to them the same as man's reason.'

'I did so, and they led me to this place; but, praise be to God, that I see you all safe and well.'

'No, no,' returned the hunter; 'safe we be, but as for well, John can't be called in a good way, unless you'll say that for a man that's taking his last look at the 'arth.'

'He speaks the truth!' said the divine, with the holy awe with which he ever approached the dying;—'I have been by too many death-beds, not to see that the hand of the tyrant is laid on this old warrior. Oh! how consoling it is, to know that he has not rejected the offered mercy, in his hour of strength and of worldly temptations! The offspring of a race of heathens, he has in truth been 'as a brand plucked from the burning.'

'No, no,' returned Natty, who alone stood with him by the side of the dying warrior, 'it's no burning that ails him, though his Indian feelings made him scorn to move, unless it be the burning of man's wicked thoughts for near fourscore years, but it's nater giving out in a chase that's run too long.—Down with ye, Hector!

down, I say!—Flesh isn't iron, that a man can live for ever, and see his kith and kin driven to a far country, and he left to mourn, with none to keep him company.'

'John,' said the divine, tenderly, 'do you hear me? do you wish the prayers appointed by the church, at this trying moment?'

The Indian turned his ghastly face to the speaker, and fastened his dark eyes on him, steadily, but vacantly. No sign of recognition was made; and in a moment he moved his head again slowly towards the vale, and began to sing, using his own language, in those low, guttural tones that have been so often mentioned, his notes rising with his theme, till they swelled to fullness, if not to harmony:

'I will come! I will come! to the land of the just I will come! No Delaware fears his end; no Mohican shrinks from death; for the Great Spirit calls, and he goes. My father I have honoured; I have cherished my mother; to my tribe I've been faithful and true. The Maquas I have slain!—I have slain the Maquas! and the Great Spirit calls to his son. I will come! I will come! to the land of the just I will come!'

'What says he, Leather-stocking?' inquired the priest, with tender interest; 'sings he the Redeemer's praise?'

'No, no—'tis his own praise that he speaks now,' said Natty, turning in a melancholy manner from the sight of his dying friend; 'and a good right he has to say it all, for I know every word of it to be true.'

'May Heaven avert such self-righteousness from his heart!' exclaimed the divine. 'Humility and penitence are the seals of christianity; and without feeling them deeply seated in the soul, all hope is delusive, and leads to vain expectations. Praise himself! when his whole soul and body should unite to praise his Maker! John! you have enjoyed the blessing of a gospel ministry, and have been called from out of a multitude of sinners and pagans, and, I trust, for a wise and gracious purpose. Do you now feel what it is to be justified by your Saviour's death, and reject all weak and idle dependence on good works, that spring from man's pride and vain-glory?'

The Indian did not regard his interrogator, but he raised his head again, and said, in a low, distinct voice—

'Who can say that the Maquas know the back of Mohegan! What enemy that trusted in him did not see the morning? What Mingo that he chased ever sang the song of triumph? Did Mohegan ever lie? No; for the truth lived in him, and none else could come out of him. In his youth, he was a warrior, and his moccasins left the stain of blood. In his age he was wise; and his words at the council fire did not blow away with the winds.'

'Ah! he has abandoned that vain relic of paganism, his songs,' cried the good divine;—'what says he now? is he sensible of his lost state?'

'Lord! mau,' said Natty, 'he knows his ind is at hand as well as you or I, but, so far from thinking it a loss to him, he believes it to be a great gain. He is now old and stiff, and you've made the game so scarce and shy, that better shots than him find it hard to get a livelihood. Now he thinks he shall travel where it will always be good hunting; where no wicked or unjust Indians can go; and where he shall meet all his tribe together, ag'in. There's not much loss in that, to a man whose hands be hardly fit for basket-making. Loss! if there be any loss, 'twill be to me. I'm sure, after he's gone, there will be but little left for me to do but to follow.'

'His example and end, which, I humbly trust, shall yet be made glorious,' returned Mr. Grant, 'should lead your mind to dwell on the things of another life. But I feel it to be my duty to smooth the way for the parting spirit. This is the moment, John, when the reflection that you did not reject the mediation of the Redeemer, will bring balm to your soul. Trust not to any act of former days, but lay the barthen of your sins at his feet, and you have his own blessed assurance that he will not desert you.'

'Though all you say be true, and you have scripture gospels for it, too,' said Natty, 'you will make nothing of the Indian. He has't seen a Moravian priest sin the war; and its hard to keep them from going back to their native ways. I should think 'twould be as

well to let the old man pass in peace. He's happy now; I know it by his eye; and that's more than I would say for the chief, sin' the time the Delawares broke up from the head-waters of their river, and went west. Ah! me! 'tis a grievous long time that, and many dark days have we both seen together, sin' it.'

'Hawk-eye!' said Mohegan, rousing with the last glimmering of life. 'Hawk-eye! listen to the words of your brother.'

'Yes, John,' said the hunter, in English, strongly affected by the appeal, and drawing to his side; 'we have been brothers; and more so than it means in the Indian tongue. What would ye have with me, Chingachgook?'

'Hawk-eye! my fathers call me to the happy hunting-grounds. The path is clear, and the eyes of Mohegan grow young. I look—but I see no white-skins; there are none to be seen but just and brave Indians. Farewell, Hawk-eye—you shall go with the Fire-eater and the Young Eagle, to the white man's heaven; but I go after my fathers. Let the bow, and tomahawk, and pipe, and the wampum, of Mohegan, be laid in his grave; for when he starts 'twill be in the night, like a warrior on a war party, and he cannot stop to seek them.'

'What says he, Nathaniel?' cried Mr. Grant, earnestly, and with obvious anxiety; 'does he recall the promises of the mediation? and trust his salvation to the Rock of Ages?'

Although the faith of the hunter was by no means clear, yet the fruits of early instruction had not entirely fallen in the wilderness. He believed in one God, and in one heaven; and when the strong feeling excited by the leave-taking of his old companion, which was exhibited by the powerful working of every muscle in his weather-bent face suffered him to speak, he replied—

'No—no—he trusts only to the Great Spirit of the savages, and to his own good deeds. He thinks, like all his people, that he is to be young ag'in, and to hunt, and be happy to the ind of eternity. It's pretty much the same with all colours, parson. I could never bring myself to think that I shall meet with these hounds, or my piece, in another world; though the thoughts of leaving them for ever sometimes brings hard feelings over me, and makes me cling to life with a greater craving than befits three score and ten.'

'The Lord, in his mercy, avert such a death from one who has been sealed with the sign of the cross!' cried the minister in holy fervour. 'John—'

He paused; for the scene, and the elements, seemed to conspire to oppress the powers of humanity. During the period occupied by the events which we have related, the dark clouds in the horizon had continued to increase in numbers and magnitude; and the awful stillness that now pervaded the air announced a crisis in the state of the atmosphere. The flames, which yet continued to rage along the sides of the mountain, no longer whirled in the uncertain currents of their own eddies, but blazed high and steadily towards the heavens. There was even a quietude in the ravages of the destructive element, as if it foresaw that a hand, greater than even its own desolating power, was about to stay its progress. The piles of smoke which lay above the valley began to rise, and were dispelling rapidly; and streaks of vivid lightning were dancing through the masses of clouds that impended over the western hills. While Mr. Grant was speaking, a flash, which sent its quivering light through the gloom, laying bare the whole opposite horizon, was followed by a loud crash of thunder, that rolled away among the hills, seeming to shake the foundations of the earth to their centre. Mohegan raised himself, as if in obedience to a signal for his departure, and stretched forth his wasted arm towards the west. His dark face lighted with a look of joy, which, with all other expression, gradually disappeared, the muscles stiffening as they retreated to a state of rest; a slight convulsion played for a single instant about his lips; and his arm slowly dropped, rigid and motionless, by his side, leaving the frame of the dead warrior reposing against the rock, with its glassy eyes open, and fixed on the distant hills, as if the deserted shell were tracing the flight of the spirit to its new abode.

ON QUEUES.

I have an instinctive, hereditary love of queues. I do not mean to extend my veneration, (though I like them also,) to those graceful, tapering wands, with which captains in country quarters, and aspiring under-graduates, illustrate the abstruse problems of chances and angels. Yet I admire a game of billiards, without exposing my temper or my pocket to its temptations; for I am not ashamed of my mediocrity, and have no dislike to receiving a red-hazard. But I was not thinking of such queues. The queues which command my ever-ready respect, are those which a few stately, gray, primitive gentlemen, of a past generation, carry about with them, in all seasons and into all companies. They tell a tale of other days, and I delight to read them.

There are only two queues extant in the town in which I was born, and in which I have lived from my boyhood. How many of my old, queue-bearing friends, who used to smile when I, wanton rogue, climbed up their chairs and reverently laid their queues upon their powdered shoulders, how many have passed into the oblivious grave! I sometimes see their venerable shades in my day-dreams, with their ample rouleaus of curls around their temples, and their neatly twisted queues behind their backs. They are gone;—and they are succeeded by a cropped and degenerate race.

I am old enough to remember the 'decline and fall' of the empire of queues. Faithful companions, duteous followers, ye succumbed to the tyranny of the greatest of Tories. The fatal tax upon hair-powder exterminated you. Slowly and sadly did ye decay; and one by one did ye depart from the cares of this transitory life! Frail and innocent beings, ye were untimely plucked, and cut off from your abiding-place and your inheritance! In a few short years I saw ye almost all yield to the avarice of those who should have cherished you. They cast you off in the hollowness of their friendship; and they went shorn into the bleak world, honourless, comfortless, queueless.

I could never entirely tolerate the volunteer mania; for it completed the destruction of the persecuted queues. There was only one officer in our corps, of glorious memory, who had the magnanimity to bear his queue without a blush. Methought it gave him the look of those who knew how fields should be won. But there was a corporal who did not partake of my reverential feelings. As the veteran marched in advance of the battalion, the mischievous subaltern (he was a tailor) would perk the queue in his lieutenant's face. I could have brought the corporal to a court-martial; it was flat mutiny, and unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

There were four queues in my native place who survived the oppression of the times; but they owed their existence to a rare combination of favourable circumstances. They were trimmed and watered by an ancient professor of queues, who had commenced his practice not very many years after the disunion of the two illustrious occupations of barbery and surgery. The professor was necessary to the wearer of the queues; and the four queues were a quiet and obedient family, that he loved with a complete and unmingled devotion. He was not a vulgar and every-day professor. He had saved a small fortune in the happier times of curls and toupees, and he despised the ordinary clients of these later days of unpowdered pertness. He received an annual guinea from each of his queue-bearers; and he resigned himself exclusively to the cultivation of this his small estate.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. GREEN'S ASCENT.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Green, the aéronaut, ascended from the Mermaid Gardens. He has since published a Narrative, of which the following is an extract:—

"At a quarter before 8 o'clock I again entered the car amidst the doubts and fears of a most respectable assemblage, but they were instantly dispelled by my gradual ascent in an eastward direction, amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands. I was afraid of coming in contact with the tower in Hackney churchyard, which I passed within a very few yards, but avoided it by throwing out a quantity of ballast. Several persons on the top of the tower were so very near to me as to put out their hands to shake hands with me. I could not possibly refrain from laughing at the circumstance, and they cheered me loudly as I passed. After I had thrown out the ballast, I ascended rapidly, and reached an elevation of at least two miles and a half, where I found it so intensely cold, that my fingers were paralyzed. I passed over the left of Hackney Wick, the lead-mills in the marshes, Laytonstone, Barking Side, part of Epping-forest, and to the left of Romford; and I descended in a clover-field belonging to Mr. Staines, at Nore-hill, four miles northward of Romford. My fall was so very easy, having checked the accelerated velocity of the descent by the continued discharge of ballast, that I came to the ground without receiving the least shock or concussion. The appearances that I witnessed during my voyage (it having been made at a different time of the day from any other of my aerial excursions) very greatly from those I had previously observed. The sun was setting at the time I entered the clouds, and the reflection of its rays variegated them, and gave to some of them the similitude of red vapor. The appearance of the river Thames, which on my former ascent resembled a sheet of polished metal, now was obscured from my view by a mass of clouds of vapor rolling over it; the land on each side of it at the same time appearing very distinct. Epping-forest, as I passed over one part of it, appeared of a triangular form, and resembled a coppice covering two acres of land, the trees of which did not appear to my visual organs to be higher than gooseberry-bushes. I mention this to explain a statement made by Captain Sowden, who passed over the same forest with a balloon, in company with M. Garnerin, 'That although Epping-forest did not appear larger than a gooseberry-bush, he could distinctly see the ruts and furrows in the fields.' I have no doubt but that gentleman mistook cross-roads and lanes for ruts and furrows, which any person on a first ascent would be likely to do; and I conceive that his observation as to the gooseberry-bush referred merely to the height of the trees. The beauties of the various scenes—the diversified appearances of the earth, occasioned by the setting of the sun—and the immense horizon which my sight compassed, surpassed every thing I had previously witnessed on my former ascents at an earlier period of the day; and I certainly should have gratified myself by remaining up much longer, had I not pledged myself to return, if possible, to Hackney, the same night; but which I was prevented from effecting by being detained by Mr. Staines, who, very illiberally as I conceived, forcibly seized my balloon, because some trifling injury had been done to his clover by persons who ran into the field to witness my descent, and whose natural curiosity induced them to witness a close inspection of the aeronautical machine. But, notwithstanding this impediment, I arrived at the Mermaid, at Hackney, at two o'clock on the following morning. My thanks are due to the Magistrates who were present, and to Mr. Garton, the head officer of Worship-street, by whose exertions I am mainly indebted for the preservation of the peace, and the safety of my person and balloon.

Goswell-st., June 4. CHARLES GREEN."

AFRICA: CAPTAIN OWEN'S EXPEDITION.

We have been favoured with the sight of a letter from an officer on board the Severn, the flag ship of the little squadron which was fitted out in the spring of last year, under the command of Captain William Owen, to survey the east coast of Africa. The letter is dated St. Mary's, East Coast of Madagascar, end of December, 1822. The Severn, and the Cockburn,

Tender, left Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, early in September, and arrived at Algoa Bay in the middle of the month; sailed again in three days, and reached Delagoa Bay at the end of the month, when they were joined by the Barracouta, which had been left behind at the Cape. Boats were manned to explore English River, the most considerable of three which fall into Delagoa Bay. While engaged in this service, one of the boats was attacked and nearly destroyed by a Hippopotamus. The crew, however, succeeded in reaching the shore without loss, and the whole party encamped for the night. About midnight a fierce attack was made on them by a body of nearly 800 natives, who were, however, soon repulsed, and the only casualty was one of the Severn's men being wounded. After an absence of ten days the boats returned to the ships, where a deadly fever soon began to prevail, which in a short time swept off 37 of the crews of the two ships, among whom were Captain Lechmore and many other valuable officers. As soon as the fever showed itself, Captain Owen sailed for Madagascar, and by the time he had reached St. Mary's the contagion had ceased. Preparations were making, at the departure of the letter, for renewing the survey; and as the unhealthy season was past, hopes of better success were entertained.—*Lit. Gas.*

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF ABUSED H.

SHEWETH,

That many ladies, and gentlemen, and likewise other persons of different occupations, trades, characters, and dispositions to whom H. used to have free access, have now either totally forsaken him, or have associated him with a company of strangers, among whom he cuts a most ridiculous figure.—A young lady (to the great mortification of H.) was observing the other day, "that the *ills* made a pretty contrast with the valleys below: that the *owes* were prettily interspersed among the woods, and that she was fond of *earing* the *howls* of a *hevening*. She admires the *arbour* of Portsmouth, and is constantly shooting *harrows* at susceptible *arts* in the middle of summer, she drinks *hals* at her meals, and *heats hartichokes* without receiving any harm from them; she *ates* of weather, but likes a clear *eaven*," and yet I assure you this all-accomplished maiden has fine *air*, sweet *hies*, quick *hears*, delicate *herms*, and a good *art*, *culth* and *appiness*. The other morning the same young lady upon meeting a gentleman, she observed to him "that he looked *arty*," and he in return exclaimed (stretching out his arms and yawning) that the *owrs* *ung* very *eaaily* on his *ands*.—In short, poor H. is so frequently abused by people of all denominations, that he is obliged in this public manner, most humbly to pray for better usage in future, and to remind those who thus wantonly injure him, that they can never be *happy* without him.

(Signed) "Neglected H."
Manchester, 1823.

GOOD COUNSELS OF CHAUCER.

Flee from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, tho' it be small:
To hoard brings hate;—nor lofty things pursue:
He who climbs high, endangers many a fall.
Envy's a shade that ever waits on Fame,
And oft the sun that raises it, will hide;
Trace not in life a vast expansive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state allied.
Be mild to others, to thyself severe;
So Truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.
Think not of bending all things to thy will,
Nor vainly hope that Fortune shall befriend;
Inconstant she; but be thou constant still,
Whate'er betide, unto an honest end.
Yet needless dangers never madly brave,
Kick not thy naked foot against a nail;
Or from Experience the solution crave,
If well and pithy strive which shall prevail,
Be in thy cause as in thy neighbour's clear,
So Truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.
Whatever happens, happy in thy mind
Be thou; nor at thy lot in life repine;
He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resign'd,
Nor way nor weather, shall be always fine.
Beside, thy *Hanes* not here; a Journey this;
A Pilgrim thou; then hie thee on thy way;
Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss,
Take what the road affords, and praises pay.
Shun brutal inns, and seek the Son's high sphere,
So Truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.

in tail. The hour of his morning visit was an hour of happiness; it was a full hour. It was his to spread the flowing hair over the ample shoulders; to smooth out the broad black ribbon, which he carefully renewed when its lustre was sullied; to gather up the scattered locks into a solid girth of leather; and then to bind them fast, roundly and taperingly, till his power should again give them a temporary freedom. Poor F——! he sung "Time has not thinned," with an exquisite tremulousness; and he told the scandal of his profession with a sly and solemn air, which at once bespoke his discretion and his sincerity. He loved his queue-bearers alike, and he left to each of them a ring.

His four stewards are alive; but two of his cherished family are defunct. I was sorry when I heard that A—— had discarded the faithful attendant of so many years. He is of a rough and generous nature, and should have bethought him that the oak suffers the embrace of the ivy without a loss of power or dignity. As for P—— I expected it of him. He was always a time-server, a slave of custom, a worshipper of the rising sun. He cast off the friend that never would have forsaken him; he had not soul enough to feel the honour of being one of "the last of the Romans."

Had I once worn a queue I could never have parted with it. I was born after the refined days of hair-worship. The progress of intelligence has deposed these sinless and harmless adornments. But had it been my fate to have ever exhibited such an appendage to manhood, I would as soon have lost my hand as have suffered a sacrilegious scissors to have despoiled me of it. There is a mystical nature about a queue which approaches to the sublime: it is at once a part of the man, and a part of his dress; it will wear out fifty of his garments, and yet it does not seem wholly and essentially belonging to his body. Possessing the power of dismissing this ancient follower, I would have permitted my prerogative mercifully to have slumbered, till we had laid down together in the bosom of our common mother. How many fond recollections would have hung upon my queue! The loved one who dallied with it; the children who were tickled with it! Psha! I have no such delightful associations; I am cropped once a month, and my dishonoured locks are swept into the highway.

There are only three queues in Parliament. They look to me like the pillars of the British constitution. I used to reverence the tall, stately George R——, walking through the dirt of Palace Yard, in his black silks, with the grace and equanimity of an old cavalier. Such courtly guise has given place to the trowsers and frock-coats of the bustling city. But a trio of my queues are still there. There is Sir William Q——, the fox-hunter, whose thin, long queue has streamed in the breeze of many a misty morning:—there is W——, the retired lawyer, whose thick sturdy queue has shaken "pestilence and war" in many a wordy debate:—and there is A——, the worn-out West-Indian planter, whose pert diminutive adjunct ever reminded me of *pigtail*. Praise and honour to their constancy!

I went at Christmas to Covent Garden to see the pantomime; and I was offended. Grimaldi had a long red queue, insolently mimicking the glories of the mighty dead. And the audience laughed! I could not look upon Grimaldi again; but I walked round the degenerate house,—and there was not a queue in the whole dress circle. The age of gentlemen is passed!—*Knights Quar. Magazine.*

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of May, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.

	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.76
Highest, which took place on the 1st.....	30.30
Lowest, which took place on the 11th.....	29.26
Difference of the extremes.....	1.04
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 19th.....	.32
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	3.1
Number of changes.....	6
TEMPERATURE.	
	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	54°.4
Mean of the 5th. decade, com. on the 30th April.....	54.2
" 6th. ".....	52.5
" 7th. " ending on the 29th May.....	57.2
Highest, which took place on the 7th and 31st.....	71.
Lowest, which took place on the 2nd and 5th.....	42.
Difference of the extreme.....	29.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 3rd.....	24.

RAIN, &c.

2.730 of an inch.
Number of wet days..... 15
" " foggy days..... 0
" " snowy "..... 0
" " haily "..... 2

EVAPORATION.

	Inches.
Water evaporated from a surface of water exposed to the wind but not to the sun's rays.....	1.937

WIND.

North.....	0	North-west..... 2
North-east.....	3	Variable..... 1
East.....	1	Calm..... 0
South-east.....	0	Brisk..... 9
South.....	5	Strong..... 3
South-west.....	12	Boisterous..... 0
West.....	7	

REMARKS.

May 7th.—Several loud claps of thunder, at two o'clock this morning, attended with rain;—8th. a gradual fall of the barometer; heavy showers of rain and hail at intervals;—11th. a very rainy gloomy day; was informed that not a drop of rain fell at Liverpool or neighbourhood, but was clear the most of the day;—13th. strong south-west wind, with much hail and rain; the hail-stones large;—15th. the reporter noticed a few swallows on the wing for the first time this season;—17th. fine but cold, vegetation still retarded—this may be called a late spring;—20th. a warm west wind, with rain, and frequent sun gleams now predominated; consequently, vegetation now burst forth in full vigour.

Bridge-street, June 2, 1823.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I vow and protest I never was in such a passion in all my life, as when I read, in your last Iris, the report of the Fashions for Gentlemen, by that quizzical "Q in the corner." I am sure he's ugly by his manner, and I'll lay an apple to an orange he's an old Bachelor—a quizzical ugly old Bachelor, that's what he is; do pray, if you have any wish to please the ladies, turn him off, and get somebody who will praise all that is fashionable, and declare every thing that is new very becoming; for my part, I think that the beaux dress, now-a-days, very gaily and very smartly, and that the present fashion makes a handsome young man look very handsome indeed; I'm sure it does—and I can tell you this, that many young gentlemen of my acquaintance are very angry at your snuffing that old ugly—but I hate to think of him—to write so. Papa prodigiously admired the odious account, and that's what makes me hate it worse; and young Mr. Inkle, who pays great attention to me, declares he is taken off in it, and I verily believe papa thinks so too, for, when he came to tea last evening, he eyed him from top to toe; but I am certain all such sneers have

nothing to do with him, for though to be sure his gray hat is not new, it's so nicely done up, it looks just as good as ever, and his frock, as you call it, looks much better this year than it did last when it was much longer; as for his wristbands, he wears them to be seen every day, that is, every evening, for he always carries a pair in his pocket to slip on when he leaves the warehouse to pay his devoirs to me.—For striped trowsers, and Day and Martin, and boots, and such stuff, he need not mind that, for he always wears long shorts, and so I tell him to be above thinking himself taken off by that ugly old — O, how I hate him. If you would be advised by me, and are not engaged, Mr. Inkle will suit you to a T; he has such a fine taste in dress, and reads the female fashions and explains all those French names, the gros de Naples, a la Grece, and so on, and writes such moving epitaphs on dead linnets, and butterflies, he would be quite an acquisition; I am almost tempted to inclose a copy of his verses on my pricking my finger with a needle—they are so tender and so pathetic;—but I am afraid, as he is exceedingly diffident of his own talents. After all, I again vow and protest, that if you put any more of those half-laughs into the Iris again, I will

"Throw it behind the fire, and never more,
Let that vile paper come within my door."

that is, my papa's, but its all the same, I assure you.

June 9th, 1823.

LYDIA LANGUISH.

THE CABINET.

NOBLE BEHAVIOUR OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

A gentleman, named Carlowinski, on an excursion to his country seat, which was but a few miles from Petersburg, accidentally saw a young woman, daughter to one of his vassals, with whose person he was so much pleased, that he sent an order to her father, desiring that she might be brought to his house that evening, very plainly declaring for what purpose he made the request. The old man, who had an exquisite sense of natural honour, was greatly shocked at the command, and took the liberty of waiting on his lord, at whose feet he instantly fell, and implored, in the humblest manner, that he would not insist upon the violation of his daughter. Instead of being moved with the tears and entreaties of his vassal, Carlowinski was enraged, to the last degree, at finding the opposition to his will, and immediately ordered his servants to throw the offender upon his face, and beat him with sticks, upon his naked back, which they did, till he was totally insensible through the excess of pain, and loss of blood. The young woman hearing, by some means, of her father's treatment, and perhaps imagining she might be used with equal severity, posted instantly to Petersburg, to wait for an opportunity of throwing herself at the feet of the Empress, and begging her protection. Very fortunately, as she entered the city, she met her imperial Majesty returning from church, and followed the royal coach so closely, that she found no difficulty in executing her purpose, as the Empress stepped out. Her majesty was much affected at the recital of the poor girl's melancholy story, and ordered her to be properly taken care of, till the arrival of Carlowinski, for whom she instantly sent. The moment he appeared, her majesty ordered the young woman to be called in; and finding her complaint to be in every circumstance just, she reprimanded Carlowinski, in the severest terms, and ordered him to make a proper atonement for the scandalous injustice and inhumanity of his conduct. He endeavoured to excuse himself, as well as he possibly could, mentioning something of the right, which every nobleman had, to the person and property of his vassals: to which her majesty made this remarkable reply:—"Right, Carlowinski! Nothing can be right which is repugnant to the laws of justice and nature. Would it not appear very extraordinary in me, if I were to seize your property and life, without having the smallest reason for so great a severity? And can you possibly have so good a claim to any thing belonging to your vassal or tenant, as I have, both as mistress and sovereign, to every thing which is my subject's? I am sorry to say, Carlowinski, you are a fool, as well as a libertine; but, know this from me, Sir, that your vassals are my

people; and, be assured, that I will soon take such measures as shall make the greatest man in my dominions tremble, who thinks of exacting an obedience to his power, from the unhappy peasant, which is not due to his virtues. The poorest wretch in my empire, as a man, is entitled to my warmest protection, and shall always find a refuge in me, as long as he continues, by honesty and justice, to deserve it."

The consequence of this affair was, that the old man, and his daughter, were immediately declared free; and Carlowinski obliged to settle one hundred rubles a year upon them, for ever; to which her majesty ordered as much more to be added, out of the public revenue. And, though a few of the nobility appeared dissatisfied at this abridgment of their ancient power, yet, the Empress had the satisfaction of bearing her behaviour loudly applauded by the general voice of the best and wisest in the kingdom.

ASTONISHING ACT OF HEROISM,

Performed by a Planter at the Cape of Good Hope, who fell a victim to his humanity.

[Communicated by R. T.]

A violent gale of wind setting in from the north north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran so high, and broke over the sailors with such dreadful fury, that no boat would venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile, a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen; and knowing the bold spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. Seizing himself firmly on his saddle, he rushed into the midst of the breakers. At first, both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck; when taking two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated so seldom than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safe to land, but his gallant rider was no more!

ANECDOTE OF A PAWNEE BRAVE.*

The facts in the following anecdote of a Pawnee Brave, son of old Knife, one of the delegation who visited Washington last winter, were taken, by permission, from a very interesting MS. journal of Capt. Bell, of his expedition, with major Long, to the foot of the rocky mountains in 1821, and are sanctioned by Major O'Fallon, Indian agent near the scene of the transaction here related, and also by the interpreter who witnessed this scene. This Brave, of fine size, figure, and countenance, is now about 25 years old. At the age of 21, his heroic deeds had acquired him in his nation the rank of the bravest of the Braves. The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation.† An unfortunate female, of the Padon nation, taken in war, was destined to this horrid death. The fatal hour had arrived; the trembling victim, far from her home and friends, was fastened to the stake—the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just when the funeral pile was to be kindled, and the whole multitude of spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior having, unnoticed, prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, liberated the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer.

* The Braves are warriors who have distinguished themselves in battle, and stand highest in the estimation of the tribe.

† This custom does not now exist in the surrounding tribes.

They viewed it as the immediate act of the great spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released captive was accompanied three days through the wilderness towards her home; he then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of her journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was his popularity, no enquiry was made into his conduct, so censure was passed on it. And since this transaction no human sacrifice has been offered in this or in any other of the Pawnee tribes. The practice is abandoned. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause. The publication of this anecdote at Washington led the young ladies of Miss White's seminary, in that city, in a manner highly creditable to their good sense and feeling, to present this brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, with an appropriate inscription, as a token of their sincere commendation of the noble act. Their address, delivered on this occasion, closed thus—"Brother, accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes—and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief and her rescue." The Pawnee's reply was—"Sisters, this medal will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done—I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I know it."

INSCRIPTION

Upon a window, very neatly written with a diamond, at the Clerk's house in the village of Prestbury, near Macclesfield, which commands a view of the Church-yard, where 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

Behold there, the remains of many generations, crowded together in the dust,—silent, lifeless, motionless! Behold, and be wise. What a hopeless place to retrieve lost time, to rectify past miscarriages, to reform from past vices, to discharge neglected duties, to execute the great business of life,—to prepare for immortality, and to acquire a disposition for heaven. Therefore, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it now, with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.'

He is truly a happy man who, in the sullens, or in the King's Bench, or in rainy weather, can coin cheerfulness from his mistress' glance, Bank-notes from his mistress' hand-writing, or sunshine from his mistress' smile.

When fortune forsakes me,
Sigh not for me!
When trouble o'er takes me,
Sigh not for me!
In thee I shall find
My lost peace of mind;
There is hope in thy charms,
There is joy in thine arms;
I cannot despair,
While thou art so fair!
Should sickness come nigh me,
Sigh not for me!
Should riches still fly me,
Sigh not for me!
In thee I have health,
In thee I have wealth,
In thy beautiful face,
In thy gentle embrace;
I cannot depend,
While thou art so fond!
If honour should leave me,
Sigh not for me!
If friendships deceive me,
Sigh not for me!
I will think upon time
As a troublesome name,
And friendships shall seem
The shade of a dream;
How can I repine
Whilst Anna is mine.

EPITAPHS.

MR. EDITOR,—Visiting the Church-yard of Syston and Rothley, in Leicestershire a few days since, my attention was directed to the following singular Epitaphs, which, in point of composition and style of writing, may be ranked, I think, among the "queer set." Time! which "Moulders into beauty many a tower"

has nearly obliterated some of these 'silent monitors' and the stones on which they are written are falling to the dust; yet by making good use of the optic nerve, I was enabled to trace as below. If you think them worthy of a place in your valuable Miscellany, (not doubting they will create a smile, if not prove interesting to your numerous readers) by inserting them you will oblige,
Sir, Yours &c.,

Lenton Terrace.

W. L. S.

IN ROTHLEY CHURCH-YARD.

Lo! here she lies
Who for a flower
By water dies
In one sad hour.

French Katherine, Buried Sept. 16, 1686.

ANOTHER.

She was ———
But words are wanting
To say what ———
Think what a wife should
Be ———
And she was that.

IN LYSTON CHURCH-YARD.

Here lieth the body of William Needham.
Need I confess began my name, but that was but sham,
For this world's pelf I wanted not, until I lost my ham.

What I gave I have
What I spent I had
What I left I lost by not giving it.

ON ANOTHER STONE BY THE SIDE OF THE ABOVE.

To the memory of Mary, wife of Thomas Needham, 1735,
Aged 24 years.

In my time, was in my prime
And lived in this Town;
A lilly fresh and I was flesh,
And death soon cut me down.

ON ANOTHER.

Now I am dead—laid in the grave,
And all my bones are rotten;
When this you see remember me,
Lest I be quite forgotten.

VARIETIES.

A SNAKE IN A WATER-BUTT IN THE METROPOLIS.—On the 28th ult. was discovered, in a water-butt, in the house of Mr. James Robertson, Old North-street, Red Lion-square, a large snake, three feet in length, of the common kind, which was seen swimming in the water with its head partly out: on its being touched, it made a disagreeable hissing noise until it was killed. What makes this occurrence very extraordinary is, the manner in which the snake found its way into the water-butt, which cannot be accounted for, unless it came through the pipe that conveys the water from the New-river, in which case it must have come a distance of nearly two miles out of its own natural element. In other respects the water-butt is so situated (being surrounded by a wall nearly ten feet high) that all idea of the snake gaining access from any other quarter is precluded.

BOERHAAVE.—Boerhaave, was born at Woerhout, near Leyden, in the year 1668. In 1693, he was created Doctor of Physic, which he then regularly practised; at this time he could scarcely exist by his labours, and was compelled to teach the mathematics to procure the bare necessities of life, although he left at his demise the vast fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. Whilst Boerhaave presided in the chair of chemistry, medicine, and botany, the city of Leyden was considered the school of Europe in those sciences. In 1715, when Peter the Great went to Holland to study maritime affairs, he regularly attended the lectures of Boerhaave, and sought every leisure opportunity of associating with him. So widely diffused was his fame, that a Mandarin in China wrote to him a letter, thus superscribed: "To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician, in Europe;" and it was regularly received.

INCREASE IN POPULATION.—An eminent builder has computed that there are now twenty-six thousand new houses contracted for in and about London. If an average of four inmates to each house be allowed, this would make an increase of population, within the bills of mortality, of upwards of one hundred thousand souls.

QUAKERS.—Bishop Parker tells the following story; that they not only met the oftener because they thought they were forbidden to meet by stat. 35th Elizabeth, but that a large assembly of them, in the reign of Charles II. having protracted their sitting to a very long and tedious period, could not be prevailed with to break up till a merry wag thought of this stratagem; he caused it to be proclaimed in the king's name, "that no one should depart without his leave." On hearing of which, they all immediately rose and went away, that it should not be said they paid obedience to any man.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.—The daily publication of reports is one of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of these times. It is truly astonishing to think that a debate, which has commenced at five o'clock in the evening and lasted until five the next morning, shall be taken down in short-hand, written out, corrected, printed, struck off by thousands after correction for press, distributed by the newsmen, and on every breakfast table in London before mid-day, nay, before the speakers have left their beds, and within 24 hours read in Devonshire and Yorkshire.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A remedy for Rheumatism has been introduced into this country by Mr. Churchill, of Princes-street, Leicester-fields. It is termed *Acupuncture*, and consists in cautiously inserting needles, to a given depth, into those muscular parts which are the seat of the disease. It has been long held in repute by the Chinese and the French, who have adopted it, and speak of it with praise. Mr. Churchill relates several cases in his own practice, in which it has been decidedly useful. It is said his Majesty consulted his physician on the propriety of adopting it in his own case. It appears also that Lady Burrell, daughter to the Earl of Egremont, witnessed its usefulness in the hands of Mr. Martin, of Horsbarn, in Sussex; and as it is represented as producing no pain, determined on having a needle introduced to her own person, to ascertain the fact, previously to recommending it to her father, who had been suffering from sciatica. The result was confirmatory of the assertion; for she described the sensation produced by it as resembling the drawing a needle across the hand so slightly as not to produce a scratch. The Earl had tried every remedy which could be suggested, without experiencing relief. He therefore submitted to an introduction of the needle, and in a few minutes was completely cured, and the next day able to go out shooting. At Brighton it was quite "town talk," and the remedy is much recommended by Sir M. Tierney.

Some years since, a large public meeting of the Society of Friends was held at Whitby, in Yorkshire; and as there was no other building sufficiently capacious, it was announced to be held in the Theatre of that place. On which occasion the following Lines were affixed on the doors, by some person unconnected with the Society, a short time before the company assembled for religious worship.

Readers! if you have time to spare,
Turn o'er Saint Matthew's leaves:
You'll find that once a house of prayer
Became a den of thieves:
But now the times are altered quite,
O! reformation rare!
This modern den of thieves, to-night,
Becomes a house of prayer.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—Eight months ago, a youth, about 12 years of age, named Oldham, in Christ's Hospital, went to bed at the usual hour, and in the morning rose totally dumb: he preserved every other faculty, but was obliged to write on a slate for every thing he wanted that he could not explain by signs. Every means of internal remedy, and also electricity, were resorted to without effect: galvanism was also attempted, but was so much resisted in its application by the boy's fears, that it could not then be applied. His general health was invariably good. At length, by strong recommendation, his fears of galvanism were overcome, and it was applied five different days; on Friday week, being the evening of the fifth application, and exactly eight months to a day, he retired to bed as usual, and awoke suddenly about eleven o'clock, making so much noise as to awaken some of his school-fellows. Their astonishment induced so much alarm, that the nurse opened the door of her adjoining apartment to learn the cause, when many

voices exclaimed, "O nurse, Oldham can speak again!" The nurse doubting the fact, immediately went to him, and discovered the reality of this extraordinary phenomenon. In the morning the boy had quite recovered his speech; and on being asked if he felt any peculiar sensation, merely said he thought he was being galvanised, as he felt the tip of his tongue affected, together with a rambling in his inside. His speech has continued perfect ever since.

BAKED MONKS.—In the monastery of St. Bernard, it is the custom to preserve the dead bodies of the monks, and afterwards place them erect in niches along the walls. This is effected by baking them for five or six mouths in a very slow oven, contrived for that purpose, and they will remain thus preserved for centuries, without changing or being the least offensive. They are dressed in their hoods and cloaks when placed.

CURE FOR CANCER.—A medical Gentleman has recently published the following account of a mode of cure for the cancer, which he says has been successfully practised: "Apply a strong vegetable ointment with hemlock to the scirrhus tumour, and at the same time keep the patient entirely on a vegetable diet, and the copious use of the sarsaparilla and other vegetable beverages."

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.—At the dinner of the Pitt Club in Edinburgh, the Lord Provost, after a short speech, gave "The Great Unknown Author of Waverley." Lord Hermand, in his peculiarly jocular manner, here said, that the worthy Chief Magistrate had needlessly wrapped up his toast in mystery; for the author of those works was perfectly well known; at least he (Lord Hermand) had no doubt in his own mind who the author was, nor should he make any question about it. Sir W. Scott was present, and heartily joined in the loud applause which the toast called forth.

A Northern paper says, "We can state upon good authority, that the publisher of the Waverley novels has paid the author, for the Pirate, Nigel, Peveril, and Quentin Durward, £26,000."

A DANDY'S BOOTS.—A Dandy called, the other day, at a boot-maker's, requiring to be fitted with a pair of half-boots. Several pairs were shown him, which he tried, but not one would suit. "Here, I think, is a pair that will do," said Crispin, reaching down an excellent pair of cordovan. "No," said the dandy, "those should cover the calf." "Then," said Crispin, ality measuring him with his eye, "they must be five feet eight."

PRINTING PRESS.—We have seen this morning a proof sheet specimen of printing, on an octavo form, pica type, by a new printing press, got up in this city, with improvements upon the London steam-press, by Mr. James Booth. The impression is perfect, and will throw off twenty-five hundred sheets an hour, and requires only two hands to feed it. The engine which moves the whole machinery is only one horse power.—*New York Evening Post.*

APPEARANCE.—I became poor, and my apparel soon evinced it—I was universally avoided—I passed through the streets as through a desert. I had three old hats—I gave them all for a new one; put it on, and went out—I was immediately accosted by dozens. My wife contrived to get up one tolerable coat out of two old ones—I put that on also, and went out—every one now recognized me, and I was shaken hands with at every corner. Those that unfortunately have more brains than bank-notes can apply the moral.—*New York paper.*

THE BIVOUACK OF AN ARMY.—It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guards paraded and posted, and in two minutes all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fire-places; others hurry off with canteens and kettles for water, while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed, under the more distant trees, you see the officers; some dressing, some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village laden with bread, or from some flock of goats feeding near us, with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork tree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by

some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilet, and sat down, with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and by cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men, delicately brought up, can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapt in a blanket, or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or knapsack, covered by the dews of the night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpeted chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down, have been from infancy familiar. A bivouack in heavy weather does not, I allow, present a very comfortable appearance. The officers sit shivering in their wet tents, idle and angry till dinner time, after which they generally contrive to kill the evening with mulled wine, round a camp kettle lid filled with hot wood-ashes by way of a fire. The men, with their forage caps drawn over their ears, huddle together under banks or walls, or crowd round cheerless, smoky fires, cursing their commissaries, the rain, and the French.—*Recollection of the Peninsula.*

SWIMMING MACHINE.—A number of experiments have lately been made at Paris with a swimming machine, called a Rouanette, from the name of the inventor, M. Rouan. It is made of tin, and has the appearance of two cones, lengthened into a tapering form, and very strongly united. It is fixed under the arm-pits; and whoever has it on may cross a river, even if loaded with a burden, without any apprehension.

OSTRICHES.—His Majesty has, we understand, in his possession, at Windsor, two very fine Emews, or Southern Ostriches, from Van Diemen's Land. The female has brought forth seven eggs, six of which are hatched, and the birds are fine and strong upon the legs. We understand that such is the attention of the male to the young brood, he boldly presents himself to prevent any one approaching them.

PHYSIC v. LAW.—Two Cross-Bills were filed in Chancery, some years ago, by an Attorney and an Apothecary, who had done business for each other. The prayer of the libel was the same, viz: for the production of the account; and the cause assigned was also the same. Each of the parties declared upon oath, that he was afraid to deliver his account first, as he verily believed that, let it amount to what it might, the other would make his own larger.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—The two most admirable writers that modern Europe ever produced, were *Shakespeare* and *Cervantes*, who both died on the same day in the same year—namely, April 23, 1616.

PINE ARTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The plans for the new structure are completed, and Mr. Smirke the architect is ready to commence building the moment the Chancellor of the Exchequer has obtained the requisite grant from the House of Commons. It is proposed to raise three sides first, some feet beyond the area of the present building; the contents of the Museum will then be transferred to their new home, the old walls will be pulled down, and the fourth side of the new structure will stand on the ground which was before occupied by the fourth side of the former one. By this plan the expense of the new erection will be lightened to the public, by coming upon them gradually, and in addition to this the treasures of art and science will not be closed against visitors for an hour.

In making this statement of course we have not supposed any objection on the part of the house to the required grant. How, indeed, can a British Parliament object to a measure, which tends to raise the capital in the scale of nations? The barbarous times of military glory are rapidly passing away, and nations are not valued so much from their dexterity to destroy as from their pre-eminence in arts and science, and all else that may tend to elevate the understanding, or ameliorate the manners of mankind. Such a building as this now proposed, will be an honor to the metropolis, and its utility will hardly be doubted by those who are acquainted with the present state of the Museum. We hope too that the improvements will not be confined to stone and mortar: according to the present arrangement, the

Museum is closed nearly half the year to the public: there are 52 Sundays and 52 Saturdays, to begin with, that are close days, and those amount to three months, two weeks, and six days; then come Whitsun week, Easter week, &c. Some of our readers will perhaps object to Sundays being in the list, but surely after morning and evening church, a stroll through the rooms of the Museum is a much more harmless recreation for the lower orders than the drinking room of a public house. But this perhaps is dangerous ground, and in these days of innovation, every plan for improvement, even where improvement is absolutely called for, should be well weighed before it is carried into practice.—*Museum.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

'The Manuscript of 1814.' A work under this title will be published in the course of a few days. It appears that Napoleon had given orders to his confidential secretary, Baron Fain, to assemble together all the materials necessary for writing the History of the Campaign of 1814, and of the first abdication. This order was executed, and the Manuscript was presented to Napoleon in 1815, on his return from Elba. He, however, made so many additions and alterations, that it became necessary to have it entirely re-written. The work was completely finished in 1817, and Baron Fain endeavored to find means of conveying it secretly to Saint-Helena: not being able to accomplish this object, he determined to wait till some favorable occasion should present itself. The existence of this Manuscript was well known, and large offers were made for it, but without effect, as the Baron could not dispose of what he regarded as a deposit; but when the death of Napoleon took place, he considered himself free from all restraint, and the publication was immediately resolved on.

A Memoir of Central India, with the History, and copious Illustrations, of the past and present Condition of that Country, will shortly appear, in 2 vols. 8vo. with an original Map, Tables of Revenue and Population, a Geological Report, &c. By Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.

Mrs. Holderness has a volume in the press, entitled *New Russia*, being some account of the colonization of that country, and of the manners and customs of the colonists. To which is added, a brief detail of a Journey overland from Riga to the Crimea by way of Kieo, accompanied with Notes on the Crime Tartars.

Mr. J. Frederic Daniell, F.R.S., has in the press a volume of Meteorological Essays, embracing, among others, the following important subjects:—On the Constitution of the Atmosphere; on the Radiation of the Heat in the Atmosphere; on Meteorological Instruments; on the Climate of London; on the construction and uses of a New Hygrometer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. N. is mistaken.—We cannot pledge ourselves in the way he requires; nor do we think very highly of his delicacy in so strongly urging a measure to which he very justly anticipates our objection.—We must retain a discretionary power; and whilst we answer correspondents respectfully, we wish to be understood as being positive.

We perfectly agree with our Liverpool Correspondent "Ot server," but think that a revival of the subject would be equally unpleasing and injudicious.

An Acrostic by J. S. emanates from ignorance, impertinence, and folly.—We pity the writer.

T. F. on examining the "little pieces of original poetry" which occupy his portfolio, will probably find some more suitable for our pages, than the "Lines" just to hand.

The numbers required by T. K. have been forwarded to our Liverpool Agents.

S. K. on referring to "*A Key to Lennie's Principles of English Grammar*," Fifth Edition, page 23, will find the plural of *Attorney*, *Journey*, &c. thus explained:—"It is always changed into *ies*."—No; *y* with a vowel before it is not changed into *ies*.—When is it changed into *ies*?—Only when there is a consonant before it.—When you see a noun ending with *y*, then, what are you first to consider about it? Whether the *y* has a vowel or a consonant before it.—If it has a consonant before it what do you do?—Change *y* into *ies*, because nouns in *y* change *y* into *ies*.—But if it has a vowel before it what do you do?—I add *s* only; as *days*.—In proper names, *y* with a consonant before it takes *s* only; as, *The eight Henrys*.—*y* in the termination *ey* is changed into *ies*, as, in *colloquies*, *colloquies*, because the *w* in this case has the sound, and of course the nature, of *s*.

Communications are received from S. X.; R. T.; T. Key; Julia; Beta; a Gentleman; and Quiz.

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FUGITIVE RECOLLECTIONS.

AT seven o'clock, Gaspard, my servant, knocked at my bed-room door, and called out that Monsieur de Montauban was below; I rose immediately, and having dressed myself, undrew my window curtains, and let down the window to admit the refreshing fragrance of the breeze. It commanded a full view of the spacious garden which environed the house, and of the neighbouring scenery.—It was a delightful morning, in the month of June,—not a cloud could be seen in the rich blue firmament, and the sun shone with unintercepted splendour;—in the night there had been a storm, accompanied with heavy rain; it had cleared the stagnant atmosphere, and the fields and hedges being still wet, shewed their lively verdure to the greatest advantage. All was serene and still—nothing could be heard but the song of the lark in the distant sky—and, every now and then, the hallowing of the peasant-boy to his cows, which he was driving from the pasture home to be milked.

I stood musing; partly on the beauty of the prospect before me, and partly on the little time I had to spend with my friend, before he would be in a distant land. There was a kind of melancholy association between the fields I was gazing on, the garden where we had so often enjoyed ourselves, and had passed so many agreeable hours—the umbrageous lanes we had so frequently paced together, and the circumstance of his departure.—I thought how often we had been seated in the willow arbour, which was immediately opposite to me, reading one to the other each his favourite author—discussing the merits of the volume—and enjoying all the luxuries of literary converse. The hum of the toiling bee recalled to my mind, how often we had amused ourselves with beating the hawthorn bushes for insects (so passionately fond were we of the study of natural history) and with tearing up the half-decayed bark of the old chesnut trees, to discover their retreats.

My reflections were broken by another knock at my bed-room door; Gaspard thought I was longer than usual, and that I had perhaps fallen asleep again. I was down stairs immediately. I found my dejected friend seated in the little parlour where I kept my books, and which served me for a study:—he had taken up a volume, and appeared to be perusing it. He rose as I entered the room, and with a languid smile which betrayed the anguish of mind under which he was labouring, accosted me in his native tongue with, "*Ah! Monsieur, vous m'avez oublié avant que je suis parti,*" and put out his hand to me. After an interchange of some trifling and unimportant remarks, he resumed his seat, and took up the volume again; I perceived, however, that though his eyes were fixed upon it, yet his mind was otherwise occupied, and that he was in deep thought. I scarcely know how the time passed till breakfast;—it was painful to him, I fancied, for me to press conversation,—I was silent, therefore,

and affected to be absorbed in thought myself, in order that he might indulge his reflections without interruption. We sat a considerable time over our coffee, though little if any thing was said by either of us;—at length breakfast was over, and as I pulled the bell for Gaspard to clear the table, my friend gave a deep sigh, got up, as I imagined with some slight amendment of spirits, and walked up to the little gothic window. The scene which met the eye from it was an extensive pasture-field, in which a great number of cows and sheep were grazing; on the opposite side, were groups of trees, amongst which, in the distance, were visible the chimnies, and part of the roof and gable-end of a small white cottage. He had not stood there many minutes, before he turned abruptly, paced hastily over the floor to the chair he had just quitted, and with another deep sigh threw himself into it;—I saw, poor fellow! that he was experiencing a severe conflict in his breast; his lip quivered; he said something in a broken accent which was scarcely audible,—at last he burst into tears.

Reader! thou wilt guess that the anguish of mind under which Montauban was labouring, proceeded from a cause much more powerful than that of separation from his friends.—Shall I tell it thee? The day was come when he was to bid farewell, for ever, to Julia Faulkner—to her whose image he had so long made an inmate of his bosom—and alas! eventually, only to be torn away!

She was the only daughter of a gentleman who had acquired a small independency, and had retired from the turmoils and anxieties of mercantile life. She had lost her mother when very young. Nature appeared to have been truly felicitous when she formed her. She was one of those beauties one sometimes chances to meet, whose eyes do not dart glances of fire, but beam a mild refugence—there was something so delicately soft about her—so gentle—so amiable, that one almost imagined her too pure and innocent for earth, and that to love her as a woman was verging on presumption; one gazed upon her as a being of celestial order, and was lost in admiration. The education she had received could not be called liberal—indeed, it was only simple; her acquirements were not splendid; and, in the glittering circle of fashionable life, she had seldom ventured, for she seemed to have little taste for its pleasures. Her ambition was only to attend to the comforts and ease of her dear father, and to shew him all the kind attentions and tender offices he once received from her regretted mother. Montauban met her by chance shortly after his arrival in England, at a friend's house where he occasionally visited. He was only too sensible of her irresistible charms—for on the first look he cast upon her, he experienced an emotion in his breast, to which till then he had been a stranger, and felt an unaccountable tremour steal over his whole frame. He had self-penetration enough, to be sensible, that to see Miss Faulkner again would be dangerous in the extreme; for there was a strong likelihood of its

involving him in a passion, which, eventually, would plunge him into the deepest distress, and probably the object on whom he doated; as not the most faint hope of an union could be entertained, for in the course of a few months, or a year at the farthest, he would be under the necessity of returning to his native land, and of separating from every friend. For some weeks reason contended against the seducements of beauty and loveliness, but alas! these at last prevailed, and Montauban, my unhappy friend, Montauban, was weak enough to court an acquaintance with the unsuspecting Mr. Faulkner, to journey deliberately to the gulph of misery he had beheld at a distance, and to throw himself into it.

My friend sat with his handkerchief to his face, and leaned back in his chair. I went up to him, seized his arm, and strove to rouse him from the state of torpor into which he had sunk, using every intreaty for him not to give way so much to grief;—employing every argument which shews the folly of regretting that which is irreparable;—requesting him to make an effort to recover himself, and to strive to regain fortitude.—I pulled out my watch: it was time for us to proceed. It was agreed the evening previous, that after he had breakfasted with me, I should accompany him to Laurel Grove, the name of Mr. Faulkner's residence, and (having bade farewell to all his friends) that he should get into the London Mail from that place as it passed close by the house. We were soon in the road which led to Julia's. As we slowly walked along, I recollect his taking out his pocket-book, and shewing me a pretty sketch in pencil of Mr. Faulkner's neat little cottage and garden. Scarcely a sentence dropped from the lips of either of us now, till coming to a break in the trees, which presented a deligful view of the house, he stopped, and I fancied I saw something like a ray of happiness in his eyes;—some expressions of regret fell from him, and we went on. In a short time we reached the place of our destination. We knocked at the door and Mr. Faulkner himself opened it. We had been longer on the way than we supposed we had, and there were now but a few minutes for Montauban to bid farewell to Julia—to her father—to myself. We entered, and after some little interchange of civilities, Mr. F. poured out for each of us a glass of wine, at the same time expressing his sorrow at parting from one whom he esteemed so highly, and to whom, from the first interview, he had felt so much attached. Just as we were about to raise the glasses to our lips, Miss Faulkner entered.—She appeared more lovely, I thought, than I had ever seen her.—She was attired in a white morning gown, and wore a light and elegant cap, which was placed much backwards, displaying her fine forehead, and beautiful dark hair, which was parted in front, and hung in graceful negligence on each side of her face. There was a deep melancholy spread over her sweet countenance, which bespoke the painful emotions she was experiencing. From what I had seen before we set out, I was afraid Montauban's

fortitude would entirely forsake him now, and that I should have to witness something which would operate still more strongly upon my feelings. Indeed my own fortitude was beginning to relax—to weaken. The idea that I should, most likely, never pass another hour with Montauban—with the only friend, I might almost say, I acknowledged, affected me much. I wished, earnestly wished, the trial was over, and felt an inclination to be the first to say "Farewell!"

The rattling of the coach soon roused me from my busy thought—we all got up—Montauban and Julia approached each other—he grasps her arm—she sinks upon his shoulder—both are drowned in tears: his livid quivering lips dart on her streaming cheek, and implant a hasty kiss upon it:—he rushes from her, while she falls senseless into her chair again—seizes the hands of Mr. Faulkner and myself, and in a voice stifled with agony, pronounces the relentless word, "*Adieu*," and we behold him no more.—

Reader! my friend's passion for Julia Faulkner was the first he had ever felt—it was his *first love*,—the one which so seldom is crowned with success, but which, on the contrary, commonly ends in disappointment. Alas! thought I, as I paced slowly and pensively home, why should the only pure and totally disinterested passion one ever knows, thus be blighted?—Surely it is too innocent—of too celestial a nature, for this fallen sphere: a tender flower which cannot live in our degenerate soil, but which perishes as soon as it has taken root.

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgranted in respect of years—
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,
Or if there was a sympathy in choice
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow—short as any dream—
Brief as the lightning in the collied night."

June 13th, 1823.

PHILOCRITO.

ODE.

Thou art my only joy, my greatest bliss,—
To his fair Juno spoke immortal Jove;
And seal'd his plaudit with a balmy kiss,—
The husband's kiss of fond confiding love:
Ask any boon, I swear by all divine,
By the stygian lake, it shall be thine.
Thou gav'st, she said, as soft her tender arms
Round his fair neck in dalliance entwined,—
Thou gav'st to woman beauty's heav'nly charms,
A gentle, sensible, and lovely mind.
The power to sooth man's eve, and bless his noon,
For woman then, I beg from thee this boon.
Yon nymph behold, array'd in simple vest,
Upon her cheek the smiles of virtue beam
In elegance are all her actions dress,
And in each look her excellence we deem:
Give thou, to the sweet daughters of thy earth,
This maid, that they may imitate her worth!
It shall be so, the awful ruler spoke,
Thy love for virtue, Juno, this attests;
Celestial music from the spheres awake,
Sweet as her voice who lives within our breasts.
Goddess, he cried, to earth thou must repair,
There shalt thou reign a pattern to the fair.
Beauty, immaculate, in power shall live,
And e'en deformity shall wear a charm;
Where thou, lov'd maid, thy matchless grace shalt give,
At thy bright presence age's heart shall warm.
Thy form shall be ador'd, while time shall be,
And man, fair nymph, shall call thee *Modesty*.

Manchester.

N. S. C.

VIMTS TO BACHELORS.

To marry, or not to marry, has long been a question warmly debated in my mind; I am not by any means insensible to female charms; in fact, I have an unhappy propensity to fall in love with pretty faces and pleasing manners, which frequently occasions me no small share of uneasiness; but then I have also the misfortune to be prudent, and to possess a degree of foresight which generally dispels the illusion. When a sweet girl is accompanying herself on the piano, I hang over her entranced; but it often happens that a musical squabble with a fair rival, brings out notes from the charming songstress much nearer allied to discord than to harmony; and I begin to fear that she can scold, as well as sing. Then, when I am shown, as wonderful proofs of industry, card-racks, and hand-screens, and work-boxes, and piscushions, ingeniously constructed from the cheapest materials, I am apt to look at the 19 flosses, and straightway fall to calculating the probable amount of the milliner's bill I saw one once, and it has made me tremble ever since.

I wish I knew more of the characters of women, or less; the one perchance would induce me to relinquish all intention of ever becoming a *Benedict*; the other would precipitate me headlong into matrimony, and when once the deed was done I must make the best of it. Cool consideration often suggests very mortifying ideas on the subject.

I have amused myself by drawing up a list of essentials, which I do not see how I could diminish or retrench by a single iota. My wife must be active, but not bustling; she must blend liberality with economy, for meanness I detest, and extravagance would prove our mutual ruin; she must be blessed with a kind and yielding temper, yet possess sufficient spirit to control her household, and support her dignity; she must be gifted with strong religious principles, or what could I hope for the morals of my children? She must be discreet, or I could not seek her counsel; well informed, or I could not make her my companion; and a perfect gentlewoman, or I should shrink from the intimacy of my friends. The catalogue ended, I ask myself on what personal excellence I presume to demand so many fine qualities in the woman who is to share my limited fortune, and bear with the infirmities of temper, which, not to make myself worse than the rest of my sex, are pretty equally distributed amongst the sons of Adam. And, even if heaven, in the abundance of its bounty, threw a creature, such as I have described, in my way, I know not that I could bring my stubborn heart to love, unless nature had blessed her with some share of beauty; or that even when thus adorned, I could reduce my ideas of the rent-roll, which I now think necessary for the annual expenditure of a family man, to the sum total of my income, without any addition on the part of the lady who was to be honoured with my hand. Ten thousand pounds have hitherto been the lowest price which my modesty could ever be persuaded to set on myself, as the portion of a wife, who brought beauty, virtue, and good-sense to boot. Any failure in these articles I consider it but fair to remedy by an additional bonus; and so rigorously have I fixed the imperfections of the weaker sex, that I have thought 50,000 pounds an inadequate remuneration for the burthen of any considerable defect.

Whether it is that girls of fortune have caught the infection from their male companions, I know not, but they seem to be pretty even with us in the extravagance of their pretensions, and require cent. per cent. for every pound they bring. Indeed, when a young man of my acquaintance very liberally offered to settle the whole of her property on an heiress, the lady replied that she was much obliged to him for his generosity, but, it being her own already, she should feel more flattered if he would present her with part of his estate: it is needless to add, that this mercenary feeling on her part broke off the match.

Under all these circumstances, I have begun to think my entrance into the holy pale rather a hopeless affair, and in order that we might see what sort of a life bachelors lead, I have lately availed myself of several invitations to their domiciles: my anxiety to learn the best modes of enlivening existence was of course confined to elderly bachelors; so long as youth

remains, the free untrammelled spirit has undoubtedly the best of it: every door flies open: a party is divested of its attractions unless it can boast of single, unwrinkled beaux; quadrilles would be absolutely extinct without them, walking abandoned, and then what a zest they give to a round game, or a supper table! But a man must begin to look to his own home for solid enjoyments when he is *only* invited out to in at a rubber of whist, carve a turkey, or escort some dozen of forlorn damsels to a public place.

My first visit was to M—s, who has long been ensconced in snug chambers in the Albany. Though I knew that I should meet with nothing but me, I luckily dressed myself in proper dinner costume, which I found was particularly acceptable to the neat habits of my host. Here at least, thought I, there seems to be no necessity for female aid, though I have been told it is indispensable for the preservation of cleanliness. The bars of the fire-grate were of polished steel, the iron of equal brilliance; not a thread or an atom of dust rested on any part of the furniture. One of the party having walked, left a slight foot print on the carpet as he entered. M—s, edged a little, and then took up the hearth-brush, and cautiously removed the mark; as act of determined housewifery, which no gentleman in the remoteness of her zeal could have committed, and which I was even less prepared to see in a man. Politics, and the news of the day, engrossed our conversation; but as the hands of a chimney piece pointed to five minutes past six, M—s evinced tokens of the most fervent impatience. We were as yet only seven in number, and he told us that he made it a rule never to fill his table with more than eight persons, and he had also a particular aversion to sit down with less, it made a blank, and spoiled the look of every thing. He imagined all sorts of reasons for the detention of his friend P—s, but he could not find it in his heart to excuse his want of punctuality, and his omitting to send word if he should be ultimately prevented from joining the party, for half an hour's notice would have supplied the deficiency, and now Clarke, the usual hack on these occasions, would not be dressed, or gone to the club. Meanwhile, the cook despatched embassies to inquire whether the dinner should be disabed; and the fear of having the good things spoiled, and the tenacious wish which he clung to the hope of still maintaining his favourite number, so completely discomfited him, that had not the tranquillity of his mind been restored by the arrival of the absentees, the harmony of his day would have been so completely ruined, as though he had possessed a contumacious termagant of a wife to disappoint all his hopes and wishes.

As I know that the first question which many persons ask on the return of a relative or a friend from a party is, "Well, what did they give you for dinner?" I make no apology for setting forth the dishes at M—s table, especially as the enumeration will develop a trait in his character.—A turbot, surrounded with fried soles, graced the top; multi-gawtoney soup, in the middle; at the bottom, a saddle of mutton; boiled fowls, a tongue, fricandeau of veal, and stewed giblets, constituted the corners. The fish was succeeded by a hashed olive's head; the soup, by a lamodee beef; and the mutton, with a larded turkey. Then, every thing being cleared away, came woodcocks, lobster pie, a trifle, green apricots and wine, sour tarts, a lemon pudding, and German puffa. The cookery was exquisite; and having warmly expressed my admiration, M—s said, with a glow of satisfaction on his face: "Stevens understands these things pretty well; I usually give a dinner once a fortnight; and as I am able to get the viands, which you have seen, all the year round, with the exception of the woodcocks, which may always be replaced by game, or small birds, I seldom make any alteration in my bill of fare, as I have observed that more mischief is occasioned by a vain attempt at constant variety, than by any other error in housekeeping. By this means Stevens has acquired a degree of skill in dressing particular dishes, which it would be hopeless to expect from a heterogeneous mixture continually changing; for in this art, as well as in all others, universal excellence in every branch is not to be obtained by a single individual; therefore, whenever I am desirous to introduce a new

dish, I make Stevens operate on it when I have no company, until by slow degrees he has reached perfection, ascertained the exact quantity of every ingredient, and become so completely master of his subject, that failure is impossible, or as nearly so as the nature of human wisdom will allow. By keeping a sort of roster of my friends, I can take care to regulate my invitations, so that they shall all come in turn, and that the repetition of the same dinner shall not produce satiety.

I was somewhat diverted by the dissertation, which at least proved that in escaping the conjugal yoke, he had not been freed from all the troubles of the kitchen; the independence of a chop when he dined alone; and a dinner from a neighbouring hotel on company days, had not entered into his schemes. The education of half a dozen children could scarcely have been attended with greater trouble than he bestowed on the manufacture of a new soup, or a ragout; and though deeper heart-aches might be occasioned by a spendthrift son, and an unruly daughter, I much question whether any thing short of moral turpitude in the conduct of his offspring, had he ever married, would have produced more vexation than a double dose of pepper administered by mistake, or any other fatal catastrophe befalling one of his favourite dishes at a party.

Not disposed to take a lesson from the final preciseness of my friend M—, I prepared to visit another bachelor acquaintance in Farnival's-inn, who I had some reason to believe lived in the true spirit of ease and freedom.—*Museum.*

TABLE-TATTLE.

OR OPINIONS OF MEN AND MATTERS.

TEMPER.—I know not whether it be not as honoring an act of humanity for a man to throw himself in between a good friend and the devil Temper, that haunts him as the foul fiend followed honest Launcelot, as it were to fling yourself into a river after a drowning wretch, or to step in with a preventing arm between a 'swashing blow' and its intended victim: and whether a man should not, when he observes an old companion laboring with an oppressive fullness of spleen, pick a feigned quarrel with him, (or if he is married, and of Othello's mind, to kiss his wife rather warmly in his presence; or if he is humane, even in the worst mood of his temper, to kick his dog; or if domestic and attached to particular situations and things, to take his arm-chair by the fire; or dispraise his wine which he is chary of, and praises for its antiquity; or do any thing which may contradict and fret him) and so serve, as the conductor to the lightning, to carry the fire of his temper harmlessly off. One may sometimes see men going about for hours in this storm-brewing state, unable to find something to vent themselves on; just as a storm-cloud traverses the sky, seeking to pick a quarrel with some brother cloud; at last it meets one, or perhaps elbows some giant of a mountain, and storms, and raves, and flashes forth its anger, weeps a bit as its passion spends, and then, its spleen being exhausted, walks quietly off about its business. And so it is with the clouds that darken the sky of the human mind, till they are so relieved.

CONSEQUENCE.—The common expression 'a person of consequence,' is, by implication, as severe a censure of the lord or the lady to whom it is applied, as one could wish to fall on pride or pretensions.

DEATH.—The debt of nature is one which all of us must pay; for though death sometimes consents to take it by instalments, he will have the sum total at last.

RICHES.—Riches and time are of a more relative value than is perceived: they are never ours but whilst we use them; yet men are ever hoarding up the first, and throwing away the latter. If indeed a man, with the parsimonious savings of his purse, could hoard up the hours of his youth, to expend when the hours of his age were run down to a moment between the mortality of life and the immortality of death, it were then not unwise to save a pecuniary something for the needful wants of these saved hours; but as no man can do this, to do the other is but providing for that to-morrow which may never come.

TRANSLATORS.—There are more qualities essential to a good translator than is usually counted in the cata-

logue of their effects. The best translators are the best poets. None others can greatly succeed; and therefore none others should be tolerated. Yet men who are not poets from their own genius, have undertaken to transmute the poetical genius of others. Hoole is one of the worst examples of this class; a man who never engendered an original line of poetry in his life. Fairfax is the only good instance of a man, who was not an original writer himself, becoming, by the depth and delicacy of his discernment, and his love and feeling for poetry, a fine and free translator of a native and noble poet. We may suppose of Fairfax that he might have produced an original work if he would; but he was better delighted to hear others sing, than to warble himself.

Kindred spirits alone should attempt to convey into other lands and speak through other tongues, the souls of superior geniuses. If Shakespeare had had Greek enough for the task, who ever lived, or is likely to live, that could be so fitted in all things else, for the translation of Sophocles and Euripides to the English stage? If Homer had been Latinised, who was so capable as Virgil? None but such men, I again repeat, should be interpreters to such minds. A Byron should translate a Dante, and a Moore an Anacreon, which happily for the merry old Teian and his admirers, the latter has done; but unhappily the noble poet is too independent in genius and circumstances to lend himself to the task. Let us, however, imagine Moore, instead of wisely knowing his own powers, and using them well, undertaking Dante; and nothing would seem more ludicrously ambitious, or promise a more certain failure. And yet men with less capacity for such a task have undertaken it, and have failed as they were sure to fail. How the last age could tolerate the Moration odouring of the Francisca and Creeches, men who were not poets in themselves, or when anticked out in the mask and visor of another, is one of those literary puzzles that astonish us, but which we feel no interest in making out. Horace has either never been translated, or he is not worth it. But he surely is worthy of an English second-birth; I will take the chirping old Herrick's word 'for a thousand' that he is; and if there is any man living who could translate him, it is that vivacious poet and thinker, Leigh Hunt, a man whom it is now become almost a literary damnation to mention, unless to censure him, but who is nevertheless a writer more qualified for the task than all the Creeches that ever lived and all the Francisca yet unborn. He must however be tied and tethered down to his text by a superintending judgment, for his own would otherwise run loose among modern matters and men.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie down on them, they roar with the agony they have wilfully inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth, when he will persist in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

It was a humorous rebuke that a really unfortunate man gave a more fortunate friend, who was complaining bitterly, with every abundance about him, of the misfortunes of life. 'There are a great many ups and downs in the world!' groaned the rich man. 'Not so many as there were,' interrupted the poor but merry humorist, 'since so many fairs have been suppressed.'

MINDS.—There are minds which have a natural antipathy to each other, as much as the flaunting vine has to that vulgar vegetable, the cabbage. Again, there are minds that without any apparent antipathy to one another, yet never can assimilate; you should as soon persuade oil and water to become one fluid, or subdue snow and fire into an insensibility to each other.

FOOLS.—Pay a foolish man the compliment of thinking him wise, and in the next minute he will let you learn that he considers you a fool.

There are some who are fools from an entire want of wit; and there are others who are fools from having too much wit.

PROMISERS.—If Performance, the steward, were half as punctual in payment as Lord Promise, his master, is generous in proffer, what a bounteous world would this be to live in! One of those emigrants from

the Promised Land was repeating and enforcing again and again his wordy endeavours to persuade a poor man of genius how much he meant to serve him, when the poor wit, who knew too wisely the worth of words, interrupted him by requesting, 'Pray, Sir, write your promises in chalk round the crowns of my hat, or I shall forget them when I break it to-morrow.' The promiser was dumb, for he saw that he was understood.

CHARITY.—The second good in benevolent giving is, seeing that what you give is bestowed. Never entrust him to be the almoner of your charity who is not in himself charitable; it were as wise to despatch by the teeth of a hungry dog a mouthful for my 'Lady Brach' his mother: the odds are, that he would eat it himself.

POETS.—We may sometimes hear the vulgar ask 'of what use is a poet in this working world?' These are the men who, if they were listening to the singing of a nightingale, would regret that he was not a goose that they might eat him.

POVERTY.—The poverty which excites one man's spirit to a stronger exertion and a more daring enterprise, will put down another's; as the same wind that blows a spark into a blaze will blow out the feeble flame of an exhausted lamp.

KNOWLEDGE.—There are many things which it may improve our heads to know, and which make them wiser; but do not benefit our hearts, and make them happier.

PHYSICIANS.—It is no slander to say of some men who call themselves physicians, that they treat their patients as dry-salters do the pigs they intend for bacon,—they kill them, and so cure them.

THE MODESTY OF IMPUDENCE.—Two fellows of no common assurance were disputing with each other as to their relative shares, the one denying that he had half the impudence of the other: 'Pho, pho,' interrupted his colleague, 'you have, but your modesty will not allow you to confess it.'

VIRTUE.—It is somewhat strange that there are not more virtues than vices in this world; for there is no action, however vicious, which the actor will not, if possible, disguise, in the doing, in the robes and semblances of virtue,—an unwilling acknowledgment of the comeliness that there is even in the aspect of Virtue, which, one would think, might make her more fashionable. A young and likely fellow who had married an old and exceedingly ugly woman, for the sake, as it must be believed, of her fortune, which was the only handsome thing about her, on being twitted by his friends, who were demanding of him how he could think of marrying a woman who was old enough to call his mother a 'chit,' and ugly enough to keep Acco herself in countenance, replied, 'That indeed it might be true that his wife was ugly, but that he looked at the beauties of her heart, and not at those of her face.' It was happily suggested, that he should then get his wife to wear her heart where her face was.

VICE.—Whatever disgusts us at first in vice is not so disagreeable as it seems to be, but, like the most nauseous medicines, goes down glibly at last, though we make wry faces over it. Let us hear or see the thing that disgusts us twice or thrice, or oftener, and we shall find that there is a closer affinity in our antipathy to it than we wot of; and that the most coarse and ugly vice becomes 'fine by degrees, and beautifully less.'

SACRED MELODY.

— "Through God we shall do valiantly; for he it is that shall tread down our enemies."—PSALM LX. V. 12.

Rejoicing, oh God! we'll march onward with thee,
Secure 'neath the shade of thy wing;
We'll shout as before us our enemies flee,
The praise of our heavenly King!

The glory which beams from thy mercy, O Lord!
Will shine like the clear morning's ray;
And though rugged and dark be our path, yet thy word
Will safely direct us the way.

With Charity's ensign, our banners unfurled,—
And Faith on our swords gleaming bright;
We'll joyfully march, the delight of the world,
The sons of a glorious fight!

The arrows of sin may unceasingly fly,
But they harm not the heart of the just,
For *there*, like a poor wither'd leaf they shall die,
And be mingled and trod in the dust! H. B. P.

HORÆ OTIOSÆ.—(No. II.)

(Written for the Iris.)

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

Friend, for thy epitaphs, I'm grieved.—POPE.

IT is a matter of regret, that the generality of epitaphs are better calculated to excite contempt, or elicit smiles, than to remind the reader of the certain decay of his body, and of the immortality of his soul. How often do we read epitaphs that border upon blasphemy; or, that are so ridiculously pompous as to create an utter abhorrence for the persons who wrote them. The monumental inscription placed over the remains of the unfortunate Rousseau, is much more worthy imitation than that on the tomb of Nelson. In my opinion, an epitaph should contain little more than the name and age of the departed; yet, we frequently find them to consist of more than a hundred lines. The daisy and primrose which bloom on the mound of green earth over the poor peasant's remains, is much more elegant, than the studied panegyric inscribed on the tomb of a nobleman, who lived and died an enemy to himself, to mankind, and to his God. He that died without atoning for the sins of this world, will have ample cause to regret he cannot die again; and will find that neither a leaden coffin, nor the most costly monument, can shield him from the wrath of a sin-avenging God. Some men have been so extremely foolish, as to leave particular directions for their funeral ceremonies and epitaphs; while many of the best and wisest of men, have studiously declined every species of pomp and ceremony. Pope wished that no monument might be erected to perpetuate his memory; and Sir William Temple, though he was conscious his body would be interred in Westminster Abbey, desired his friends to enclose his heart in a silver casket, and place it under the sun-dial in his own garden. The amiable custom of planting shrubs and ever-greens, on the graves of beloved friends, cannot be too much encouraged. Though their relics lie mouldering in the dust, their virtues are cherished in the breast; and who can blame a son for paying respect to the shade of a beloved father, or a father for raising some fond memorial to perpetuate the virtues of children, who during their lives, were dearer to him than every other terrestrial blessing?

The affectionate custom of planting violets, roses, and other sweet-scented flowers on graves, still prevails in China. The tomb of Anacreon was planted round with ivy and flowerets.

"This tomb be thine, Anacreon: all around
Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
Let wells of milk, and streams of wine arise;
So will thine ashes, yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below."

That there are many good epitaphs in our language, is a fact that few persons will deny; but surely no attentive observer can have missed seeing many, both in the town and country church-yards, that are a disgrace to national taste. What step, then, should be taken in order to render our church-yards more interesting and instructive? This improvement must entirely depend on the ability and good will of our clergymen, one part of whose duty, ought to consist in examining all monumental inscriptions previous to their admission into the church-yards.—If this plan were put into execution, we should no longer read the same lines over a dozen graves; and the manly and pathetic inscriptions would no longer be neglected, for the punning and epigrammatic.

Manchester, 1823.

JOHANNES.

FROM MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

There is something feelingly sublime in the funeral service of our Church, a genuine and striking simplicity which cannot fail to impress on the mind the dreadful truth that we must soon depart to 'the House appointed for all living.'

From my childhood I always felt a sensation of delight when reading it, and never was there a funeral at our parish church which I did not attend. Unlike other boys of the same age. I would wander through the silent cemeteries; and, accompanied only by a bosom friend of my own standing, cull the various epitaphs which are found in such variety and abundance in country church-yards.

Conversing at times with the old sexton as he dug the grave of some poor wanderer, I learnt the characters of our neighbours, who gradually sunk away; and many were the strange histories he related to us. Frank, for that was the name of my friend, and who, always being provided with a memorandum-book in his pocket, never failed to note down the words, as our historian recounted the actions of his old acquaintance.

That book is now in my possession; it was the last bequest of a valued and departed friend. I have heard the earth sound on his coffin lid, I have paid the last tribute that friendship requires, and have dropped a tear on the cold grave of him whom I shall see no more. When the words 'dust to dust' were pronounced over his remains, a solitary tear started from the eye of the old sexton, and with a tremulous hand he cast the little mound upon the coffin—yes! that eye which had witnessed without emotion the burial of hundreds, was suffused with tears ere the service was completed;—but he is gone, snatched in the prime of life from one of the fairest prospects mortal could look forward to, blessed with relatives, and crowned with wealth and happiness! We had many a time painted to ourselves the days of years to come, when connected by every tie of friendship we should lead lives untroubled by any cares, and unconcerned at the mighty deeds of heroes, and changes in principalities and empires. But to men futurity is so dark, that they draw veils which shall perhaps never be realized, and look to future years, little thinking that long ere they arrive the sand of life may be run out, and the speculators be accounted amongst the dead. But let me leave such dark, such disheartening scenes, and proceed to my task, a task which, though it raises bitter feelings of grief for a deceased friend, yet recalls many pleasing recollections of past times.

It will be perceived that the narratives are totally ungarlished; nay, even some of them are written in that simple style of language in which the aged reciter told them. Some few I have myself added, and it has been my pride to continue the volume.

I am just returned from a ramble in K. B. church-yard, the scene of many of my solitary wanderings: never did I find a place more congenial to sorrow, than this last home of humanity. The towering elms which surround it form a protection from the nipping blast, and they also lend their aid to the cooling breezes of summer. Numerous, and great in variety, are the stones which grace the yard, and tell of days and years that once were, and of beings who then haunted in all the gayety of fashionable life; but those days are past, and another age has risen, also soon to elapse, when a future generation shall tread over their fathers; and, perhaps on my very tomb, make similar reflections to those which now flit across my brain!

Beneath a towering elm, surrounded by iron palisades, which are almost hid with the creeping woodbine and fragrant rose tree, the wanderer is struck by a plain marble slab, with this inscription:

To the memory
of a daughter—a sister—and a Christian—
this stone is placed by a
grieved family.

The simplicity and singularity struck me forcibly, and I inquired of every one who passed through the yard the name of the deceased, but my inquiries were fruitless, and I spent many hours in vain endeavours to satisfy my curiosity, and at length determined to pursue my researches on the following day.

As I approached the church, I heard the passing bell toll solemnly. To me there appeared more melancholy

than usual in its sound, it reverberated longer in my ear, and pealed more suddenly. The slab was removed from its place, and, beneath where it yesterday rested, yawned the gaping grave; but before I had time to reflect on the change, the funeral chant, borne from the distance on the gentle breeze, aroused my thoughts to the passing scene of woe. Gradually the procession moved along the winding avenue, and the notes of the choir became more distinct till it approached the door of the church, when the tones of the organ, from within, joined the funeral note, and ushered the mournful group into the church.

Melancholy and sad was this scene; there was the tender husband leaning over the remains of a lost partner, and a young family bewailing the loss of their affectionate parent. Loud and heart-rending were the sobs of the old man, and with tottering steps he followed to the grave his beloved wife.

Never did I witness such a moving scene; happy indeed was I when it terminated, and the last farewell was sobbed over the grave. I remained, but it was some time before I could speak, so full was my heart with the scene I had just witnessed. I inquired of the sexton, 'that aged chronicle,' the name of the deceased; it was a name that I well remembered, I had heard a tale of woe attached to it, a tale which is so far impressed on my memory that I will relate it for my friend.

In the pleasant town of resided a family of the first respectability; happy in their own circle, and blessed with all the conveniences and comforts of life. Out of four children there were two daughters, who seemed to vie with each other in beauty; but a heavy languor about the eyes, in a great degree detracted from the perfections of the elder: of a reserved and studious turn of mind, she seldom left the house, and whilst her younger sister would ramble over the towering orags, and pull the heath from the rising hills, she would retire to her chamber, and there pore over the relics of antiquity, and eull the musty volumes of departed centuries: gradually the colour forsook her cheeks, and her mind became confused, amongst the many traditionary tales she read, her fancy carried her to regions which never existed, and her intellect seemed to waver as she joined the ring round the fire. There would she sit, for she was her mother's favourite, with her head reclining on her bosom, apparently inaccessible to the cheerful conversation of her father, or the singular tales which her brothers picked up amongst the superstitious peasantry, and which they daily retailed for their parents' amusement.

It was at that season of the year in which Nature appears exuberant, and the powerful heat of a summer sun drives all creatures to the cool shade and refreshing stream, that strangers visited the town of D. to enjoy the wild sea air, and reinvigorate themselves by bathing. Amongst the number, which then flocked in additional and increased proportions, was Edward S., a young man whose features shewed to the most trivial observer that the cause of his visiting the sea side was more serious than that of the generality of those who surrounded him. His countenance, which was by no means without expression when lighted up by a smile, in general was depressed, and his demeanour was steady and melancholy. You might read depicted on his face that his earthly pilgrimage was fast drawing to a close, and that the curtain of life was dropping, but his views were extended to another state of being, his hopes were rested on God.

He would wander solitary and alone amongst the neighbouring groves, and whisper to the evening breeze his woes. Sometimes in these rambles would he meet Eliza (for that was the name of the elder sister) pursuing with thoughtful attention a work which would engage her so intensely as to remove her observation from all other objects.

The scene of many of his lonely wanderings was a long avenue of trees, about two miles from the town, which led to a delightful valley, down a gentle declivity. At the foot of this slope was a smooth and meandering rivulet, babbling its low notes to the music of the waving trees. Through the various openings of the grove might be seen the village church rearing, in modest simplicity, its ancient tower, covered with parent ivy, and forming a pleasant break to the rich and luxuriant landscape. Eliza seemed alike to frequent this char-

ing walk, and to delight in the surrounding scenery, gazing, as the cattle frisked their innocent gambols over the adjoining lawn, seemingly spell bound. There is indeed nothing more grateful to the religious mind, than to see one of Nature's loveliest works contemplating the productions of the Creator which cover this vast theatre, and drawing from them a lesson which Nature alone can teach.

It was here that Edward first attracted her attention on the close of one of the hottest days of summer, when after the scorching sun has run its course, the evening air fans with its cooling breezes the parched earth. They were both seated, and though at some distance, yet in sight of each other, when a low and melancholy bleating called their attention to an adjoining field; Edward, with all the alacrity of youthful ardor, immediately cleared the hedge which separated them, and with little difficulty extricated a young lamb from the thorny brambles in which its fleece had got entangled. He soon regained his seat, and, as he darted past the reclining figure of Eliza, his eyes caught her's, in which he read her approving smile, and heard her lips mutter an observation of gratitude.

Having introductions to several gentlemen who resided in the neighbourhood, his time was chiefly spent amongst them, and, by these means, his acquaintance increased rapidly. The first opportunity that was afforded him of speaking to Eliza was at the house of her uncle, at which he was a constant and welcome guest. And here that attachment was formed, which though honorable in every motive, was yet productive in the end of real misfortune. From their frequent meetings, and the marked attention he always paid Eliza, her father drew conclusions, and doubted not but that with such dispositions, an union would be sought, and to which he could never give his sanction. Of a proud and overbearing spirit, he had laid a particular injunction upon his family to remember that the blood of Scotland's kings ran in their veins, and warned them never to mix it with that of any of the plebeian race.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO ———, THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning, light, are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee:
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leapest now
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never canst thou be again,
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection;
And care shall come with womanhood,
And waken cold reflection:
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep,
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordain'd to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He, who now doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!
All rich in nature's treasure,
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it;
Thy nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it?

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF MR. T— B— R—.

As when hope's visions o'er the senses steal,
And, of the future, brightest scenes reveal—
So be this day—and be each hour possess'd,
With choicest pleasure as supremely blest.

A. Z.

THE FRIEND.—(No. I.)

'Amicus verus est magnus thesaurus.'

I am an old man. Yet, let not my readers imagine that this confession implies an incapacity for the office I have assumed. Youth is the season when spirits are buoyant, and when the chase of pleasure is an engagement uninterruptedly pursued. When indiscretion, folly, and weakness, are often productive of many sorrows, dangers, and troubles; and when the voice of reason, the suggestions of prudence, and the dictates of conscience, are but seldom regarded, and, if listened to, often, very often disobeyed. But age has generally for its concomitants, wisdom, prudence, and circumspection: it lessens desire of enjoyment, weakens the rebellious passions of the soul, and excites a reverence for religion and every hallowed feeling, and an ardent wish to taste of the real and unalloyed happiness of which it is the unfailling source. Seldom is the man who bears many winters on his back, a libertine either in principle or practice. The young man often in both. He, therefore, who has lived to a good old age, may, I hope, presume to give advice, may endeavour to shew the necessity of curbing the vicious propensities, and may seek to afford amusement by interesting the passions, pleasing the imagination, and informing the mind, without fear of being censured as officious, or condemned as an enemy to regulated pleasures. 'The Friend' is neither of an intermeddling, morose, nor gloomy disposition. His temperament is the very reverse. He wishes not to preach up total abstinence in any respect whatever. His principal object is 'to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature,' to show virtue her own loveliness, vice its own deformity; to extol the observance of, and a due regard for, the one, and to deprecate and stigmatise the practice of the other. Let not my readers, however, conceive the idea, that I am ignorant of the importance of the task I have voluntarily undertaken. I know, indeed, that many with motives equally good and laudable as my own, and with exertions as indefatigable and unremitting as any I can manifest, have failed in their endeavours to promote the well-being, and to contribute to the happiness of their fellow-creatures, in the various characters of Observer, Guardian, Moralizer, Scrutineer, &c. And in order that my hope of success may be less liable to bitter disappointment, I invite, I earnestly solicit all who have feeling hearts, that can rejoice in the prosperity of man, to assist me in the cause I have espoused, to add by their essays, &c. to the interest 'The Friend' would excite, in order that his directions to ensure permanent comfort here, and bliss unutterable hereafter, may be deliberately and impartially considered; and that when found after examination to be wise and prudent, they may be strictly obeyed. My readers, however, must not suppose that my lucubrations will be wholly confined to subjects of serious moment. No:—it is the wish of 'The Friend' to offend not even the most fastidious of his readers. He is desirous to conform to the taste of every one by turns.—Perhaps his motto might be

'Du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.'

'From subjects grave, to airy ones he turns.'

I have, now, I hope, said enough to make myself known to those who will do me the honour of perusal, and as I do not wish to trespass beyond the limits of the Iris, I shall reserve all further remarks on this subject for No. 2 of 'The Friend,' which will contain a fuller explanation of my designs, &c. In the interim to all and each of my readers, 'a fair good night.'

Sheffield, June 2nd, 1823.

F. W. J.

IRON MINES IN SWEDEN.

(From Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.
By E. D. Clarke, LL.D.)

For grandeur of effect, filling the mind of the spectator with a degree of wonder which amounts to awe, there is no place where human labour is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and of prodigious ma-

chinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulph whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down; standing on the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view into the great opening as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths: for, to the sight, it is bottomless. Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down: and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices; on which the work-people, reduced by their distance to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures, a deep and gaping gulph, the mouth of the lowermost pits, was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood, down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about 75 fathoms; and as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity we have mentioned, or until they entered into it in their descent, they were visible; but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the halloving of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved. We descended with two of the miners, and our interpreter, into this abyss. The ladders, instead of being placed like those in our Cornish mines, on a series of platforms as so many landing-places, are lashed together in one unbroken line, extending many fathoms; and being warped to suit the inclination or curvature of the sides of the precipices, they are not always perpendicular, but hang over in such a manner, that even if a person held fast by his hands, and if his feet should happen to slip, they would fly off from the rock, and leave him suspended over the gulph. Yet such ladders are the only means of access to the works below; and as the labourers are not accustomed to receive strangers, they neither use the precautions, nor offer the assistance, usually afforded in more frequented mines. In the principle tin-mines of Cornwall, the staves of the ladders are alternate bars of wood and iron: here they were of wood only, and in some parts rotten and broken, making us often wish during our descent, that we had never undertaken an exploit so hazardous. In addition to the danger to be apprehended from the damaged state of the ladders, the staves were covered with ice or mud; and thus rendered so cold and slippery, that we could have no dependence on our benumbed fingers, if our feet failed us. Then, to complete our apprehensions, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said,—'Have a care! It was just so, talking about the staves, that one of our women fell, about four years ago, as she was descending to her work.' 'Fell!' said our Swedish interpreter, rather simple; 'and pray what became of her?' 'Became of her!' continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe,—'she became (pankaka) a pancake.'

As we descended farther from the surface, large masses of ice appeared, covering the sides of the precipices. Ice is raised in the buckets with the ore and rubble of the mine: it has also accumulated in such quantity in some of the lower chambers, that there are places where

it is 16 fathoms thick, and no change of temperature above prevents its increase. This seems to militate against a notion now becoming prevalent, that the temperature of the air in mines increases directly as the depth from the surface, owing to the increasing temperature of the earth under the same circumstances and in the same ratio; but it is explained by the width of this aperture at the mouth of the mine, which admits a free passage of atmospheric air. In our Cornish mines, ice would not be preserved in a solid state at any considerable depth from the surface.

After much fatigue, and no small share of apprehension, we at length reached the bottom of the mine. Here we had no sooner arrived than our conductors, taking each of us by an arm, hurried us along, through regions of 'thick-ribbed ice' and darkness, into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level; until at length, subduing every other sound, we could no longer hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sounds proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about 50 miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron ore is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon, glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder, for blasting. Scarcely had we recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by our first introduction into this *Pandemonium*, when we beheld close to us, hags more horrible than perhaps it is possible for any other female figures to exhibit, holding their dim quivering tapers to our faces, and bellowing in our ears. One of the same sisterhood, snatched a lighted splinter of deal, darted to the spot where we stood, with eyes inflamed and distilling rheum, her hair clotted with mud, dugs naked and pendulous; and such a face, and such hideous yells, as it is impossible to describe:—

Black it stood, as Night—Fierce as ten Furies—
Terrible as hell—

If we could have heard what she said, we should not have comprehended a syllable: but as several other *Paras*, equally *Gorgonian* in their aspect, passed swiftly by us, hastening tumultuously towards the entrance, we began to perceive, that if we remained longer in our present situation, *Atropes* might indeed cut short the threads of our existence; for the noise of the hammers had now ceased, and a tremendous blast was near the point of its explosion. We had scarcely retraced with all speed our steps along the level, and were beginning to ascend the ladders, when the full volume of the thunder reached us, as if roaring with greater vehemence because pent amongst the crashing rocks, whence, being reverberated over all the mine, it seemed to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility I conceive to be an acute feeling (as it relates to the mental faculties) of either joy or sorrow, in the same manner as (when applied to the animal functions) of pain or pleasure. Hence the reason that

people of sensibility are generally either the most happy, or the most miserable of their species. Many apply this feeling both to modesty and bashfulness, and I am inclined to think that it is the origin of both. Though sensibility is here taken in a mental view, yet it has, even in this case, a very powerful connection with the animal system. Thus bashfulness is accounted for by that timid sensibility of nerve which shrinks from the touch of publicity, hides itself from the glare of observation, and delights to shut itself up in the shade of obscurity.—Modesty too, from the peculiar sensibility of its nature, shuns the fulsome adulation of flattery, retires from the loud echoes of fame, and rushes with indignation from the presence of indecency. A sensitive mind is according to circumstances, either a great blessing or evil to its possessor—it enhances every joy, and aggravates every misery—it lifts us at one moment to extatic bliss, and plunges us in the next into the utmost depths of despair.—It is so acute in its operations, that whether it leads to excess of joy or sorrow, it leaves the frame, languid, nervous, and emaciated. It is too refined to confine itself to our corporeal pains and pleasures, and insidiously entwines itself with those of the mind. *Sensibility of soul*, is, in a word, the beatific angel of felicity, or the diabolic demon of despair:—When allied to sympathy, it is directly opposed to selfishness—creates a participation in the feelings of others, and adds to, or diminishes our joys accordingly as those feelings are actuated. Many imagine that sensibility cannot exist without sympathy; but I conceive that there is a morbid kind, which is alive only to self, and which has no connection whatever with a reciprocal feeling for others. Thus many will bewail for years, nay, sometimes for life, the death of a favourite child, whilst they can view with the calmest indifference, the most aggravated miseries of the poor, or the heart-rending horrors of war; and can listen with unconcern to the horrible details of calamity, by fire, shipwreck, pestilence, or massacre!—To such I would say,

"Hence to the shades of hell! nor dare pollute
"This earth with your ignoble, selfish thoughts—
"Hence to where Demons reign—where ye shall find
"No sympathetic soul to share your griefs,
"Nor animate your joys: if such there are
"In yonder dark and damnable abodes."

But when sensibility is united with sympathy, it becomes one of the most amiable feelings that influence the human breast—it creates and promotes charity in the most extensive sense of the word; in fact, rises superior to the grosser feelings of common humanity, and becomes almost a divine sensation.—What can be more amiable, (I had almost said what can be more heavenly-minded) than to sympathize with the sorrows of others.

"Then child of misfortune, come blither,
"I'll weep with thee for thy tear."

to administer comfort in their distresses, and to soften their griefs? What, I say, can be more amiable than to prevent a renewal of their sorrows, by all those tender attentions, and affectionate duties, which win upon and bring the soul back to itself? And what more delightful than to inspire them with fortitude, and enable them to bear up against all the miseries and distresses with which they are encompassed? Speak ye, whose hard unfeeling hearts ne'er felt the force of sympathy, or the soft blandishments of pity—say, can ye find a joy to equal these? Sensibility increases the delights of both love and friendship, and, I am inclined to doubt whether a person can feel either, without first possessing it. A truly sympathetic, sensitive mind, must be capable of the most refined love, and heroic friendship, and, by such a mind alone can these two feelings be properly appreciated.

Almost every man has naturally a small share of sensibility, yet it must be increased, and persons of a cultivated taste and understanding, generally acquire and possess the greatest portion. It is this superior degree which makes them capable of enjoying more happiness, than persons who are not possessed of it so eminently, for the quickness of preception, (of which it is the source,) causes them to find pleasure in pursuits which others cannot comprehend, and consequently are unable to estimate.—Were a man to be deprived of it, its absence would involve that of all the virtues and noble feelings to which it gives rise, and would have him in a state little removed from the brute creation. In fine—

sensibility gives life to love, friendship, charity, or benevolence, and all the domestic virtues—adds a zest to our religious duties, and, inspiring us with the most noble and grateful feelings towards the creator of worlds, and of systems, lifts up our souls from earthly joys, to the most heavenly and extatic delights.

A. W. G.

MEETING OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH ARMIES IN SPAIN.

(From Recollections of the Peninsula.)

Two hours before break of day, the line was under arms; but the two hours glided by rapidly and silently. At last, just as the day dawned, a few distant shots were heard on our left, and were soon followed by the discharge of cannon, and the quick, heavy, and continued roll of musquetry. We received orders to move, and support the troops attacked: the whole of Hill's corps, amounting to fourteen thousand men, was thrown into open column, and moved to its left in steady double quick time, and in the highest order.

When within about a furlong of one of the points of attack, from which the enemy was just then driven by the seventy-fourth regiment, I cast my eye back to see if I could discover the rear of our divisions: eleven thousand men were following: all in eight, all in open column, all rapidly advancing in double quick time. No one, but a soldier, can picture to himself such a sight: and it is, even for him, a rare and grand one. It certainly must have had a very strong effect on such of the enemy as, from the summit of the ridge, which they had most intrepidly ascended, beheld it, and who, ignorant of Hill's presence, thought they had been attacking the extreme of the British right. We were halted exactly in rear of that spot, from which the seventy-fourth regiment, having just repulsed a column, was retiring in line, with the most beautiful regularity, its colours all torn with shot. Here a few shells flew harmlessly over our line, but we had not the honour of being engaged. The first wounded man I ever beheld in the field was carried past me, at this moment: he was a fine young Englishman, in the Portuguese service, and lay helplessly in a blanket, with both his legs shattered by cannon-shot. He looked pale, and big drops of perspiration stood on his manly forehead: but he spoke not—his agony appeared unutterable. I secretly wished him death; a mercy, I believe, that was not very long withheld. About this time Lord Wellington, with a numerous staff, galloped up, and delivered his orders to General Hill, immediately in front of our corps; I therefore distinctly overheard him. 'If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley, and charge beyond it; but don't let your people follow them too far down the hill.' I was particularly struck with the style of this order, so decided, so manly, and breathing no doubt as to the repulse of any attack; it confirmed confidence. Lord Wellington's simplicity of manner in the delivery of orders, and in command, is quite that of an able man. He has nothing of the truncheon about him; nothing full-mouthed, important, or fussy: his orders on the field are all short, quick, clear, and to the purpose. The French, however, never moved as throughout the day: their two desperate assaults had been successfully repelled, and their loss, as compared to ours, exceedingly severe. From the ridge, in front of our present ground, we could see them far better than the evening before: arms, appointments, uniforms, were all distinguishable. They occupied themselves in removing their wounded from the foot of our position; but as none of their troops broke up, it was generally concluded that they would renew their attacks on the morrow.

In the course of the day our men went down to a small brook, which flowed between the opposing armies, for water; and French and English soldiers might be seen drinking out of the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to shake hands with each other. One private, of my own regiment, actually exchanged forage-caps with a soldier of the enemy, as a token of regard and good-will. Such courtesies, if they do not disguise, at least soften the horrid features of war: and it is thus we learn to reconcile our minds to scenes of blood and carnage. Towards sun-set, our pickets

were sent down the hill, and I plainly saw them posted among the corpses of those who had fallen in the morning. Nothing, however, immediately near us, presented the idea of recent slaughter; for the loss, on our side, was so partial, and considering the extent of our line, so trifling, that there was little, if any, vestige of it: not so the enemy's; but as they suffered principally on their retreat down the hill, their slain lay towards the bottom of it; from whence, indeed, they had been removing their wounded.

The view of the enemy's camp by night far exceeded in grandeur its imposing aspect by day. Innumerable and brilliant fires illuminated all the country spread below us: while they yet flamed brightly, the shadowy figures of men and horses, and the glittering piles of arms, were all visible. Here and there, indeed, the view was interrupted by a few dark patches of black fir, which by a gloomy contrast, heightened the effect of the picture; but, long after the flames expired, the red embers still emitted the most rich and glowing rays, and seemed, like stars, to gem the dark bosom of the earth, conveying the sublime idea of a firmament spread beneath our feet. It was long before I could tear myself from the contemplation of this scene. Earnestly did I gaze on it: deeply did it impress me; and my professional life may never, perhaps, again present to me any military spectacle more truly magnificent. Every one was fully persuaded that the morning would bring with it a general and bloody engagement.

The battle-array of a large army is a most noble and imposing sight. To see the hostile lines and columns formed, and prepared for action; to observe their generals and mounted officers riding smartly from point to point, and to mark every now and then, one of their guns opening on your own staff, reconnoitring them, is a scene very animating, and a fine prelude to a general engagement. On your own side, too, the hammering of flints and loosening of cartridges; the rattle of guns and tumbrels, as they come careering up to take their appointed stations; and the swift galloping of aid-de-camps in every direction, here bringing reports to their generals, there conveying orders to the attacking columns, all speak of peril and death, but also of anticipated victory; and so cheerfully, that a sensation of proud hope swells the bosom, which is equal, if not superior, to the feeling of exultation in the secure moment of pursuit and triumph.

LINES TO ZOE.

When *o'er* my brow steals sorrow's deepening shroud,
Oh bid me not the darker cause reveal;
Not for the wealth of worlds would I o'ercloud
Thy young clear spirit with the woes I feel!
It is not meet thine early years should share
The painful knowledge Time *must* render thine;
Yet Heaven avers that even Time should *o'er*
Instruct thy soul as fatally as mine!
No! be thou still the light of this fond soul,
Whose life in joy or grief thou still must be;
Then, *even* if Woe my destiny controul,
I still may hope—I yet may smile—in *thee*!
Not all forlorn the wither'd tree is seen,
O'er which the ivy has its mantle thrown;
And many an eye mistakes the clustering green
That veils the leafless branches, for their own.
Ah, if thy light of gladness should depart,
If Hope no more in those dear eyes should shine,
How could I live!—This much-enduring heart
Bears its own sorrows—but must break with thine.

A REVERIE.

I often in wand'ring away from my home,
Think of the days that are yet to come;
I think of those who in future years,
Will walk through this vale of sorrow and tears;
Who will dwell on the spot where now I tread,
Long after
I think of the people who now are on earth;
I think how little their lives are worth;
When a few short years they must all be laid
Beneath the gloom of the cypress shade;
What will their glory or honours avail,
Or the sadness of those who their loss bewail,
Who stand *o'er* the graves of departed friends,
Where the glory of life and its misery ends!
I list to the sound of the ocean's roar,
Lashing the beach of the western shore;
I list to the shriek of the sea bird wild,
Like a mother lamenting her only child,
I turn to my home and think of the day,
When all earthly things must pass away. E. P. C.
Chester.

THE CABINET.

DEVOTIONAL FEELINGS.—The words of your admirable discourse, my dear friend, upon the awful subject of death, so suitable to this time of sickness, and so peculiarly applicable to my own case, have left an impression on my mind, that, were I destined to reach the utmost limit of my existence, never would leave me. On this occasion outward objects also contributed their most powerful aid to heighten my feelings; for as I approached the church under a thick, dark-shouldered sky, and caught the first view of that venerable and stupendous pile, with the light issuing from its windows of rich-wrought fairy work of stone, the effect was striking; but when for the first time I had ever entered it at the hour of darkness, and found it illuminated with a brilliant blaze of light, which lost itself in the spell-bound vaulted roof—when there opened upon my sight thousands of my fellow-creatures, thronged together for the solemn purpose of offering the accumulated incense of the most fervent devotion to that God who knows every aspiration of the heart, I felt as if enveloped in the effulgence of the divine Shekinah—and when the slow solemn peal of the organ swelled upon the ear, and the choir sang the songs of praise with the mellowed sweetness, the captivating softness and solemnity which the stillness of night conspired to render more enchanting, the effect was most imposing. It was only then that I felt the full force and value of those outward associations, as calculated to inspire awe, and perceived how powerfully they tended to chain down the wandering senses to the exclusive act of profound devotion. As I walked down the aisle, supported by these earthly blessings, these ministering angels—and here he threw a glance of such soft affection upon his daughters as drew forth crystal streams of tears—'Methought I was already entering a paradise of joy; sickness forsook me—respiration became easy—the film was removed from my sight; I breathed nothing earthly, and heaven seemed opened to my view. I listened with a rapture surpassing all former experience, when you so feelingly aroused the reflection of those around you to the momentous consideration of death and eternity. The words which I heard scarcely seemed the address of uninspired man—I was struck as with the voice and language of an Apostle—of a special messenger from on high, who conveyed the solemn admonitions to my heart. Yes; I felt it to have been the unequivocal summons, the last warning that will ever here be vouchsafed to me; and I left the holy temple with the strong conviction, unaccompanied by any sort of fear, that my next entrance into its sacred walls would be when I should be carried thither for my burial.'—*Body and Soul.*

The following beautiful verses are from the same edifying and very interesting work:—

For me, oh world! no chaplet weave:
Thy frowns I fear not, nor believe
Thy wanton smiles, and summer glow,
Deceptive as retiring snow;
For me, thy grandeur's all too high,
And danger lurks in steps too high;
Then not for me thy chaplet weave,
For all thy pleasures but deceive.
Let Beauty, with its eye of fire
With maddening love the gay inspire;
Let War, in panoply arrayed
Unsheathe the Chieftain's ready blade;
Let Glory rear its plumed crest,
And dandle with its glittering vest:
Yet not for me thy chaplet weave;
Thy smiles are false—thy hopes deceive.
Let the full cup of Pleasure teem
With draughts from fair Calypso's stream
Which shrouds the soul's immortal flame
Beneath the brote's degraded frame;
Though fair the flow'rs that here entice,
All, all too costly is the price;
Such chaplet, therefore, do not weave,
The flow'rs decay—the draughts deceive!
Nor weave for me Ambition's wreath,
It is the bloody meed of Death;
Aspike, foul murder nestles there,
Entwined with folds of grim despair;
And oh! weave not the wreath that binds
The brows of sordid, selfish minds;
Like those entwined, no wreaths for me,
They show too much, oh! world, of thee!
Nor the bright wreath of riches twine,
Dag from Golconda's purest mine;
Nor dazzling stones, that proudly gem
An empire's envied diadem.
No; twine for me the Christian's crown,
And let the wreath that decks my brow
From pure Religion's branches grow.

LADIES' PRIVILEGES.—Though ladies are not allowed to have seats in Parliament, or personally to assist in making laws, I do not see why, when they possess sufficient property, they should not, in some way or other, enjoy the elective franchise. I am only speaking of the justice or equity of such a claim, if it were properly urged. I am not dissatisfied with the disqualification, if ladies themselves are not so. I think they are just so much the more amiable, as they are detached from politics. But it is remarkable, that in the reign of Edward III. when he wanted to raise money for the defence of Ireland, he scrupled so much to tax *any person's* property without *their consent*, that regular writs were issued to the ladies who possessed lands there, commanding them to send their proper attorneys to consult on the exigency of affairs. If this could be done by attorney in those days, why not now? the acting by attorney might obviate some of the most objectionable impediments to the personal interference of our British ladies in contested elections. As to influence, it is a *different* question. Perhaps the real difficulty is to be found there; and if so, their disqualification may be regarded as a compliment. There is certainly no calculating the extent of female influence. 'The movements of the tender passions,' says Mr. Turner in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, 'are more eccentric than the wanderings of the heathy meteor, and yet, under the Anglo-Saxons, females were admitted into their *Witan-Gemot*.' I confess my own opinion is, that one elegant, accomplished and beautiful Miss Bull, might now and then outweigh all the *John Bulls* in the kingdom; and one female constituent carry a point against a whole host of the other sex. Of their rhetorical powers we have a good account in the Spectator, No. 252, where may be seen the exceeding force which the female eye in particular possesses, as an instrument of persuasion. See also No. 510 of the same work, marked thus in the Index of the 7th volume, *Beauty, the force of it*. There is no knowing then what might happen. I am inclined to regard it a very delicate compliment paid to the virtues, charms, and accomplishments of the British fair, that they stand excluded from all personal interference in the choice of our Legislators, as well as in their proceedings in the senate.

That ladies may be complimented out of their rights and privileges, I am able to prove from a case in point, which I learned from a very near relation, who was a Member of the House of Commons at the very time it happened. Till that memorable day, ladies had been freely admitted into the galleries to hear the debates. From some circumstances or other (I will venture to say it was no excess of chattering and talking) it was thought expedient to exclude them; but no particular member could be found bold enough to propose it. At length however an opportunity presented itself. A Bill being under discussion, which greatly affected the interests of a noble family of high and extensive connections, the galleries were daily crowded with the female relatives of the party, most of them, as may be easily imagined, in full possession of the highest possible attractions, as *youth, beauty, wit, &c. &c.* On which, a member got up and begged to put the question to the Speaker, whether the credit and character of the house did not most peremptorily require, that in all their deliberations they should be free from any *undue* or extraordinary influence, and whether any of that honorable house could cast their eyes up to the galleries and say that they were so at that moment. He should therefore move, that that bevy of beauties should immediately retire. The ladies obeyed, and have never been admitted since in the same manner.—*Hereditary Anomalies.*

VARIETIES.

SWALLOW-TAILED COATS.—Mercator, a Correspondent of the *Scotsman*, writes as follows:—"Not a week now passes without advertisements announcing the loss of considerable sums of money. After much meditation, I am persuaded that the root of the evil lies in those swallow-tailed coats which are stuck upon the bodies of our dandies, evidently for the purpose of ornament rather than shelter. In these, the pockets are so shallow, and so ingeniously contrived by their shape to disgorge the contents, that if I had not a profound respect for the corporation of tailors, I should imagine

that they had a retaining fee from the society of handkerchief, glove, and note-stealers. Unless a jury of tailors shall recommend the adoption of pockets of another construction, I see no prospect of relief from this heavy mercantile calamity. I had hoped that the Town Council, the Royal Society, the Pitt Club, or the General Assembly, would have taken up the grievance, but, alas! there is no virtue extant either in church or state! As a last resource, I can only recommend to merchants and bankers to turn off such of their clerks whose pockets will not hold a decent octavo volume."

CRICKET EXTRAORDINARY.—On the 23d ult. a match of cricket was played at Hockwold-cum-Wilton, in Norfolk, between 11 married and 11 single females, for 11 pairs of gloves, which terminated in favour of the former. The parties were dressed in jackets and trousers, decorated with blue ribbands.

SHOOTING.—A singular match of shooting lately took place between a certain Lord and a Baronet, for a wager, which could hit the most blue bottle flies at twenty feet distance from the trap, charge unlimited. Forty was the number, and his Lordship won by seven shots.

MONKEYS.—A King of Egypt was so successful in training monkeys to the art of dancing, that they were long admired for the dexterity and gracefulness of their movements. At length, a citizen, who loved fun, threw some walnuts into the ball room; when the creatures instantly forgot all their capers, and sprang to the booty.

FORTUNE.—Some painters have figured Fortune blind, and on a rolling rock, while others have given her hands and wings, but no feet. When Apelles was asked why he represented her in a sitting posture, he replied, because she had not yet learned to stand on her feet.

THE DEAD.—David Morrison has been sentenced to seven years' banishment by the Scotch High Court of Justiciary, for violating the sepulchres of the dead. On his trial, Dr. Barclay, a teacher of anatomy, deposed that some bodies became decomposed in a few days, others lasted much longer; in some the features could not be known in 48 hours, while in others they might be recognized for a week: but much depended on the previous illness; the longest he ever knew was the features of a Lascar, which remained recognizable for a fortnight. In three weeks a subject would be unfit for the purposes of dissection. In two weeks the outer skin comes off, with it the nails, and the hair would be loose, but marks on the body might be identified. He had known frequent cases where relatives were mistaken in the bodies they claimed, and instanced one where a body made of leather was insisted on as being the one they were in search of. Dissectors are obliged, in order to distinguish one subject from another, to affix marks.

THE POKER.—The writer of this essay is a great contributor to all the crack Magazines of the day:—"There is a more than common importance attached to that most useful article of domestic economy, the Poker. 'I have known you seven years, so I may stir your fire,' is a proverbial piece of courtesy. It is an English idea, and has more philosophy in it than a German stove can supply. When I sit alone, in the calm interval between dinner and tea, with my feet on each hob, and my rum-and-water on the mantle shelf, the poker is my magician's wand. With this I can annihilate castles, or build up rocks;—with this I can quench the volcano of a gas-spouting coal, or sweep off the Ariel wings of the filmy hare. A Lord Chamberlain's staff is a thing to be flung away after birth-nights, or broken over graves;—but a poker is an ever present appendage to home delights. No ill-tempered man ever used a poker skilfully. A Scotchman pokes a fire timidly from nigardliness:—an Irishman rashly, from a careless and self-willed abstraction."

NEW FIRE ENGINE.—A new species of fire engine, which is called a *pump aspirant*, has been invented. It is so constructed, that, placed in any running water or basin, it readily imbibes a mass of water so considerable, as to keep up without interruption a jet rising to the height of 125 feet, and to feed two ordinary pumps or engines at the same time.

WATER-PROOF CLOTH.—A chemist of Glasgow, has discovered a simple and efficacious method of rendering woollen, silk, or cotton cloth, completely water-proof. The mode adopted is to dissolve caoutchouc in mineral oil, which is procured in abundance at the gas-works; by a brush, to put five or six coatings of this mixture on one side of the cloth or silk, on which another piece of cloth is laid, and the whole passed through between two rollers. The adhesion is most complete; so much so, that it is easier to tear the cloth than to separate either piece from the caoutchouc.

ENTHUSIASM OF GENIUS.—John Sebastian Bach, the famous German musician, was left an orphan before he was ten years old, and was placed under the care of his brother, who was an organist, and who taught him to play on the ancient instrument called clavichord or clari-chord. The boy rapidly mastered the pieces given him, and continually requested more difficult ones. He begged in particular a book containing the most celebrated compositions of the old clari-chord masters, which his brother kept locked up in a cupboard. This was continually refused, but his eagerness was such that he contrived to get it clandestinely. The cupboard had a latticed door, through the chequers of which his hands were small enough to pass; and as the precious book was only stitched in a wrapper, he contrived to roll it up and draw it forth. For want of a candle, however, he could only copy it in moonlight nights; and it took him six months to complete his laborious task. After all too, his brother discovered the copy, and forced it from him, and he did not recover it till after his brother's death.

PENMANSHIP.—"George the First signed his name in a high, stiff, ungainly style, George the Second even worse—as ugly and feebler. The late King wrote a fine and free, though old-fashioned hand. It was just what might have been expected from his temper and character, extremely plain—extremely uniform—completely the hand-writing of a high-bred gentleman, destitute of the slightest affectation. Of his present Majesty's performance we have never happened to see more than some signatures. There is not a man in the island that could make such a capital G. The whole George is written as if without lifting the pen—the letters small, round, distinct, and beautiful in the highest degree. The R is not quite equal to the G, but still boldly done and beautiful too. There is about the whole effect something eminently graceful, composed, and PRINCELY—and that, compared with the hideous ragamuffin Napoleon of the late Emperor of France, shews in the most striking manner what a difference there is between the uneasy strut of an Usurper, and the calm Majesty of a born King."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

THE ELM.—Madame de Genlis speaks of an elm of great size in this country, in the hollow trunk of which a poor woman gave birth to an infant, and where she afterwards resided for a long time. This tree, which is a great curiosity, is still standing in the village of Crawley; but as the parish is not willing to be burdened with all the young elms that might have been brought forth from the trunk of this singular tree, the Lord of the Manor has very wisely put up a door to the entrance of this Lying-in-Hospital, and which is kept locked, except upon particular occasions, when the neighbours meet to enjoy their pipes, and tell old tales in the cavity of this elm, that is capable of containing a party of more than a dozen. The interior of this tree is paved with bricks, and in other respects made comfortable for those that it harbours.

INVISIBLE CEMENT.—Isinglass boiled in spirits of wine will (it is said) produce a fine transparent cement, which will unite broken glass so as to render the fragments almost imperceptible.

MATRIMONY.—A remarkable instance of absence, or indifference, occurred the other day in high life. A bridegroom, recently united to a most amiable young lady, on the evening of his marriage, and previously to the ceremony, was observed loitering over the railings in the park, seemingly perfectly unconscious of the approaching event, when he was suddenly addressed by an intimate friend, "My dear Lord, have you forgotten that you are engaged to dine with the Duke of ——— to-day, and that you are to be married at the same time?"—"Good God!" said the Noble Lord, "So I am."

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of To-morrow,
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm for the grief that afflicts us to-day.

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish,
For health and the comforts it bears on its wing;
Let me hope, oh! how soon would it lessen my anguish,
That To-morrow will ease and serenely bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope, that To-morrow my wanderings shall cease;
Then at home, when with care sympathetic attended,
I should rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
When hurry and toll have my spirits oppress;
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting and death is in sight;
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight.

The Infidel, then, sees no joyous To-morrow,
Though he knows that his moments are hastening away;
Poor wretch! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day.

MINOR THEATRE.—The performances at the Minor Theatre, have, during the present week, been particularly attractive. The taste and spirit with which the different pieces are brought forward do the Manager (Mr. Farrell) much credit, and we are happy to see that his exertions are appreciated by numerous and highly respectable audiences. Miss Seymour, from the English Opera House, is a considerable acquisition to the company, and has already become a favourite. This young lady possesses all the requisites of a good singer,—her voice is sweet and powerful—her articulation distinct—and her manner easy and unassuming. With more finished execution she would unquestionably attain very considerable distinction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—I should be glad to learn, through any of your correspondents, in whose possession the copy of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales is, of which Tim Bobbin was possessed, and of which he makes mention in a letter to Mr. H. Whittaker, Manchester, Dated Nov. 26, 1770—(Rochdale Edition 1819, p. 366). In the same letter he says that the one he bought was imperfect, but if he could procure the loan of a perfect copy, he would copy the type of the two defective leaves so exactly as not to be perceived.—Could you procure his autograph so as to give your readers a fac-simile, it would, I have no doubt, give pleasure to the admirers of that most eccentric character.—He has, I believe, a Son and Grandson now living in Rochdale.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Gonblyar's lines are very humiliating.—To lessen our admiration of beautiful, complex, and perfect organisations because they cannot eternally retain a certain symmetry, is not very judicious; we should rather acknowledge the skill, power, and benevolence of the architect, and cheerfully render him the homage of praise and gratitude.

F. W. I. will perceive that we are satisfied with his assurance. W. M. P.'s Lines on 'a bunch of dead Flowers,' contain as instructive and important moral; but they are so very incorrect that we cannot insert them.

Laertes was anticipated.

L.'s communication was mislaid.—He will be kind enough to accept our apology.

Ignoto; D. N.; Rusticus; and Elisa—are received.

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THE POWER OF VIRTUE.

(Translated from the French of D'Arnaud, by a young Lady.)

THERE is no power so commanding as that of virtue: the most characterized vices, even the most hardened criminals, are, as it were, forced to acknowledge its almost celestial power. Independently of the miracles of religion, what other cause produced those sudden conversions with which the Pagans seemed to be thunder-struck? It was the exalted virtue, which the first Christians displayed in all its heroism. The trait which I have to present, can only add to so many sublime examples, so much more striking, as it partakes of the marvellous, and is founded on fact.

The Governor of a state prison, (it is of little importance to know in what country the event occurred) Mr. B—, united all the qualities which make us esteemed and beloved; he had an enlightened sensibility; his decided taste for literature only served to render him still more humane, more susceptible of generous and benevolent impressions; his prisoners were considered by him as unfortunate beings, whose situation he endeavoured to alleviate, while he was fulfilling the orders of the Sovereign, and made them undergo the punishment prescribed by justice; he was to them a father, moved by the fate of his guilty children, and who judged them more or less worthy of all his compassion: hence, these very victims of the indispensable rigour of the laws, saw not, in the Governor, a man armed with authority to punish them, but a humane friend who endeavoured to ease their chains; they blessed heaven, since their unfortunate destiny had submitted them to such a trial,—for having fallen into merciful hands, which wiped away their tears, which anticipated their wants, and shed a soothing balm upon the wounds, which they were obliged to inflict.

That species of innate desire, the first passion of man—the love of liberty, was, however, hardly able to yield to the sentiment of gratitude, which the affecting behaviour of Mr. B— excited; these unfortunate captives, while they loved him, and acknowledged all the obligations which they owed him, could not refrain from sighing after the end of their confinement.

A plot was formed, which was to restore to them that liberty so precious, so dear to all creatures; there was not a single prisoner, whose chains would not be broken by this contrivance; they had succeeded in concealing their operations from the eyes of their overlookers; an opening which was effected through the thickness of a strong wall, facilitated a safe escape; they are all ready upon this kind of breach; they are going to be free; their souls, if it be allowed so to say, already wander in those fields of which their sight embraces, with transport, the immense extent. One of their fellow prisoners, at the moment he was going to extend his foot to give the signal for flight, stops: "My friends," says he, "deign to hear me, but for an instant! What are we going to

do? It is true, we shall recover our liberty, that liberty the object of all our wishes, that possession, without which all others have but little value. I am impatient, like you, to tear myself from this miserable abode; but are you well aware of the consequences of our proceedings? At what price shall we purchase this liberty? by plunging a dagger into the bosom of a respectable man, the best of men, who treated us like his own children; yes, we shall be the assassins of Mr. B—; he will be accused of negligence by Government, he will lose his place, his fortune, we shall cause him a grief which, without doubt, will lead him to the grave, and this will be our gratitude! It is thus we shall repay him for so much attention, for so many kindnesses!—Believe me, my friends, let us renounce our project; let us rely upon heaven, upon the clemency of our master, upon the tenderness of our relations, that they will put an end to our captivity; as to me, I return to resume my chains. No, never, never shall I have the resolution to execute a project, which would cause the ruin of Mr. B—; and he immediately makes a movement to regain his cell. What results from this glorious sacrifice of personal interest, from this admirable act of sensibility for another? The other prisoners stand motionless, look at one another, and, animated by the same transport, exclaim; N— is right: that would undo poor Mr. B—, who shows us so much beneficence; it is impossible we should be the authors of his misfortune. Let us return."

And in fact, each of them retired to his room.

The magnanimous prisoner, who had caused a revolution so noble, so unexpected, does not rest at this fine action, which cannot be too much exalted: the next morning he asks permission to speak to the Governor, goes to him, and says with animation: "Sir, I am come to confide to you a secret, which will much surprise you: I shall not conceal from you, that it only depended on me last night to have escaped from this prison; I not only delivered myself from my chains, but likewise all those of my unhappy companions were broken; the castle,—in one word, was empty of prisoners: the moment we were ready to take flight, the image of your kindnesses struck us: we feared to be the cause of your ruin; we returned to resume our chains." Mr. B—, seized with surprise and admiration, runs, into the arms of the hero, for what name can we give to that man whose name should have been transmitted to posterity: "Is it possible, my friend? is it possible!—so much virtue,—so much sensibility for my sake! You must believe that you have acquired rights upon my heart for life, that I shall employ my feeble credit, that of the first men at court, to restore you your liberty, as well as that of all your companions, to whom you have lent your sublime soul. All shall be informed of your heroic proceeding." The prisoner replies, enters into the details of the expedients to which they had recourse; and ends by saying to the Governor:—"Hasten to cause this opening to be closed! Let them redouble the precautions! let your overlookers be

more attentive, for, Sir, I must not disguise it from you; you are acquainted with the human heart; I would not be answerable that another time I should be listened to, and I will say more, that I myself should be capable of such an effort—which was so well due to you; you are so kind to us!

Mr. B— could no longer contain his tears:—"O worthy man! (embracing him) are you fit to be in chains? Sir, answered he, this is, what it is to be compassionate, to relieve the unfortunate! come, beneficence cannot be too much rewarded."

JULIANA T.

Manchester, June 25, 1823.

HORÆ OTIOSÆ.—(No. III.)

(Written for the Iris.)

LUMINOUS INSECTS.

Bright stranger welcome to my field
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield!
To me, oh! nightly be thy splendour given!
O could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry sweetest dew of Heav'n's!

Sweet child of stillness! amidst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life, a lustre round thy cell.

Dr. WALCOTT.

THE common glow-worms, (*lampyris noctiluca*) is a species of beetle, which the God of nature has endowed with the singular faculty of absorbing and emitting at pleasure, a beautiful bluish light from the two or three last joints of the body. The female insect is about three quarters of an inch in length; and bears but little resemblance of a perfect beetle: it is underneath the body partly tinged with rose colour, and its back is a dull earthy brown. The resplendent lustre of this self-lighted lamp, proceeds from a whitish sulphur coloured patch, situated on the two or three last joints of the body. The male insect alone has wings and wing sheaths; and the phosphoric light of the female, is much more vivid than that of the male. It has been asserted by many naturalists, that the males of the numerous species of *lampyris* do not possess the luminous property; but the investigations of Geoffrey, Miller, and Ray, have almost succeeded in inducing every naturalist of the present day, to adopt the contrary opinion. A very brilliant phosphorescence is produced by immersing a common glass vial, containing five or six of these insects into a vessel of cold water; and the light produced by the same number when placed in a large bell-glass filled with vital air, is so very considerable, that I have frequently been able to read the smallest print, by moving the paper along the exterior of the bell-glass. It is a singular fact that nature has endowed a sparrow of Hindostan, with the instinct to light up its nest with "these little planets of the rural scene," which it fastens to the inside of its little edifice, with admirable skill and dexterity.* The reader may make

Wide Asiatic Register, for 1802.

many edifying reflections on this poor inoffensive insect. Look at the female glow-worm! where is her beauty—where her majestic appearance?—Consider, O man! the seeming imperfections of her exterior! contemplate the beautiful regularity with which her functions are performed! gaze upon her splendid emerald light, and glorify her creator and thine!

Naturalists have described no less than sixty species of these insects. Radiant monarchs of the night, to me 'tis ecstasy, to gaze with sober moralizing eye upon your unobtrusive gems, which deck the green-wood side as thick as shines the cope of heaven with stars! When 'tis night, and all creation's sons are laid asleep;—when nature seems to pause, and not a single sound is heard;—save that from yonder ired oak—the fierce night-owl at intervals repeats his miserable scream; or the gentle murmurs of the neighbouring brook, add sweetness to the strains of plaintive philomel:—then do I love to tread the green-wood-path, and in silent meditation gaze upon your emerald lights, which with increased splendour oftentimes you deck, wishful to attract the long-lost rambles home.

On the fair tresses of the roseate morn
Translucent dew as precious gems appear,
Not less dost thou than the night's dark hour adorn,
'Like a rich Jewel in an Ethiope's ear.'
Though the rude bramble, or the fan-like ferns,
Around thee, their o'ershadowing branches spread,
Steady and clear thy phosphor brilliance burns,
And thy soft rays illuminate the shade.
Thus the calm brightness of superior minds,
Makes them amid misfortunes shadow blest,
And thus the radiant spark of genius shines,
Though skreened by envy, or by pride oppressed.

C. SMITH.

A species of glow-worm, (*lampyris Italica*) is very common in Italy, both sexes of which are provided with wings; and it is no uncommon thing to see hundreds of these beautiful insects on a dark night bespangling the air like so many stars. A writer of some celebrity informs us, that on all grand occasions it is customary for the Italian beaux to place a number of these living diamonds into the head dresses of the ladies; and it is curious to observe what influence education has over the human mind, it being a well known fact that the lower orders of society believe them to be a spiritual nature, issuing from the burial grounds; and hence, they shun them as they would a pestilence.† Besides the numerous species of *lampyris*, there are several other species of insects of the beetle tribe, which yield a much more vivid light than the glow-worms, amongst which may be particularized *elater ignitus*, and *elater noctilucus*. The *elater noctilucus* is rather better than an inch in length, and is endowed with so much strength and elastic powers, that it is enabled when placed upon its back, to spring to the height of five or six inches in recovering its former posture. These insects we are informed by several celebrated natural historians, are very common in the savannas of the warmer parts of America; and in woods, bushes, and shady lanes, in the West India Islands, more especially in St. Domingo. They fly with amazing fleetness; and present to travellers a beautiful, splendid nocturnal appearance. Walton informs us that on certain festival days, the people catch great numbers of them on purpose to decorate the garments and horses of young people, who on dark nights gallop through the public streets, diffusing a large and brilliant mass of moving light. These insects are the same that Oviedo informs us the Indians fasten to their hands and feet when travelling in the night, and by the phosphoric splendour of which they dance, spin, weave, paint, &c. they are also the same insects

that so seriously alarmed Sir Thomas Cavendish, and Sir John Dudley, upon their first landing in the West Indies, who mistook them for the Spaniards advancing upon them, and hastily retreated to their ships. The present Poet Laureate has rather happily introduced this insect in his Madoc, (an uninteresting poem in blank verse,) as being the only light by which Coatel delivered the British hero from the Mexican priests.

"Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first
Behold the features of his lovely guide."

When eight or ten of these flies are placed under a wine glass, they afford a much more splendid light than a common wax candle. The natives of the West India islands, hold them in great value as candles, and also for devouring the gnats, which were it not for the fire-flies would soon become extremely troublesome. "How they are a remedy for so great a mischief," says Pietro Martire, it is a pleasant thing to hear, Hee who understandeth that he hath, those guesstes (the gnattes) at home, diligentlie hunteth after the cucuij. Whoso wanteth cucuij, goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, carrying a burning fire-brande in his hande, and ascendeth the next hillock, that the cucuij may see it, and hee swingeth the fire-brande about, calling *Cucui* aloud, and beating the ayre with often calling out, *Cucui*, *Cucui*." There is also another tribe of insects, several species of which, outrival any of the luminous insects above described. These insects, of which there are about twenty-five species, constitute a genus of the class, *insecta*, order *hemiptera*. The genus is called *fulgora*, and the insects have received the appellation of lantern-flies. The most curious insects of this tribe are the *fulgora lanternaria*, *fulgora candelaria*, *fulgora pyrrhorynchus*, and *fulgora diadema*. The *fulgora lanternaria*, called by the French, *la fulgora porte Canterne* is a most extraordinary, as well as a most beautiful insect. Its head is nearly half the length of the whole body, and the phosphoric radiation of this splendid insect proceeds entirely from its head, or lantern. Its body is about three inches in length; and from wing's end to wing's end it measures nearly six inches. The wings are beautifully variegated, and much more elegant than those of any other insect I have yet seen. It is a native of South America; and it sheds a much more vivid light than any other insect. Madame Merian asserts that the light emitted by one of these insects, is sufficient to read a newspaper by.* "The Indians," says this authoress, once brought me, before I knew they shone by night, a number of these lantern-flies, which I shut up in a large wooden box. In the night they made such a noise that I woke in a fright, and ordered a light to be brought, not knowing whence the noise proceeded. As soon as we found it came from the box, we opened it: but were still much more alarmed, and let it fall to the ground at seeing a flame of fire come out of it; and as many as came out, so many flames of fire appeared. When we found this to be the case, we recovered from our fright, and again collected the insects, highly admiring their splendid appearance." The *fulgora candelaria* is about two inches in length; and from the tips of the extended wings, it measures two inches and an half. This insect is a native of China. It transmits a very considerable share of light, but is in every respect inferior to the *ful. lantern*. The *fulgora diadema* is an elegant insect, and if I may judge from the specimens I have seen, it is rather larger than the

last mentioned species.† The wings are black, and tipped with red at the edges, and it is a native of India. I have never seen the *fulgora pyrrhorynchus*; but according to Donovan it is a remarkably splendid luminous insect. The *cancer fulgens*, *scotopendra electrica*, and several other insects possess a high degree of phosphorescence; but the limits of this paper will not allow me to notice them. What is the remote cause of the luminous property of insects? This is a query that has racked the brains of many an excellent philosopher; but which no one has ever been capable of answering in a satisfactory manner. What is the use of the luminous property of insects? The most plausible opinion, is that which is the most general; namely, that it consists in discovering the sexes to one another. But this is far from being the opinion of every naturalist: some of whom imagine that it is intended to guard themselves from the annoyance of their nocturnal enemies; and Dr. Darwin, very seriously conjectures that the luminous property is of no other use, than to enable them to find their food in the night, and to prevent them from flying against objects. Surely these gentlemen must have forgot, that out of the almost infinite number of night insects, whose functions are performed with never-deviating regularity, very few are possessed of the luminous property.

Manchester, 1823.

JOHANNES.

† The above descriptions, were taken from some preserved specimens that I had in my possession, at the time I wrote this paper.

STONEHENGE.—A PRIZE POEM.

(Recited at Oxford, June 12, 1823.)

Wrapt in the veil of Time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
Where cold oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty, or Ionian grace;
No pillar'd lines with sculptor'd foliage crown'd
No fluted remnants deck the hallow'd ground;
Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone appears its giant height,
Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.

Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray,
And glids with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
How, at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Uncertain forms prolong the viewless dance;
While on each whisp'ring breeze that murmurs by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.

Rise, from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time!
'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on Tradition's page:
See! at thy call, from Fable's varied store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour;
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke, and scorns th' oppressor's chain;
Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,
Waves the dark wand, and chants the thrilling spell.
Hark! 'tis the bardic lyre, whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain;
Lo! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
In lowliest homage bends before the shrine.
He comes—the priest—amid the sunken blaze
His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays;
Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light;
O'er the black scene of death each conscious star,
In lurid glory, rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
From Sarum's loneliness, and Mona's glade;
Hush! is each note of Tallien's lyre,
Sheath'd the fell blade, and quench'd the fatal fire,
On wings of light Hope's angel form appears,
Smiles on the past, and points to happier years;
Points, with uplifted hand, and raptur'd eye,
To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky;
And views, at length, the Sun of Jaded power
One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

THO. STOKES SALMON, BRISTOL COLLEGE.

† See Smith's Tour on the Continent, edit. 2nd, Vol. III. p. 83.

* History of the Insects of Surinam.

FROM MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

(Concluded from our last.)

I was present when he first demanded of the trembling Eliza if she had not made promises she could not, as his child, ever perform; she did not attempt to deny that her heart was no longer her own, but, in all the modest simplicity of truth, acknowledged that nothing but an union with the object of her dearest affections could make her happy here, and she in vain besought her parent to ratify her choice with his blessing. It were impossible to describe the eloquence of her eyes as she pleaded for the object of her affection, and exclaimed, in the fervency of her love—

"Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?"

But her cruel parent was inexorable, and denied him for ever admission to his house. Eliza now flew, in all the agony of despair, to her doating mother; but her father had reached the room before her, and she sunk lifeless, to all appearance, beneath his cutting glance. Many weeks elapsed before she could leave the house, or even approach her father, so much were her nerves affected, and her frame shaken.

Day after day did Edward repair to the place of rendezvous, but in vain, no Eliza was there, and no tidings of her reached his ear; he dared not to call, lest her father should question him on a subject he had never been bold enough to mention, and which, from report, he feared would never be sanctioned. A month elapsed but Eliza appeared not; he lingered about the house, and still no form of his beloved presented itself. The heart-rending idea that she was faithless to her vows, frequently flashed across his mind; but, too well convinced that such ideas must be groundless and that her former conduct gave him no reason for them, they were soon banished; and, though worn with anxiety for her safety, this assurance removed the greater load from his mind.

About this time he was obliged to fulfil an engagement which he had long been under, to visit some relations who resided a few miles from the town, and, though he spent the whole morning in traversing the street in which his adored Eliza lived, yet the hour arrived when he must depart, without having obtained a sight of her.

Dull flew the hours that were occupied in the journey, for his heart beat little in unison with the lively scene which surrounded him, and when the door of the stage was opened to announce the completion of the journey, he seemed to awake as from a reverie of pain and mental suffering. During his visit the hours and days glided on tediously, and his whole time was spent in melancholy solitude. His friends remonstrated with, and endeavoured to convince him, that by confinement he was counteracting all those beneficial effects which his visit should impart, but it was in vain. His features assumed a steady melancholy, and his eyes, instead of their usual brilliancy, sunk deep in his head, and were almost lost beneath his protruding eye-brows. And when he did, for a short time, leave the house, it was but to wander in a neighbouring wood, where he would gather large bunches of that beautiful, but unassuming flower, "Forget me not," and with it, and it done, would he adorn his room, and he would now and then place a sprig between the leaves of any book from which he had received pleasure or information in the perusal. Such were the occupations of Edward, and it was too plain to his ever-watchful friends, that something unknown to them, weighed heavily on his mind, and was carrying him fast to his long home. It was on one of the finest mornings of summer, that he arose earlier than usual, and accompanied his cousin in her walk before breakfast, his spirits seemed, for the first time since his visit, to have returned with double force, and every small flower that decked the garden drew forth strong marks of admiration; still, in all his gaiety, there was a hurried manner totally unnatural to him, a rapid flow of speech in which he seldom expressed himself. He strolled many miles apparently unconscious whither he went, and seemed totally to have forgotten his cousin, whom he had left far behind. But, from the distance, the accustomed bell sounded its summons to the morning repast, and for the first time did it now convey any pleasure to his

ears, when with hasty steps he traversed the highly cultivated domain through which his road lay.

Many were the congratulations he met with during breakfast, and most heartily did he appear to oblige in with the joy of the party. All seemed harmony and love, nor was the assembly broken up till the following day was fixed to celebrate the anniversary of his cousin's birth, by a rural fete, to which the young people of the neighbourhood were to be invited. The day passed with the various delights that a beautiful country affords in the midst of summer. Whilst some formed a party in the fragrant bower, and joined the late with their soft voices, Edward accompanied his cousin in a small punt, which was always ready on a piece of water that ran through the grounds. A pleasant breeze formed a slight ripple on the stream, and the thrush and blackbird warbled sweetly from amongst the waving trees. With light hearts, they rowed to one of the largest islands, where they purposed preparing a scene, which they were confident would prove as gratifying as unexpected to their young party, and soon reached the shore, which was more steep than usual, from the little rain that had fallen during the season.

Edward immediately proceeded to surmount this difficulty, by placing the oars in such a position as to form a bridge from the boat to the land. He succeeded in the attempt, and springing upon them, was ready to assist his companion, when his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the lake.

So sudden was the shock to his astounded friend, that she scarcely knew what had happened, but the awful truth, with all its attendant horrors, rushed upon her mind, and she sank with a shriek in the boat, which was fast drifting towards the shore. The alarm spread, and the water was soon surrounded by the servants who were engaged in preparations for the morrow's festival. Seeing the boat floating down the stream, but neither visible, they doubted not but both had found a watery grave. At the moment when the vessel reached the shore, in which they saw the pale and distracted Mary, the remainder of the party who had amused themselves in various ways, and were then in search of their companions, arrived at the water's edge, little suspecting the awful scene that awaited them: or deeming how soon the brightest sunshine, and fairest day may be darkened and overcast by a sudden and unexpected cloud.

Mary was borne out of the boat apparently lifeless, and in vain did she attempt to speak, the words died upon her lips. Their first object was to convey her to the house, and prepare ropes, and other necessary apparatus for finding the body. Many hours elapsed before they succeeded, and then the vital spark had fled for ever.

In a few hours the scene of youthful gaiety was turned into mourning, and the chief of the party was gone. Altered but little were those peaceful features, for though animation was fled, there was still the pale countenance stamped with resignation and hope as when he breathed.

Mary soon recovered, but when she heard the fatal truth, it was almost too much for her enfeebled nerves. In a small writing-case was found a letter, containing his last wish:—that he might be buried in — church-yard, close to the walk where he first met Eliza. There was also a locket containing his own hair, and beside it the following lines, which, though only drawn up as a rough sketch, were evidently intended to accompany it:—

When these dim eyes no more can see,
When death shall seal my wayward lot,
And close my earthly destiny—

Forget me not.

When 'neath the damp and heavy clay,
This form shall fill one little spot,
Tho' by my grave you ne'er should stray—

Forget me not.

Or should the haunts where we have been,
Attract you, in that beauteous grove
Wash'd by the billows clear and green—

Forget me not.

But let this simple token prove
That there is one to whom thy lot
Was dear; thy only could I love—

Forget me not!

The day fixed for the solemn obsequies was bright, and the noon-day sun shone upon the sable plumes of the hearse, as they nodded beneath the gentle breeze. He was now passing, for the last time, the scene of

his love; the path along which so often he had wandered in company with Eliza, was now pressed by the wheels of that hearse which conveyed him to the silent tomb. He who once

"lov'd to dwell,
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,"

was now about to add to their number, over whom a monument should rise to occupy the thoughts of future generations. The blackbird and thrush still warbled their notes, unconscious that he who had so often listened to them, was now deaf to their melody, though so near.

Eliza had rambled to her favourite retreat for the first time this day since her indisposition, and looked with impatience for him, whose habitation was soon to be the tomb. As the bell tolled upon her ear, she strayed into the church to witness the last offices performed over a fellow mortal. Little was she prepared for the awful scene which awaited her, but her feelings were congenial with the place and ceremony which was about to occupy her, and as she followed with her eye the sacred remains into the house of God, a tear started from it, but she dashed the intruder from her face ere it was yet visible. But when the coffin was placed uncovered on the bier, and she read the name—the name of him she loved, she adored,—she uttered a wild and piercing shriek, which echoed along the vaulted roof, and darted from the mansion of God.

The day waned, and the cold breezes of evening blew along the coast, but no Eliza returned home; her doating mother fancied a thousand things, and as one idea arose, it was as quickly dispelled by another. All was dimmy and confusion, her brothers went from house to house, but no one had seen her, no person in the town could give any information respecting her.

Little was the rest which her family shared during the night, and, as soon as morning broke, messengers were despatched in every direction to seek the unfortunate wanderer. No news was heard of her, and another night was passed in like suspense.

All hopes were now abandoned; the morning was thick and stormy, and the wind whistled along the beach. About evening they saw a female on a high rock, over which her white garments waved in the breeze; she appressed to hail them, and unaccountable as it was, they immediately put off a boat, and with difficulty reached the only point from which the rock on which she stood was accessible. After a rough scramble, they succeeded in placing her in the vessel, and steered for — the only word she could pronounce. No sooner had they reached the harbour, than anxious enquiries were made whether they had seen any person similar to the description. The inquirer was shewn into the cabin, where he beheld his sister, but a deadly paleness was upon her, and she spoke not.

Her mother had taken no nourishment since her loss, and when she saw her daughter, she knew her not. Eliza, alike unconscious, spoke nothing, nor did she appear to know those by whom she was surrounded; the kind affection of her friends was unheeded, for she remained in a listless and inanimate stupor.

Her sisters watched by her bed side the long night, but no voice disturbed its silence, all was still as death, she had breathed her last without a sigh, without a struggle. She lies buried beneath that slab, her memory is cherished—she died beloved by all!

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions."

From that time her parent remained senseless to every thing, until the awful hour, when, in a fit of desperation, she terminated her existence.—She now lies beside her daughter, the good, the fair, the beautiful! It was her funeral that I witnessed; the impression it made is deeply graven on my memory—she sleeps in peace!

Liverpool.

IGNOTO.

HAY-MAKING.

Would you know
The time to mow
And duly get your hay in?
'Tis when the moon's without a haze,
'Tis when the morn's without a blaze,
And the eastern gales are playing.

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

One night the nymph call'd COUNTRY-DANCE,—
Whom folks, of late, have us'd so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
A mincing thing, *Mamselle* QUADRILLE—

Having been chas'd from London down
To that last, humblest haunt of all,
She us'd to grace—a Country Town—
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driv'n
"From London's gay and shining tracks—
"Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
"I've lost, for ever lost Almack's—

"Though not a London Miss alive
"Would now for her acquaintance own me;
"And spinsters, ev'n, of forty-five,
"Upon their honours ne'er have known me.

"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
"And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
"Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—
"See nought but *true-blue* Country-dancers.

"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
"My throne, like Magna Charta, raise
"Among sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
"That scorn the threaten'd *chaîne Anglaise*."

'Twas thus she said, as, 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squireses all,
With young Squirinas, just *come out*,
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt).

Already, as she tripp'd up stairs,
She in the cloak-room saw assembling—
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops—she listens—*can it be?*
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it—
It is "*Di tanti palpiti*"
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however—in she goes,
With her best, sweeping country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty)
A band-box thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*—
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair—
Her poetry, from *Lamartine*—
Her morals, from—the Lord knows where.

And, when she danc'd—so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face the while, too, prim, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright *pendules* dial-plate—
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas going.

Fall fronting her stood *Country Dance*—
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a single glance—
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,
And rather giv'n to skips and bounces;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did she of Albion wear;
Let her but run that two-beat race
She calls a *Set*—not *Dian* e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chace.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in 't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
Which English maids call "*Waterloo*")—

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "*Money Musk*,"
Which struck up now—she proudly spoke.

"Heard you that strain—that joyous strain?
"Twas such as England lov'd to hear,
"Ere thou, and all thy trippery train,
"Corrupted both her foot and ear—

* An Old English Country-Dance,

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
"Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,
"To lay his rude, licentious hands
"On virtuous English backs and shoulders—
"Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
"Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,
"With elbows, *a la crapaudine*,
"And feet, in—God knows what position.

"Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,
"Inspectors of your airs and graces,
"Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
"And read your telegraphic faces.

"Unable with the youth ador'd,
"In that grim *cordon* of Mammals,
"To interchange one tender word,
"Though whisper'd but in *queue-de-chats*.

"Ah did you know how blest we rang'd,
"Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle—
"What looks in *setting* were exchange'd,
"What tender words in *down the middle*!

"How many a couple, like the wind,
"Which nothing in its course controuls,
"Left time and chaperons far behind,
"And gave a loose to legs and souls.

"How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd
"By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting!
"How charmingly one's partner popp'd
"Th' important question in *poussette-ang*.

"While now, alas,—no sly advances—
"No marriage hints—all goes on badly—
"Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,
"We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
"Declares not half so much is made
"By Licenses—and he must know well—
"Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceas'd—tears fell from every Miss—
She now had touch'd the true pathetic;—
One such authentic fact as this,
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was "Country Dance!"
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birth-right place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,
Now tun'd again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.
Thomas Brown, the Younger.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

(Under the immediate patronage of the King.)

OBJECT.—THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE is instituted for the advancement of General Literature.

MEANS.—THE SOCIETY PROPOSES.—1. To promote, by assistance from its funds, or otherwise, the publication, and, in some cases, the translation, of valuable manuscripts, discovered in any public or private Collection.

2. To encourage such discoveries by all suitable means.

3. To promote the publication of Works of great intrinsic value, but not of so popular a character as to induce the risk of individual expense.

4. To read, at its public Meetings, such papers on subjects of General Literature, as shall have been first approved by the Council of the Society; from which papers a selection shall be made, to be printed in the Transactions of the Society.

5. To adjudge Honorary Rewards, to persons who shall have rendered any eminent service to Literature, or produced any work highly distinguished for Learning or Genius; provided always, that such work contain nothing hostile to Religion or Morality.

6. To establish Correspondence with Learned men in Foreign Countries, for the purpose of Literary inquiry and information.

7. To elect, as Honorary Associates, persons eminent for the pursuit of Literature; and from these to elect Associates on the Royal Foundation, and on the foundation of the Society, as circumstances may admit.

The Society is to consist of Fellows and Associates; from amongst the former is to be elected a Council, in which will be vested the direction and management of the Funds of the Society; the adjudication of the Honorary Rewards; the nomination of Associates, of Honorary Members, and Honorary Associates; the selection of Papers, to be read at the meetings, or published in the Memoirs of the Society; the appointment of subordinate Officers and Servants, with such Sala-

ries as shall to them seem reasonable, subject to the approbation of the next Annual Meeting of the Society; and the administration of all the Affairs of the Society; all their proceedings being subject to such By-Laws as the General Annual Meeting may find it expedient to establish.

To forward the views of the institution, his Majesty has assigned to ten associates, the annual sum of 100 guineas each, payable out of the Privy purse, and also a further sum of 100 guineas for two medals as honorary rewards to be adjudged to literary works of eminent merit, and to important discoveries in literature.

Such are the general outlines of the plan of this literary institution; and we have only to hope it may succeed according to the spirit in which it has been projected.

The following officers were unanimously elected:—
PRESIDENT.—Lord Bishop of St. David's.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—Lord Bishop of Chester, Lord Chief Justice, Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, Hon. G. Agar Ellis, Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., Sir J. Mackintosh, Rev. Archdeacon Nares, Colonel Leake.

TREASURER.—A. E. Impey, Esq.

LIBRARIAN.—The Rev. H. H. Baber.

SECRETARY.—The Rev. Richard Cattermole.

COUNCIL.—Marquis of Lansdown, Lord Grenville, Lord Morpeth, Sir T. Acland, Bart., Sir E. Johnston, F. Chantrey, Esq., Taylor Combe, Esq. Rev. George Croly, James Cumming, Esq. W. Empson, Esq., Rev. Dr. Gray, Prince Hoare, Esq., W. Jerdan, Esq., Rev. Archdeacon Prosser, Rev. Dr. Richards, Rev. C. Sumner.

THE CUDGEL:

AN HISTORICAL, MORAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY.

(From the French of M. Arnault.)

A cudgel is a piece of round wood, long, not flexible, of an equal diameter, and may be handled at every part.

Have you to govern animals? Provide yourself with a cudgel properly prepared, and you become a shepherd, a general, a bishop, a king, or a drum-major, according to the sort of beasts you have to direct; and whether you happen to be at the head of a troop or of a flock.

Sceptre, crosier, crook, staff of command, staff gilded or not gilded,—all are made of wood, and of the same sort of wood.

Three days older than the world, and three days younger than man; on the third day the trees, of which cudgels are a part, were made; while it was on the sixth that man was made, in the image and likeness of God.

In the old heroic times Hercules superintended the police of the world with a thick cudgel, which he occasionally laid about him; and a terrible justice of peace he was.

All the ancient republics bowed to the authority of the cudgel. At Rome, where by the law it was forbidden to appear armed in the public assemblies, more than once was its authority called in to decide between the plebeians and the patricians. *Furor arma ministrat*, every thing became arms when folks were enraged. In the forum, a bench, in the hands of Scipio Nasica, was the weapon with which he put to death the elder of the Gracchi. Men are always ingenious in finding means of killing each other; and, if you prevent them from cutting throats, they take to knocking on the head.

The empire of the cudgel is more ancient than that of civilization, and has not been disturbed by it. In Europe it reigns over more than one civilized people, and, thanks to the progress of intelligence, it may perhaps extend its sway over all. In China, where civilization began several thousand years before the creation of the world, the paramount jurisdiction is that of the cudgel. There, even among the Mandarins, each has the right to administer to his inferior the discipline of the bastinado, which his superior may retort upon him, and all this done with scrupulous politeness. There every shoulder is subject to the stick, except those of his imperial majesty, the source of all distinctions; and to whom, as in all other well-constituted states, the stream of justice can never reascend.

In Turkey, where the jurisprudence is almost as perfect as in China, men are subject to the cudgel from

head to foot, all intermediate parts of the body being therein comprised. The quality of cousin of Mahomet, of whom indeed there are no small numbers, does not exempt you from it. It is true they do not belabour a relation of the prophet until they have first taken off, with every mark of respect, the green turban which marks his consanguinity, which turban they also return to him with equal respect after the ceremony. A Cadi never fails in this; for, in Turkey, as elsewhere, they have much deeper consideration for any thing not man than for man himself.

To thrash a Roman citizen was to dishonour him: the *moderus* are in this respect true Romans. To beat a man is to inflict upon him the greatest possible dishonour.

Insolence and baseness often go together; a stick can alone do justice to this association: it is the power which the madman Cyrano de Bergerac employed against Montfleury, whom he had under his thumb. One day this comedian, who was enormously fat, displayed less docility than usual to the caprices of the Gascon poet: 'Because it takes a whole day to beat him,' said Bergerac, 'the rogue thinks I have given up making myself obeyed.'

Baurn, who was a wit in the court of Anne of Austria, received more than once a store of dry blows as a reward for his epigrams. I forget what nobleman it was, who, meeting him with a stick in his hand, said, 'Baurn reminds me of St. Lawrence with his gridiron; he cannot separate himself from the instrument of his martyrdom.'

Actors do not scruple to give and take blows upon the stage, and this shocks certain fastidious persons. The French academy required of Molière, before they would admit him, that he should, if he would not renounce the stage, at least give up those characters in which he used to receive a beating. That philosopher would not, however, purchase the honours of a place in the academy by such a concession.—What sort of honours could they be which appeared to him inferior even to a bastinadoing?

Some philosophers have classed cudgelling among the arguments, and certain ingenious dialecticians have employed it in a very conclusive manner. It was with a thick stick that they used to demonstrate the existence of pain to the Pyrrhonists.

In England, where the wives are under the empire of the cudgel, as well as under that of their husbands, by virtue of a custom of equal force with a positive law, there is a village in which this custom prevails in its fullest vigour. There, as elsewhere, those of the stronger party sometimes abuse their power: a young and humane magistrate, however, taking up the interest of the wives, resolved to modify a law which he could not abrogate. He therefore procured a decree, by virtue of which wives should not in future be beaten with a stick of greater circumference than his finger, not specifying which finger. From the period of this judicious decree, it is said that the door of the judge is daily besieged by a crowd of wives, who go for the purpose of comparing the instrument of their punishment with the juridical finger, and to measure themselves the size of the cudgels.

TO ELIZA.

Fare thee well! we meet no more
In earthly hall or earthly bower.
Those golden times will ne'er return
Which then I prized, and now I mourn;
Those cheerful evenings long and gay,
When joy chased every tear away,
When every social charm combin'd
To banish grief and calm the mind.
Those scenes will never be renewed,
But oft in fancy's eye be viewed.
When winter's howling blasts arise
And veil with dark'ning clouds the skies,
I'll think how happy I should be,
If I could spend an hour with thee.—
And when in clear expanse of sky,
The moon has hung her lamp on high,
With all the glittering stars attending,
Their little light to mortals lending,—
I'll think that thou art gazing too,
On the fair scene that meets my view.
And when our souls have winged their way
To regions of eternal day,
We'll meet again in endless joy,
In happiness without alloy.
Till then, farewell—we meet no more,
In earthly hall, or earthly bower.

Manchester.

V.

A MECHANIC'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM LONDON TO PARIS, IN 1822.

(From the Literary Chronicle.)

FINDING employment extremely scarce in London, and having an anxiety, like my betters, of seeing that far-famed city, of which it is said, 'he who has not seen Paris has seen nothing,' I resolved to start while my finances were equal to the task; although I had to walk the whole distance, through a country entirely unknown to me, having but an imperfect knowledge of the language, and being unacquainted with the habits and manners of the people. The whole of my cash was £3:7s. and a handkerchief contained all my luggage. I had procured my passport some days previous. Tuesday morning, April 23, was the day fixed for my departure. I rose with a heavy heart, and, I verily believe, I should have resigned my purpose, if the fear of being laughed at had not fixed my resolution. I passed over Westminster Bridge at five in the morning, the rain descending in torrents. This seemed, indeed, a bad omen, but I was not to be diverted from my purpose, but trudged on with a depression of spirits, such as I think, all must feel, who are about to leave their own and enter a foreign country. After experiencing much fatigue, I arrived at Dover, on Thursday, at five in the evening. It was new, for the first time in my life, that I saw the ocean. The sun was, apparently, sinking into it, and never did I feel such emotions in my breast before. Which ever way I looked, nothing was to be seen but water bounded only by the horizon. I slept at the *Pleur de Lis*, and understanding the packet sailed at nine next morning, I rose early to walk over the castle and the cliffs. A warden shewed me and another young man the different curiosities of the castle, among which, is the cannon named Queen Anne's pocket piece. It is a similar looking gun to the one in St. James's Park; but is longer by about two feet. It was given to this queen by the Dutch, and there is an inscription on it in the same language, which, freely translated, signifies:—

'Load me well and keep me clean,
I'll carry a ball to Calais green.'

But I was informed it would not carry further than three miles. Near this spot, is a hill, from which, two merchants crossed the channel to Calais a few years back. In the centre is the tower, supposed to have been built by Julius Caesar, but it is little better than mere ruins. The number of guns and mortars here is very great. The view of the sea from this height is majestic in the extreme. We next ascend the cliffs on the other side of the town. After passing through a long passage cut out of the rock, we had the choice of three flights of stone steps, each winding over the other to the top, where they all meet. I understand it was constructed thus, to prevent the enemy from rushing up in a body, if they should enter the harbour; but I don't see how that would be possible, as the cliffs are mounted with cannon as well as the castle, and must sink every thing within their reach. The highest of the cliffs is Shakespeare's Cliff, so named from his beautiful description of it in 'King Lear.' The view from here is terrific; the men in the town seeming but children—the vessels on the water appearing mere specks. The rock is excavated in different parts; and barracks are built there, which are completely defended both from the fire and an enemy, or the raging wind that continually blows on this elevated spot. The time had now arrived for the vessels to start, but the wind had got up so much, and the sea beat so high over the pier, that none of the vessels would venture out; and the carriages and &c. were reloaded, it not being considered safe to cross. About half-past three in the afternoon, the captain of the government packet made preparations to sail, being resolved to pass with the mail if possible, although the wind had not abated. I with only another went on board, each paying 5s.—the fare in the steerage. It is particularly necessary to make an agreement, or they will charge whatever they please when at sea,—where they take your fare and enter your name in a book. It was a sailing boat, no steam boats being then established. My heart sank, as we passed out of the harbour, at the idea of leaving my native shores, perhaps, for ever. We had left the coast three or four miles before

we experienced the very heavy sea that continued the rest of the passage.—I now began to feel the sensation of sickness, and it was not long before my stomach was cleared of every thing in it. Those only who have felt this sensation can describe it. When about half-way over, we first had a view of Calais, for the cliff seen from Dover is several miles from that town. At seven o'clock, we arrived about half-a-mile from the harbour, but there was not water enough to admit us; and though the French put off two boats to land us, yet the surf was so great, that they had not the courage to approach us, but rowed in shore again. We were, therefore, obliged to remain till the next tide, which was half-past one in the morning. It was here I felt more than I ever felt in my life before, by hunger, cold, and sickness combined, having eaten nothing since ten in the morning, and having nothing to rest on but the sails soaked with sea-water—the motion of the vessel preventing my taking the least sleep.

At last, half-past one was announced, and orders given to sail; in a few minutes we were in the harbour, but I still remained below; for those who have felt sea sickness, know that it deprives them of all power of exertion. In about half an hour, with the assistance of my companion, I went on deck. All was darkness, and scarcely a person could be discerned; but the perpetual babble and confusion convinced me I was not now in England. We were led to the custom-house, and slightly searched, leaving our passports. We then passed through the gate of the town, for which they demanded, from each, half a frank. After having fruitlessly marched over half the town to find a vacant bed, they being all occupied at the English houses, we were happy, at last, in getting a night's rest in a little house, kept by a Frenchman, in Rue-de-la-Mer. It was not long before an omelet was ready for our empty stomachs, and never did I enjoy a meal better; and, indeed, I had never tasted an omelet before. With this we drank wine, coffee, and brandy; and when our passports were copied into a book, kept by all *aubergistes*, we retired to rest, in what appeared more like tents than bedsteads. However, fatigue silenced all objections.

In the morning, before breakfast, we walked round the town, which consists of very little more than the market-place, which is certainly very handsome, containing the lighthouse, an ancient church, the Bureau de Police, and coffee and other houses.—Here I first found the inconvenience of having no pavement to walk on, as most of the principal streets have flag stones.—The houses here are much superior to those in Dover, being built with stone, and are loftier, yet they have a prison-like appearance; the harbour much surpasses Dover harbour. On the pier head is a pillar of stone, about 20 feet high, and two feet in diameter, mounted with a large gilt fleur de lis; and near the base is an inscription commemorating the landing of Louis XVIII. on this spot. I was greatly struck with the great difference of discipline between the English and French military; here was a soldier on guard in an old ragged grey coat, his face and clothes all covered with dirt, and he in busy conversation with an oyster wench; I will only remark that I don't think a Frenchman a worse soldier for being so much at his ease. I now parted with my companion, and paying two francs for a provisional passport, I started on my destination, and at the very first village I had a specimen of that politeness for which the French are so justly praised; for, on asking the road to Boulogne of a ragged looking object, he informed me with all the grace imaginable, and then reminded me that I had not saluted him by putting my hand to my hat; though this was rather repugnant to the feelings of an Englishman, yet I did not fail following his advice afterwards. I went into a cottage for some refreshment, and was struck with the great contrast between this and an English cottage; here every thing was dirt and filth, with literally ground for the floor, which had not been swept for ages; the persons of the cottagers, were in keeping with their habitations, being dressed almost wholly in woollen clothes; they had a meagre and half starved appearance, which even their dogs and cats partook of, making a horrible noise while the family were eating, all out of the same bowl, what they called soup, but which in fact was nothing more than a composition of peas, lard, herbs, pepper, and salt, with thin slices of black bread soaked in it. I soon found that I was not to expect meat for my meals,

unless I was content with that which had been stewed for hours to make soup, I therefore contented myself, nearly the whole of the road, with eggs cooked different ways; but I was forced to keep a sharp look out to prevent them from putting lard or garlic into my food, which they themselves are so fond of. Those who have never seen a drove of French pigs, can form no idea of them, I can compare them to nothing better than to a pack of greyhounds, so miserably deficient are they in flesh.

I arrived at Boulogne about five in the evening;—a gay delightful place, having an excellent harbour, though it is difficult to approach by sea; the principal streets are paved. In this town, even in preference to Paris, I would wish to reside, but I found it had obtained a bad name on account of the immense number of runaway English who were settled here. It had acquired no less an appellation than the new Botany Bay. Next morning I started again, and passing through several villages, arrived in sight of Montreuil, which has a majestic appearance from the distance; but on entering the town the illusion vanishes, and nothing presents itself but a cluster of dirty lanes, so steep that the horses are obliged to wind half round the town to ascend. I could not find one person who could speak English. This town is strongly fortified by nature, but the works are rapidly falling into decay; it was here I first observed a great want of decency in the females exposing themselves, where crowds were passing every minute. I continued my road till I arrived at Nampont, a dirty straggling village celebrated by Sterne, but I am certain by no one else, for it is the most miserable village I ever saw, even in France. Here I was forced to rest for the night, being much fatigued and sore at foot. The next morning, being Sunday, I set off again, arriving at noon at Abbeville, a large noble town, containing a magnificent cathedral, with fine houses and streets, but not a morsel of pavement. As far as here my progress had been smooth, but now my troubles began, for I had no sooner left the walks than I was saluted by a blacksmith asking me for my *papier*. Not comprehending the meaning of this word, and thinking this one of the many instances of vexatious interruptions practised on Englishmen, I forced myself from him and the crowd who had collected; but was stopped by him while a boy was sent for a *gens d'armes*, to whom I showed my passport and departed. I arrived about seven o'clock at Amiens. Here I was again overhauled and taken before the mayor, who kept me standing more than an hour, while my passport was being signed and counter-signed. I was then obliged to shew my money, and asked my object in going to Paris, but my invariable answer was that I was going to my friends. They told me I must not sleep in the town, but I was resolved not to sleep out of it; therefore when I had passed the walls, I took my lodging for the night. Inquiring for my bed, my hostess informed me that, it being Sunday evening, there would be dancing and music in the house, and if I remained up, I should be highly entertained; but I declined,—little thinking that I should be a forced spectator. My bedstead was placed in a niche (which is common in France) of a very large room. I found my bed about a foot too short for me, but, by lying from one corner to the opposite one, I was enabled to fall asleep. I had slept about an hour, when I was aroused in a fright by the noise of several musical instruments, and, peeping through the curtains, I saw several couples dancing, while others were singing. As sleep was out of the question, I contented myself with peeping at them, for about two hours, when they departed. I reflected for some time at the striking contrast between these and my own countrymen, and could not help thinking, that a little innocent amusement like this, although on a Sunday-evening, was yet better than wasting time and health in a public house. Full of these thoughts I fell fast asleep.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM COOMBE, Esq.

It is not, we assure our readers, with the common newspaper regret, which grieves or rejoices in proportion as the proprietors are paid for it, that we announce the death of the ever

to be admired author of 'DR. SYNTAX,'—the octogenarian Dr. Coombe. This gentleman, who has long been known to the literary world by his various productions, but who has never affixed his name to his works, died on Thursday, at his apartments, Lambeth-road, in the eighty-second year of his age. He originally excited great attention in the fashionable world by a poem entitled, 'The Diaboliad,' the hero of which was generally understood to be a nobleman lately deceased. Many other poems issued from his pen, but none ever bore the stamp of his name. Within the last few years, under the liberal patronage of Mr. Ackermann, who continued to be a generous friend to him till his last moments, he brought forth a work which became very popular and attractive, under the title of 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque.' This work, which he extended to a 'Second and Third Tour,' with nearly the same spirit and humour as characterized the first, will for ever rank amongst the most humorous productions of British literature. He afterwards produced poems entitled 'The English Dance of Death,' and 'The Dance of Life,' which were written with the same spirit, humour, and knowledge of mankind that marked his other works. His last poem was 'The History of Johnny Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax.' All these works were illustrated by some admirable prints, from the designs of Mr. Rowlandson.

Among the other works of this gentleman was 'The Devil upon two sticks in England,' in which many very distinguished characters at that period were introduced, and the whole fairly entitles him to rank the English Le Sage. He was the author of several political pamphlets, which made a considerable impression on the public, and also of letters, which appear under the title of 'Letters of the late Lord Littleton.' Mr. Coombe began life under the most favourable auspices. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. He possessed great talents and a very fine person, as well as a good fortune, which, unhappily, he soon dissipated among the high connections to which his talents and attainments introduced him, and he subsequently passed through many vicissitudes of life, which at length compelled him to resort to literature for support. Innumerable are the works of taste and science which were submitted to his revision, and of which others had the reputation. A love of show and dress, but neither gaming nor drinking, was the source of his embarrassments. He was, indeed, remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a medicine; but, though a mere water drinker, his spirit at the social board kept pace with that of the company. He possessed musical knowledge and taste, and formerly sung in a very agreeable manner. His conversation was always entertaining and instructive, and he possessed a calm temper with very agreeable manners. He was twice married. His second wife, who is now alive, is the sister of Mrs. Cosway, and possessed of congenial taste and talents.

The life of Mr. Coombe, if impartially written, would be pregnant with amusement and instruction; but those whose literary contributions might have provided interesting materials, are probably most of them with him in the grave; and he will be hereafter chiefly remembered as the author of 'Dr. Syntax.' We ought not to conclude this article without bearing testimony to the firm reliance which Mr. Coombe placed in the Divine origin of the Christian religion, and a future existence; and

to the fortitude and resignation with which he supported his full conviction of the near approach of his final release from all sublunary troubles.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASCENT OF MR. GREEN AND MR. SPARROW, IN A BALLOON.

Oxford, June 14.—The ascent of the balloon was fixed for one o'clock at the gas works: upwards of 5,000 persons were assembled to enjoy the sight. The ascent was, however, delayed for more than two hours by an accident that happened to the poles from which it suspended.—About half-past two the inflation being completed. Mr. Green mounted the car, accompanied by a young gentleman from London, of the name of Sparrow, who paid the aeronaut £50 to be allowed to encounter the perils of the voyage. Nothing could exceed the intrepid self-possession of them both. The beautiful and majestic vehicle rose with extreme slowness, and Mr. Green immediately threw out part of his ballast, but not with entire effect; for the net work, encircling the balloon, caught the corner of the chimney of one of the gas furnaces, by which the car was nearly upset, and at the moment a feeling of horror pervaded the breasts of the thousands below. Fortunately, however, the aeronauts kept their seats, and instantly Mr. Sparrow waved his flag gaily and frequently, in token of the car having recovered its balance. Mr. S. has given a particular narrative of their course:—On rising from the ground it appeared as if they were impelled upwards, not unlike the feeling excited by the action of a swing; the concussion when the car struck the chimney of the gas-work was electric, and gave the car a vertical movement. On clearing this obstruction, they took an oblique direction, inclining to south-west, when a light current of air springing up, they again changed for due east, and rose perpendicularly and rapid, from the quantity of ballast they had thrown out to clear the gas-works. It is not in the power of language to express the gratification the aeronaut experienced on viewing the expanse above him into which he was gradually and almost imperceptibly rising. They here (at about half a mile from the earth) encountered a variety of currents, which produced a retrograde and sometimes angular motion. To avoid any sensation of fear from looking too suddenly down on the objects beneath, the young aeronaut accustomed himself to the view by gradation, taking the more distant objects first, and in a short time he was able to look with the greatest confidence on the surface of the earth, which at this time presented the most beautiful variety of colours, resembling a mosaic pavement, heightened by the sun's reflection. Around them, the clouds appeared an ocean of snow; beneath, the splendid carpet of nature spread forth her gay varieties over an immeasurable expanse. The accident at starting had injured the barometer, but so as to prevent their calculating the heights. On leaving the earth, the mercury stood at 29 inches 7-10ths. At the greatest altitude to which they rose, it was at 31 inches 3-10ths; from this they calculate they were above two miles in height from the surface of the earth. The thermometer fluctuated greatly; the lowest point was 55, and the highest 70. As the barometer would not answer to the descent, they had recourse to an expedient, by placing one of the flags over the side of the car, and observing the action of the air upon it: by this means they ascertained when they were descending or rising. When they had been in the air about one hour and a half, the cap of the neck of the balloon came off, and they were compelled to stand up and tie a silk-handkerchief round; by which means they succeeded in preventing the too rapid escape of gas. Nothing material occurred for the next hour and a half, until they began to descend. Mr. Green conceived they hovered over Nettlebed-heath, where the woods are unusually thick. They had now little ballast left, and therefore no choice of selecting a more favorable spot; they continued to descend rapidly, and at about a thousand feet from the earth, Mr. Green gave his companion instructions to throw out the cushions and cling fast to the hoop from which the car was suspended to the balloon: they had scarcely done so before they experienced a most violent concussion, from the machine striking the earth and rebounding a height of 50 feet; it then rose

and passed a few yards when, on a second descent and shock, Mr. Sparrow was thrown out, and the balloon thus lightened, rose again, with Mr. Green, and at about a distance of 150 yards, Mr. Sparrow having recovered from the shock, and caught hold of the ropes, the netting and car became entangled in the tops of some very high trees; in this perilous situation immediate assistance was afforded by the labourers in Lady Stapleton's Park, where they had first fallen upon a rising ground, and within 300 yards of the mansion-house. Stapleton Park is two miles from Henley, and 22 from Oxford. The balloon was, by the exertions of a dozen strong fellows, soon secured, and Mr. Green descended down a rope to terra-firma. The car was dashed to pieces by the violence of the shock. Lady Stapleton instantly sent and invited the aeronauts to partake of some refreshments, and offered them every assistance in securing and conveying the balloon to Oxford, where they arrived about twelve o'clock on Friday night. A large sum of money was collected on the ground for admission to view the process of filling.

THE CABINET.

THE ICE-HILLS, OR RUSSIAN MOUNTAINS.

(From Dr. Clark's Travels.)

The frozen Neva presents a crowded and busy scene. In one part, booths are erected on the ice, where brandy and drams of every kind are sold; in another direction are pedlars, mountebanks, and jugglers, and the pastimes of Bartholomew Fair; in a different place are dramatic representations of a burlesque and ridiculous nature, to which the spectators are admitted for a few copecks. The ice-hills afford an amusement to the populace, peculiar to the inhabitants of Russia. A scaffolding of wood is raised on the river, to the height of forty feet; from the summit, an inclined plane, having a steep descent, is covered with blocks of ice, firmly united together by water poured over them. The sides of the steps, or ladder, which lead by the back part of the scaffolding to the top, are decorated with fir-trees. The low sledge, resembling, in shape, a butcher's tray, descends the hill with a rapidity sufficiently great to carry the person seated in it over a large tract of ice cleared of the snow, to an opposite scaffolding, constructed in a similar manner. Here he takes his sledge on his back, mounts the steps, and proceeds as before. Those who do not wish to descend alone, have a guide, who seats himself in the sledge as far back as he can, raising his legs at the same time; the other person is placed before him, and between his legs, in a similar position. The sledges, horses, and carriages, moving about in various directions, and the crowds of spectators who assemble to behold this amusement, present a very striking and animated scene.

BENEDICTION OF THE WATERS OF THE NEVA.

From the same.

A small temple, of an octagon form, made of wood, painted and adorned with crosses and pictures, representing parts of the history of John the Baptist, is erected on the Admiralty Canal: an inclosure is formed around it, and within is a hole out in the ice. A platform, covered with scarlet cloth, leads from the palace to the temple: along which the procession advances, consisting of the archbishop, accompanied by bishops and dignitaries of the church, the imperial family, and persons attached to the court. Having arrived at the temple, different prayers are recited; after which, the archbishop descends a ladder placed within the octagon building, and dips the cross thrice in the water; the benediction being pronounced at the same time. Some of the water is then taken up in a vessel, and sprinkled on the surrounding spectators. The military, with their standards; the religious orders, in their different dresses, the presence of the imperial family; and the crowds of people assembled together, form a very striking scene. The last occasion on which Peter the Great appeared in public, was at the celebration of this ceremony. He was previously indisposed; a severe cold attacked him on the day of the benediction of the waters, increased his disorder, and in a short time brought on his death.

At the celebration of a ceremony of the same kind, which was instituted in the early period of the empire at Moscow, an image of the Holy Virgin was plunged into the river; the water was blessed by the patriarch; and the Czar, and the persons of the court who were present, were sprinkled with it.

SILVER MINES OF KONGSBERG.

(From the same.)

The silver occurs in lumps of native metal: but so unusual is this circumstance, that when the mine was first discovered, many refused to give credit to the fact of such masses being actually brought to light. We shall mention some of the most considerable. The first is that preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen; its weight being five hundred and sixty Danish pounds, and its value five thousand rix-dollars. It is a mass of native silver, nearly six feet in length, and in one part above eighteen inches in diameter. Similar masses were discovered in the year 1630, and in 1719, and in 1727, which severally weighed from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty, and three hundred pounds, each. In the shaft called St. Andrew, a piece of pure silver was found, in 1727, weighing two hundred and seventy-nine pounds; and, in the same year, another, weighing three hundred and four pounds, was found in God's Blessing shaft. These occasional masses, occurring casually in the rock, and being soon interrupted in their passage through it, or dwindling gradually to nothing, the miner must continue to dig through the barren stone until he has the good fortune to meet with more of the same nature, which, in one day, may reward the fruitless labour of months, and perhaps of years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Not clearly comprehending the following extract, I have to request an elucidation from some of your philosophical readers.

I am, &c.

Manchester, June 23rd.

D.

"God, in creating the first individual of each species, animal or vegetable, not only gave form to the dust of the earth, but a principle of life, inclosing in each, a greater or smaller quantity of original particles, indistinguishable and common to all organized beings. These pass from body to body, supporting the life, and ministering to the nutrition and growth of each. And when any body is reduced to ashes, these original particles, on which death hath no power, survive and pass into other beings, bringing with them nourishment and life. Thus every production, every renovation, every increase by generation or nutrition, supposes a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, an accession of these organical particles, which ever subsisting in an equal number, render nature always equally full of life. The total quantity of life in the universe is therefore perpetually the same. And whatever death seems to destroy, it destroys, no part of that primitive life, which is diffused through all organized beings."

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent L. (in your last paper) I beg leave to hand you an account of the book he inquired after; I derived my information from Mr. R. Collier, a grandson of Old Tim's, and was once present at an interview between Mr. C. and the person alluded to which took place in a room near Mr. D. Holt's factory.

Some years since the imperfect copy of Chaucer belonged to (I believe) a daughter of Tim's; at all events she was sent to Mr. R. C.: during her life, it is said, she lent the work to some person for perusal, but the old lady died before it was returned; it was in the hands of Mr. J. to whom Mr. R. C. applied for the book after his aunt's death, but after repeated solicitations, and as many promises that it should be returned, he was never so fortunate as to obtain it.—A report reached Mr. C's ear that the book had been sold to Earl Spencer (who was also possessed of an imperfect copy) to make his own complete, for £400 or guineas. On hearing this report Mr. C. directed an attorney to write to the Earl respecting it, who very politely replied "that it was true he had purchased the same from a person of

the name of J., but that he never told his most intimate friends what sums he expended in his literary pursuits."

June 24th.

B. R.

THE TARANTULA.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Your correspondent S. has quoted Orfila on the poison of the Tarantula, and affirms that "Experiments have overthrown the opinion that the bite of the Tarantula is mortal, as some have maintained, and as to the agency of music in luring its effects, a serious attempt to refute it cannot be necessary." The writer of the accompanying extract was not remarkably for credulity; and, indeed, many popular philosophical dogmas seem, to disinterested inquirers, almost tottering before his objections. For my own part, I cannot admire mammy, but I do believe that important effects are very often produced by means which appear too simple for the development of mechanical operation. To chance, or accident, we are indebted for many admirable discoveries; in the animal economy, instinct is often an unerring guide to certain antidotes; and the historical account of some of the chief articles of the *Materia Medica* shows that we have availed ourselves of much valuable information from people who possessed but little scientific knowledge.

However, as the opinion of the fatal effects of the Tarantula bite is very general, and I am (probably with others of your readers) wholly ignorant of the experiments alluded to by your correspondent, his favouring me with an account of one of two of the most conclusive, will oblige—yours, &c.

Manchester, June 25th.

A. Q.

"A Tarantula is a kind of spider, chiefly found near the city of Tarantum, in Apulia. It is about the size of an acorn, and has eight eyes and eight feet. Its skin is hairy; from its mouth rise two trunks, a little crooked and exceedingly sharp. Through these it conveys its poison: they seem likewise to be a kind of moveable nostrils, being in continual motion, especially when it is seeking its food. It is found in other parts of Italy, but is dangerous only in Apulia. And there it does little hurt in the mountains (which are cooler) but chiefly on the plains. Indeed it is venomous but in the heat of summer, particularly in the dog-days. It is then so enraged as to fly upon any that come within its reach.

"The bite causes a pain, like that by the stinging of a bee. In a few hours the patient feels a numbness, and the part is marked with a small livid circle, which soon rises into a painful tumour. A little after he falls into a deep sadness, breathes with much difficulty, his pulse grows feeble, and his senses dull. At length he loses all sense and motion, and dies unless speedily relieved. An aversion to blue and black, and an affection for white, red, and green, are unaccountable symptoms of this disorder.

"There is no remedy but one. While he lies senseless and motionless, a musician plays several tunes. When he hits on the right, the patient immediately begins to make a faint motion. His fingers first move in cadence, then his feet: then his legs, and by degrees his whole body. At length he rises on his feet, and begins to dance, which some will do for six hours without intermission. After this he is put to bed, and when his strength is recruited, is called up by the same tune to a second dance.

"This is continued for six or seven days, at least till he is so weak, that he can dance no longer. This is the sign of his being cured; for if the poison acted still, he would dance till he dropt down dead. When thoroughly tired he awakes out of sleep, without remembering any thing that is past. And sometimes he is totally cured; but if not, he finds a melancholy gloom, shuns men, seeks water, and if not carefully watched, often leaps into a river. In some the disorder returns that time twelvemonth, perhaps for twenty or thirty years. And each time it is removed as at first. Can even Dr. Mead account for this?

"Equally unaccountable are the two relations published some years since, by a physician of undoubted credit. The first is, a gentleman was seized with a violent fever, attended with a delirium. On the third day he begged to hear a little concert in his chamber. It was with great difficulty the physician consented. From the first tune, his face assumed a serene air, his eyes were no longer wild, and the convulsions ceased. He was free from the fever during the concert; but when that was

ended, it returned. The remedy was repeated, and both the delirium and fever always ceased during the concerts. In ten days, music wrought an entire cure, and he relapsed no more.

"The other case is that of a dancing-master, who through fatigue, fell into a violent fever. On the fourth or fifth day he was seized with a lethargy, which after some time changed into a furious delirium. He threatened all that were present, and obstinately refused all the medicines that were offered him. One of them saying, that perhaps music might a little compose his imagination, a friend of his took up his violin, and began to play on it. The patient started up in his bed, like one agreeably surprised, and shewed by his head (his arms being held) the pleasure he felt. Those who held his arms, finding the effects of the violin, loosened their hold, and let him move them, according to the tunes. In about a quarter of an hour, he fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke he was out of all danger.

"We have many other odd accounts of the power of music; and it must not be denied, but that on some particular occasions, musical sounds may have powerful effect. I have seen all the horses and cows in a field, where there were above a hundred, gathered round a person that was blowing a French horn, and seeming to testify an awkward kind of satisfaction. Dogs are well known to be very sensible of different tones in music; and I have sometimes heard them sustain a very ridiculous part in a concert.

"The great old lion which was some years since kept at the infirmary in Edinburgh, while he was rearing with the utmost fierceness, no sooner heard a bagpipe, than all his fierceness ceased. He laid his ear close to the front of the den, nuzzled his nose and his teeth against the end of his pipe, and then rolled upon his back for very glee. I have seen a German flute have the same effect on an old lion, and a young tiger in the Tower of London."

VARIETIES.

STARCH.—A great improvement has been made in the manufacture of starch by M. Herpin, of Metz. In the ordinary method, for the purpose of decomposing and destroying the gluten which conceals the starch, flour is allowed to ferment for a fortnight or a month with a certain quantity of water; by which means ammoniac is disengaged, and a very fetid odour is spread through the manufactory. M. Herpin makes starch in the course of an hour, by a process by which he obtains at once both the gluten and the starch, without having to endure any odour whatever. To effect this, it is sufficient to knead the flour with a few drops of water, in a bag of fine linen. The water carries off the starch, and the gluten remains in the bag. The water and the starch are passed through a silk sieve, and are received into a vessel. When the starch is deposited, the water is poured off; and contains a quantity of saccharine matter, which may be advantageously employed in the preparation of some cheap beverage.

ANATOMY.—The first part of a very fine anatomical work has lately been published at Paris, called "Anatomical Plates of the Human Body of the size of Nature, accompanied with Explanatory Observations by Dr. Antommarchi, (formerly Anatomical Professor at Pisa, and afterwards with Buonaparte at St. Helena,) edited by M. de Lasterrie." The plates are admirably executed. The first three represent the entire body of an adult. The sub-cutaneous vessels, arterial and venous, are all exhibited, as well as the nerves that cover the first layer of muscles. Each class of organs is distinguished by a particular mode of execution. Thus the muscles are represented by parallel series of lines and dots; the tendons by finer and closer lines; the arteries by lines and little oblique hatchings; the veins by longitudinal and transverse lines, which very happily show their round forms; the nerves by straight lines; the lymphatics and their swellings by winding lines; and so on. It seems that the work has excited general admiration at Paris.

Mr. Haydon's two great pictures, the Raising Lazarus, and Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem, have been sold; the former for 350 pounds, bought by Mr. Binns; and Christ's Entry for 220 pounds, bought by Mr. Mair.

CHINESE RICE.—The Chevalier Rosa has been endeavouring, and with much success, to cultivate Chinese rice at Brescia, in Italy. In his first experiment, made in 1820, he obtained from only four grains, fifty-eight ears, containing 2680 grains. The harvests of the succeeding years have been equally productive.

A SCRAP OF ANTIQUITY.—At a time when the custom of Ring wearing is of almost universal adoption, it may not be misplaced to admit the glittering fingered, within the pale of our locubrations. In a polyglot Dictionary, published in the year 1625, by John Minshew, are the following observations under the article—*Ring-Finger*.

- A Soldier, or Doctor to him was assigned the thumb.
- A Sailor, the finger next the thumb.
- A Fool, the middle finger.
- A Married or diligent person, the fourth or ring finger.
- A Lover, the last or little finger.

TURKISH LOVE OF LITERATURE!—The Ottoman Porte has given orders to sell by weight all the fine libraries at Constantinople. Among others are mentioned those of the Princes Morisi, who have become the objects of the jealousy and hate of that despotic government, in consequence of their wealth, patriotism, and talents.

NEW YORK.—There are at New York fifty churches and places of worship. They are as follows:—1st, Catholics, 7; 2dly, Reformed Churches, 5; 3dly, Reformed German Calvinists, 1; 4thly, German Lutherans, 1; 5thly, Presbyterians, 7; 6thly, Reformed Presbyterians, 1; 7thly, Reformed Associated Presbyterians, 3; 8thly, Dissenters, (Seceders) 2; 9thly, Baptists, 6; 10thly, French Protestants, 1; 11thly, Ebenezer, 1; 12thly, Methodists, 7; 13thly, Moravians, 1; 14thly, Universalists, 1; 15thly, St. Peter, 1; 16thly, Cathedral of St. Patrick, 1; 17thly, Ancient Meeting of Friends, 1; 18thly, New Meeting of Friends, 1; 19thly, Jew Synagogue, 1; 20thly, African Baptists, 1.—Total, 50.

BON MOT.—When Judge Day returned from India, the minister represented to his late majesty that knight-hood was an honour to which the judge was entitled. 'Poh, poh,' said his majesty, 'I cannot turn day into night; it is impossible.' At the next levee, which was about Christmas, his majesty was again entreated to knight Mr. Day. The king enquired if he was married, and was answered in the affirmative. 'Well, well,' said the monarch, 'then let him be introduced, and I will work a couple of miracles; I will not only turn Day into Knight, but I will make Lady Day at Christmas.'

FRENCH MONARCHY.—It is calculated that the French monarchy contains 29,800,000 inhabitants, of whom 108,000 speak Basque, 900,000 speak the Kymrique, or Low Breton, 160,000 speak Italian, 1,700,000 speak German, and the remaining 27,000,000 speak French. It is also calculated, that of these there are 26,400,000 Catholics, 2,300,000 Calvinists, 1,100,000 Lutherans, 60,000 Jews, 2,000 Herrnhutians, and 550 Quakers.

ROMAN RELICS FOUND NEAR YORK.—The Mount, without Micklegate Bar, the principal entrance into York from the south, was, in Roman times, sacred to the interment of the dead—There, before the introduction of christianity amongst them, the bodies of deceased friends were burnt, and their ashes deposited in urns.—A short time ago, as some workmen were digging a cellar on a piece of ground lately purchased by Mr. Knowlson, of that city, on the left hand side of the road, at the southern extremity of the Mount, they found eight Roman urns, of various sizes, four of which were quite perfect, but the others were broken—some containing burnt ashes, and one of them, which was larger than the others, containing a great number of bones. They found an old copper coin of one of the Roman emperors, but, with the description so much defaced, as to be scarcely legible. There were also, at the same time, dug up, a great number of skulls and other human bones.

IMPROMPTU.—The late Lord Salisbury made the following impromptu to a fly on a lady's lip:—

'Oh happy, happy, happy fly!
If I were you, and you were I,
Then I should be the happy fly,
And you would be Lord Salisbury.'

WATTIE AND JOHNNIE; OR THE PLEASURES OF THE GREEN-SWAIRD, A SCOTTISH PASTORAL.—One of the most gifted of the poets of Scotland is, we understand, employed on a poem under the above title. He has chosen the dramatic form, in imitation, we suppose, of RAMSEY. The first scene is somewhat unpastoral—it is laid in a tavern, where a number of life and fortune men have met to display their loyalty and zeal for religion. After a few speeches, in which jobbing is shown to be essential to religion, and the denial of this grand truth is proved to be blasphemy, a number of obscene songs are sung for the entertainment of the revered and learned party,—all things being permitted to the saists. Some scenes follow of rather an agitating nature; others in which the ludicrous preponderates. A soliloquy on boozing embraces the leading qualifications of a court-sycophant; but accident will sometimes frustrate the best laid plan—witness the broken wine-glass. The scene which gives the title to the poem, exhibits *Johannie* alighting from the London mail, to join *Wattie*, who is waiting for his arrival on a green swaid, near Edinburgh. *Johannie* is crowned with laurel, and carries a newspaper in one hand, and in the other a picture, in which the members of a certain assembly are represented prostrate at his feet. While *Wattie* is congratulating him on his getting once more footing on the green swaid of his native land, *Johannie*, who carries his head rather high, steps inadvertently into one of those deposits which profusely adorn most of the green-swairs of that part of the island, loses his footing, and drags *Wattie* along with him into one of the many brooks which flow from Edinburgh into the Frith of Forth. The rest of the scene may be more easily conceived than satisfactorily described by us. It is enough to say that even the air of Edinburgh felt the entrance of *Wattie* and *Johannie*. The pencil has been pressed into the service of the poet. A vignette in the last page exhibits a Welshman (for so the look in his hat denotes him to be) turning up his nose at *Johannie*, and making some very significant gestures.

MY EARLY YEARS.

Hail early years! amidst' with toil or pain,
When in your valley I was wont to stray,
Where now the wand'ring minstrel's pleasing strain,
Swells on the ear—now softly dies away!
A stranger to the world—fair virtue's child,
Calmly the day in innocence flow'd by;
I pick'd the blossom from yon hawthorn wild,
Unknown the quiv'ring tear—unknown a sigh.
Dear happy years! as ye rise in my mind,
A sudden anguish seizes on my breast—
I weep—I prove that then the myrtle twin'd
Around this languid head—that I was blest!
June, 1823.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Johannes will oblige us by stating how we should merit in communications.—So far, we retain the original signature for the sake of uniformity; but having concluded our pocket, we wish for his decision on this point with his next favour. O.'s favour is received, and shall appear in our next.—Frequent effusions from the same pen will be very acceptable. Juliana T.'s translation from the French does her much credit.—We shall be happy to hear from her again. Rusticus has no claims whatever upon us.—His essay is not sufficiently interesting for our pages; even had it the merit of originality (which is not the case) it is prolix and feeble.—We think he can favour us with something better. E. E.'s reply to the query of L. is considerably abridged.—Knowing but little of the case, we should not have been justifiable in giving either names or the appropriation of the money in question. Communications from R.; S. T.; and N. Lawhecaris—received.

The favourite Quadrille of the Manchester Belles, and the Country Dance of the Salford Belles, have been printed jointly with Burns' Song of "Dark, dark is this night hour," and may be had with a preceding number of the Iris at the respective Booksellers.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

[We are indebted to a small work recently published, entitled "*Cottage Economy*," for the following remarks and instructions respecting the kinds and preparation of Grass for Bonnets; we strongly recommend the book itself to the perusal of those persons who reside in the neighbourhood of towns where no manufacture is carried on.—Ed.]

ENGLISH GRASS,

And Grain Plants cut green, into Straw, for the purpose of making Plat for Hats and Bonnets.

THE practice of making hats, bonnets, and other things, of *straw*, is perhaps of very ancient date; but, not to waste time in fruitless inquiries, it is very well known, that, for many years past, straw coverings for the head have been greatly in use in England, in America, and indeed in almost all the countries that we know much of. In this country the manufacture was, only a few years ago, *very flourishing*; but, it has now greatly declined, and has left in poverty and misery those whom it once well fed and clothed.

The cause of this change has been, the importation of the straw hats and bonnets from *Italy*, greatly superior, in durability and beauty, to those made in England. The plat made in England was made of the straw of *ripened grain*. It was, in general, *split*; but, the main circumstance was, that it was made of the straw of *ripened grain*; while the Italian plat was made of the straw of *grain*, or *grass*, *cut green*. Now, the straw of ripened grain or grass is brittle; or, rather, rotten. It *dies* while standing, and, in point of toughness, the difference between it and straw from plants cut green is much about the same as the difference between a stick that has *died on the tree*, and one that has been *cut from the tree*. But, besides the difference in point of toughness, strength, and durability, there was the difference in beauty. The colour of the Italian plat was better; the plat was brighter; and the Italian straws being *small whole* straws, instead of small straws made by the splitting of large ones, there was a *roundness* in them, that gave *light and shade* to the plat, which could not be given by our flat bits of straw. In addition to these differences, there was, on our side, the further disadvantage of being compelled to use *brimstone* and other things, to bleach, or, rather, to clean and to give a colour to our straw. This caused the articles made of our straw to change colour when they came to face the rain and sun; while the Italian articles, though usually somewhat *clarified* in the same way, remained unchanged, because the straw of which they were composed had been cut green, and bleached by *scaling*.

It seems odd, that nobody should have set to work to find out how the Italians came by this fine straw. The importation of these Italian articles was chiefly from the port of Leghorn; and, therefore, the bonnets imported were called, *Leghorn Bonnets*. The straw-manufacturers in this country seem to have made no effort to resist this invasion from Leghorn. And, which is very curious, the Leghorn straw has now begun to be imported, and to be *platted* in this country. So that we had *hands* to plat as well as the Italians. All that we wanted was the *same kind of straw*, that the Italians had: and it is truly wonderful, that these importations from Leghorn should have gone on increasing, year after year, and our domestic manufacture dwindling away at a like pace, without there having been *any* inquiry relative to the way in which the Italians got their straw! Strange, that we should have imported *even straw* from Italy, without inquiring whether similar straw could not be got in England! There really seems to have been an opinion, that England could no more produce this straw than it could produce the sugar-cane.

Things were in this state, when, in 1821, a Miss Woodhouse, a farmer's daughter in Connecticut, sent a straw-bonnet of her own making to the *Society of Arts*, in London. This bonnet, superior in fineness and beauty to any thing of the kind that had come from Leghorn, the maker stated to consist of the straw of a sort of grass, of which she sent, along with the bonnet, some of the *seeds*. The question was, then, would these precious seeds grow and produce plants in perfection in England? A large quantity of the seed had not been sent; and it was therefore, by a Member of the Society, thought desirable to get, with as little delay as possible, a considerable quantity of this seed. It was in this stage of the affair that my attention was called to it.



SORTS OF GRASS OR GRAIN.—The Engraving exhibits a pretty good representation of three sorts of Grass, just at the season when they are coming out into bloom. Figure 1. is the *Sweet-scented Vernal Grass*; Fig. 2. the *Crested Dog's Tail*; and Fig. 3. the *Bennet Grass*, or *Ray Grass*. By attentively looking at this Engraving, any one may soon learn to distinguish these sorts from others. But, the reader is not to conclude, that these are the only sorts that will

answer the purpose; nor, indeed, is he to conclude that they are the *best* sorts that can be found. They are the best that I have yet found. They make very fine and beautiful straw; but, amongst the great multitude of sorts of grass, other sorts may be as well or better suited to the purpose. The grass made use of by Miss Woodhouse is, unquestionably, the common Couch Grass. It is a great mistake to suppose, that there is any sort of grass growing in Connecticut, that does not also grow in England.

But, there are many other sorts of grass. The *yellow oat-grass*, particularly, is very fine; I think the finest of all. This straw would make plat a great deal finer than that of the bonnet of Miss Woodhouse. Not only finer, but a great deal finer. Perhaps it is not more than half the size of the straw made use of by Miss Woodhouse, while the colour is as beautiful as it possibly can be. It is not, however, of the straw of grass only, or even principally, that I have to speak. None of the immense quantity of hats and plat imported from Leghorn, is made of the straw of grass. The Leghorn manufacture is made of the straw of *grain*, and principally of the straw of *wheat*, which, though not nearly so fine, in point of size, as the straw of many kinds of grass, is, perhaps, in point of colour, equal to the straw of even the best sorts of grass. This is what the Italians make their plat of. This is the material of which all those thousands upon thousands of bonnets are made that we see upon women's heads in England! How astonishing, then, is it, that English manufacturers in straw should have fallen into beggary, supposing all the while, that they could not make plat like that of the Italians for want of the materials to make it of, or for want of sun sufficiently bright to bleach those materials! The simple facts are these: the Leghorn bonnets are made of *wheat straw*; but, this straw comes from plants that are very fine and spindling in consequence of their standing very thick upon the ground; and, this Italian wheat is cut while it is green instead of remaining till it be dry. This makes it tough, instead of being rotten; and the smallness of the stalk enables the platters to make fine plat of the *whole round* straw, instead of making use of the straw when split.

THE SEASON FOR CUTTING THE PLANTS.—As to the season of the year, all the straw, except that of one sort of couch grass, and the long coppice-grass, which two were got in Sussex, were got from grass out in Hertfordshire on the 21st of June. A grass headland, in a wheat field, had been mowed during the forepart of the day; and, in the afternoon, I went and took a handful here and a handful there out of the swaths. When I had collected as much as I would well carry, I took it to my friend's house, and proceeded to prepare it for bleaching according to the information sent me from America by my son; that is to say, I put my grass into a shallow tub, put boiling water upon it until it was covered by the water, let it remain in that state for ten minutes, then took it out, and laid it very thinly on a closely mowed lawn in a garden.* But, I should observe, that, before I put the grass into the tub, I tied it up in small bundles, or sheaves, each bundle being about six inches through at the butt-end. This was necessary, in order to be able to take the grass, at the end of ten minutes, out of the water, without throwing it into a confused mixture as to tops and tails. Being tied up in little tumbles, I could easily, with a prong, take it out of the hot water. The bundles were put into a large wicker basket, carried to the lawn in the garden, and there taken out, one by one, and laid in swaths as before-mentioned.

It was laid *very thinly*; almost might I say, that no

* Might not the same method prove beneficial in preparing flax before the process of steeping.

stalk of grass covered another. The swaths were turned once a day. The bleaching was completed at the end of seven days from the time of scalding and laying out.

PART TO BE USED.—No part of the straw is used for platting, except that part of the stalk, which you find between the upper joint and the seed-head, or tassel, or bunch of flowers, or, to speak in the language of the Botanists, the panicle. When the straw has been bleached in the sun, you pluck the top part of the stalk out of the upper joint. This pulling of the straw may be performed by the fire-side. The way to go to work might be this. Here, I should say to a labouring man's wife, is a bundle of rough straw, weighing ten pounds. I have found, by experience, that every ten pounds of rough straw yield two pounds of pulled straw. Take this bundle, bring me back two pounds of pulled straw, and I give you so much money. The pulled straw would have the seed-heads, or panicles, on it; and would probably be sold, in that state, to the platters, or the employers of the platlers. This is the state in which the straw is now imported from Italy.

THE PLATTING.—There will scarcely be any difficulty in finding people to plat English straw, seeing that there are enough already found to plat the Leghorn straw, imported into this country. This work has been for some time carried on by the industrious and most praiseworthy inhabitants of the Orkney Islands.

THE KNITTING OF THE PLAT TOGETHER.—The English straw plat is put together as boards are put on the side of a barn; that is to say, the plat, or lists of plat, are made one to cover a part of the other; and they are sewed through and through, the needle and thread performing the office of the nails in the case of the barn. Not thus is it with the Leghorn hats and bonnets. In order to make these, the plat is not lapped, a part of one list over a part of the other; but the lists are fastened to each other after the manner, or form, of boards put together by glue; that is to say, the edge of one list of plat is fastened to the edge of another list; and thus throughout the whole bonnet, just as boards, joined on to the edges of each other, form a table; and so neatly and so cleverly is this work of knitting the lists of plat performed, that you can no more discover the joinings of the plat in the one case, than you can the joinings of the boards in the other case. This is called knitting the plat; and there are at present, as far as I understand, not many persons in England, and those who are here are principally foreigners, who know how to do this business. Now, then for the honour of the girls of Old England! Shall we be compelled to send young fellows to Italy and Connecticut to fetch us Italians and Yankees to carry on this work of knitting together plat made of English straw? Recollect, the Yankee girls found out the way to knit the plat together. There were no foreigners to go to do the work for them or to teach them to do it. There is Miss Woodhouse's Bonnet at the apartments of the Society of Arts. That bonnet is knit together after the Italian manner; and am I to have the cruel mortification of hearing one single English woman express a doubt of her being able to do the same thing?

THE COST, TO THE IMPORTER OF LEGHORN PLAT AND STRAW.—The Plat which is imported from Leghorn in the shape of plat, pays a duty of seventeen shillings the pound weight, and stands the importer in about sixty shillings a pound, altogether. The plat which is imported in the form of hats, pays a duty of five and eight-pence per hat, unless the hat exceed twenty-two inches in diameter, and then the duty is double. What the prime cost of the hat is, when bought in Italy, and what the amount of the freight and insurance, I cannot say. Of Leghorn straw no great quantity appears to have been imported. Some, however, is imported, and it pays a duty of twenty per cent.; and probably stands the importer, all charges included, in three, four, or five shillings a pound. Now, I will pledge myself to furnish any quantity of straw of any degree of fineness, not finer than hog's bristles, to persons ready to contract with me for it. I should not be afraid to say that I would furnish straw, equal in all respects to Leghorn straw, for less than half the price which Leghorn straw costs. How cheaply, then, can such straw be furnished by persons who live in the country, who have the land, the grass, the grain, the barns, and, into the bargain, the labouring people, all ready to their hand!

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

ON POISONS.

SECTION II.—ON ALKALIES.

IN the last Section, which was the first of the Second Essay, we considered the poisonous properties of acids, and the counteractive measures in accidents resulting from them. We will, in the present paper, speak of Alkalies.

An *Alkali* (a word of Arabian origin, signifying the dregs of bitterness) is distinguished from other substances by the following qualities:—it changes the blue juices of vegetables to a green, renders oils miscible with water, and combines with an acid so as to form a salt, which is of a neutral kind, provided a due proportion of acid and alkali be employed.—(See the last paper.)—Some of the alkalies are called fixed, these are soda and potash; ammonia is of a volatile nature; and lime, barytes, &c. all named alkaline earths.—We shall select soda and potash from the alkaline salts, and lime from the alkaline earths, for our present purpose; they all have the same or a similar operation on the animal economy, and from being easily procured, because often used for domestic purposes, they may now and then be taken undesignedly in so great a quantity as to kill. Some of the neutral preparations of soda and potash are in common use as purgatives,—such are the Glauber's salts, or sulphate of soda, phosphate of soda, sulphate of potash, &c. &c. hence, in a state of combination they are valuable medicines, but uncombined they are caustic, and will corrode and kill the living animal fibre to which they are applied. It is well known how they act on the exterior of the body, and when taken internally, their action is similar. The following case will illustrate the effects of a small dose of soda in a caustic state, and between them and those from potash there is no sensible distinction.

A person was requested to make use of some aperient effervescing powders, and to prepare the same, three salts were given to him in three distinct papers; one of the papers contained the subcarbonate of soda, a second the tartaric acid, and a third the tartarized soda. He was told how to mix them, and what quantity of each to employ; but through carelessness, instead of taking about a scruple of the subcarbonate of soda, and two drams of the tartarized, he reversed the doses, and swallowed the solution, after mixing it with a sufficient quantity of acid to neutralize a scruple of the subcarbonate of soda; thus full five scruples of the subcarbonate were taken into the stomach in a caustic state. In a little time the gentleman experienced great heat in his mouth, throat, and stomach—vomiting followed—a surgeon was called in, who, on being informed of the mistake, ordered some lemon juice and water, and in a little time the urgency of the symptoms abated, but great thirst and uneasiness in the belly continued for several days. Two drams of the subcarbonate of soda or potash in a solid form, are enough to kill a dog of middle size. Experiments have confirmed the fact. Immediately after taking it the animal is affected with very acute sufferings. He soon vomits, and breathes with difficulty—these symptoms go on increasing until death happens, which in one case occurred in twenty-five minutes. On dissection, the membrane of the mouth, the living membrane of the gullet, and the internal coat of the stomach, were found highly inflamed, particularly the last of these parts; the organs

of the chest were natural, therefore the difficulty of breathing must have been a mere sympathetic affection. The caustic preparations of soda and potash, all act as corrosive poisons; in a minor dose, they inflame the parts with which they come in contact; in a larger dose they produce a degree of inflammation, which will threaten a termination in mortification; and in a very considerable dose, they absolutely destroy the texture of the passage to the stomach, and portions of the stomach itself, by that caustic property which they possess, and of which their operation on the external surface of the body, is so decided a testimony. Quicklime is less intense in its effects than the alkaline salts; on giving it in powder to a dog, in the quantity of two or three drams, vomiting is excited in from five to ten minutes, and the animal seems to suffer much, the result may be death, but not immediately, for two or three days will elapse ere it takes place; when it happens the cause is inflammation of the stomach. Thus all the alkaline salts, and earths, act upon the animal economy nearly in the same way.

TREATMENT OF PERSONS POISONED BY ALKALINE SUBSTANCES.

The reader may infer from what we said in our last paper on the antidotes to acids, as to the treatment applicable in cases of poisoning by alkalies.—Our aim must be to destroy the chemical nature of the caustic by decomposition, and an acid is capable of effecting this. It is not materially important what acid we make choice of, but as vinegar, and lemon juice are always at hand, and simple to manage, we may mention them as being preferable to all the rest. The vinegar should be mixed with water if too powerful of itself; it should, however, have a marked acidity, therefore, unless very strong, the dilution may be dispensed with.

We are then to employ vinegar, or lemon juice mixed with water, in those cases where soda, potash, ammonia, lime, or other alkaline substances have been accidentally swallowed in a dangerous quantity. They act by decomposing the caustic; but after-attention is necessary here, as in poisoning by acids, in order to prevent bad consequences from the impression which the caustic made prior to the exhibition of the antidote; but to impart a little knowledge in the after-treatment would be to do harm. I am sure that he who lends himself as a pillar to support empiricism, inflicts an injury on society, and the cause of humanity; daily observation must convince us of this awful fact.

Manchester.

S.

THE FRIEND.—(No. II.)

"It may be that my grey head may devise counsel and aid for young life."

In fulfilment of the promise given in the first number of "The Friend," I shall proceed, after a few preliminary remarks, to state what are the principal objects I have in view in undertaking the office of periodical essayist. It is necessary to remind my readers that I have lived a considerable time in the world, and that I have not neglected to note down, on the tablet of my memory, those transactions of mankind which appeared to me worthy to be had in remembrance. With an attentive observance of the business of human life, and an accurate register of such things as made impressions on my mind, I may mention, as fitting me for the office of *Friend*, an ardent desire, which I have always felt, to pour oil on the boisterous waves which

in their fury threaten shipwreck to the joys and happiness of my fellow-creatures. I have scrutinized too, the actions of those who are journeying through the world around me; and have traced, as far and as often as I was able, the spring, design, and issue of human conduct; and I am induced from observation, to believe that a great part of the misery said to be the lot of man, exists more in the imagination than is generally supposed. Indeed, I am convinced that he who would live happily in this state of existence, has only to act in agreement with the pure dictates of the heart, and as conscience dictates, and all will then be well. The shoals and quicksands that often oppose our progress in the journey of life, and endanger our peace and happiness, would be avoided and probably unknown, did man always steer the course which has been pointed out by the hand that cannot err.

"*The Friend*" addresses his lucubrations to the young and old—to the man of virtue and to the man of pleasure—to him who seeketh instruction, and also to him who readeth merely to beguile time. For all such persons, he proposes occasionally to cater, and as a moraliser, and a writer for amusement, he intends to avail himself of the advantages age brings with it. The pious man shall meet with nothing, in the subsequent papers, which can possibly offend. I am very far from wishing to stain the pages of the *Manchester Iris*, with any sentence I should blush to acknowledge in broad day-light as my own. I have a becoming regard for religion, and consequently admire its sincere and upright votaries.

With respect to my means of amusement, I have only to say, that my subjects shall be properly diversified, and that I am in possession of a considerable number of untold tales and interesting adventures. Romances I detest, and there are very few novels that I approve. Nevertheless, to those who are fond of both, I say, fear not that "*The Friend*," by reason of his dislike of the trash that generally fills the shelves of our circulating libraries, will be unable to administer to your entertainment, or to cause you to while away a quarter of an hour, pleasantly and without a feeling of ennui. And lastly, my readers, themselves, must pronounce their verdict, as to whether I am justified or not in saying that I am not altogether destitute of what will contribute to and promote their instruction. Old age, 'tis true, is often garrulous, and I know the adage, *Garrula lingua nocet*, but unlike many of my neighbours, I have learned, happily, in some measure to restrain the desire age feels to indulge offensive loquacity, and therefore hope the readers of "*The Friend*" will not have to complain that he said more than he performed.

Sheffield, June, 1823.

F. W. J.

WRITTEN ON MY BIRTH-DAY,

(In imitation of Dr. Johnson's Lines to Mrs. Thrale on her birth-day.)

Sadness—mirth—have rolled o'er,
Till I've got to twenty-four,
Four and twenty (fearful age)
Places us at manhood's stage.—
Of wisdom we should have a store,
When arriv'd at twenty-four,
'Tis not mine to pluck the flow'r,
Now I've got to twenty-four;—
Childhood's days are known no more
When our years are twenty-four,
Many dream of fortune—pow'r,—
When advanc'd to twenty-four.
Let me after virtue soar,
Now arriv'd at twenty-four.
Alas! who knows, 'chance long before
I have doubled twenty-four,
Pain and pleasure floated by,
Mine will be Eternity.

Liverpool, June 28 1823.

Ω.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The enclosed lines were shown me this day as the production of a very amiable lady in this town. I was so much struck with the picture of maternal affection, piety of sentiment, and beauty of expression, that I immediately determined on taking a copy and handing it to you, feeling confident that you would afford it insertion in your interesting miscellany.

I am, &c.

Manchester, June 25th, 1823.

O.

LINES

Addressed to one who seemed to doubt the eternal happiness of those who die in Infancy.

Oh! say not, in pity, a flame so bright,
Tho' quenched in its earliest hour,
Shall set in the shades of eternal night,
To rise no more.

Oh! rather say that the spirit of light
To a frame so unworthy given,
Ere it caught the taint of corruption's blight
Flew back to Heaven.

Ah! do ye not hear the voice of wail
As it floats on the midnight air?
Ah! see ye that mourner, with watching pale,
As she kneels in pray'r!

Ah! mark ye that eye with distraction wild?
Those tears that unceasing flow?
'Tis a mother who weeps o'er her only child,—
Her hope below!

Her blossom of beauty is torn from her side,
The plant she so tenderly cherish'd
In the earliest dawn of its youthful pride
Has untimely perish'd.

Yet, mark, as she bends o'er her infant's bier,
A radiance illumines her brow,
A smile dispurses the gathering tear—
Yes! she smiles in woe.

For she feels that a heavenly hand shall nourish,
And shield it from sorrow and care,
Shall transplant it to bowers of bliss, to flourish
Immortally there.

And say! would you blast a hope so pure?
Would you quench the consoling ray
That bids her with patient affliction endure,
And points to a brighter day?

Ah no! then say not a flame so bright,
Thus quenched in its earliest hour,
Shall lie in the shades of eternal night
To rise no more!

Oh! rather say that the spirit of light,
To a frame so unworthy given,
Ere it caught the taint of corruption's blight,
Has escaped to Heaven!

But weep no more—thy infant is not dead;
He lives—but not in this frail house of clay—
The little prisoner of earth is fled
To realms of day:—

Where cherubim and seraphim adore,
Far, far above this darksome earthly clod;
He stands in rapturous ecstasy before
His Father God.

THE YORKSHIRE ALEHOUSE.

(From the London Magazine.)

"A dusty road makes a drouthy passenger." Such was the motto which, written beneath an open mouth and a foaming tankard, seemed to frame an excuse for the wayfarer whom it sought to entice into an alehouse in one of the woody dales of merry old Yorkshire. To the enticement of this homely sign and summer proverb, the house held out the farther, but more dubious inducement, of a mounted Saint George slaying the dragon, bearing a notice, in the manner of a legend, "entertainment for man and horse." More comprehensible symbols of good and various cheer abounded; the burnished bottoms of pewter drinking-vessels were seen, elevating and elevated, within the open windows, and amid the summer air—the smacking of palm on palm, in friendly and clamorous salutation, was heard; while before the door stood, with interlaced bridles, many horses, neighing an acknowledgment over their corn to the anxious steeds of passing travellers, who, with eyes averted from the

pressing seductions of the change-house, hastened on to more remote accommodation. The great northern waggon, heaped houses high with the woollen treasures of the county, and drawn tediously along by ten fine horses, stood by the way-side, watched by a vigilant bull-dog, while its cautious conductors sat within sight, giving, at every mingled morsel of beef and ale they despatched, a wary glance at their travelling repository of English wealth. Nor was this caution without cause—for a roving horde of gypsies had pitched their tent within sight, under the shelter of a holly-tree—the thin blue smoke from their little fire curled quietly upward into the twilight air, and half a dozen asses grazed at a short tether-length, with the double burthen of old brass, and tawny children, on their backs. A fair-haired girl waved the ringlets backwards on her shoulders, as she glided towards them, bearing a flagon of ale, and returned not without the assurance of a merry bridal, and a potent bridegroom, from the presiding sybil of the horde. I saw her look at her white palm, as she came smiling back; every step she took was lighter with increase of joy; while a head or two, with tawny visages and sun-burnt locks, looked after her with a suppressed laugh, enjoying the double pleasure of having passed upon her credulous heart, and unpractised eye, imaginary happiness and a bad sixpence.

The alehouse itself was not without its external attractions. It stood on the verge of an ancient forest, where the cultivated and uncultivated land met; and it presented to the highway a peaked and carved front of stone, of that mixed style common in the days of Queen Bess and King James. The architraves of door and windows had been covered with rich carving; and the heads of deer, and chace-dogs, and hunting horns and bows, might still be distinguished amid the profusion of leaf and blossom with which the skill of the carver had wreathed each window-lintel. An infant river was seen glimmering among the short massy shafts of a multitude of oak and elm-trees, which studded an extensive pasture land in front; while behind, a pretty abrupt hill, clothed to the summit with natural wood, interposed between the eastern blast and this ancient hunting-lodge of a branch of the house of Percy. I am not one insensible to the influence of ancient names; and I love those of our old English and Scotch worthies before the names of all meaner persons. I also know that a baron's hall in romance is a right hospitable place with an open door and a full table smoking with festal dinners; and that a palace in poetry is a place flooded with nectar, and strewn with couches, and filled with luxuriant feasting, and ringing with pleasant sounds. But by the honest faith of one who has travelled far, and proved the matter by that rough instructor—experience, I have ever found the best accommodation and comfort in places where aristocratical poesy, and regal romance, had no colours to bestow; and I care not who hears me declare that to the palace of a Percy, a Howard, or a Dacre, I prefer the humble house of homely comfort before me—and that, to the fellowship of lords, I prefer that of Gilbert Gauntree, the owner of the George and Dragon, there where he stands filling up the porch with his most portly person—a visible type of excellent ale and soft accommodation—a personification of provincial jollity and good cheer.

I might as well have said sooner, that I had been on the road from the rising of the sun, and it was now setting—that the day had been close

and saltry, and the motion of our horses (for you will find presently that I had a companion) had stirred the dust around us in clouds, rendering a place of rest a desirable thing. As I turned my horse's head to the house, the owner moved towards me with what speed he might—the earth, accustomed to the load, forbore to groan; but it certainly shook while my horse—purchased among a spare race of people, and unacquainted with the miracles which the fatted calf and the foaming tankard work among the jolly children of the south—stood stone-still, and seemed to examine, with a suspicious eye, the approach of this walking prodigy. “Welcome, master, welcome,” said he of the George and Dragon; “a dusty road makes a drouthy passenger, as the sign says—and, if ye were as dry as dust, I have the stuff that will slocken ye, as the cannie lads of the north say.” My horse, at this address, slackened his knees, unarched his neck, and, compressing his nostrils, broke out with a long quavering neigh, which had more of a laugh in it than I ever heard in any uttered sound short of a human laugh. Whether laughter or speech, honest Gilbert began to interpret it to his own advantage: “Aye, aye, my bonnie grey, that was a neigh demanding winnowed corn—and corn thou shalt have, lad, a heaped measure—thou mightest have neighed long for corn in Scotland, I trow—there heather springs, instead of hay, and corn-cakes grow like cockles. Whew, Dicken, boy, Dicken—plague on thee for a snail; canst thou not leap instead of crawl? Art thou twenty-seven stone neat of flesh and bone, like thy master, that thou comest as if thy boots were lead? Here, take this horse, and rub him down like a lord’s, and litter him to the knees.” And, giving the horse to a kind of goblin of all work, he turned to me, and said, “Now, master, come to as good a supper as ever smoked, as soft a bed as ever weary bones rested in, and a flagon of as nappy ale as ever reamed o’er the lips of a bicker, as ye say in the north—for a cannie Scotchman I trow ye be.” “But, honest Gilbert,” said I, “how knowest thou that I am from the north? Resolve me that, thou slender lord of the open mouth and the drouthy motto—thou entertainer of man and horse.” “Ah, master,” replied he, “these are the marks which I know the three kingdoms by. ‘Foremost of all comes my hot Irishman, shouting out ‘Wine! by the powers, wine! Ale, you tun of man! would you poison a born gentleman with your muddy ale?—By Saint Patrick, I shall grow as thick as the wit as one of you foggy islanders, if I drink such vile potations—I disown the drink, by the hand of Noah, who plucked the first grape.’ Next comes my own happy countryman, finding fault with every thing, devouring every thing, and paying for every thing. He curses the post-boy for going too slow—and time, for going too fast—vows we have never had good weather since the French Revolution—nor aught but dusty roads since the change of ministry—drinks a bottle of brandy to cool himself—eats three pounds of the best beef in the North Riding to make him sleep sound—growls a prayer—and goes to bed with his boots on. And, lastly, comes my cautious Scot—he walks round the house three times—ponders upon the sign—dives into the meaning of the motto—tells the waiter it is a Scottish proverb, and asks him the price of his twopenny ale, and what is the charge of an hour’s sleep by the fire. Ah, sir, they are a cannie people—I could pick ye out a Scotchman among a thousand men—the land of cakes appears at the second word he speaks.”

While Gilbert was concluding this hasty sketch of national character, I began to fear that my companion, faint with the heat and weary with the long journey, would become anxious to know if accommodation for the night could be obtained. The look of the establishment satisfied me that this abounded; so I waved my hand, and forward she came. “I swear by the drouth of man, by which I live,” said he of the George and Dragon, “that here comes a lady to be my guest. Bless her sweet face, and her kindly look. I will wait upon her myself—it will do my heart good.” And, setting himself in motion, and shouting out, “Rebecca, love! Rebecca!” he produced a chair, and, with unlooked-for agility, placed it for my companion to dismount by, softened down the rough outward man, and demeaned himself like one aware that good manners and civil carriage were necessary now. His daughter Rebecca came—a sweet slender girl of seventeen, with a light foot and a merry eye, and cheeks like the damask rose. “Rebecca, my love!” said he, “show this lady into the little chamber with the brown hangings—wait upon her, and see that all is in order. The room, madam, is as fragrant as a rose—the floor as white as a lily—the bed as soft as down can be, and the sheets are like new-fallen snow. There’s not such a chamber in all the North Riding. And these words of boast, madam, are not mine—they are the words of young lady Kiplettillem, who slept here when she ran away, and was wed to lance Corporal Maccraw, of the Fusiliers. And now,” said he, as my companion followed Rebecca, with a smile at Gilbert’s historical notice of the promised chamber, “let me do the needful to your honour. Will you like to sit in the parlour by yourself, and look at my paintings till dinner is ready?”

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON.

(By Mrs. Hemans.)

Yes, it is ours!—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield!
Let me not hear your trumpets ring,
Swell not the battle-horn!
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne!
Speak not of victory! In the name
There is too much of woe!
Hush’d be the empty voice of Fame
—Call me back *his* whose graceful head is low!
Speak not of victory!—from my halls
The sunny hour is gone!
The ancient banner on my walls
Must sink ere long—I had but him—but one!
Within the dwelling of my sires
The hearths will soon be cold,
With me must die the beacon fires
That stream’d at midnight from the mountain-hold.
And let them fade, since *this* must be,
My lovely and my brave!
Was thy bright blood pour’d forth from me,
And is there but for stately youth a grave?
Speak to me once again, my boy!
Wilt thou not hear my call?
Thou wert so full of life and joy,
I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou couldst fall!
Thy mother watches from the steep
For thy returning plume;
How shall I tell her that thy sleep
Is of the silent house, th’ untimely tomb?
Thou didst not seem as one to die,
With all thy strong renown!
—Ye saw his falchion’s flash on high,
In the mid-ight, when spears and crests went down!
Slow be your march!—the field is won!
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the field my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The following pleasing lines, are inscribed in a cavern (called Reynard’s Banqueting House) at Hawkstone, the seat of Sir John Hill, (Lord Hill’s father) near Shrewsbury, and as they are not generally known, they will prove interesting to many of your readers.
Yours, &c. GEORGIUS.

Long unmolested in his sport,
Here Reynard held his festive court,
While scatter’d turkeys, geese, and chickens,
Proclaim’d bold Reynard’s dainty pickings;
Thus thieves oft-times most nicely feed,
While honest men are left in need!

REYNARD’S REPLY.

Hated by all, what can I do?
Sure I must eat as well as you.
Instinct, not vice, points out my food,
And tells poor Reynard what is good.
Can I the laws of nature change,
Which force me out by night to range?
Doom’d to defy the farmer’s ire,
(When off his rusty gun mis’d fire)
Can I the fates of hunger stay,
No more eat fowls, or feed on hay?
Behold me, at the risk of life,
Evade the watchful farmer’s wife;
With pitchfork arm’d, (I own the fact,
Old Marg’ret caught me in the act)
Mounted she stood on ladder height,
Resolv’d to see, one moonshine night,
What thief, with two legs or with four,
Had stole of chickens half a score;
Whilst, of her family heret,
The ancient hen alone was left.
Instant upon the roost I sprang,
While Marg’ret to her ladder clung,
Then hurl’d her pitchfork at my head,
And cried, “I’ve kill’d the villain dead!”
But while she spoke, down slid’d old Peg,
And, by good luck, she broke her leg.
But there’s a charge I can’t endure—
Why I am deem’d an epicure.
When an old turkey from her nest,
Of all my meals is oft the best!
So hard, so tough, so out of season,
To call me nice shows want of reason.
Once when I gnaw’d John Dobson’s goose,
My jaws were tired, my teeth were loose:
No wonder; when I understood
She just had hatch’d her twentieth brood;
But truly, if I might presume,
The cackling dame had sav’d old Rome.
Is it my crime to eat undress’d?
What’s tortur’d by your cooks profess’d?
What though I neither roast nor boil,
I nought by pampering sauces spoil:
Anchovy, Cayen, Cherokee,
Are all alike unknown to me;
And ‘tis a truth by all confess’d,
That of all sauces hunger’s best.

But hark, each censuring child of man,
Then blame poor Reynard if you can;
This lesson learn—what *want* requires,
And what mere *wantiness* desires,
Short are the terms, distinct and clear,
As in one instance shall appear:
By keenest want alone oppress’d,
The harmless Hare I ne’er distress’d;
While the great Nimrods of the day,
When to the chase they haste away,
With hearts unfeeling, to prolong
The griefs which cause the hunting song.
No sport can boast, no joys can know,
But what from helpless sorrow flow,
Or eke from mine with—*Tattle-tale!*

THE CLUB.

No. XXXIV.—FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1823.

To the Members of the Club at the Green Dragon,—

GENTLEMEN,

I recollect that when I was at school, nothing pleased me more than to have my task performed by some of my companions. This was particularly the case when objects of a different kind occupied my attention. Often have I been placed in a very awkward situation, when a school exercise has prevented me from partaking with others, of an interesting game, or a pleasant excursion. Under these embarrassments, to be supplied with assistance which set me for the time at liberty, was a pleasure which I still remember, as among the greatest enjoyments of my early life. Every one who has been

brought up in a public school, can sympathize with me in these feeling recollections.

They have taught me one lesson which I hope I shall never forget: The pleasure which I, when a youth, received from the friendly assistance just mentioned, has induced me to afford to others, during the rest of my life, any aid which I could offer, and they might require. When a man is inclined to be generous, he is not long before he finds objects upon which he can bestow his favours. I have found many; and in the exercise of this quality, I have discovered that there is pleasure to be derived from conferring a benefit, as well as in receiving one. I perceive, Gentlemen, that I am, all at once, becoming egotistical; but let it be considered, in my behalf, that a person who always speaks well of others, ought to be allowed to speak sometimes favourably of himself. An egotist may be less vain than the person who condemns him. I always suspect the man who rails at the vanity of others. It is generally only an artifice to conceal his own.

I perceive, Gentlemen, with regret, that other pursuits, doubtless of more importance, have caused you to suspend those interesting articles to which I always looked forward, at regular intervals, with pleasurable expectation; I have, therefore, consistently with my usual practice, resolved to supply you, as far as in my power, with occasional assistance.

For my services, you will not, I persuade myself, long have occasion.—The vacational rambles of the School-master; the low spirits of the Doctor; the business of the Secretary, or the curious reveries of the Antiquarian, with various pursuits of the other members, may only exist for a season, after which you will, I trust, return to your literary labours with renewed activity.

I have, indeed, heard it whispered that the Club has been discontinued. That there are persons who, for reasons best known to themselves, should desire this report to be true, I have some ground for suspecting. But I have the pleasure to believe, that these persons who, I doubt not, think themselves very shrewd and very knowing, will be disappointed.

I always listen with interest to every thing which transpires respecting your lucubrations. Upon this subject, I purpose to send you, now and then, a few particulars. Allow me to assure you, in support of my own good opinion in your favour, that I never heard your papers spoken of with disrespect, excepting by a stupid fellow, or by an old maid.

I have heard the Club criticized by those who could not put three sentences together in English. One person, who has not learning enough to write an intelligible note of invitation, took upon him, forsooth, to make some very grave remarks upon the style of your papers. I have, moreover, heard several very wise personages complain that your articles are very dull, and cry out for ludicrous papers, as if you were a set of literary merry-andrews, and had no other object but to keep your readers always grinning! I trust, however, that you will never condescend to encourage this perverted taste. The notion which this class of critics seem to have of your views, reminds me of an anecdote which was related to me some years ago.—Two Cockneys were making an excursion of pleasure through some of the most beautiful and romantic parts of Scotland.—They observed, at some short distance, a building apparently deserted, which awakened their curiosity. One of them went up to some women, whom they saw in an adjoining field, and eagerly inquired the

name of the old castle, while he pointed his finger in a self-important manner, to the building in question. It was not until after much explanation that he could make the women comprehend what he meant. At last, after they had stared at the stranger, and then cast a side glance at each other, one of them answered, with a most tantalizing smile, (the effect of which was increased by her attempts to conceal it)—“that castle, Sir!—that’s no a castle—it’s only our pigeon house, Sir!” The traveller, mortified by this exposure of his mistake, and hardly knowing which way to look, hastened to his friend, determined to be more circumspect in his future inquiries.

It has even been conjectured in print, that all the papers of the Club are written by one pen. The author of the remark perhaps wished to shew the acuteness of his critical talents. I should not be surprised if the sagacity of this gentleman enable him to discover, that even this letter has been composed by the single author of the Club. Allow me to assure him, that he will not by any means, give me offence by the propagation of such a conjecture. I would also whisper to him, that he may circulate the report with perfect safety; since, for the reason which I have just mentioned, I shall not take any trouble to set him right.

I have dwelt in this letter so long on affairs of a personal nature, that I am obliged to defer topics of a more general kind till a future period.

If you think an appearance of harshness, in some of the preceding remarks, rather incompatible with my prudential character, I beg you will attribute the circumstance to my zeal in your favour, which will hardly let me give a person credit for possessing common sense when I hear him indulge in a censorious or an idle remark at the expense of the Club.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your warm advocate and friend,
ANTHONY PRUDENT.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

Comical stories them, Mr. Editor, about the lemmings and foxes; and perhaps many people would doubt the truth of the account, and the traveller to the North Cape be considered cousin-german to Baron Munchausen. In such matters I am little skilled; but the following plain statement of facts was given by Old Ben Marlin to some young sprigs of fashion, who listened with wonder and astonishment.—“Why say, young gentlemen, you may well say sailors see strange things. They are a sort of hum-fab-ius animals, that often stand in the imminent deadly breach, as Shakespear has it; for d’ye see, the breach of a gun is its stern, as a body may say; and I’ve often elevated and depress’d my breech when the shots were flying about so thick, that you couldn’t stick a marlin-spike atwixt ‘em. Well, I often wonder I didn’t get knock’d down in the many blow-ups I’ve been in, but suppose I was bomb-proof. I remember when I was boatswain’s mate of the Firefly frigate, Captain Tommyhawk, we were cruising off the coast of Norway to look for the flying Dutchman, ‘cause, d’ye see, the Nabob of Arcot—him as lives at Pondicherry, in the north of Scotland—had sent an express to the Lords of the Admiralty in a fire-balloon, to inform ‘em she was cruising about there, to the great annoyance of our merrytime subjects; so we were commissioned to send the ghost aloft in a shower of Congreve’s rockets. Well, d’ye see, we’d got as far northward as sixty-six, when one afternoon, about three o’clock, it being then pitch dark, we catch’d sight of her. Up comes Captain Tommyhawk; he was a rascal subject, always full of spirits, and so was the first Lieutenant for matter o’ that. Well, we made all sail in chase, and the officers swore it was she; for which ever way we put the ship’s head, still she was on the starboard-bow, and none but a fan-

tom could do that. The rockets were prepared, the matches were lighted; and just as we were going to fire, the officer of the watch discovered we had been chasing the anchor-stock that stuck up above the cat-head, and look’d large in the dark; but that warn’t the best of it, for it came on to blow great guns. The wind was at south-sou-north, and we lay a north-east and by west course. The night was as black as the Emperor of Morocco; however, we got her under close-reef’d pudding-bags, balanced the cook’s apron for a try-sail, and stow’d the masts down in the hold. Away she went—sky-pole and bobbing-pole, scupper-hole and hawse-hole, all under water. It took five men to hold the Captain’s hat on, and we were obliged to shove our heads down the hatchways to draw breath. The first Lieutenant had all his hair blown off, and has worn a wig ever since. The Boatswain’s call was jam’d so fast in his jaws, that it took a dozen men to bowse it out with a watch-tackle. The Master was bellowing through his speaking-trumpet, when a squall took every tooth out of his head as clean as a whistle. His gums were as bare as the hour he was born, but that didn’t matter; he lived on suction, grog, and bacca, though he’s chew’d upon it ever since. Oh what a sight to see the whales and dolphins jumping over us just like flying fish! and a shark swallowed the jolly-boat at one gulp! We drove all night, and about eleven o’clock next forenoon, just as day began to break, we heard a most tremendous roaring; it was like—but I can’t tell you what it was like. The charts were examined, and every body pull’d long faces, for it was discovered to be the Moll-strum, that swallows every thing up. My eyecse, there was a pretty perdidickment! When it was broad day-light we were close to it, and nothing could save us. You’ve seen soap-suds run round in a ring down a gully-hole? Well, what do you think of a whirlwind—a whirlpool I mean, whose horror-fice was as wide as it is from here to Jerusalem? Ah, you may stare! but it was a complete earthquake. Up comes the Chaplain, and he soon began his dive-ocean, for a lump of a sea lifted him up above the heads of the people, and overboard he went; but we saw him afterwards on the back of a grampas, making the best of his way to the North Pole. Well, we were suck’d in, and run round and round, just as people do when they run down from the top of the Monument; but still we kept on an even keel, though I’m certain we went at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and floated on the surface of the whirlpool. They said this was occasioned by gravitation. I know we were all grave enough upon the occasion, expecting to be buried alive. Well, we kept at this for some hours, and then the Captain swore we should come out at the other end of the globe; and he supposed the French man who found out that the variation of the compass proceeded from an internal motion, had gone that way before us. For my part I couldn’t tell what to make of it. Well, we kept at this, as I told you before, for some hours, when it began to get plaguy hot, and the water steam’d again. ‘Boiling springs!’ says the Captain; we’re under Lepland, and the witches are all at work under this huge cauldron!’ We had only to dip our beef overboard, and it was cook’d in two minutes! Well, young gentlemen, we soon found out where we were; for though ‘twas as dark—as eye, as black as my hat one minute, yet in an instant, in an amagraphy, I may say, we burst from the water into the middle of a roaring fire, and was shot out of the top of Mount Hecla like a pellet from a pop-gun. How would you like that now? How high we went I can’t say, but the sparks got hold of the rockets and set them off; and I understand the Astronomer Royal, at the house up there, was looking out that night, and took it for a whole fleet of comets. We had a fine bird’s-eye view of the world—saw Captain Parry jam’d up in the ice, Captain Franklin chasing the wolves, and Mr. Brookes killing the lemmings. Well, I can’t say how high we went. Says the Master, says he, ‘A little higher, my lads, and we shall be able to catch hold of the tail of the Great Bear, pass a hawser round it, and make fast to repair damages; but mind your helm, boy, yer ye’n spur us on to Boetes, knock Kiss-you-peeper out of her chair, or run away with the Northern crown—though the Emperor of Russia takes pretty good care of that!’ However, we didn’t go quite so high, but come rattling down in a tremendous hurry, pass’d close to Riggles in Li-o, and nearly

poked the eye out of Medusa's head. Well, we fell at last upon a mountain of snow, keel downwards; it broke our fall, and happily we sustained but little injury—made a fine dock for ourselves—shored the frigate up—got all afloat in a few days—and waited for the melting of the snow; when one morning the stocks fell, and we were left upon the wide ocean. The fact was, we had tumbled on to the back of a kraken that had been asleep for a century; the snow had gathered upon him in mountains; our thump woke him, though I suppose it took a fortnight to do it thoroughly; down he went, and we returned in safety to Old England! Here I am, you see, God bless His Majesty!—all dangers past—safe moored at last in Greenwich Hospital. I've nothing to complain of but one thing, and I think if I was to write to the Commander-in-chief at the Parliament-House, he'd take it under his pious consideration; and that's this here: We ought to get our bacca duty free, as we used to do in actual service. My old Captain, Sir Joseph, might *jaw* a bit about it, and come *York* over 'em; and Sir Isaac Coffin, however *grave* on other subjects, ought not to be *mute* in this, but commence *undertaker* in the cause, that we mayn't get *pull'd* at last, and have it *shrouded* in obscurity, or *buried* in oblivion; for d'ye see, right Virginia is a *baccanalian* treat to such a dry *quid* nunk as

AN OLD SAILOR.

'A LONDON GHOST.'

(From Ghost Stories, just published.)

'In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance, of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho Square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be interred in the family-vault at Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

'The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He staid out late; but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

'The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a face of death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

'At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

'At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold, the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient

courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706; and that the supposed corpse was this arch-roguer himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and, seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.'

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

(Translated from the French.)

Yesterday I had a fine dream, which I will relate, that our philosophers or our divines may explain it to me. I found myself in the midst of a vast plain, covered with a countless multitude of men of all countries and of all ages, from Kamtschatka to Spain, and from the *fat lux* up to the present time. I was with my aunt, a good old woman, very fond of old customs and of good old times. As soon as she espied a man in the costume of Louis the Fourteenth's time, she exclaimed, 'Oh, what good times there were during that great king's reign!'—'Devil take thee, silly conceited old woman,' replied the man in a large wig, 'those times were hellish: wars, misery, crimes, corruption, meanness, and pride, were what I witnessed under this great monarch. But look at that man in his broad-brimmed hat, his plaited collar, and large shoes, he has seen good times, for he lived under the good Henry IV.'—'Plague take the fool,' returned the man in question; 'I saw nothing but civil wars, rebellions, assassinations, monkish superstitions, poisonings, and famine; yonder warrior, doubtless, knew good times, for his dress bespeaks him to have been a soldier of the great Charlemagne.'—'Thou art terribly out in thy reckoning,' answered Charlemagne's knight; 'Hast thou not heard of the sorcerers of those times, of the excesses committed under the cloak of religion, of the peasantry preyed upon by the vassals, the vassals by the petty gentry, the petty gentry by the liege lords, and the liege lords themselves despoiled by the monks? Observe that man in a tunic, he is a Roman and must have known good times.' 'Ignorant Gaul!' said the man of the Tiber, 'thou hast then neither read Suetonius nor Tacitus. Thou knowest nothing of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, nor Caracalla! Cast your eyes upon that man in a toga; he is the one who has seen good times; he served under the republic.' 'By Bacchus,' exclaimed the man with a long curly beard, 'thou speakest of what thou knowest little of. Thy boasted republic was a barbarous period; wars, battles, combats, carnage, deceivers, tribunes, revolutions, the agrarian law, elections determined by blows, perpetual dictatorships, proscriptions,—were those good times! Look at that man wearing a chlamys, he was more fortunate; his, indeed, were good times.' 'Yes,' answered the Athenian, 'the iron age! Poor Greece, always the prey of tyrants or rogues; a hundred little states ever ready to attack their neighbours or quarrel among themselves,—petty kingdoms, small republics, tyranny, aristocracy, democracy, oligarchy, factions, wars, treasons, and slavery, under the name of liberty—such was Greece. Yonder man, who wears a tiara, lived under Semiramis, and those were the only good times.' 'O Heavens! what nonsense!' exclaimed the man in the mitre, 'Nineveh, Ecbatana, Babylon, Suza, Persepolis, were all infamous cities; the age was corrupt, and miserable Asia knew neither peace nor happiness; these, however, were once to be found. See yon venerable old man,—he is Adam; he knew good times—no one else has known them.' 'May the serpent bite thee, with thy good times!' replied the first of men; 'there existed then but one woman, she was a coquette. I had but two sons—one killed the other. Look at the angels, they have known good times.' 'Thou liest,' cried Lucifer; 'the angels fought each other like devils, and even attacked the Divinity; and if the Supreme himself has seen good times, it was before he called any being into existence.'

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When I last addressed you by letter, containing two songs, the music of which still rings in my ears, I little thought that I was copying the compositions of the sweet warbler, whose lips so gently breathed forth the dulcet sounds; but I have seen her, I have heard her story, and again listened to the melody of her voice. Though once beautiful, grief has marked her brow, and a heavy sadness has stamped her countenance; yet, through this dark foreground the lustre of her black eyes shines more powerfully, and darts, a vivid radiance, from beneath the lashes. When I approached her, I discovered a manner so superior to the situation in which she was placed, a modesty of demeanor so striking, that I felt she was moved from a higher sphere, which she was evidently born to grace and dignity. I was prepared for the interview, having made the errand for the sole purpose of hearing her. One of the pieces, she sung in a low and melancholy strain, and I found it impossible to catch more than a fragment. The other I have added; but faint is the representation of what I enjoyed, the words without the music being as far from the perfection in which I heard them, as the wild Indians' war-cry is from the power and beauty of our martial music.

Tho' later now the day-light sets
Tho' spring in beauty's come,
Tho' lovely blow the violets,
Yet Edward's far from home.

He promis'd ere the winter drear,
That he would come to me,
But far away is Edward dear
Upon the stormy sea.

Oh, may his lot be kinder now
When Edward shall regain,
Once more, his native shores—but how
Till then ease I my pain?

I'll rest me where the willows weep,
Beside the gentle stream,
I'll lay me on the bank, and sleep,
And of my Edward dream.

I'll rest me where the rushes grow,
Along the river side,
And as the gentle waters flow,
I'll murmur to the tide.

Then Edward come, nor tarry more
Upon the stormy sea,
But haste, and live with her e'er more
Who only lives for thee.

Thus she finished and my errand was completed—I saw and heard her.

Liverpool, 1823.

IGNOTO.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WHITE AND BLACK ANTS OF INDIA*

The following observations on the habits of two species of Indian ants, were communicated by a person who resided some time in India. They are more worthy of attention, because they tend to confirm some of the most interesting facts mentioned by Smetstman and others, whose narratives have been suspected of exaggeration; and were made by a lady, who was wholly unacquainted with the writings of these authors:

'The White Ant of India is particularly fond of burrowing in the mud walls of the Indian houses. My attention was one morning attracted by the appearance of a wet spot on the coloured wall of my apartment, at a season, and in a situation, to preclude the supposition of this having been occasioned by rain, or by accident. This led me to examine the spot, and, on slightly touching it, the plaster gave way, and I discovered that a part of the wall behind was hollow. From this I concluded that there was a nest of young ants lodged in it; and, on looking narrowly, I heard a sound produced by a rapid succession of strokes, a mimic alarm-beat, and immediately a great number of white ants came to the place, with their mouths filled with wet mud, with which they repaired the breach in a few minutes. Their whole proceedings were so curious and interesting, that I frequently amused myself with pulling down what they repaired, and observed that there was always an alarm beat before they came to build it up.

* This interesting notice was communicated to Dr. Brewster, by Dr. Trail of Liverpool.
† The White Ant of India is *Termes bellicosus*, Linn.

"I have been highly amused with the conduct of the Black Ants, animals much more daring, though less destructive, than the white ones. I have often observed, that when one or two of them found a large dead insect, or any such substance, too big for them to carry off, that they would go away, and soon return with a number of their species sufficient for the purpose. A gentleman several times sprinkled one or two black ants, engaged in examining a dead insect, with hair powder. They retreated, and soon after he saw his powdered acquaintances at the head of a large column of ants, marching to secure the prize, which had been discovered by their scouts. I have also observed the black ants removing from one place to another in a large body, marching in a very regular column, excepting a few, who seemed to act as overseers. These last marched on each side of the large body, and occasionally turned back, when any thing deranged the line of march; and they never failed to hasten the advance of the loiterers."

* The black Ant of India appears, from description, to be the *Formica elongata*, Linn.

MANNERS OF THE ASIATIC RHINOCEROS.

The following very interesting account of the manners and habits of the Asiatic Rhinoceros, clothed in armour, and having the welled hide, has been given by Sir Everard Home, in a paper in the Philosophical Transactions for 1822. He obtained the particulars from the young man who was its keeper for three years at Exeter 'Change, where it died. "It was so savage," says he, "that about a month after it came, it endeavoured to kill the keeper, and nearly succeeded. It ran at him with the greatest impetuosity; but fortunately the horn passed between his thighs, and threw the keeper on its head: the horn came against a wooden partition, into which the animal had forced it to such a depth, as to be unable for a minute to withdraw it, and during this interval the man escaped. Its skin, though apparently so hard, is only covered with small scales, of the thickness of paper, with the appearance of tortoise-shell; at the edges of these, the skin itself is exceedingly sensible, either to the bite of a fly, or the lash of a whip; and the only mode of managing it at all, was by means of a short whip. By this discipline, the keeper got the management of it, and the animal was brought to know him; but frequently, more especially in the middle of the night, fits of frenzy came on, and, while these lasted, nothing could controul its rage, the rhinoceros running with great swiftness round the den, playing all kinds of antics, making hideous noises, knocking every thing to pieces, disturbing the whole neighbourhood, then all at once becoming quiet. While the fit was on, even the keeper durst not make his approach. The animal fell upon its knees, to enable the horn to bear upon any object. It was quick in all its motions, ate venuously all kinds of vegetables, appearing to have no selection. They fed it on branches of the willow. It possesses little or no memory, dinged in one place, and, if not prevented, ate the dung, or spread it over the sides of the wall. Three years confinement made no alteration on its habits."—See *Phil. Trans.* 1822, 43, 44.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A correspondent in your last No. wishes for an explanation of the following theory. "God, in creating the first individual of each species, animal or vegetable, not only gave form to the dust of the earth, but a principle of life, inclosing in each, a greater or smaller quantity of original particles, indestructible and common to all organized beings. These pass from body to body, supporting life, and ministering to the nutrition and growth of each. And when any body is reduced to ashes, these original particles, on which death has no power, survive and pass into other beings, bringing with them nourishment and life."—See page 11. This, I believe, has been the opinion of many philosophers, but evidently without a shadow of competency. Some have even endeavoured to account for the origin of all organized beings by the fortuitous energy of these particles, but we have no evidence of their existence. It is altogether a gratuitous theory, a vain illusion of the imagination, the last refuge of

Atheism. It is evidently a modification of the theory invented by Buffon. "He supposes there are certain indestructible particles of matter, capable of originally forming, and afterwards nourishing animals and vegetables, and that the arrangement constitutes the only difference betwixt a man and a cabbage." Thus doing away with the necessity of a Creator. What is meant by indestructible particles, I know not. The particles of matter are all indestructible. He who created matter can undoubtedly destroy it, yet each atom of the universe is numbered, and may bid bold defiance to every power short of Almighty. But this theory is, in all its parts, most absurd, and not worthy of a serious refutation. It is, however, acknowledged to be one of the brightest ever invented in support of Atheism.*

Pendleton, July 2nd, 1823.

A FRIEND.

* "The most beautiful theory, though equally untrue with the rest, is that of the elaborated natural historian Buffon. It is the most ingenious doctrine that has ever been held forth; and is certainly all but true."

THE CABINET.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A friend of mine, some years since, having had the temerity to steal a kiss from the lips of a beautiful young lady; and being desirous of recovering the favour of his mistress, I was commissioned to write an apology for the offence. As the lady was of so christianian a disposition as not to let the sun go down upon her wrath, I am certain no one will be offended by seeing the lines in your entertaining publication.

Manchester.

I am, &c.

A. Z.

THE STOLEN KISS—AN APOLOGY.

Why deny me, dear Laura, the sweets of the bliss,
That glows in the touch of an innocent kiss;
Why pout that sweet lip, at an action so civil,
That none can deny e'en the shadow of evil:
'Twas the sweet kiss of friendship! (not any thing more)
Of which, for my friends, I have myriads in store!

FOND FATHERS.—The warlike Agasilans was, within the walls of his own house, one of the most tender and playful of men. He used to join with his children in all their innocent gambols, and was once discovered by a friend, showing them how to ride upon a hobby-horse. When his friend expressed some surprise at beholding the great Agasilans so employed, "Wait," said the hero, "till you are yourself a father, and if you then blame me, I give you liberty to proclaim this act of mine to all the world."

The grave Socrates was once surprised in nearly a similar situation by Alcibiades, and made nearly the same answer to the scoffs of that gay patrician. "You have not," said he, "such reason as you imagine to laugh so, at a father playing with his child. You know nothing of that affection which parents have to their children; restrain your mirth till you have children of your own, when you will, perhaps, be found as ridiculous as I now seem to you to be."

The elder Cato, in the busiest periods of his life, always found time to be present at the bathing and dressing of his son; and when he grew up, would not suffer him to have any other master than himself. Being once advised to resign the boy to the care of some learned servant, he replied, that "He could not bear that any servant should pull his son by the ears, or that his son should be indebted for his learning and education to any other than himself."

Charles the Great was so fond a father, that he never dined nor supped without his children at table; he went no where, but he took them along with him; and when he was asked why he did not marry his daughters, and send his sons abroad to see the world, his reply was, "That he was sure he could not be able to bear their absence."

ANECDOTE OF NICOLÒ ISOARD, THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.—One day Nicolo went into the country to dine with the Count —, and, being extremely warm, he seized, as he entered, the first bottle which came to his hand. Supposing it was wine, he poured out a large glass, which he drank, and proceeded to the saloon, where he found a numerous company. Somebody remarked that he seemed disturbed, as in fact he was. On being pressed to explain the cause, he confessed to one of the ladies of the house that he

felt a singular heat in his stomach, and feared that he might have made some mistake in the liquor he had been drinking: "Why did you not apply to one of the servants?" said the lady;—"do you know to what you have exposed yourself?" "No," replied the musician. "Why the liquor you have taken," she pursued, "is"—"Poison?" asked he in agitation. "Certainly, if the dose be too strong. It is a stomachic tincture, and should only be taken by drops." "My God, madam, what is it you tell me? I drank a whole glass full of it." "Well," said the lady, "the evil may happily be remedied; and, by good fortune, we have a physician here."

M. Musson, a notorious mystifier, was at hand. In the character of a physician, he ordered his poisoned patient some broth; tea, and a rigorous diet. But the last injunction was unnecessary, for the patient had already lost his appetite. The company then went to dinner; while poor Nicolo, remaining in bed, fulfilled with the most scrupulous punctuality the doctor's injunctions. Frequent messages were sent from the dining-room to ascertain the state of his health. At length they learnt that the heat had altogether subsided, but that a state of great weakness had succeeded, which was nothing more than a very ravenous appetite. They now thought that it was time to put an end to the joke: "You are a good deal better," said the physician to him, "and I think I may venture to let you take a little soup."

"A poisoned man eat soup! My dear doctor, do you think my stomach can digest it?"

As he continued to assert that he was poisoned, the physician asked him if he should know the bottle again from which he had drank. "Alas, yes, too well!" he replied. "Is this it?" "Exactly." "Well, then, we shall now finish it to your better health."

The bottle was then emptied by the company who stood around, and who invited poor Nicolo to leave his bed for the table. The poison was cherry-brandy.

EGOTISM.—Colardeau, who was celebrated for his charming versification, was carried off by a premature death. He was in the very extremity of his malady, when Barthe, a cotemporary writer, came to see him. Friendship for the dying man was, however, the last motive which had induced him; for Barthe, without being a bad man, was any thing but a sensitive one. Without troubling himself to inquire into the sick man's condition, he began to chatter to him about prose and verse, and soon drew from his pocket an enormous manuscript, which poor Colardeau, though surrounded by the terrors of death, could not look upon without trembling. "I wish," said Barthe, "to have your advice upon a comedy which I am about to finish. It is a large work; it is in five acts. I have entitled it *Egotism, or the Selfish Man*. Do not scruple to say what you think of it; for, to tell you the truth, I have come for the purpose of having your opinion."

"My good friend," said Colardeau, "the only and the best advice I can give you is, that you would try to introduce in your piece the incident of a man in perfect health coming to read to a poor creature in the last agonies a comedy in five acts—all through,—that is the most complete specimen of egotism that I can imagine."—And he expired.

VARIETIES.

PREVENTION OF DUELS.—The projector requires an Act, of the following nature, to be passed by the legislature, to ensure the total suppression of this honourable species of homicide throughout the kingdom, viz. "that all other methods of duelling shall be illegal and punishable by death, but that by pistols: that under the same penalty, the parties shall be obliged to fight in *spencers*, waistcoats, or coats without skirts, at their choice: that under the same penalty, they shall be compelled to stand with their backs facing each other: and, that under the same penalty, each shall take aim at the life of the other, by stooping himself forward, and firing between his own legs at his opponent. The projector contends, and it must be allowed with some show of truth, that the ludicrous position in which each party would view the other at the fatal moment, would inevitably lead to good humour and reconciliation. He further adds, that no man of honour, in his opinion,

could think of taking another person's life behind his back, as he must do in the situation prescribed by the projector."

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The House of Commons has voted £40,000 to the British Museum, to be particularly applied for the reception of the King's Library. Mr. Croker made the strongest objections to the grant, and charged the Museum with insufficiencies and errors.

BESSEL'S SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS.—That excellent and assiduous astronomer, M. Bessel of Königsberg, is engaged in an important work, containing a Survey of the Heavens in zones. The first part of the work will speedily appear.

MR. RAMAGE'S NEW REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF A LARGE SIZE.—Mr. Ramage, of Aberdeen, has finished the speculum of a new reflecting telescope, FIFTY-THREE FEET in focal length. The diameter of the large speculum is twenty inches.

STEAM SHIPS BUILDING BY GOVERNMENT.—Two steam-vessels have just been fitted out in Deptford dock-yard, one of 225, and another of 180 tons burthen. Other two are building, each of 296 tons, and 126 feet long, to be impelled by engines of 100 horsepower.—*London Journ. of Arts*, vol. v. p. 151.

A CHANCERY MINUTE.—A celebrated Counsellor began his speech by stating that he should not, as his learned friend had done, tell his Lordship that he would only occupy his attention one minute, and then make it five-and-twenty: "however," continued the Barrister, "that is, I suppose; what my learned friend calls a Chancery minute."

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.—A Frenchman, being afflicted with the gout, was asked, what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great difference!" (replied Monsieur) Suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn de screw, till you bear him no longer—that is de Rheumatis—den, suppose you give him one turn more, dat is de Gout."

LUDICROUS SPECTATOR.—On Monday morning, while the drovers were attempting to get four oxen into a slaughter-house behind a butcher's shop in Bow-street, Covent-garden, one of them, in passing through the passage of the house, took a sudden turn and walked up two pair of stairs into a front room, from the window of which he looked down on the astonished passengers!

METEORIC STONE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE VOSGES.—On the 13th September 1822, a meteoric stone fell in the commune of la Buße, during a thunder storm, accompanied with intense lightning. At 7 A. M. a noise was heard like that of a carriage descending over a rough road; it lasted seven minutes, and became at last terrific. The meteor then exploded on the ground, and fragments of a meteoric stone were found in a round hole.—*Ann. de Chim.*, vol. xxi. p. 17.

IRISH KNIGHTS.—Pursuant to a Royal Mandate, the Judges assembled on Tuesday at Lord Chief Justice Dallas's, to determine the question of the Lord Lieutenant's right to make Knights, which has for some time hung suspended between the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor General of England, and that of the Attorney and Solicitor General of Ireland.—The Chief Justice Dallas and Mr. Justice Richardson, were unable to attend through illness, but the other Judges decided in favour of the opinion given by the Attorney and Solicitor General of the Sister Kingdom, thereby establishing the right of the Lord Lieutenant to the privilege in question, and which we believe has been exercised without dispute for more than 500 years.

ON THE CAUSE OF THE ASCENT OF CLOUDS IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—M. Fresnel has ascribed the ascent of clouds in the atmosphere principally to the following cause. Air and all colourless gases allow the solar rays, and even radiant heat, to pass through them, without heating them sensibly. When a cloud, therefore, is composed of small globules of water, or minute crystals of snow, the air in the interior of the cloud becomes heated, by its numerous contacts with those globules which are susceptible of being heated. Hence the air will dilate, and the cloud will rise in the atmosphere, to a height depending on the fineness of the particles of the cloud, and on the intervals which separate them.—See the *Bull. de la Soc. Math.* in Oct. 1822, p. 159.

ON THE CAUSE OF THE SUSPENSION OF CLOUDS.—M. Gay Lussac, in the *Ann. de Chim.*, vol. xvi. p. 59, ascribes the suspension of clouds to ascending currents, which push them upwards, until this force of impulsion is balanced by the weight of the cloud. A soap bubble, he remarks, will not rise in a room, but will descend directly when left to its own weight; but if the bubble is blown in the open air above a heated soil, it will rise to a height more or less considerably. It remains, however, to be determined, how much of this effect is owing to the cause assigned by M. Fresnel, and how much to the mere mechanical force of the current of heated air. It is quite obvious, that both causes operate to a certain extent.

GARRICK'S PICTURES.—The collection of pictures, once the property of the celebrated Garrick, were on Monday sold by auction by Mr. Christie. The room was crowded. The pictures were 71 in number. The lot which excited the greatest interest was the celebrated set of election pictures by Hogarth,—the *Canvasser*, the *Poll*, the *Chairing*, and the *Election Feast*. The first bidding for the set was 500 guineas; the price advanced to 1,650 guineas, at which sum they were purchased by Mr. Soane the architect. Another picture by Hogarth, the subject of which was "Garrick seated at a table, composing his prologue to *Taste*, and Mrs. Garrick behind interrupting him," sold at the low price of 70 guineas. Several landscapes by Wilson and Louthburgh, and a bust of Pope, created much competition.

COLOUR OF THE ARABIAN SEA.—Soon after two o'clock of February 12, 1811, a partial line of green water such as generally indicates shallows, and perfectly different from the blue of a deep sea, was perceived extending considerably. It appeared at first to be two or three miles before us, and was probably eight or nine from land. The navigating master did not suppose that it was occasioned by a shoal, but ascribed it rather to the late fall of rain. Some thought it the effect of tides, or feared that we had approached a sand bank; and the pilot acknowledged that many parts of this coast were but little known, as vessels mostly inclined to the opposite Arabian shore. Our ship, therefore, was put about. We then sounded, and were relieved from any apprehension by finding the depth to be sixty-three fathoms. Towards evening we sailed directly into the line of green water; and so strongly and suddenly was it distinguished from the blue surface which we had left, that, as a passenger remarked, the Lion must have been at one moment floating in a sea of two different colours. Here we again sounded, but could not find bottom at less than seventy-nine fathoms. Had this phenomenon been peculiar to the Persian Gulph, not far from the entrance to which we observed it, the epithet *green*, bestowed on that branch of the ocean by eastern geographers, would seem more applicable than many terms used in the description of other seas.—*Gore Ouseley's Travels*, vol. i. p. 152.

RULES FOR RIDING AND WALKING.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along,
If you go to the left you are sure to be right,
If you go to the right you are wrong;
But the rule of the foot is as clear as the light,
And none can its reason withstand,
On each side of the way you must keep to the right,
And give all whom you meet the left hand.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

MORNING DRESS.

Dress of plain jaconet muslin; the *corsage* made high, close to the shape, and fastened behind. The elegant fashion of ornamenting the front of the skirt has become very prevalent; many have a pagoda trimming formed by bands edged with cord, and narrow trimming of work descending gradually and regularly till it reaches the bottom, where there are four narrow worked flounces, each headed by flat corded bands, the upper one surmounted by a row of delicate insertion-work, the same as is introduced on each side of the pagoda trimming. The *corsage* is nearly covered with similar bands, corded, trimmed and arranged on clear book muslin, narrow at the waist both in front and back, but extending the whole width on the shoulder: falling collar of worked muslin leaves; long sleeve, nearly tight; worked ruffle, and small pagoda trim-

ming at the wrist, where it is tied with primrose-colour ribbon drawn through a narrow puffing of book muslin; the epaulette is divided in the centre, and tied at the top in a bow, and trimmed with a row of puffed book muslin and narrow work.

Round morning cap of sprigged net satin, and primrose-colour gauze ribbon: border of British Mechin lace, plain in the front, and in large puffs on each side. Primrose-colour kid shoes and gloves.

BALL DRESS.

British tulle dress worn over a white satin slip: the *corsage* composed of white satin bands, branching from the front; each band corded and trimmed with narrow blond; two bands continue over the shoulder, and renew the same trimming at the back: the sleeve is of the melon form, with sprays of satin combining the tulle; in the centre is a circular space, occasioned by the omission of the satin, and a cluster of China roses is introduced, which has a novel and elegant effect. The tucker is of fine blond, surmounting a satin band of French folds; from the wrist descends a succession of small oval baskets of tulle, edged with white satin, each containing a China rose and leaves: three rows of the same light tasteful baskets are continued round the bottom of the dress, which is finished with a broad white satin rouleau; white satin sash, with double bow behind.

Milanes head-dress, composed of thirteen pins, two stationary and one pendant ball; the pins are of gold, with the heads of patent pearl, and are stuck circularly in a plaited band of the hind hair: this is a very pretty novel head-dress, and accords with the grace of feminine beauty and youthful fancy. Necklace, ear-rings, and Bracelets, of embossed gold and pink topazes interspersed. White kid gloves, with a quilling of blond at the top; white satin shoes, and a rose-bud introduced in the centre of the white satin rosette.

MINOR-THEATRE.—The novelties produced at this elegant little Theatre, have, during the present week, (notwithstanding the inimitable Mathews' contemporaneous performances at the Theatre-Royal) been very attractive.—Several of the scenes in the pantomime are executed in a chaste and splendid manner,—in particular we notice the Apartment of the Sleeping Beauty, painted by Mr. Phillips. The town views (by Messrs. Phillips and Kerry) are delineated with tasteful accuracy; indeed, the designs and style throughout so much credit to the Artists; and entitle the management of Mr. Farrell to distinction and patronage.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER—A POEM.
To which are added "THE POET'S COMPLAINT;" and "A VOYAGE TO EASTHAM."

By LANCELOT RAYMOND.

"Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let pageantry and power abide,
The gentle Muses haunt the silvan reign."

SEATTLE.

London: Published by HURST, ROBINSON, and Co. Sold by all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge the kindness of the Editor of the Manchester Guardian, in accommodating us with the engraved illustrations of the article on English Grammars.

A. W. G.'s former essay was inserted on coming to hand.—His present favour in our next.

Lines to Miss S. M.; The Dilemma; E. O.; The Mendicant; To a Redbreast; To the Myosotis Arvensis;—are received.

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HORE OTIOSÆ.—(No. IV.)

(Written for the Iris.)

EFFLUVIA OF FLOWERS.

Gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

MILTON. *Par. Lost*, lib. iv.

WITH what pleasure doth the rural christian contemplate the beauties of his flower garden! He gazes on the most worthless flowers in profound admiration; and while he lifts up his voice in gratitude to his Creator, he is unspeakably pleased in the reflection, that to his own skill, and unwearied industry, they owe much of their elegance! With what delight he supports the tender shoots, and recalls the straggling branches! Aided by him they blossom, and bear fruit in wonderful profusion! aided by him they diffuse more exquisite odours! aided by him they flourish more kindly! He cultivates his garden with a skilful hand, and is amply repaid for his assiduity. How beautifully diversified are the tints and colours which Nature has displayed in the formation of the immense profusion of vegetable productions, diffused over every part of the habitable globe! To the vegetable kingdom we are indebted for many indispensable articles of food: we receive our greatest luxuries from the same source; nor is the Materia Medica less indebted to the inexhaustible treasures of the vegetable world. But let us confine ourselves to the effluvia of flowers. We are acquainted with no less than forty-four thousand species of plants; and yet, the odours which emanate from their flowers, are dissimilar in every species, though we are not able to discover in what the difference consists. The odoriferous particles that emanate from flowers must be extremely subtle; and according to Mr. Boyle it appears that the effluvia of assafoetida are not more than the ~~part of an inch in magnitude.~~ part of an inch in magnitude. "The smell of the rosemary, (says Sturm) which grows in Provence, is perceived twenty leagues distance at sea." The odours of some flowers cause us to turn away in disgust, while others delight us beyond the power of expression: but we are not able to account for this difference, unless we allow habit to have some influence over the *nervi olfactorii*. What can be more delightful than the grateful odours of the new-mown hay, or the exquisite fragrance of the thyme, sage and rosemary, which flourish in the most uncultivated parts of our gardens? What delicious effluvia emanate from the unsullied petals of the virgin lily! How stately blooms the variegated tulip! but it yields no fragrance. How different the rose! the favourite flower of Milton and Vetrivius. Well might the Persians celebrate it as the queen of flowers; and introduce it so frequently into their poetical writings! Here we find all that can gratify the eye, and captivate the smell: elegance of shape, unrivalled fragrance, and brilliancy of colour, united in an individual flower. What a ravishing fragrance does this bed of rosemary afford!

How its aromatic odour elevates my soul! Surely this single bed affords a more delicious treat, than the most sumptuous banquet. How fortunate it is that this herb is hardy enough to endure the most rigorous winters, even though it be exposed to the coldest winds! Rosemary has been admitted into the London Pharmacopœia principally on account of its antispasmodic and stimulant properties. When administered internally it is also supposed to strengthen the memory. Hence, Shakespeare says,

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance.

And hence, the ancients considered it as the emblem of fidelity, and each person wore a sprig of it at every wedding or funeral he attended. In fine it is still a custom prevalent in many parts of Europe, to distribute small branches of this plant among the company. In one instance a branch was placed in the hand of the departed, which vegetated so vigorously, that when the grave was opened at the expiration of a few years, the face of the corpse was actually covered with rosemary. The Chinese consider flowers and vegetable perfumes, as indispensable articles in their funeral ceremonies. They also plant violets, jessamines, roses, and other odoriferous flowers on the graves of their friends and relatives. This elegant custom still prevails in several parts of Europe; but is not near so general as formerly,† for we find frequent allusions to it in the ancient poets. Lady Montague informs us that the burying-grounds about Constantinople, are more extensive than the whole city. "Sometimes I have seen," says this celebrated authoress, "burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no account do they remove a stone that serves for a monument. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose at the top of their monument. The sepulchres of great families are railed in and planted round with trees." The "Song of Solomon" has many beautiful passages, in the praise of odoriferous gums, and fragrant flowers,‡ the Lord commanded Moses to make a perfume of stacte onycha, galbanum, and frankincense, to be used in the tabernacle;§ and it was a practice, prevalent among the kings of Tunis, to mix vegetable perfumes with their food. He who can be insensible to the ravishing effluvia of the pink, the auriculus, the hyacinth, the narcissus, and numerous other flowers which decorate our gardens; or to the odoriferous sweets emanating from the neglected flowers of the field, is destitute of sensibility and virtue.

Manchester, July, 1823.

JOHANNES.

* Ointments and perfumes rejoice the heart. *Prov.* xxvii. 9.
† The following beautiful passages allude to this practice.
The flowers, which I have been strewing over the grave of our friend, are dry and faded like myself; age deadens every faculty; my genius is declining. VOLTAIRE.
While other husbands strewed violets and roses, and purple flowers on the graves of their wives, you, Pammachius, bedewed her ashes with the balsam of charity. ST. JEROME.
‡ Chap. i. ver. 12 et seq. chap. ii. ver. 13, chap. iii. ver. 6, &c.
§ Exodus, xxx. 34 et seq.

ESSAY

On the question—*which period of human life is the most favourable to happiness—Youth, Manhood, or Age?*

IT will be observed that were the question worded "which period of life is the happiest?"—that it would be difficult to solve, as it depends entirely upon the contingent circumstances attached to each, and which might happen as well in one period as another; whereas, as it now stands we have only to search for the causes of happiness or what is likely to promote it, and to find out where they are most prevalent. We must beware of trusting too much to appearances, and must search deep into the hidden springs which conduce to it. It would be as well to explain, that by the word *happiness* as used in the question, I mean that rational intellectual enjoyment which is unalloyed by any sensual gratification, and which must consequently be considered as purer and more real than that derived from any other means. Every one must allow, that sensual pleasures are inferior to intellectual in their genuine enjoyment. This granted, I shall proceed to treat on this subject by first examining the causes which do or do not conduce to our happiness in Youth, secondly, in Age, (placing it before Manhood as) thirdly, I shall endeavour to shew my reasons for supposing this period of life to be the most favourable to real intellectual enjoyment.

First of Youth, in which I include all the time which elapses from infancy to the age of 21 years. Many have asserted that it is the most proper time for enjoying life, on account of the few cares and troubles it has,—the little knowledge of the world it possesses,—and the many hopes of future pleasures which are constantly presenting themselves to its view. This idea is frequently and forcibly impressed upon the minds of children, in order to make them fancy themselves happier at that time than ever they will be afterwards, thus infusing prejudices into their minds which perhaps are not thoroughly eradicated for many years, nor until they begin to see the fallacy of them. It is said that youth has no cares or troubles, or at least that they are so trivial as to sink into insignificance, when compared with those we meet with in manhood or age. True—but let us see how far the mind of youth is capable of sustaining them, and in so doing we shall find that those evils on which the mind of man looks down with deriding contempt, appear, and are, in fact, to the youthful fancy of as great magnitude as any which may assail them in after life. Montaigne furnishes me with an excellent illustration: speaking of the plays of children, he says—"it is to be noted that the plays of children are not performed in play, but are to be judged in them as their most serious actions;" consequently the reverse will hold good in my argument. The fly dreads the spider as the quadruped the tiger, so the mind of youth shrinks from lesser as the mind of man from greater evils, and though when taken abstractedly, they scarcely admit of comparison to one another, yet their effects when working upon different minds, are indisputably the same. The infant mind is not capable of sustaining much, and raises up bog-bears to terrify itself, therefore we must consider that what in manhood we account as trifling evils, were to our youthful ideas exaggerated into serious ones. Again, it is said that the little knowledge of the world which a youth possesses conduces to happiness. But, even this I cannot be brought to allow, for we must remember that every school is in itself a world in miniature, in which there are the same enmities, the same jarring interests, the same jealousies, and the same strife for power and superiority that we meet with in real life, only on a smaller scale; but which at the same time cause as much anxiety and trouble in the minds of youth, as the same things do in more advanced age. It is likewise said

youth is full of hope, and that this contributes very materially towards its happiness. True—but the hopes of manhood are much more rational, and have recourse to refined sensations, whilst those of youth are generally comprised in wishes for some ideal pleasure, or some idle personal gratification. Intellectual enjoyments, as I said before, must be allowed by every one to be the most lasting and rational in their nature, at the same time they leave the most pleasant reflections, and consequently produce the greatest happiness in their effects. I would be understood to include also in them those joys which spring from religion. They are the fruits of knowledge, and the youthful mind not being sufficiently refined and cultivated, is not capable of receiving them. It may be compared to a garden in which the seeds of knowledge are sown, but where they only shoot up and blossom during the spring; neither do they at maturity, nor bring forth fruit until the summer of manhood arrives, when the sun of reason which has then obtained its zenith, darts its genial and invigorating rays upon them, and brings them to perfection.

When a youth arrives at an age when he is to choose the profession or business he must follow through life, he then enters into the bustle and tumult of the world, and, like a giddy thoughtless being, too frequently grasps at every pleasure that lies in his reach. His passions now first begin to show themselves in their native force, and gain every day a stronger ascendancy over him, for devoid of experience and his reason not sufficiently matured, he finds himself either unable to curb or withstand their powerful attacks. Too frequently, alas! he gives way to them, at once plunging head-long into every species of dissipation and extravagance, often entailing upon himself years of contrition and sorrow. However, as he approaches to manhood, reason begins to assume her sway, his intellectual faculties develop themselves, and experience teaches him to avoid those rocks and shoals on which his former happiness was wrecked.

I shall endeavour to shew how far old age is or is not favourable to happiness. In this, as in youth, we shall find that there are many causes which render it infinitely inferior to manhood in the promotion of genuine and rational gratification. Age is accompanied by infirmities of almost every nature—aches, pains, sickness, are what we expect to find when we arrive at this period of life. It is generally petulant and peevish, fretful at every little disappointment, apt to fancy itself neglected—full of cares, and sick, and tired of the world. Some of the passions are subsided into tranquillity, but others remain which have acquired ten-fold force from years, and which bring the acutest misery on their possessors, now bereft of strength of mind to subdue them. The faculties of the soul begin to decay, consequently there is not that zeal for intellectual enjoyments which there formerly was; and the relish for enlightened society (one of the greatest pleasures in life) is nearly lost. But all are not so—God forbid!—I only speak generally. How can such a period of life be considered the most favourable to happiness, when those very faculties which encourage it are chilled by the hoary winter of life, and nature herself is tottering to decay. Age is like the remains of a magnificent temple, whose ruined aisle formerly the sanctuary of learning and religion, whose towering and lofty pillars which reflected the last rays of the declining orb of day, and whose mouldering walls which once enclosed the most sublime productions of the pencil and chisel, are now falling fast into oblivion touched by the annihilating hand of time, and “proclaiming loud the instability of human greatness.”

Manhood, I conceive to commence at that period when as I before mentioned, reason assumes her sway, when the intellectual faculties have developed themselves, and when experience has taught us to avoid falling into the errors of youthful folly. The hey-day of youth is over—instead of being volatile and thoughtless man begins to think for himself—his reason teaches him to curb his passions, and keep them within the bounds of prudence—he is in the full enjoyment of health and possessed of the greatest vigour both of body and mind. He has the free use of his faculties—the noble energies of his soul are neither paralyzed by impotence nor enfeebled by decay. His mind, the seat of wisdom and knowledge, is now the best adapted to receive religious impressions untinged with the super-

stitious terrors of youth or the gloomy enthusiasm of age, and he is most capable of enjoying that virtuous, refined, and sentimental feeling of love in all its purity “unruffled by the storms of passion or the sallies of desire” wisely designed by our beneficent creator to soften the rugged path of life, and to strew our way with flowers.

Society is one of the greatest sources of happiness to man when he can ascertain its value and duly appreciate its comfort. It is in manhood that we are best enabled to do so—we enjoy it in its fullest extent when we can gather useful knowledge, information from the lips of others, and can store it up in our memories—it is then that we truly feel it to be the “Feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

In fine—manhood must be allowed to be by far the most favourable to intellectual enjoyment, to love, to friendship, to knowledge, and to all the refined pleasures of civilized society—it is the summer of life, when the sun of reason shines resplendent in meridian glory, unobscured by the clouds of ignorance or the mists of prejudice; casting around the genial and invigorating rays; penetrating the fathomless depths of science; searching into the most secret recesses of nature; illuminating and unravelling the most intricate mazes of philosophy; nourishing and encouraging the growth of piety, virtue and happiness, and dispelling by the bright refugence of his beams the gloomy darkness of superstition and fanaticism. Manhood then, must consequently be more favourable to happiness (as I use the term) than youth or old age.

London, June, 1823.

A. W. G.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The “Lines addressed to one who seemed to doubt the eternal happiness of those who die in infancy,” which appeared in your paper of last Saturday, I have met with before, and think them very poetical; but I was much surprised to see attached to them two stanzas of a little poem written by a near relative of mine when quite a youth, on the death of an infant nephew, not being aware that it was known to any but those of his own family. I shall feel obliged by your inserting the whole in your entertaining miscellany.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Manchester, July 8th, 1823.

SOROR.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT BOY.

For laurel wreaths let more aspiring bards,
To themes ambitious tune exalted lyres;
A sister's kindest love the sole rewards

My young requires.

Ye kindred souls! that e'er have felt the charm
Of sympathy divine your bosom quest,
That e'er have drank the bleeding potion warm

From pity's breast;

Aidst my numbers by your pious care,
To paint the genuine feelings of my heart;
And whilst I in a sister's sorrows share,

Relief I impart;

Oh! could I catch a Young's pathetic fire,
When mourning o'er his loved Narcissa's bier,
Fraternal feelings should in me inspire

Immortal verse.

To tear-dewed melancholy's sacred shrine,
Where weeps a mother o'er her infant dead;
By sweet affection's influence begn

I'm pensive led.

Peace to the spotless tenant of the tomb!

In grateful quiet shall his ashes sleep;
Borne from the cradle to the earth's dark womb,
No more to weep.

O may the moss-grown heap, and grassy blade,
That verdant flourish o'er what once was fair,
Be long unconscious of the cruel spade!

A Brother's prayer!

But when at last thou shalt resign thy breath,
And with thine infant seek a long repose,
Ere then, may some kind messenger of death

These eyelids close!

methinks I see thee at the ev'ning hour,
Venting in sighs the burden of thy grief;
While from thine eyes the streaming torrents pour

A sad relief.

But weep no more—thy infant is not dead;
He lives—but not in this frail house of clay—
The little prisoner of earth is fled

To realms of day.

Where cherubim and seraphim adore,
Far, far above this darksome, earthly clod,
He stands—in rapturous ecstasy before

His Father, God!

THE YORKSHIRE ALEHOUSE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Thus invited, into the house I went; and looking to the right, there I beheld half the running horses, and fatted oxen, of the west—flourishing in fullness of pedigree—dressed with all the skill of the district sign-painter, and hung in succession like the male and female portraits of families whose genealogical trees take root about the time of Hengist and Horsa. I looked to the left, and there I saw something much more to my fancy—a large hall with a ceiling white as snow, a floor of stone sifted over with fine white sand—the walls hung round with fitches of bacon as if with tapestry, and the mantelpiece glittering with burnished copper and tin. A large fire, though it was the middle of summer, glowed in the chimney; and, over many simmering-pans and moving spits presided a squat middle-aged dame, sprinkled with the fatness of many feasts, and with a face broad and imperious, from which the fire itself might have obtained increase of heat. She moved from side to side of the immense fire-place, preparing consolation of various kinds for many dining mouths; and casting a look upon each of the groupes of longing travellers, as any of her numerous undertakings miscarried, in which one might plainly read that she gave them all, body and spirit, to flames everlasting.

I seated myself at a vacant table, and began to peruse the faces of those among whom it was my lot to be cast—there were various groupes, and several solitaires; but the looks of all were rivetted on the fire, and on the demon who ruled over pot and spit. “My good girl,” said a tall traveller, brandishing his knife and fork and leaning forward upon the table like one eager for a feast, “when am I to have my morsel from the fire? Here am I fasting from all, save a single pot and a pound of corned beef at the Gled and Gosling, and a whet at the Robin Hood. I am so ravenous that I could demolish, at a cut or two, your whole mess of steaks, and eat the gridiron they were broiled on.” “Come, then, cormorant,” said the increased cook, “fall on, and the fiend give thee good on’t, hot iron and all!” And she placed the gridiron, reeking with collops, before him—a thick and fat vapour eddied away in a long stream, as nothing displeased, and with a sharp and diligent knife, he began to make the smoking dainty disappear.

The fragrance of the traveller's meal reached a figure seated in a staffed arm-chair—and so huge in person, and utterly unwieldy, that he must have come by the waggon—for no common vehicle could have moved under him. He was so over-laid with outward man, that he might be compared to a candle over-dipped. He sat with his eyes fixed on the revolving spit—if eyes they might be called, of which you could only distinguish the faint glimmer of satisfaction increasing as the roast approached to a conclusion, so deeply were they overbuilt by cheek and brow. When the reek of the broiled collops was wafted across his face he gave a grunt of delight; and a large bull-dog, as overgrown as himself, which lay beneath his chair, with its broad square nose resting on its fore-paws, arose, and looked in its owner's face, shook its tail, and licked its lips, and uttered a whine of most clamorous desire. “Curse thee,” said the virago of the pan and spit; “must thou have it raw and bloody from the cows' haunch too? Lie down; or I will thrust a collop down thy throat with the red hot tongue.” At this moment in glided mine

host's daughter, Rebecca. "Ah Squire Featherstone," said the damsel, "it's a kind wind that blows you here;" and she stood beside her huge guest, and her eyes shining with gladness. The squire roused himself up as much as a man of his calibre might; and, stroking down the curling ringlets of the maiden with a hand rivalling in weight a shoulder of mutton, said, "Thank thee for thy good will, girl—and see if thou hast not a cap and feather the better for't at Midsummer. Wind that blew me here, Rebecca, wench? In faith, lass, it could not be less than a storm that blew me here—yet I have seen, on a day, when I could have crept through the bore of an inch-suger, and leapt hop-step-and-jump, with the lightest lads of the three Ridings. But, Becky, lass! come, stir thee—stir thee. I come not here to look in thy pretty face, and set these ringlets on thy shoulders—but, hark in thy left ear—if thou wouldst come and be dame Featherstone, I would comb thy locks with a golden comb, wench—I would." To all this Rebecca answered with a laugh, and sidelong look, which seemed to measure and weigh this mighty production of the North Riding. Her eye became graver, as she looked; and growing doubt seemed gathering beneath her lids. She went to a small table—covered it with a white cloth—removed, with a careful hand, a roasted fowl from the fire, and set it smoking before him. In a moment, all else that the world contained vanished from mind and eye—the fowl, dismembered, lay distilling fat dew—he neither looked to the right or the left; but with both hands carried an incessant supply to that insatiable crevice which men call the mouth, and then dropped the fragments to his four-footed comrade at his feet.

Apart from him, and divided at equal distances round a little table, sat three of those wise and profound persons who settle all movements by land and sea, taxation, tithes, parliamentary influence—and what perhaps promised, from their course of life, to be of more importance—parochial settlements, and the blessing of having charity doled out to the moiety of mankind by the reluctant hand of the legislature. In imitation, too, of their Saxon ancestors, who debated all serious subjects once drunk and once sober, they had commenced in drink, knowing there would be time for reflection and sobriety soon, when cash grew scant, and credit scarce. "Confound all your flowered and open-stitch luxuries," said one, a journeyman manufacturer of the finest Yorkshire broad cloth; "confound them all, say I, since wool may clothe them all like peacocks and princesses. Away with your flimsy silk, and your gaudy satin, and your fine woven laces, and your striped and flowered muslins; and up with the fleece and the comb. One of our best blues, with a cut-steel button from Rhodes of Sheffield, might become men, were they all demigods. It will never be a merry country again, till the wool-comb puts down the spinning-jennies and the lace-looms; and then for the beef, and the bread, and the beer." And he emptied a quart of ale at a draught—and flourished the burnished vessel around his head, in defiance of contradiction.

"I will tell ye my mind, plump and plain," said a travelling dealer in cattle, balancing in his hand, at the same time, a flaggon of ale crowned with white foam like a competition cauliflower, which he held halfway between the table and his lips, like one resolved to be brief. "I tell ye what—I would pull down the mills, and make a bonfire of the machinery, and hang one half of the weavers by the light of their own blazing looms, and banish the other. I would turn pleasant Lancashire into good grass parks, where you

would hear nought but the low of fattening cattle, and see nought but merry men making bargains, and giving glorious luck-pennies, in the corner of every field. And should any one ask you who said so, ye may say it was Dick Desborough, of the North Riding, damn me." And the concluding flourish of swearing was quenched to a whisper in the flaggon of ale, into the foam of which he instantly dived.

"Dick Desborough," said his other comrade, balancing himself with difficulty on his seat, and spilling the ale at every attempt which he made to lift it to his lips; "Dick Desborough I will dispute with no man—opinion is free—or what have we signed the petition to parliament about, and given the king good advice? Opinion, Dick, is no taxed commodity—thanks to Hampden and Hunt for that—it is as free as the wind—as free as the light of the eye, Rebecca, my dear: so here goes opinion. Confound yarn winnals, grass, parks, lowing cattle, cattle dealers, and all luck-pennies, glorious or inglorious. Confound them, kide and hair—fell and flesh, skin and bone. Give me a sharp ploughshare—a free furrow cut as clean as Rebecca's ribbon, a shawery and sunny summer, and a hot harvest, and then I will shew you a merry Old England again. The flaggons will foam, the lasses will dance, the lads will sing, and all men will laugh at sharp taxation and rotten boroughs, and lying evils and standing armies. Confound pasturage and spinning-mills says Bill Swingletree; and so said his father before him."

"And who laughs at standing armies, I shall be glad to know," said a tall and blooming virago, who, seated in a corner between two travelling heroes of the firelock and knapsack, seemed to be considered as appertaining to both. The arm of a little carrot-headed corporal had invaded, and partly occupied, the ample circumference of her waist; while her upper works were in the possession of a brawny private, with long waxed mustaches, a grim eye, and a menacing aspect. "And who laughs at the lads of the gun, and the sword?" said the heroine, rising up to give greater emphasis to what she was about to say. "I have seen better men, and handsome, thrown by the dozen, like sand-bags, to fill a wet ditch during a hasty march, than the cleverest one among ye. Confound ye for clod-hoppers, and combers of wool, and drivers of cattle! Does it become such fellows as you to speak slightly of our gallant soldiers! You who sit, full-fed, and warm, and safe, at home, when the bullets fly and the bayonets are crimsoned, and the brooks of a foreign land are increased with English blood? Ye eat when ye are hungry—ye drink when ye are dry—ye go to bed when ye please—and ye rise to the crowing of the cock, or the sound of the harvest horn—ye hide your head when the rain falls—and ye work but when the sun shines—and ye dance, and ye sing, and ye make mouths at your betters—and to whom are ye indebted for all these indulgences, but to the good and gallant soldier? And yet must I hear words of scorn for those who keep bloodshed from your doors, by many a gallant deed, on many a bloody field! I would not give the little finger of poor Sandie Frazer, who lies buried in the gory dykes of Bergen-op-zoom, for a whole North Riding of such productions as you—And I am a North Riding lass, myself—Nancy Rutherford by name."

"And is poor Sandie Frazer dead?" said a young woman, entering the door of the ale-house, with a child in her arms, and another at her foot. Then my pilgrimage is ended, and these bonnie babes are fatherless." And she sunk down on a seat at the threshold—drew the children to her

bosom, and sobbed aloud. "But let me understand you, lass," said Nancy of the North Riding. "Our Sandie Frazer may not be your Sandie Frazer,—our lad was tall, with sunny hair, bright blue eyes, liaped somewhat in his speech, and his speech was very sweet—he smiled when he spoke, sung like a thrush, and danced as light as a leaf in the wind." "Enough, enough," said the young woman, "ye have seen my Sandie Frazer; there was but as lad whom the mother of these two children loved, and he lies dead in a trench. Woe's me for ye, my two sweet wee unhappy weans." "A pot of Burton ale to a drink of ditch-water," said the other, "that ye are the lass he always sighed for and spoke about—ye have the very look of the one he described to me—only saddened down like, and touched with sorrow somewhat. Sorrow's a sad hand for a fair face—she has laid a finger on me in her time. But speaking of bonnie Sandie—d'ye come from near Dumfermline? and is your name—I forget now—it is a queer name, a Mac—something; but if ye be she, your father disowned ye, and your mother turned ye from the door, cause ye wedded corporal Frazer. Plague on their Scottish pride."

The young woman replied, with a shriek of pleasure and agony, "And dkt he aye speak about me, say ye—and did he tell ye the story of our love? Then shall I seek bread for his bairns through the wide world, with a contented though a sorrowful heart. Will ye say what ye ken of his death? I can bide it, I can bide it." "It's a tale soon told," said she of the North Riding; "I marched with Corporal Cater then—he's dead and buried in bloody grave, as well as your bonnie Sandie—oh the dykes of Bergen-op-zoom!—I saw them full of water at night, and found them filled with dead bodies in the morning. The first known face I saw was that of black Dick Ratcliffe, of Scarborough. But let me tell my tale right—and first let me advise my Dumfermline lass to taste a drop of this neat cheering article—a sorrowful heart's always dry. Well, well, ye wont—ye'll grow wiser, lass,—I was soft like thyself, when I first followed the camp; but I soon learned—a marching regiment's a prime school; and I am far from dull in my comprehension. However, I will tell ye what I saw—I saw seventeen hundred bonnie lads, and your Sandie Frazer among them, marching out at dead of night to the storming of that dirty Dutch town. They went out as silent as the grass o'er which they trod; and with them went two caravans—one drawn by grey horses, and the other by black—I thought, as I followed them, that it looked like a funeral; the caravans belonged to the surgeons, and were for bearing back the wounded. As they went along, I heard Corporal Frazer say to the chief surgeon, "If ye bring me back, let me come with the grey; for the black looks like a hearse;" and an old Scotch soldier, who marched by his side, said, "We shall not need, Frazer—we shall lie stark and stiff, with many a pretty man, before the dawning. I have seen—but it will dispirit our comrades I say what I have seen. Bergen-op-zoom is the last place we shall see, and we shall not behold it by day."

"Come, come, Nan, lass," said the little corporal, "you have said too much about that puddle dub—all-weedy ditch and frog-marsh—old mother twenty trows, dull dirty Holland. Can't you say to the girl at once, that Frazer and five hundred others were shot in the ditch, and have done with it—damme, you are as tedious as a gazette."

"And damn swampy Holland, Nan, my good girl," said the tall private, "it's not worth the

fag-end of a blank cartridge. Give me good old Spain, say I, where you can have a bullock for a bullet, a madonna to cock it, and replenish your canteen—where the floors are silver, and the reliques pure gold. Ah! many's the pretty little saint of the right metal I have had in my knapsack; here's to a merry Spanish campaign, say I, and let Holland go to the hogs—where a man cannot have a mouthful of meat without the current metal—a curse upon the land, say I; and may the dykes break, and the sea resume its empire."

"Peace, thou moiety of manhood," said she of the North Riding, "and silence, thou mere flint-snapper." "And now, my bonnie lass of Dumfermline town, as poor Corporal Frazer called thee, I will tell thee of the last of his marches. We went out at midnight, as silent as shadows, and halted not till we saw the dykes and ramparts dark before us—with here and there a twinkling light, and here and there a sentinel pacing his rounds. We moved on—a dog barked, and a soldier saw us, and fired; and, without a shout, down rushed our men, and then the work of death began. Shot after shot—knell after knell—small-arm first, and then cannon—men falling from the ramparts, and men dropping in the ditch—the sound of trumpet, the shout and the huzza—formed a concert fitter for devils than men. I said it was midnight, and scarcely a light twinkled—it was as bright as mid-day soon, and lights in thousands and tens of thousands were flashing in every direction. Flights of rockets, thrown from the town, hung over us like a canopy of stars—ye might have counted every musket—numbered every button—called every man by his name; while from the batteries the balls flew on us like hail. Think ye not that our gallant lads were idle—the ramparts were thrice lost and thrice won. But why should I make a long tale of sorrow and distress? Day at last dawned, and showed me the dykes dammed with the dead and dying. One of the first I saw was my own poor corporal: two balls, and a pike, had done their work—all in the bosom; and a true bosom it was to me! and I have been faithful to his memory while I could—but resolution cannot last ever, and tears cannot run like a stream. Close beside him lay bonnie Sandie Frazer—pike and bullet had been dealing with him too—a ball to the brow—and a white broad brow it was—and a pike to the bosom—and so go our gallant spirits away! It was hot work, my bonnie lass of Dumfermline; it was hot work."

"Ye have said enough," said the young woman; "I expected all this. On the night of the storming that fatal place—it might be twelve o'clock—I was lying with my two babes in a farmer's barn, and I thought I was sleeping—but your story tells me I was awake. A light came into the barn, and I put my hands over my babe's face, that it might not awake; and looking up I saw Sandie Frazer wiping the blood from his brow. He gave a smile, and I could not but smile—but it was soon changed to shrieking, for he vanished away; and the farmer came running when he heard my cries, and said it was a dream, only a dream."

"Hilloah, my herties," said the driver of the waggon, entering, "I have shouted out these ten minutes—we must wag.—Come 'long, Nan, with your two troopers—come, trot—jog's the word—waggon and water will wait for no one. And come, too, if ye like, my canny Scotch lass with your two bairns—if ye go southward, I will give ye a cast of the waggon for pure love. Nay, don't weep, woman; a face like thine will find a husband any where." "I was going south-

ward once," said she; "but I shall turn northward now.—Come, my two sweet fatherless weans, we cannot weel be more desolate—we shall find a bush and a field somewhere." And she rose, and was about to depart. "Nay, nay," said Nan of the North Riding, "we will not sunder so, my sweet lass of Dumfermline. I have a few trinkets, and popish baubles, and some broad gold pieces, which have survived the Spanish and the Flemish wars; and for the sake of bonnie Sandie Frazer, ye shall share them: I need them not. Here's the two lads that will win cash for me. Pluck up your heart, and come to the south with us—your story shall win you a pension, or I will write your wrongs on the secretary's forehead with my ten nails."

The waggon moved on, and the ale-house was emptied of most of its inmates. Those whom our little, simple, and perfectly authentic story has at all interested, will be pleased to learn that the young widow of Dumfermline lives in a warm cottage, on a small pension; and that honest Nancy of the North Riding, won from the folly of her ways by the relict of bonnie Sandie Frazer, forsook the south, much to the sorrow of two entire regiments, and married a douce and sponable widower on the border, and became a subscriber to seven moral and religious tract associations, and an example to three parishes.

SURNAMES.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Men once were surnamed from their shape or estate,
(You all may from History learn it)
There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.
But now, when the door plates of Masters and Dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, Surnames
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Fox, though provoked, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns to his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.
Mr. Wile is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek Mr. Lyon let fierce Mr. Lamb
Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero)
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heavilside danced a Bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her:
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er sent
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,
Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwined him,
Mr. Metcalfe ran off, upon meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after-three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardner can't tell a flower from a root,
Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back;
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won,
Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.
Mr. Cruiksank slept into three thousand a-year,
By showing his leg to an heiress,—
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear
Surnames ever go by Contraries.

BIOGRAPHY.

MADAME DE STAEL.

By Robert Scott, Editor of the Cabinet of Portraits.

This astonishing woman, whose maiden name was Anne Louis Germaine Necker, was born at Paris in 1768. She was the daughter of the celebrated minister, Necker, and Susan Curchod, a Swiss, who was admired by Gibbon during his residence in that country.

Born of such parents, and her infant ideas associated with the intelligence of Marmontel, Diderot, Buffon, St. Lambert, Thomas, and all the learned men of Paris, who formed the circles of her mother, it is not surprising that her mind imbibed those principles which she so warmly advocated in all her writings. Her first publication consisted of three tales, and appeared in 1785. This was followed in 1786 by a comedy, *Sophie*; and in 1787 by two tragedies, *Jane Grey* and *Montmorency*. The first work, however, that stamped her reputation, was her *Letters on the Works and Character of J. J. Rousseau*. A short time previous to this, through the influence of her mother, she gave her hand, but not her heart, to the Baron of Stael-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador at Paris, by whom she had two sons and two daughters.

In 1790 Madame de Staël accompanied her father to his retirement at Copet, but, the year following, returned to Paris, and took an active part in the affairs of those eventful times. She formed intimacies with Talleyrand and Sieyès, La Fayette, Narbonne, Lameths, Barnave, Vergniaud, and other conspicuous characters in the Constituent, Legislative, and similar bodies. In 1793 she was compelled to fly with her husband to Copet, to evade the wrath of the revolutionists; but in 1795 returned to Paris, and published her *Thoughts on Peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt*. This year Legendre more than once denounced Madame de Staël and her party, as directing the political intrigues of the day.

On the death of her mother she composed at Lausanne the first part of an essay on the *Influence of the Passions upon the Happiness of Individuals and Nations*. This appeared at Paris in 1796, and the second part the year following. In 1798 she produced a work on the *Influence of Revolutions upon Literature*, and a dramatic piece, entitled *The Secret Sentiment*. In 1802 appeared *Delphine*, a novel of great celebrity. In 1803 she was banished by Buonaparte to the distance of forty leagues from Paris; and on the death of her father, in the year following, appeared *Manuscripts of M. Necker, published by his Daughter, with a short Memoir of his Life*. To divert her mind from the loss of her father she travelled into Italy, and there collected materials for her celebrated work *Corinna, or Italy*. After the completion of this she repaired to Jena, and formed the plan of her work entitled *Germany*. This was printed at Paris, but, previous to publication, the whole impression was destroyed by order of Buonaparte; on which its author repaired to England, and printed it in both English and French.

On the restoration of Louis XVIII. Madame de Staël's long exile terminated, and she again resided in Paris, where her house became a rendezvous for the most celebrated literary and political characters of the time.

After a long illness, this eminent woman died on the 15th of July, 1817; some time previous to which she had the satisfaction to see her eldest daughter married to the Duc de Broglie, a peer of France.

A MECHANIC'S JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR FROM LONDON TO PARIS, IN 1832.

(Concluded from p. 210.)

I ARRIVED next morning at Beauvais, a tolerably large town, containing a fine place, in which is the town hall, and near it a fine cathedral. The thought of this town often causes amusement to me, even now. I breakfasted at a house before I entered the gates of the town, and then passed through it, going out, as I then imagined, by the right gate, and taking the road to Paris; I was in excellent spirits at the idea of arriving there on the same day; but how great was my disappointment, for, on riding about twelve miles (for which I gave the driver part of a bottle of wine), and walking many miles more, I arrived at five o'clock in the evening, at the identical house I had left in the morning. No one can describe the consternation I felt, knowing the consequence of being seen a second time in the same place; however, I was almost proof against difficulties, and made a bold push once more for the gate, but I was espied, and marched into the house with as much solemnity as if I had been a spy. An officer and two privates of the *gens d'armes* were immediately sent for; they cross-examined me severely, and I explained myself as well as I could.—After closely inspecting my passport, they measured my height, and asserted that I was one inch below that specified in the passport. They next obliged me to write my name, to see if it corresponded with my signature, which they said it did not. They then held a long consultation together; during which I was playing my part, by eating a hearty dinner. By this means I got the landlord on my side; and afterwards the whole of them saw that I was an unfortunate traveller, and I departed apparently in good humour, but, in reality, cursing them for a tyrannical set, and lamenting the time I had lost. The wine I had drank animated me, and I was resolved to make good my lost time, if possible; but meeting with a Frenchman, who was going to the next village, we got into conversation, and, of course, to drink together, till I was unable to go any further, but fell asleep. Awakening, I found my man was gone, and had paid for all. This was one of many similar traits that I met with. I was very ill that night, and without the kindness of the hostess, who made me some strong tea and jellies, I could not have departed next day. When I left the house, she shook my hand, and begged I would not drink any more. It was not long before I recovered my strength, and met nothing worth relating till I arrived at St. Denis, which, indeed, at first, I imagined to be the entrance to Paris; it is a pretty lively town, full of soldiers. Passing this, I came in sight of Montmartre, a very high and steep hill, with eight windmills at the top, besides many houses; here the city of Paris burst on my sight, and never shall I forget the sensation it created. It was not that of delight, but, on the contrary, my very heart sank within me, at the idea of entering a place on which my mind had feasted for years; these sensations increased till I entered the walls. I then passed the gate of St. Denis.

Now, indeed, I found I was in Paris! All around me was Babel-like confusion. A second Bartholomew Fair, on a larger scale! Here was a conjurer, playing all the tricks of an Indian juggler; there was a quack doctress on horseback, with serpents winding round her arms. The number of marchands, as they call themselves, is so innumerable, that an Englishman can form no idea of them. Every article to gratify the taste or sight, may be purchased here; but an Englishman can easily discern misery under the garb of pleasure. The Boulevards, the Quais, and every vacant space, are lined with miserable objects, selling their goods, with a number dangling from their stalls; for every thing is licensed here. As the houses have no yards or gardens behind them, many things are done in the open streets, as roasting coffee, &c. by which Paris is never free from smells. The poorer classes of people wash their linen in sheds, erected on the river Seine, beating them with bats. The Seine scarcely deserves the name of a river, being a shallow muddy stream, without tide, and on which not a boat is to be seen. What is called the Cité, is a wretched mass of dirt; the dirt and mud being swept against the walls, taken away every morning by the scavengers.—As

there are fountains in nearly every street, they are always muddy; besides not a morsel of pavement is to be seen in all the town. The smell that first offended my nostrils was now increased by the stench of cookery, &c.

Notre Dame is a fine building, superior, in my opinion, to Westminster Abbey; but St. Paul's has no equal here. In the grass plot of the Palais Royal is a small cannon, which is discharged every day, by the rays of the sun falling on a magnifying glass which is suspended over it. The Garden of the Tuilleries is a delightful place, being so shaded by trees that the heat of the sun cannot penetrate. I was, one day, witness to a battle between two men; fights do not happen often, I believe, but when they do, let not the French boast of humanity; for one had no sooner got the other down, than he kicked and struck him unmercifully, till the other cried for quarter. The shops, with respect to beauty, bear no resemblance to ours, having a mean dirty appearance. Those of the linen drapers are the handsomest, having a good sign hung over the door. The cafés are superb, some of them being lined with looking glasses. Strolling down by the side of the river, I saw the word 'Morgue' written over the door of a stone building; I entered, and what a sight! on each side are boards, in an inclining position, on which were two men and one female, naked, with a small exception. The head of the first was shattered to pieces; he had shot himself: the other was an old man, who had been taken out of the river. The woman, who seemed to have been young and handsome, had likewise been found in the Seine; it was supposed the cause was jealousy. Their clothes were hung over their heads, that they might be recognised by their friends. The smell was intolerable, yet there were two ladies looking on with the utmost composure. On Sundays, the Boulevards are crowded, and the shops are partially open till five or six in the evening. The French may boast of their Champs Elysées, but they are not equal in beauty to Kensington Gardens, although the former are prettily studded with little cafés, which gave them a very picturesque appearance. The Museum of the Louvre is an immense hall, full of paintings; under which is a handsome hall, containing three or four hundred beautiful statues, and having a very different appearance from a mason's-shop-looking place in the British Museum. But the finest sight is the Jardin des Plantes: here are to be seen every plant and tree in the known world; in addition to which, in a fine stone building, are immense numbers of stuffed birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects. In another part of the garden is a large collection of living wild beasts, and among them is an old bear, named Martin; he has killed two men, the last of whom was a veteran in the army; the circumstances are these: a lady, who had imprudently approached too near the cage, let her reticule fall, which the bear instantly drew into the cage. The lady was much concerned, as it contained twenty-six Napoleons. The veteran offered his services to regain it for the reward of one of them; and having procured a ladder, he descended by a trap door, which opened at the top; he had a sword drawn, and secured the reticule, the bear having retired in a corner; but, being roused by his ascending, he pounced on him and crushed him. The bear was, seriously, tried for it, and if he had been convicted, his life had been the forfeit: but his counsel, for he had one, argued that Martin had acted only in self-defence, as the man had no right to invade his premises, besides he acted from interested motives. The bear was acquitted. There is now a soldier placed there, to prevent the too near approach of any person. Fiacres and cabriolets are very numerous in the streets, but gentlemen's carriages are seldom seen, as few are rich enough to keep them. The Théâtre Français is the principal theatre, and at which Talma plays. In tragedy, the same scene continues all through the piece, making it one uninterrupted piece of declamation, undivided by acts or change of scenery.—I have one more grave remark to make, and which is the last; for who can go further than the silent habitations of Père la Chaise. This burial ground is on a hill, from which you have a fine view of Paris. Here are tombs of the most illustrious as well as the most humble. The ground is purchased by the person who intends to make this his last resting place: they even go so far as sometimes to have the stones engraved, with an account

of their deaths, leaving a space for dates, &c.; it is a most enebanting place, every grave being decorated with garlands, which are renewed from time to time. I remained in Paris about a fortnight, scarcely ever thinking of business, but passed my time in going to every place worth notice. Finding, at last, that, though Paris is a fine place to spend money, yet it is no place to get it, I resolved to return to London, which I was enabled to do, by the assistance of a gentleman I met here. After obtaining my passports, which cost me two whole days and ten francs, I took the diligence to Amiens, a distance of one hundred miles, for twelve francs, finding the road paved the whole distance. The town is large, and contains a fine cathedral. I was shown the house in which the hollow peace of 1801 was concluded; here I entered a sacre, which took me to Boulogne, whence I walked to Calais, and taking my place in the packet to Dover, arrived in London, fully convinced, that, for an Englishman, no place is like England. W. B.

POEM BY DR. FRANKLIN.

We believe (says the editor of the *Salem Observer*, an American paper) that it is not generally known that this eminent philosopher was no inconsiderable poet. The following ode, which, for some reason or other, does not appear in his works, was written on the institution of the Royal Academy, by his Majesty, George III., A. D. 1769.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ARTS.

When discord late her baneful influence shed,
O'er the fair realms of science and of art,
Neglected genius bent his drooping head,
And pierc'd with anguish every tuneful heart;
Apollo wept the broken lyre,
Wept to behold the mournful choir
Of his lov'd muses now an exil'd train,
And in their seats to see Alecto reign.

When, lo! Britannia, to the throne
Of goodness, makes her sorrows known,
For never there did grief complain,
Or injur'd merit plead in vain,
The monarch heard her just request,
He saw, he felt, and he address'd;
Quick with a master hand he tunes the strings;
And harmony from discord springs.

Thus good by heaven's command from evil flows,
From chaos, thus of old, creation rose;
When order with confusion join'd,
And jarring elements combin'd,
To grace with mutual strength the great design,
And speak the architect divine.

While eastern tyrants, in the trophied car,
Wave the red banner of destructive war,
In George's breast a nobler flame
Is kindled, and a fairer fame
Excites to cherish native worth,
To call the latent seeds of genius forth,
To bid discordant factions cease,
And cultivate the gentle arts of peace.

And, lo! from this auspicious day,
The sun of science beams a purer ray:
Behold! a brighter train of years,
A new Augustan age appears;
The time, not distant far, shall come,
When England's tasteful youth no more
Shall wander to Italia's classic shore;
No more to foreign climes shall roam,
In search of models better found at home.—

With rapture the prophetic muse,
Her country's opening glory views,
Already sees, with wond'ring eyes,
Our Titans and our Gildos rise,
Sees new Palladus grace th' historic page,
And British Raphael charm a future age.
Meantime, ye sons of art, your offerings bring,
To grace your patron and your king,
Bid sculpture grace his honour'd name
In marble, lasting as his fame:
Bid painting's magic pencil trace
The features of his darling race,
And as it flows through all the loyal line,
Glow with superior warmth and energy divine.

If tow'ring architecture still
Can boast her old creative skill,
Bid some majestic structure rise to view,
Worthy him and worthy you;
Where art may join with nature and with sense;
Splendour with grace: with taste, magnificence;
Where strength may be with elegance combin'd,
The perfect image of its master's mind
And, oh! if with the tuneful throng
The muse may dare to mix her humble song,
In your glad train permit her to appear,
Tho' poor, yet willing, and tho' rude, sincere,
To praise the sovereign whom her heart approves,
And pay this tribute to the arts she loves.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. PERKINS'S NEW STEAM ENGINE.

On the application of Mr. Perkins's principle to Steam Engines of the old Construction.

BY DR. BREWSTER.

GREAT as the invention is which we have described,* yet we are disposed to think that the application of the principle to old steam-engines is not less important. When we consider the enormous capital which is at present embodied in Great Britain in the substantial form of steam-engines, and the admirable elegance and skill with which these noble machines impel and regulate the vast population of wheels and pinions over which they reign, we feel as if some vast innovation were proposed upon our established usages, by the introduction of Mr. Perkins's engine. The very idea that these potentates of the mechanical world should be displaced from their thrones; that their strongholds should be dismantled; their palaces demolished, and their whole affairs placed under a more economical management, is somewhat startling to those who dread change, and admire institutions that both work and wear well. Mr. Perkins, however, has saved them from such a degradation. He has allowed them to retain all their honours and privileges, and proposes only to invigorate them with fresh influence and power.

In this new system, the old engines, with their boilers, are retained unaltered. The furnaces alone are removed. Mr. Perkins constructs a generator consisting of three horizontal tubes of gun-metal, connected together, filled with water, and supplied with water from a forcing-pump, as in his own engine. This generator is exposed to heat in an analogous manner, so that, by means of a loaded valve, which opens and shuts, the red hot fluid may be constrained till forced out of the generator into the water in the boilers of Bolton and Watt. By this means, as much low pressure steam of four pounds on the square inch may be generated by one bushel of coals, as could be produced in the old engine by nine bushels. This most important result, was obtained by actual experiment.

Since these great improvements have been effected, Mr. Perkins has made a discovery that seems, in its practical importance, to surpass them all. He now entirely dispenses with the use of the condenser, and works the engine against the atmosphere alone; and by methods with which we are not acquainted, and which indeed it would not be prudent for him to disclose at present, he is enabled to *arrest the heat after it has performed its mechanical functions, and actually pump it back to the generator, to unite with a fresh portion of water, and renew its useful labours.* In an operation like this, a considerable portion of the heat must still be lost, but the wonder is that any should be saved; and we venture to say, that the most sanguine speculator on the omnipotence of the steam-engine, never dared even to imagine the possibility of such an invention.

We are well aware, that, in announcing this discovery, we are exposing ourselves to the criticisms of those whose belief is naturally limited by their own experience; but it is satisfactory to know, that Captain Basil Hall, (whose account of Mr. Perkins's discoveries and inventions, as delivered before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, gave such universal satisfaction,) has been entrusted with Mr. Perkins's discovery, and that he speaks confidently of the soundness of its principles, as well as in the practicability of its application.

We cannot quit this subject, without congratulating the country on the brilliant prospects with which these inventions promise to invest on all our national concerns. At any period of the history of British industry, they must have excited the highest expectations; but, originating as they have done, when our commerce, our manufactures, and our agriculture, the three stars of our national prosperity, had just passed the lowest point of their orbit, and quitted, we trust for long, the scene of their disturbing forces, we cannot but hail them with the liveliest enthusiasm, and regard them as contributing, to ensure the pre-eminence of our industry, to augment the wealth and resources of the nation, and, by

* For a particular description of Mr. Perkins's New Steam Engine, see Iris, No. 67, page 149.

giving employment to idle hands, and direction to idle minds, to secure the integrity and permanence of our national institutions.

† It is due to the truth and candour of philosophical history, to mention, that Mr. Perkins is not our countryman; but the age of jealousy against America has happily gone past, and we hail, with sincere pleasure, any circumstance which contributes to the scientific renown of our great descendants, and companions in freedom and intelligence.

NEW COINAGE.—It is reported that the British Mint is, in future, to have the aid of Mr. Chantrey's talents and that a new coinage of double sovereigns, in imitation of the double napoleons, is in preparation; the head of the King is said to be an exquisite copy from Chantrey's bust.

INIMITABLE BANK NOTE.—A gentleman, who has given, for some time past, considerable attention to the subject of the prevention of forgery of Bank of England notes, adopts the following plan for the construction of what he considers an 'INIMITABLE BANK NOTE.' He does not hesitate to make it known, as its publication will be of no avail to the forger: the very attempt to experimentalize involving the latter in endless uncertainty and expense. The note is fabricated after the following manner:—Take a given quantity of platina, alloy it with copper, silver, or gold, in any given proportion; draw the same into an exquisitely fine wire; this thread or wire is woven (*secundum artem*) into a web or net-work of great delicacy, (which will add about ten grains in weight to the note in circulation,) and forms the basis or ground on which the pulp is deposited in the formation of the blank paper, (and how is the forger to get such?) which, being thus completed, is fit to receive the usual superscription. The principal characteristic of this note consists in its capability of producing, by chemical agency, on its surface, oxides of various hues, and possesses the property besides of being by ordinary means infrangible, and partially incombustible. These are its tests more especially, though it admits of other distinguishing features.

ANTIQUITIES.—Some splendid remains of antiquity have been recently discovered in a field, on the estate of W. Greenwood, Esq. of Brockwood, in Southampton. Six tessellated pavements have been already cleared, two of which are of the most intricate and beautiful workmanship; the smallest of these contains representations of eight of the heathen gods (four of which are perfect), round a Medusa's head as a centre piece. The larger has a very beautiful octagonal centre piece, representing Hercules and Anteus, and a reclining armed figure extending her hand to the wrestlers. This is surrounded by four large heads and an intricate arrangement of highly ornamented squares, forming octagons, diamonds, &c. This last room appears to be built on arches, and the hollow beneath it is connected with the upper air by flues at equal distances in the walls. The remainder of the pavements (except a very small mutilated imperfect pattern in a sort of passage) are plain, and very perfect, and composed of bricks about an inch square. About thirty yards from what appears the main building, a very large rough bricked pavement has been found, nearly two feet beneath the surface, the connection of which with the above pavements is as yet unexplored. A few coins only have yet been discovered; one of them is a very perfect coin of Tassius, having on the reverse a figure with scales; the circumscription, *Æquitas, Aug.* But the most singular discovery, and which may afford matter for antiquarian ingenuity, is an arrangement of small cells, about four feet beneath the surface, formed by a number of red tile columns, about a foot square. This is about 80 yards from the pavements, and has hitherto been cleared only to a small extent. Previous to the discovery of the pavements, a large excavation in the solid chalk was cleared away, about 13 feet in depth, entirely filled with mortar, rubbish, tiles, bones of great variety, of animals, earthenware, &c. Among the last fragments of a small vase have been found, sufficient to give the entire form. The excavations are about a mile from the village of Bramdean, near Alresford, on the manor of Woodcote. Tradition having long marked out Bramdean, as the site of a palace of Alfred, and the broken ground and tiles on the surface of the fields indicating some ancient building, some

gentlemen of Mr. Greenwood's family commenced, by themselves, a search on the second instant, and the shepherd having, on the following day, pointed out a place which seemed to sound hollow beneath the crubar, the large vault was found. In the endeavour to extend the discoveries, Mr. Morgan, the tenant of the fields, struck on a wall on the fourth, at the bottom of which the first pavement was found.

THE CABINET.

LINES

To the *Myosotis Arvensis* or "Forget me not," a wild flower, planted by the Author in a friend's garden.

So small is thy attractive power,
So transient thy most brilliant hour,
Thou wilt art named, thou simple flower!

"Forget me not."

But though small homage waits on thee,
In thy frail form a charm I see,
Which seems to whisper still to me

"Forget me not."

And have I chosen thee to tell
What makes my labouring bosom swell,
And when I'm gone to say, "Farewell,"

"Forget me not."

To those whose kindness many a day
Drove care and sorrow far away,
I would each opening bud to say

"Forget me not."

And when thy summer glories die,
And winter's terrors rule the sky,
Thy form, though faded, still to sigh

"Forget me not."

Sweet flower! I seek no fairer tomb
Than e'er my dust that thou may'st bloom
To whisper 'midst-mourning gloom

"Forget me not."

Manchester.

S. W.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION ON HEALTH.

A youth of sixteen, of a weakly constitution and delicate nerves, but in other respects quite healthy, quitted his room in the dusk of the evening, but suddenly returned, with a face pale as death and looks betraying the greatest terror, and in a tremulous voice told a fellow-student who lived in the same room with him, that he should die at nine o'clock in the morning of the day after the next. His companion naturally considered this sudden transformation of a cheerful youth into a candidate for the grave as very extraordinary: he enquired the cause of this notion, and as the other declined to satisfy his curiosity, he strove valiantly to laugh him out of it. His efforts, however, were unavailing. All the answer he could obtain from his comrade was, that his death was certain and inevitable. A number of well-meaning friends assembled about him, and endeavoured to wean him from his idea by lively conversation, jokes, and even satirical remarks. He sat among them with a gloomy, thoughtful look, took no share in their discourse, sighed, and at length grew angry when they began to rally him. It was hoped that sleep would dispel this melancholy mood; but he never closed his eyes, and his thoughts were engrossed all night with his approaching decease. Early next morning I was sent for. I found, in fact, the most singular sight in the world—a person in good health making all the arrangements for his funeral, taking a affecting leave of his friends, and writing a letter to his father, to acquaint him with his approaching dissolution, and to bid him farewell. I examined the state of his body, and found nothing unusual but the paleness of his face, eyes dull and rather inflamed with weeping, coldness of the extremities, and a low contracted pulse—indications of a general cramp of the nerves, which was sufficiently manifested in the state of his mind. I endeavoured, therefore, to convince him by the most powerful arguments, of the futility of his notion, and to prove that a person whose bodily health was so good, had no reason whatever to apprehend speedy death: in short, I exerted all my eloquence and my professional knowledge, but without making the slightest impression. He willingly admitted that I, as a physician, could not discover any cause of death in him; but this, he contended, was the peculiar circumstance of his case, that without any natural cause,

merely from an unalterable decree of fate, his death must ensue; and though he could not expect us to share this conviction, still it was equally certain that it would be verified by the event of the following day. All that I could do, therefore, was to tell him, that under these circumstances I must treat him as a person labouring under a disease, and prescribe medicines accordingly. "Very well," replied he, "but you will see not only that your medicines will not do me any good, but that they will not operate at all."

There was no time to be lost, for I had only twenty-four hours to effect a cure. I therefore judged it best to employ powerful remedies in order to release him from this bondage of his imagination. With this view a very strong emetic and cathartic were administered, and blisters applied to both thighs. He submitted to every thing, but with the assurance that his body was already half dead, and the remedies would be of no use. Accordingly, to my utter astonishment, I learned when I called in the evening, that the emetic had taken but little or no effect, and that the blisters had not even turned the skin red. He now triumphed over our incredulity, and deduced from this inefficacy of the remedies the strongest conviction that he was already little better than a corpse. To me the case began to assume a very serious aspect. I saw how powerfully the state of the mind had affected the body, and what a degree of insensibility it had produced; and I had just reason to apprehend that an imagination, which had reduced the body to such extremity, was capable of carrying matters to still greater lengths.

All our inquiries, as to the cause of his belief, had hitherto proved abortive. He now disclosed to one of his friends, but in the strictest confidence, that the preceding evening, on quitting his room, he had seen a figure in white, which beckoned to him, and at the same moment a voice pronounced the words:—"The day after to-morrow, at nine in the morning, thou shalt die!" and the fate thus predicted nothing could enable him to escape. He now proceeded to set his house in order, made his will, and gave particular directions for his funeral, specifying who were to carry and who to follow him to the grave. He even insisted on receiving the sacrament—a wish, however, which those about him evaded complying with. Night came on, and he began to count the hours he had yet to live, till the fatal blow the next morning, and every time the clock struck, his anxiety evidently increased. I began to be apprehensive for the result; for I recollected instances in which the mere imagination of death had really produced a fatal result. I recollected also the feigned execution, when the criminal, after a solemn trial, was sentenced to be beheaded, and when, in expectation of the fatal blow, his neck was struck with a switch, on which he fell lifeless to the ground, as though his head had been really cut off: and this circumstance gave me reason to fear that a similar result might attend this case, and that the striking of the hour of nine might prove as fatal to my patient as the blow of the switch on the above-mentioned occasion. At any rate the shock communicated by the striking of the clock, accompanied by the extraordinary excitement of the imagination and the general cramp, which had determined all the blood to the head and the internal parts, might produce a most dangerous revolution, spasms, faintings, or hemorrhages; or even totally overthrow reason, which had already sustained so severe an attack.

What was then to be done? In my judgment every thing depended on carrying him, without his being aware of it, beyond the fatal moment; and it was to be hoped that as his whole delusion hinged upon this point, he would then feel ashamed of himself and be cured of it. I therefore placed my reliance on opium, which, moreover, was quite appropriate to the state of his nerves, and prescribed twenty drops of laudanum with two grains of hen-bone to be taken about midnight. I directed, that if, as I hoped, he overslept the fatal hour, his friends should assemble round his bed, and on his awaking, laugh heartily at his silly notion, that, instead of being allowed to dwell upon the gloomy idea, he might be rendered thoroughly sensible of its absurdity. My instructions were punctually obeyed; soon after he had taken the opiate, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till about eleven o'clock the next day. "What hour is it?" was his first question on opening his eyes; and when he heard how long he had overslept his death, and was at the

same time greeted with loud laughter for his folly, he crept ashamed under the bedclothes, and at length joined in the laugh, declaring that the whole affair appeared to him like a dream, and that he could not conceive how he could be such a simpleton. Since that time he has enjoyed the best health, and has never had any similar attack.

THE EMPEROR PAUL.—He once shut his wife up in a fortified place; and ordered a mock-battle to be fought, pretending to take on himself the defence of it against the attack of the supposed enemy. Nothing offended him more than the refusal of Catharine to allow him to command the Russian army, in the campaign against the Porte in 1787.

On one occasion he had the audacity to cane an officer: the unfortunate victim of his cowardice retired to his house, and shot himself, leaving a note for the Emperor, containing these words: "He who has the courage to lose his own life for an insult, might take away the life of him who caused it. Let this be a warning to you."

It is well known, that, among other instances of folly, he ordered, by a special ukase, many of the buildings in the empire to be painted in a particular manner, according to his directions. A lady, whom he admired, appeared one evening at a ball with a pair of gloves of a red colour; The next morning his palace was painted red.

Some excellent paintings in the palace had been removed, by his orders, for the purpose of being varnished; and a few common sea-pieces, executed in the very worst manner, were hung, in the mean time, in room of them, to cover the wall: he noticed one, as he passed through the apartments, declared it to be the finest thing he had ever seen in his life, and angrily asked why such excellent paintings were placed so high, and out of sight. Presently, twenty soldiers entered with ladders, to take down the picture, that he might have it near him while he was at dinner, though it hung in the adjoining room.—*Clark's Travels.*

RICHARD I.—Richard's poetical taste indicated a mind capable of greater things than the groveling pursuits of mere sense. Its productions must not be tried by the modern gauge of literary merit; but they are not behind the standard of the poetical talent of the times in which he lived. One of these curious effusions is the following *serenade*, which he composed during his captivity in Germany:

"No prisoner can speak justly of his misfortune without grief; yet for his solace he may make a song. He may have friends, but how poor are their gifts! They should feel shame, that two winters are passed without my ransom."

"My English, Norman, Gascon, Poltou Barons, I have had no companion so miserable, whose deliverance I would not have purchased. I will not reproach you; but—I am still a prisoner!"

"It is, indeed, true, that a dead man has neither relations nor friends; since to save some gold and silver, I am suffering from my misfortunes; but I suffer more from the want of feeling in my subjects! How reproachful to them, if I should die in my captivity!"

"I am not surprised that I should grieve. My feudal sovereign is ravaging my lands, although we swore to respect each other's possessions. But one thing consoles me,—I will not be slow in taking my revenge."

"Chail and Pensévin! my ministers! my friends! I have loved you: I love you now. Sing, that my enemies will have little glory in attacking me; that I have not shewn to them a heart false and perfidious; that they will not like real villains if they war against me while I am in prison!"

"Lady Soir, heaven guard your sovereign merit! and her's whom I claim, and to whom I am a captive!"

The only other poem of Richard's which has been preserved, is a *serenade* against the Dauphin of Auvergne, and his cousin, whose alliance against the French king, Richard had solicited in vain.—*Illustrations, &c. of the Novels by the Author of Waverley.*

EPITAPH.

"Here lies an author—pray forgive
The work that fed his pride—
Long after death he hoped to live,
And long before it, died."

BEWARE OF COMPARISONS.

(From *Stanzas for all Seasons.*)

Henry the Eighth (as I have read),
To his ambassador once said,
"My Lord, you're neither graver nor deeper,
In look an owl, in dress an ape."
To whom politely thus he spoke,
"Your majesty is pleased to joke;
I know not whether most or least
I'm like a bird, or like a beast,
But this I certainly do know
(And here he spoke distinct and slow)
The honour's oft conferr'd on me,
To represent your majesty."

LOOK AND SEE.

(From the same.)

A stubborn school-master declared
That see and look's the same;
A man, who this decision heard,
Said, "Sir, you're much to blame;
"You've made a wonderful mistake,
Which you'll not fail to find,
If you'll suppose, for reason's sake,
That you, alas, were blind.
"If I to you glass-eyes should sell,
This truth would then befall;
That, tho' you'd look extremely well,
You could not see at all."

VARIETIES.

PETER PENTEMAN.—Penteman having been requested to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, representing human skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasures, amusements, or possessions; that he might imitate nature with the greater exactness, he went into an anatomical room, where several skeletons hung on wires from the ceiling, and bones and skulls lay scattered about, and prepared to make his designs. While he was thus employed, owing either to fatigue or to intense study, he fell asleep; but was suddenly roused by the shock of an earthquake, which happened at that instant, on the 18th of September, 1692. The moment he awoke, he observed the skeletons moving in different directions, and the skulls rolling from one side of the room to the other: being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror, that he threw himself down stairs, and fell into the street half dead. His friends took all possible pains to efface the impression made on his mind, and acquainted him with the real cause of the agitation of the skeletons; but in vain; it affected his spirits in so violent a manner, that it brought on a disorder, which shortly ended his days.

SUPERSTITION THE BEST DOCTOR.—The eldest daughter of a French lady residing in Bouverie-street has been afflicted with a most severe and excruciating nervous complaint for the period of 18 months. When she attempted to leave her bed, the depending posture of the legs produced the greatest agony in the stomach and bowels; and after the attempt, she would lie for several hours suffering under acute hysterical flatulency, distention, and violent head-ache. In short, her agony was extreme, and she became completely bed-ridden, she was constantly bedewed with clammy perspirations, her face was exquisite, her body emaciated. The most eminent physicians in this city attended this young lady; by expectorations and emetics she endeavoured to rouse her exertion—by medicines and diet to correct the deranged state of the human system, but to no purpose. Six days after his last visit he received a long letter from this young lady, stating herself to be recovered. She had written to Prince Hohenlohe.—He ordered her to say mass thrice, and pray for him; at the same time he would pray for her, and after the third mass she would be restored to perfect health. The attempts to kneel down at the two first masses were prevented by the tortures usually experienced upon trying to quit her bed. Dread and apprehension lest she should lose the chance of recovery, enabled her to perform genuflection at the third mass, though her attempts to quit bed were equally excruciating. She rose quite well from her last devotions.—[The *Times* contains the above, and adds, "In conformity with the wish of the

writer, we withhold his name: he is, however, an eminent physician, and he has given, as vouchers of his statement, the names of the two other physicians of the very first rank."]

LIFE AND DEATH.—If life be good, death is its fruit. If life be an evil, death is its period.

BEETHOVEN.—The celebrated Beethoven, according to a recent letter, is become so completely deaf, that he is entirely lost to all society. Nevertheless, he has but lately finished two great works—a mass, which was bought for Berlin; and a new symphony, for the Philharmonic of London.

GARDEN WALKS.—The destruction of worms and insects by the use of salt is an effectual preservative of the beauty of gravel walks. Where worms rise much in the morning, strew a moderate quantity of salt over night, if the weather be dry.

THE MUFF AND TIPPET.—The following mistake is said to have been made a few days since, by a child of three years old, at a village in Cumberland: A lady passed the door with her *muff* and *tippet*; the child never having seen such ornaments, cried out, "Mother, mother, here is a woman with a dog in her arms, and its tail round her neck."

ONE EVIL BETTER THAN TWO.—A merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son to mention it to nobody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one; our own grief, and the joy of our neighbours."

NOTICE of coffee, from Sir H. Blunt's Travels in 1634. "They, (the Turks) have another drink called *cauphe*, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace, and beat to powder, of a sooty color, that they seethe and drink, in taste a little bitterish, but as they may be endured:—it is thought to be the old black broth used so much by the *Lacedemonians*: it drieth ill-humours in the stomach, comforteth the brain," &c. &c. &c.

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.—John Ambrosius Bach, a German composer, and father of the celebrated musician, John Sebastian Bach, had a brother named Christopher, also a musician, who so exceedingly resembled him, that even their own wives could only distinguish one from the other by the difference of dress! The brothers tenderly loved each other: their voices, dispositions, tastes, dislikes, even the style of their music, were similar. If one sickened, the other became ill; and they died within a short time of each other.

ILLEGAL COMMANDS.—When the King of France ordered his army to take off the Protestants, in the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, it was a noble answer, worthy the gallantry of a true soldier and a loyal subject, he received from the Viscount d'Ortez:—"Sire, I have communicated your Majesty's orders to your faithful inhabitants, and to the troops in the garrison: I found there good citizens and brave soldiers, but not one executioner."

SKELETONS.—On removing, last week, an old partition in the house of Mr. Charles Reesby, miller, of Stamford, the skeleton of a cat was discovered, wedged between the partition and the wall; and what constitutes the singularity of the discovery is, that between the extended fore-legs of the cat, the skeleton of a rat was also found. The inference is, that the cat, in pursuit of the rat, forced itself into so narrow a cavity, that it could not retreat with its prey, but instinctively continued to hold it in its paws till death relieved both animals from their sufferings.

RETORT.—The Arabs of the Desert have always been remarkable for their freedom of speech even to crowned heads. A Caliph being at the table, a Bedouin presented himself, and was desired to sit down. He obeyed, and immediately commenced a tremendous attack on a roasted lamb, which he devoured with unrelenting voracity. "In the name of Allah," said the Caliph, "who are you that are thus tearing this poor lamb with so much fury? One would suppose that his mother had given you a terrible butting with her horns." "No," replied the Arab, "but to judge from your annoyance at my eating him, we might conclude that his mother had at least been your nurse."

THE GREEKS.—What an idea do we form of the energies of liberty, when we contemplate Attica,—whose territory exceeded a medium English county,—resisting the invasion of the Persian monarch, the powerful descendant of the all-conquering Cyrus!—We see the Persian, to make sure of his prey, pour into this little Grecian state, an hundred thousand chosen men. Ten thousand Athenian citizens arm, and march: and they are joined by one thousand Plateans. Meanwhile the invaders penetrate to within 20 miles of Athens. Jealous of the Athenian fame, and anxious to share with their ally in the glory of defending their common country, or to perish in the attempt, the hardy sons of Lacedæmon march 210 miles in three days. Unparalleled effort! Glorious enthusiasm!—But they have the mortification to arrive too late. The eleven thousand have already triumphed, and immortalized the field of Marathon!—*Lord Abingdon.*

A LESSON FOR DUELLISTS.—Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them, a man of a very hasty disposition, insisted on the other's fighting him the next morning. The challenge was accepted, on condition that they should breakfast together, previous to their going to the field, at the house of the challenged. When the challenger arrived the next morning, according to appointment, he found every preparation for breakfast, and his friend, his wife, and children, all ready to receive him. Their repast being over, and the family withdrawn, without any hint of the fatal purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend. "No, Sir," replied he, "not till we are more upon a par; that amiable woman, and those six innocent children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend solely upon my life for their subsistence: and till you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons, dearer to me than the apple of my eye, I cannot think we are equally matched."—"We are not, indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand, and they became firmer friends than ever.

BLEACHED GRASS.—In our last number we gave an account of the process of Bleaching Grass for the manufacture of Bonnets: a friend has since called upon us with a small quantity, prepared as directed, and which may be seen by calling at the Iris Office.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

ENIGMA.

BY THE RT. HON. C. J. FOX.

If it be true as Welshmen say,
Honour depends on pedigree,
Then stand by—clear the way:
Retire, ye sons of haughty Gower,
And all the race of all Glendour,
And let me have fair play;
For if you pry in ages dark
And trace your pedigree to Noah's ark,
I'm older still, for I was there;
And before that, I did appear
With Eve in Paradise.
For I was Adam—Adam I;
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind and weather,
But mark me, Adam was not I,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless they were together.
Suppose then Eve and Adam talking—
With all my heart—but if they're walking,
There ends all simile.
For though I've tongue, and often talk,
And also legs, yet when I walk
It puts an end to me:
Not such an end, but that I've breath;
Therefore to such a kind of death
I feel but small objection;
For soon again I come in view;
And though a christian, yet 'tis true
I die by resurrection.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Illustrations of the Mode of maintaining Health, curing Diseases, and protracting Longevity, by Attention to the State of the Digestive Organs: with Popular Observations on the Influence of Peculiarities of Air, of Diet, and of Exercise, on the Human System. By Dr. Forster.
Mark Macrae the Cameronian: a Tale. By Allan Cunningham, Author of *Traditionary Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Juvenals' will oblige us by forwarding the conclusion of the Tale—it shall be inserted.—We have a slight recollection of the paper named, and think it was rather grave for our columns.

Laelius' opinions are at variance with every just, humane, and honorable feeling.—We are sorry to find that Duelling has a single advocate; and still more so, that that one should be a person whom we would gladly enumerate amongst our correspondents.—We are perfectly convinced that Duelling is neither "a very honourable" nor an "indispensable custom."

Soror's communication is inserted.—We shall be glad to hear again from the same quarter.

T. K. Y.; A.; Aristarchus; and a Traveller—are received.

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PRIZE POEM.

AUSTRALASIA.

(A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1823.)

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

The Sun is high in Heaven: a favoring breeze
Fills the white sail, and sweeps the rippling seas,
And the tall vessel walks her destined way,
And rocks and glitters in the curling spray.
Among the shrouds all happiness and hope,
The busy seaman coils the rattling rope,
And tells his jest, and carols out his song,
And laughs his laughter, vehement and long,
Or pauses on the deck, to dream awhile
Of his babes' prattle, and their mother's smile,
And nods the head, and waves the welcome hand,
To those who weep upon the lessening strand.

His is the roving step and humor dry,
His the light laugh, and his the jocund eye;
And his the feeling, which, in guilt or grief,
Makes the sin venial, and the sorrow brief.
But there are hearts that merry deck below,
Of darker error, and of deeper woe,
Children of wrath and wretchedness, who grieve
Not far the country, but the crimes they leave,
Who, while for them on many a sleepless bed
The prayer is murmured, and the tear is shed,
In exile and in misery, look within
Their dread despair, their unrepented sin,—
And in their madness dare to gaze on Heaven,
Sullen and cold, unawed and unforgiven!

There the gaunt robber, stern in sin and shame,
Shows his dull features and his iron frame;
And tenderer pilferers creep in silence by,
With quivering lip, flushed brow, and vacant eye.
And some their are who, in their close of day,
With dropping jaw, weak step, and temples gray,
Go tottering forth, to find, across the wave,
A short sad sojourn, and a foreign grave;
And some, who look their long and last adieu
To the white cliffs that vanish from the view,
While youth still blooms, and vigor nerves the arm,
The hapless female stands in silence there,
So weak, so wan, and yet so sadly fair,
That those who gaze, a rude untutor'd tribe,
Check the coarse question, and the wounding gibe,
And look, and long to strike the fetter off,
And stray to pity, though they seem to scoff.
Then o'er her cheek their runs a burning blush,
And the hot tears of shame begin to rush
Forth from their swelling orbs;—she turns away,
And her white fingers o'er her eye-lids stray,
And still the tears through those white fingers glide,
Which strive to check them, or at least to hide!
And there the stripling, led to Plunder's school,
Ere Passion slept, or Reason learned to rule,
Clasps his young hands, and beats his throbbing brain,
And looks with marvel on his galling chain.
Oh! you may guess from that unconscious gaze
His soul hath dreamed of those far fading days,
When, rudely nurtured on the mountain's brow,
He tended day by day his father's plough;
Blest in his day of toil, his night of ease,
His life of purity, his soul of peace.
Oh yes! to-day his soul hath backward been
To many a tender face, and beautiful scene;
The verdant valley, and the dark-brown hill,
The small fair garden, and its tinkling rill,

His grandame's tale, believed at twilight hour,
His sister singing in her myrtle bower,
And she, the maid, of every hope bereft,
So fondly loved, alas! so falsely left,
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
The look of welcome and the kiss of love—
These are his dreams;—but these are dreams of bliss!
Why do they blend with such a lot as his?

And is there naught for him but grief and gloom,
A lone existence, and an early tomb?
Is there no hope of comfort and of rest
To the seared conscience and the troubled breast?
Oh say not so! In some far distant clime
Where lives no witness of his early crime,
Benignant Penitence may haply muse
On purer pleasures, and on brighter views,
And slumbering Virtue wake at last to claim
Another Being, and a fairer Fame.

Beautiful Land! within whose quiet shore,
Lost spirits may forget the stain they bore.
Beautiful Land! with all thy blended shades
Of waste and wood, rude rocks, and level glades,
On thee, on thee I gaze, as Moslems look
To the blest Islands of their Prophet's Book,
And oft I deem that, linked by magic spell,
Pardon and Peace upon thy valleys dwell
Like two sweet Hours beckoning o'er the deep
The souls that tremble, and the eyes that weep.
Therefore on these undying sunbeams throw
Their clearest radiance, and their warmest glow,
And tranquil nights, cool gales, and gentle showers,
Make bloom eternal in thy sinless bowers.
Green is thy turf; stern Winter doth not dare
To breathe his blast, and leave a ruin there;
And the charmed Ocean roams thy rocks around,
With softer motion, and with sweeter sound:
Among thy blooming flowers and blushing fruit
The whispering of young birds is never mute,
And never doth the streamlet cease to swell
Through its old channel in the hidden dell.
Oh! if the muse of Greece had ever strayed,
In solemn twilight, through thy forest shade,
And swept her lyre, and waked thy meads along
The liquid echo of her ancient song.
Her fabled Fancy in that hour had found
Voices of music, shapes of grace, around;
Among thy trees, with merry step and glance,
The Dryad then had wound her wayward dance,
And the cold Naiad in thy waters fair
Bathed her white breast, and wrung her dripping hair.

Beautiful Land! upon so pure a plain
Shall Superstition hold her hated reign?
Must Bigotry build up her cheerless shrine
In such an air, on such an earth as thine?
Alas! Religion from thy placid Isles
Veils the warm splendor of her heavenly smiles,
And the wrapt gazer in the beauties plan
Sees nothing dark except the soul of man.

Sweet are the links that bind us to our kind,
Meek, but unyielding, felt, but undefined;
Sweet is the love of brethren, sweet the joy
Of a young mother in her cradled toy,
And sweet is childhood's deep and earnest glow
Of reverence for a father's head of snow!
Sweeter than all, ere our young hopes depart,
The quickening throb of an impassion'd heart,
Beating in silence, eloquently still,
For one loved soul that answers to its thrill.
But where thy smile, Religion, hath not shone,
The chain is rivin, and the charm is gone,
And, unawakened by the wondrous spell,
The Feelings slumber in their silent cell.

Hush'd is the voice of Labor and of Mirth,
The light of day is sinking from the earth,
And Evening mantles in her dewy calm
The couch of one who cannot heed its balm.*
Lo! where the Chieftain on his matted bed
Leans the faint form, and hangs the feverish head;
There is no lustre in his wandering eye,
His forehead hath no show of majesty,
His gasping lip, too weak for wail or prayer,
Scarcely stirs the breeze, and leaves no echo there,
And his strong arm, so nobly wont to rear
The feather'd target, or the ashen spear,
Drops powerless and cold! the pang of death
Looks the set teeth, and chokes the struggling breath;
And the last glimmering of departing day
Lingers around to herald life away.

Is there no duteous youth to sprinkle now
One drop of water on his lip and brow?
No dark-eyed maid to bring with soundless foot
The lulling potion, or the healing root?
No tender look to meet his wandering gaze?
No tone of fondness, heard in happier days,
To soothe the terrors of the Spirit's flight,
And speak of mercy and of hope to-night?

All love, all leave him!—terrible and low
Along the crowd the whisper'd murmurs grow.
The hand of Heaven is on him! is it our's
To check the fleeting of his number'd hours?
Oh not to us, oh not to us is given
To read the Book, or thwart the will of Heaven!
Away, away! and each familiar face
Recoils in horror from his sad embrace;
The turf on which he lies is hollowed ground,
The sullen Priest stalks gloomily around,
And shuddering friends, that dare not soothe or save,
Hear the last groan and dig the destined grave.
The frantic widow folds upon her breast
Her glittering trinkets, and her gorgeous vest,
Circles her neck with many a mystic charm,
Clasps the rich bracelet on her desperate arm,
Binds her black hair, and stains her eye-lid's fringe
With the jet lustre of the Henow's tinge;
Then on the spot where those dear ashes lie,
In bigot transport sits her down to die.
Her swarthy brothers mark the wasted cheek,
The straining eye-ball, and the stifled shriek,
And sing the praises of her deathless name,
As the last flutter racks her tortured frame.
They sleep together; o'er the natural tomb
The lichen'd pine rears up its form of gloom,
And lorn acacias shed their shadow gray,
Bloomless and leafless, o'er the buried clay.
And often there, when, calmly, coldly bright,
The midnight Moon flings down her ghastly light,
With solemn murmur, and with silent tread,
The dance is order'd, and the verse is said,
And sighs of wonder, sounds of spectral fear
Scare the quick glance and chill the startled ear.

Yet direr visions e'en than these remain;
A fiercer guiltiness, a fouler stain!
Oh! who shall sing the scene of savage strife,
Where Hatred glories in the waste of life?
The hurried march, the looks of grim delight,
The yell, the rush, the slaughter, and the flight,
The arms unwaried in the cruel toil,
The boarded vengeance and the rifled spoil,

* This sketch of the death of a New Zealander, and of the superstition which prevents the offering of any consolation or assistance under the idea that a sick man is under the immediate influence of the Deity, is taken from the narrative of the death of Duteria, a friendly chieftain, recorded by Nicholas, Vol. II. p. 181.

And, last of all, the revel in the wood,
The feast of death, the banqueting of blood,
When the wild warrior gazes on his foe
Convulsed beneath him in his painful throes,
And lifts the knife, and kneels him down to drain
The purple current from the quivering vein?
Cease, cease the tale; and let the Ocean's roll
Shut the dark horror from my wildered soul!

And are there none to succour? none to speed
A fairer feeling and a holier creed?
Alas! for this, upon the Ocean blue,
Lamented Cook, thy pennon hither flew;
For* this, undaunted o'er the raging brine,
The venturesome Frank upheld his Saviour's sign.
Unhappy Chief! while Fancy thus surveys
The scattered islets, and the sparkling bays,
Beneath whose cloudless sky and gorgeous sun
Thy life was ended, and thy voyage done,
In shadowy mist thy form appears to glide,
Haunting the grove, or floating on the tide;
Oh! there was grief for thee, and bitter tears,
And racking doubts through long and joyless years,
And tender tongues that babbled of the theme,
And lonely hearts that doated on the dream.
Pale Memory deemed she saw thy cherished form
Snatched from the foe, or rescued from the storm;
And faithful Love, unswerving and untired,
Clung to each hope, and sighed as each expired.
On the bleak desert, or the tombless sea,
No prayer was said, no requiem sung for thee;
Affection knows not, whether o'er thy grave
The Ocean marmur, or the willow wave;
But still the beacon of thy sacred name
Lights ardent souls to Virtue and to Fame;
Still Science mourns thee, and the grateful Muse
Wreathes the green cypress for her own Peyrouse.

But not thy death shall mar the gracious plan,
Nor check the task thy pious toil began;
O'er the wide waters of the bounding main
The Book of Life must win its way again,
And, in the regions by thy fate endeared,
The Cross be lifted, and the Altar reared.

With furrowed brow, and cheek serenely fair,
The calm wind wandering o'er his silver hair,
His arm uplifted, and his moistened eye
Fixed in deep rapture on the golden sky,—
Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,
He kneels at last the Messenger of Heaven!
Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,
Have dimmed the flush upon his faded cheek,
And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,
The daily labor, and the nightly lamp,
Have reft away, for ever reft, from him,
The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb:
Yet still within him aspirations swell
Which time corrupts not, sorrow cannot quell,
The changeless Zeal, which on, from land to land,
Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the withered hand,
And the mild Charity, which, day by day,
Weeps every wound, and every stain away,
Rears the young bud on every blighted stem,
And longs to comfort, where she must condemn.
With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,
In peace and power he holds his onward path,
Carbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murderous steel,
And calms the passions he hath ceased to feel.

Yes? he hath triumphed!—while his lips relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,
While to the search of that tumultuous horde
He opens wide the Everlasting Word,
And bids the Soul drink deep of Wisdom there,
In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer,
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng
Check their rude feasting and their barbarous song:
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd;
The chief, the slave, the timid and the proud;
Of various features, and of various dress,
Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples, where your worship be,
Gods of the air, and Rulers of the sea?
In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite,

* From the coast of Australasia the last despatches of La Peyrouse were dated.

And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.

Beautiful Land! farewell!—when toil and strife,
And all the aigbs, and all the sins of life
Shall come about me, when the light of Truth
Shall scatter the bright mists that dazzled youth,
And Memory muse in sadness on the past,
And mourn for pleasures far too sweet to last,
How often shall I long for some green spot,
Where, not remembering, and remembered not,
With no false verse to deck my lying bust,
With no fond tear to vex my mouldering dust.
This busy brain may find its grassy shrine,
And sleep, untroubled, in a shade like thine!

THE CLUB.

No. XXXV.—FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1823.

"A woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not."
SHAKESPEARE.

WE are great admirers of the fair sex; and therefore take much interest in those changes of fashion which have, in any way, a tendency to increase or diminish the charms of our pretty countrywomen. It always gives us concern to see a fine form sacrificed at the shrine of fashion. On the contrary it gives us much pleasure to observe the fair sex taking pains to heighten those personal charms which nature has lavished so unsparringly upon them.

There is no mode of dress we are so much averse to as that of long tight waists. We fear that, if not checked by the good sense of the ladies, upon which we always place much reliance, it will be again revived.

No fashion certainly can be more ungraceful. It not only gives, during its continuance, an awkward stiffness to the form, but, like the ravages of the small pox, it often leaves behind it indelible traces of its existence. The Grecian women, who have ever been distinguished for their fine figures, are said to have been particularly careful, not to injure the beauty of their forms, by a mistaken taste in dress. The steel stays, and the greyhound body were unknown to them. They did not waste their ingenuity in contriving means to produce deformity. They set off to advantage the fine proportion of person for which they have been celebrated, and do not, like our lovely countrywomen, strive to squeeze themselves into the shape of dumb-bells, protuberant at both ends and thin in the middle. Artists, whose judgment on this point is of the highest authority, never represent ideal beauty in the form of a modern belle, gasping for breath in the agonies of tight stays.

The hooped petticoat, and strange head-dress of our great grandmothers, against which the wit of Addison was so happily directed, were far better than the strait waist which is now coming again into fashion. The former were at least harmless. A lady was not the worse for the fashion when it had been changed. But the case is different with the tight stays. They are not only the mould of deformity, but the source of disease. We might here enter into some rather delicate explanations in support of our assertion, had we not some consideration for the feelings of those among the fair sex, whose modesty will protect them from the fatal consequences of the practice to which we refer.

"I was once," said a member, when the question was last mentioned at the Club, "acquainted with a lovely female who appeared to possess, in a high degree almost every personal attraction. The correctness of my appreciation of her appearance was confirmed by every beholder. A very genteel and becoming mode of dress was succeeded by the strait waist which is now be-

ginning to prevail. The young lady caught the contagion; and was literally so much compressed that her breathing manifested the inconvenience which she endured. Still, however, she persisted; and in a short time her form, which had the fullness of health and vigour, became lean and emaciated;—her whole appearance lost its interest; and she, who had been accustomed to hear the most flattering compliments addressed to her, soon saw, with feelings doubtless not very pleasurable, the cool looks of her once warm admirers, and the triumph of rivals whom her departed charms had often begrimed."

The fair sex never appear so lovely as when they are dressed with elegant simplicity; and they can never be so in any dress which does not combine the qualities of ease and gracefulness.

Let us not be regarded as cynical in consequence of the apparent severity of our strictures. The ladies are no where more highly respected than at the Club at the Green Dragon. We can see, without complaining, almost any fashion when it is kept within the bounds of moderation.

The waist may be slightly compressed without much injury or inconvenience being suspected; it may, to a certain extent be lengthened without much impairing the gracefulness of the female form; but these limits are too frequently passed by the ardour of rivalry on the depravity of taste.

Since then this odious fashion is detrimental to gracefulness;—since it converts beauty into deformity, and health into disease;—since it excites the suspicion and ridicule of the other sex;—and since it would greatly increase the number of old maids, those jarring chords of society, let us conjure our lovely countrywomen to leave it to the only part of the sex who can find any excuse for adopting it.

C. L.

ON THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

OF all the misfortunes which assail us in life, the loss of friends is perhaps one of the heaviest. "May he outlive every relative and friend" is one of the direst curses that can be denounced against a man. The loss of fortune may be borne with easily, because it may be remedied, but the loss of friends is irreparable. As they die fast around us, it seems as though the different links which chain us to existence were snapping asunder, and enforces the idea that the time will shortly arrive which is to let loose our souls from the thralldom of flesh and blood, and allow them to range enfranchised and immortal over the boundless immensity of space.

It is a common, nevertheless a just observation, that we never know the value of our friends until we have lost them—it is at the moment when the first burst of grief is giving place to melancholy retrospection, that "busy, meddling memory" recalls to us in the fullest force their genuine worth—it is when the mind is softened, that we view their actions through a medium which palliates their failings, but adds a lustre to their virtues—it is then that we recall to mind their kind attentions, their various good offices, and the many pleasant hours we have passed together;—imagination embodies them to our view—we see them as they were in life smiling complacently upon us—we read the secret workings of their souls which team with fond affection towards us—we reverence them as we would beings of a superior order, nor does the fond delusion cease till sad reality breaks in and bursts the air-drawn bubble.

We may view with comparative apathy distant relatives borne to the tomb—cousins, uncles and aunts may die without causing any long duration of sorrow; nay, even in the event of the death of a brother or a sister, though it may cause in us at first strong emotions of grief, yet where their place in our esteem can be supplied by the survivors, our affliction may easily be surmounted. But surely the grim tyrant becomes most truly the King of Terrors when his unwelcome visit deprives a family of their father or a husband of his wife: here he cuts asunder the nearest and dearest ties—here he dashes to the ground the sweetest cup of human life. What in the world can be a more gratifying sight to a mind of true sensibility, than that of an amiable matron surrounded by her blooming family, instilling into their young minds the seeds of knowledge and of virtue, and by her own bright example encouraging them hereafter to become the ornaments of society—what more appalling than to see this parent stem cut down by the remorseless hand of death, leaving the saplings destitute of their natural support, and ready to wither with the overburthening heats of prosperity or the keen frosts of adversity? Though the grief that may be felt by children for the loss of the parent may be overpowering, yet who can paint or who describe the agonies of the doting husband, the widowed father. Words cannot express them, nor can an idea be formed of the feelings at such a moment but by those whom sad experience has taught.

"Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?"

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remembered bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?"

Deprived of the object most dear to him in life, to whom his every wish was law—the being who added to every joy, and lightened every woe—with whom his life passed gently on unruffled by the storms of passion, loving and beloved—where can the husband look for comfort? He turns towards his family—but they, alas! are inadequate to the task, and look to him for support.—Say, sceptic, is reason now to grant its aid, sunk as it is by this afflicting shock! Or is your natural philosophy to bear him through? No—learn that he looks beyond the world for comfort, and trusting on his Saviour's promise, views through the dark mist of sorrow which encircles him, the brightening period when he shall be again united to her he loves in the regions of unspeakable bliss, where joy shall ever reign and grief shall be no more.

"Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn."

London, July, 1823.

A. W. G.

THE MENDICANT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"In the name of God have compassion upon me who is fast sinking under the pressure of misfortune!"—This earnest appeal, uttered in a tone of desperation and despair, suddenly arrested my progress.—I turned round to survey the object from whom the sound proceeded. Before me stood a pale and emaciated being—Time had traced her furrow on his brow, and features that evidently once possessed the glow of animation, and manly beauty, were now

sickly and woe-begone—a prey to famine and disease.

His was indeed a most heart-rending tale,—one continued recital of human suffering and unabated sorrow—such as are often related, but which too frequently remain unpitied and unregarded. Misfortune, and the numberless evils which attend in her train, are become too familiar to the public ear to claim much sympathy or commiseration, and the numerous impostors which pervade our streets have hardened the heart to the claims of true charity. But there was something in the appearance, the manner of this unfortunate, which denoted his having seen better days,—been witness to more prosperous hours!—Of a manly deportment, and seemingly endowed with an excess of sensibility, it appeared as though "his poverty and not his will" had urged him to this last necessity. On the mention of all that was near and dear to him in life—his discousolate wife and wretched family, his feelings overpowered him and he burst into a flood of tears—the heavy throbs succeeded quickly from his bosom—and it was long ere he could regain his former composure.—I could not but participate in his emotion—neither could I avoid feeling in some degree as he felt. Could I be a dupe or was he an impostor? Impossible! His voice had a slight touch of the Northern accent. I had heard of the general integrity of these people—and such I had every reason to believe belonged to him.

By the time he had finished his story he was already master of the little I could afford—I regretted it was not more!—Never shall I forget that look of gratitude!—never will that silent thankfulness with which he regarded me be obliterated from my memory!

There is a chord in the human breast which, if strung by the hand of sensibility, produces the most delightful symphonies—and he who has journeyed through the sterile waste of affliction, will be the first to sympathize with its melodious thrill;—whilst the devotee to pleasure, or child of passion, unheeding listen to its strains,—the son of misfortune takes a melancholy delight in their cadence, as yielding ideas which assimilate with his own wayward fate!

Liverpool.

J. N.

DUELLING.

"A moral, sensible, and well bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can."

COWPER.

A few weeks since I saw a humorous proposition in the Iris, that the Legislature should enact a law that all duellists should stand back to back, then stooping down discharge their pistols between their legs, in hopes that by the ridiculous figure each would present to the other, the risible faculties might be excited, and thus an end would be put to the affair.

With the writer of the above I perfectly agree as to ridicule being the most likely weapon wherewith to assail and reform the *honorable world*; legislative enactments being in a cause of this nature worse than nugatory, it being perfectly accordant with the principles of the professed duellist that the more laws he violates, either divine or human, the more he displays his independent spirit. What can we imagine more truly absurd than two hot headed simpletons standing to be mutually shot at? and how generally do we find the cause of dispute and contention to be insignificant in the extreme, and sometimes even imaginary. An unguarded word, aye, even a look will call forth the ready

ire of these knights of the pistol, and place a man, who perhaps did not intend to offend, in the disagreeable predicament of either exposing his person to the almost unerring aim of these madmen, or of forcing himself to apologize to a compound of pride, ignorance, and vulgarity. I am fully aware that Dr. Johnson has advocated the practice of duelling, on the ground that all men are by this means placed on an equality, that the man of diminutive stature and weak frame of body finds himself at least equal to the strong and athletic. If we were to live in constant expectation of an affair of this nature, the argument might stand good; we should then of course by frequent practice endeavour to obtain an expertness in the use of the pistol, but this, happily, not being the case, the inequality continues as great as ever. I am acquainted with a naval officer who can extinguish a lighted candle, or kill a sparrow at the distance usual amongst duellists, whilst I myself could not make sure of hitting a full grown oak at the same distance. Let us in conclusion examine what the passions are that urge a man to send a fellow mortal to his last account (Shakespeare is too hacknied) boiling over with the worst feelings that human nature is capable of, and to expose himself in a similar manner to the like sudden exit from life. *Pride*, thou fiend incarnate, thou fell enemy to man, I here again detect thee stalking in all thy native majesty, surrounded by thy constant attendants, *envy*, *jealousy*, and *revenge*; "from pride alone cometh contention."

Manchester, July, 1823.

L. M.

THE STORY OF NINETTE.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

IN the time of the Regents there lived, or rather flourished, at Yvetot, a sweet little girl named Ninette. If the portrait which I have now before me be faithful, nothing so gracious, so ravishing, had yet appeared in the kingdom, which does not measure less than a league and a half in circumference, and the name of which must ever recall to recollection that *bon petit Roi* immortalized by our Horace. In the earliest spring of her life, Ninette had an elegant and flexible figure, a beautiful face, a bewitching smile, and eyes so full of tender expression, that one look alone, even when a child, revealed her destiny. She was an orphan; the rich Prior of a neighbouring abbey adopted her from infancy, and when she had attained her fourteenth year, called her his niece. The Prior was seized by a dangerous malady, and for reasons which I shall not investigate, sent away his niece before the arrival of a crowd of cousins, attracted by the hope of sharing his wealth. Ninette arrived at Paris, with the little baggage and the little purse which she had received from her uncle, who died a few days after her departure.

The manuscript from which I extract my information, says nothing of Ninette during the first four months of her residence at Paris. It is however probable that, in some obscure retreat, she concealed her sorrow and indulged her affectionate regret; for when she presented herself to the persons to whom she had been recommended by the Prior, and who refused to receive her, the roses had faded from her cheeks, and the brilliancy of her beauty had quite disappeared.

Ninette had exhausted her feeble resources, and began to feel the pressure of want and despair, when one fine evening a lady, who had followed her some time under the arcades of the *Place Royale*, addressed her in the most affable manner, and so insinuated herself into the confidence of the poor child, that she obtained from her all her history. The lady pressed her to go home with her, and Ninette cheerfully complied with the ardent request of her generous protector. They mounted an elegant carriage, which was in waiting on the *Boulevard*, and alighted at a very fine hotel in *Rue Culture Sainte Catherine*.

Ninette passed some weeks in a pavilion from which

she witnessed the promenades and amusements of other young ladies, with whom she could not associate or converse; and though she occasionally felt some anxiety for the result of the extraordinary attentions she received, she had only to cast her eyes on the mirror, and observe the returning tints and the improving beauty of her countenance, to be satisfied and cheerful. Agreeable as was her situation, her solitude at length began to be irksome; and one day on leaving the bath, she ventured to give a hint on the subject to her protector, who herself assisted her, and performed for her the most minute services. "My child," said her friend, "your health and beauty are restored, and I will now inform you of the honour that awaits you. My name is La Fillon, and is celebrated in Paris. I am the friend of the Prince, and my house is a sort of merry chapel to his parish." Ninette had commenced a string of questions, which occasioned the utmost mirth to the lady, when Monseigneur was announced. "Your Excellence has arrived most fortunately," said the dame: "Ninette, just from her village, is ignorant of every thing; but I can assure you she is worthy of your high protection." Ninette justified the recommendation; and as a shrewd woman has more wit than a prime minister, she succeeded in inspiring a passion as sincere as a man of the Prince's character could experience, and he placed her virtue under the safeguard of La Fillon, who was personally responsible.

Cardinal Dubois had followed the advice of Horace, and his establishment united *l'utile, et l'agréable*. It was at once an agency of pleasure and of police. He pretended that the *femmes galantes*, by their habit of deceit, had a great advantage over the most expert politicians; and that in the company of certain nightly witnesses, the most profound diplomats committed important indiscretions. This idea induced the Cardinal to give a degree of vogue to the *boudoir* of La Fillon, and to attract there, especially, the diplomatic corps. The female agents had orders to redouble their zeal and activity on the occasion of a plot which was on foot against legitimacy, since known as the conspiracy of the Marquis de Cellamere. In spite, however, of every precaution, the Abbé Porto Carrero, nephew of the Portuguese Ambassador, succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of the Regent and of his ministers. Every thing was prepared for the triumph of the cause of the Duc de Maine; and Don Velasquez, secretary of the embassy, was to set off in the night for Madrid, with the Abbé Porto Carrero, and the definitive arrangements of the conspirators who were to put the reins, now held by the Regent, into the hands of a bastard of Louis XIV. So much it has been necessary to say of politics, to give the key to what remains of the adventures of Ninette. Cardinal Dubois, in order to amuse Ninette in the separate and select part of the Harem to which she was confined, ordered her to have masters in all the fashionable accomplishments, and to enjoy every gratification consistent with his political plans in the administration of his establishment. It so happened that the same drawing-master had the honour of instructing the lovely Ninette and the intriguing Don Velasquez; and the terms in which the instructor spoke of the young lady so excited the curiosity of the Secretary, that he was determined to see the treasure so carefully concealed in the house where he was an assiduous visitor. The praises of Don Velasquez, in which the old master often indulged Ninette, produced on her a similar effect; and, as curiosity easily triumphs over feebleness, the desire of seeing each other was soon equally felt by both the young scholars.

The desire of the young admirers was not long opposed. La Fillon demanded only, as the price of her compliance with the wishes of the *demoiselle*, that she should be informed of all the movements of the young diplomat. Ninette, who knew not the importance of the stipulation, promised and kept her word. The intimacy continued regular and ardent during two months. Don Velasquez, increasingly charmed by his fair captive, seldom missed his opportunity; he arrived about midnight, and departed before daylight by a door in the garden, of which he possessed the key.

"One evening he arrived as early as nine o'clock, and without being less tender, he had a melancholy and distracted air. Ninette was alarmed; her inquiries were answered by caresses and by mysterious words, which she remembered without being able to compre-

hend. The night advanced; he asked for paper to write a note, and when it was finished he desired Ninette to address it to *S. A. R. Mad. la Duchesse du Maine a Sceaux*. Instantly he rose, concealed the note in the folds of his cravat, embraced tenderly his friend, and rushed from her arms. She flew after him through the garden, but could not reach him before he had mounted a *chaise de poste*, in which she saw another person. '*Route d'Orleans*,' the orders given to the postillion, were the only and the last sounds which she ever heard from his lips.

In tumult and despair Ninette awoke her protector, and told her all that had passed. La Fillon rose in haste, flew to the hotel of the Cardinal Dubois, and without informing him how she had obtained her intelligence, apprized him of the events which her harem had so recently witnessed. The circumstances confirmed suspicions which the sacred Minister had already entertained. Couriers were despatched on the road to Spain. Don Velasquez and the Abbé Porto Carrero were arrested at Poitiers; their persons and papers were searched, the conspiracy was discovered, and the son of Made. Montespan lost the regency, because the Cardinal had the wit to entrust the police of the kingdom to his *filles de joie*, and because a young lover could not quit Paris without a last embrace of his mistress. On what slender threads are the destinies of empires suspended!

The greater number of women know no other perfidy but that which love suggests. The Cardinal determined to recompense Ninette for the service she had rendered the Government, but she refused the reward of a treason which her heart disavowed; and when she learnt that she had been the innocent cause of the ruin of Don Velasquez, whom she passionately loved, she resolved to abandon her present course, and return to privacy and to virtue. From the very bosom of corruption she rose, and retired to find, in the sentiment of her shame, the energy to escape from infamy. The very day on which she had been presented by the Cardinal Dubois to the Regent, she left the harem of La Fillon by the garden gate, of which Don Velasquez had left the key, and took refuge in the Penitentiary which Mad. de Beauharnais Miramont had founded at the close of the seventeenth century, under the name of *Sainte Pelagie*.

The venerable Ecclesiastic who superintended that pious establishment, himself the model of apostolic virtue, received with kindness the young penitent, raised her above despair, and talked to her of her beauty and her charms, in order to increase in her own estimation the value of the sacrifice she voluntarily made. Accustomed to read the human heart, he soon perceived that the beautiful Ninette, in indulging the emotions of a religious affection, only sought to modify the natural feelings by which she was agitated. She wished to take the veil; he dissuaded her from a purpose conceived by a troubled, and not a calm and enlightened soul. His tender exhortations triumphed over her passions, and she left the asylum to return to Yvetot, where her beauty and her grace vanquished all suspicion, and closed the mouth even of envy itself.

A young descendant of the Lord of the country loved Ninette, and in spite of a confidential disclosure of the scenes of her past life, he wished to make her his wife. They were married, and *la fille de bonne volonté* became the most faithful of wives and the most tender of mothers. The retreat, opened *aux filles de bone volonté* by Mad. de Beauharnais Miramont, in which another Mad. de Beauharnais was imprisoned in the reign of terror, is now a prison for debtors, for vagabonds, for men of letters; and it is within its walls that this history of Ninette has been composed.

TO MISS S — M — —

Fair Venus, who oft amongst mortals goes rambling,
Was lost t'other day and she somewhere went rambling.
It put all the Gods to their trumps to find out
Her dress, her disguise, her engagements or route;
Apollo and Cupid, who seldom unite,
(Love and Reason being different as darkness and light)
Agreed to go out in search of the dame,
And at dusk to the green of a temple they came;
"I have found her," says Cupid, "Apollo, look there!"
"Tis my mother. I know her deportment and air;"
"Your mother!" says Reason, "you blundering calf,"
Your mother was never so handsome by half;
Look again, you young archer, repining you'll own,
Such beauty can be S — M — — alone."

Oldham, July 1, 1823.

C. T.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

On the Prejudices and superstitious Ideas of the Peasants of that part of Livonia called Lettland (Lettonia.)
(In a Letter from Count Bray, Minister from the King of Bavaria at St. Petersburg.)

At the return of spring, the Lettonian peasant takes care not to expose himself to hear the cuckoo the first time, either when he is fasting or has no money in his pocket. If this should happen to him, he would believe himself in danger of famine and want for the rest of the year. This is what he calls being bewitched by the cuckoo; he therefore is very guarded to have money about him, and to eat something very early in the morning before he leaves his house. He has the same fears, and takes the same precautions, on the first arrival of the lapwing.

When a hare or a fox crosses his path, he considers it as a bad omen; but if it is a wolf, the omen is favourable.

When the Lettonian peasant has taken his fowling piece, and on going out of his house the first person he meets is a woman or a girl, it is a bad sign, and he will have no sport; he therefore returns, and does not proceed till, on going out again, the first he meets is a man or a boy. If he goes out fishing alone, he does not communicate his intention to any body, or that would bring him ill luck. It is only when he wants an assistant that another person, besides the latter, may be informed of it without doing any harm. If he is angling, and having laid his line on the ground somebody treads upon it, he is convinced that he shall never catch any thing with that line.

The peasant does not allow any person to admire or praise any thing he possesses, especially his flocks, his poultry, his corn, &c.; he is convinced that every thing so praised will perish.

If his cattle are affected by any disease, he does not fail to attribute it to the witchcraft and malevolence of some neighbour: he then takes care to perform his stables with assafœtida.

Their hives are usually placed on the largest trees in the forest, or they make holes in those trees where the bees have settled of themselves. They always take a companion to gather the honey, and they divide the honey and wax with the most scrupulous equality, being convinced that the slightest fraud would cause the bees to emigrate or to die.

They ascribe a particular virtue to all plants gathered on Midsummer Eve, for which reason they carefully preserve them, to give to their cattle in case of sickness. Before Midsummer they pluck up all the grass which they give to their cattle in the stable: they are persuaded that if it were out with a scythe it would make the cows lose their milk. After Midsummer Eve they use the scythe without fear or scruple. On this same Eve, which is more important to them than the holiday itself, no family neglects to bring from the garden and the fields a stock of pot-herbs for the winter.

When they happen to find in a field ripe ears of corn crossed in a particular manner, or united in bunches, they ascribe it to the malevolence of some envious person, who has endeavoured to draw some sorcery upon their crop. The reaper takes care not to touch such bewitched ears, and passes without cutting them.

A great number of the peasants, unfortunately, still entertain the superstitious notion that fire kindled by lightning is not to be extinguished. When such an accident happens they are discouraged, and do hardly any thing to check the progress of the flames.

A funeral must never pass through a tilled field, not even in winter, though it might considerably shorten the way. The peasant is fully persuaded that a field through which a funeral has passed becomes barren.

Except on extraordinary occasions, no funerals are allowed on Mondays and Fridays.

A peasant who is in search of a wife, never goes, except on a Thursday or Sunday, into the house where he expects to make his choice. The bride and bridegroom are not to give their bare hand to any body, on the day of their marriage, except to each other at the altar; otherwise they are threatened with poverty during the whole of their union. It is also a very bad sign if, when the bride returns from church, she finds any body on the threshold of her door.

When a young girl finds a leaf of trefoil divided into four instead of three parts, it is a sign that she will be married within the year; at all events she carefully preserves this leaf till her wedding-day.

If on the 1st of February the sun shines only so long as is necessary to saddle a horse, they expect fine weather for hay-making.

On Christmas Eve the countrymen are accustomed to drive about a great deal in sledges: they think that this will cause their hemp to be more abundant, and higher: they do not fail to visit the alehouse, and to drink heartily, the same evening, being convinced that this is a way to make them look well till the following Christmas.

In summers when flies are abundant, they expect an ample crop of back wheat; and if the *prunus padus* is thickly covered with blossoms, they expect a very rainy summer.

The Lettonians never destroy crickets by fire, being persuaded that those which escape will destroy their linen and clothes.

When a peasant loses his way in a wood after sunset, he avoids calling any person to show him the way, being convinced that in that case the evil spirit of the forest would cause him to plunge still deeper into its recesses.

When the peasants intend to build a house, they carefully observe what species of ant first appears on the spot, or seems to be common in the neighbourhood: if it is the common large ant (*formica rufa*, Linn.) or the black ant (*formica rubra*, Linn.) they choose another place.

NATIONAL MANNERS.

John Bull is accused of a strong national prejudice, yet, let him see other countries, and you will find no one so impartial, so little addicted to this imperfection. A Briton travels (in general) more than his neighbours; if nobility or wealth be his lot, he goes abroad as a matter of polished necessity; if a mercantile character, his interest leads him thither, money is no impediment. Economy, and a narrow policy keep our neighbours more at home; and when they travel they are apt to measure their road and researches by the purse, and (being circumscribed in all) fail not to be equally limited in liberality. I have known a thousand persons of different nations abroad, some in their own, some in contiguous countries, but how few have I found divested of blind partiality, or generally informed as to the manners, customs, virtues, and rooted defects of other states; even those who had passed thrice seven years on English ground, and had tasted both its freedom and hospitality, turned jealousy to ungrateful home, (I speak of emigrants) and spoke lightly of the benefits of constitutional greatness, and of firm yet tolerant power.

Count — the second time expatriated, on account of the unfashionableness of immutable fidelity to one unaltered family and cause, met me at Naples, after seven years separation. He was evidently disgusted with revolutionized France, and found that he returned to a country, but not to a home, yet was he so much a Frenchman at heart, that neither grey hairs, vicissitudes, disappointments, nor the third of a century having rolled over his head, could divest him of superannuated nationality, and (to my utter astonishment) he began (in an evening walk) to blame certain English customs, which led me to place those of the Continent in comparison therewith. He insisted on that our single women enjoy too much freedom; that they mingle too much, and at too early a period, with the world; that they were allowed to walk arm in arm with a cousin, or with a friend of the family of the other sex; or to parade the streets and parks alone, followed only by an overgrown laquais and a long cane, which was a mere matter of form; for (added he) this automaton may be stopped for whole hours at a circulating library, a music seller's, or a lace merchant's, or a dress maker's, or even dismissed at a relation's door, and ordered to return in an hour. "Hon y voit qui mal y pense," replied I. "But it is so," triumphantly resumed he: "and then again a single woman may ride on horseback in an independent masculine style, through town and country, with a groom a quarter of a mile behind her; and she may pick up as many beaux as she pleases, without the least scandal. Now what facilities these customs afford for seducing the

young mind, what favourable opportunities for forming dangerous connexions, for a bad match, an unfortunate attachment, nay, even for intrigue itself! Whereas abroad the unmarried lady is all circumspection, she never goes shopping unattended by some relation or governess, she has no access to these convenient houses for rendezvous, and is seldom from under a parent's eye; 'no taking the carriage all alone to make calls, or for a breath of air.' Even at church she must not go alone; and if she is not at a convent or at some seminary for education, her pleasures are moderate, rare, and never so public as to make her familiar to the vulgar eye. It is not until she enters the wedded state that she is perfectly her own mistress, then (concluded the count) I allow that she makes up for lost time; her flirtings then begin, and I do not approve of all the habits in married life, in France and in warmer climates: yours are more domesticated in general; but, in the highest classes, you are not much behind your neighbours."

Such was the amount of his remarks, which I counterbalanced by a few instances of what had passed under my own eyes; my readers will decide between us.

The greatest reserve is imposed upon young unmarried ladies abroad; they come timidly into society. *Mamma*, (a word pronounced ostentatiously by high and low with an infantine air of simplicity) tires the listener's ear with "my daughter is so young;—at her age late hours are fatal;—she never tasted wine—she is a stranger in the world" (*le monde*), by which in public life is meant. Yet governesses and *famées de campagne* in France, duennas in Spain, and even beguines in Flanders, prevent not attachments being formed. The old and incorruptible have neither ears nor eyes, and the young, servile, and indifferent, may be gained, and as easily put off their guard as the long footman and long cane, or the groom at a quarter of a mile's distance from Lady Mary. I knew a certain princess who had all her first interviews with the noble but ruined prince, whose widow she is, at their parish church. At Florence, I could not help admiring a lovely creature about sixteen years of age, pale, dejected, and withering (as I thought) from a decline; I inquired the cause. "Mal d'amore," replied her mother, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Love-sick?" thought I, and I looked uncertain as it were. "Si," added she, in order to convince me, *la natura e sempre la natura*, (nature is always nature). This was *animal* in the superlative degree, and such a thing could not be named in England.

So much for the great delicacy of unmarried life, in which state caution seems to be all, sentiment a nominal part only: the wedded fair on the continent are charming, but custom effects strange things amongst them. I should have offered my arm, or rode on horseback, *tête à tête*, a thousand times with any of my unmarried countrywomen, without a doubtful or stray thought, at Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Pisa, &c. I should have obeyed the orders of any unmarried dame, but the idea of a *cavaliers servente* cannot be explained in English; yet take things as they are, weigh them in the scale of propriety, value, and comparison, and it is difficult to say where the preponderance may fall. A most attractive and amiable Marchesa, allowed me to conduct her in an open carriage from Naples to Gaeta, the day became oppressively hot, on her arrival, she went to bed, and summoned me to read English poetry to her. And here, candid reader, I pledge my veracity, that neither the Marchesa nor her reader, cherished any idea beyond friendship, and the complaisance which well bred men owe to commanding beauty accustomed to charm and to rule; nevertheless, there is but one opinion in the mind of

THE HERMIT ABROAD.

A COXCOMB PUNISHED.

I had the misfortune to dine at Beauvillier's, what is called *en comité*, one day, and, was amazed beyond measure at the conceit, stauder, and garrulity of a beardless youth, spoiled, like many others, by travelling. The thing was self-sufficient as if he had been a man of the highest importance; loquacious about his travels, as if no one had visited the Continent but himself; and his breath was a blight and mildew on every female name, his foul lips uttered. He must have been as wicked as

weak, not to have weighed the probability of detection in a company in which there were three men of distinction and experience, one a laurelled and travelled veteran, and other two gentlemen of age and talent, long acquainted with the Continent, and one of whom had been attached to different embassies: the rest of the party, it is true, were gossling university men and military recruits *exquisites*; so that our loquacious puppy expected to have had the majority in his favour.

After the hacknied coxcombical tricks of sporting rings, seals, snuff-boxes, antiques, cameons, and immodest paintings, to prove the extent of his Continental tour, he rang the changes where he had been, by adding some adventure, in order to bring in the thing with more colour, and to shew his consequence, his success, and the high company which he kept. At Florence, he had the good fortune to gain the affections of a *principessa*, who offered him her fortune, which he rejected; but accepted of her person, until attracted by a French duchess, at Venice. At Naples, he lost two houses worth five hundred guineas each; and, at Rome, had been stabbed by a jealous husband, whose wife eloped with him. In the march of Ancona, he was over-turned in a Russian princess's barouche; in the Tyrol he was pursued by another jealous rival, a man of the highest birth; was obliged to exchange shots with him, and to "wing the cursed fellow!"—Here he swallowed a bumper of hock. Then at Florence, he was *en famille* with Burghersh; hand and glove with the Duchess of Albany; had a cover at all the foreign ministers; Cockburn, at Stuttgart, was his chief crony; he knew Cambridge quite intimately at Hanover; and Prussia (meaning the king of that country) at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The young people stared, the elderly smiled contempt. He now proceeded to show a long lock of auburn hair, which he said belonged to an English lady of high birth, naming her at full length: and offered to read a love letter from another titled lady then residing at Paris. After a couple of glasses of Champagne, he produced a second love letter, from a general officer's unmarried daughter, and circulated it round the table, (my next neighbour observing to me in a whisper) that he knew the hand writing to be the fellow's own. As the wine circulated, he began to lose recollection, and confounded name, place, and time, committing himself more and more as he went on, and giving himself the lie at each fresh adventure. He concluded, by informing us of an intrigue he had commenced the day before; and giving us the name of a lady with whom he had an appointment at ten o'clock, "but whom he meant to cut, as he had a serious notion of seducing a poor navy officer's daughter under promise of marriage, and then ('the old story,' said he) putting her off for fear of incurring my rich uncle's displeasure."

Every man of sense was now indignant, but the general could bear it no longer. "Young man," said he, "I have a doubt which preponderates in your character, scoundrel or the liar; but they are both closely blended."—"Do you know, sir—" cried the boaster, in a rage,—but I held him in his chair, that he might hear all, and advised him to make his reply when my honourable friend had done speaking. "The first of your culpable fooleries this day," continued the general, "was to show us a naked figure on a snuff-ox, which you asserted to be that of a princess in Italy, (your on-off mistress!) Now, sir, I was asked to purchase that very box yesterday, in *Rue de Richieu*, but I thought it too dear and too indecent. The French duchess, whose favours you boasted of at Venice, happened to be at the same time your name at Lannanne; for I was there myself. The lock of auburn hair you bought of Aspasie, an unfortunate paphian, for a Napoleon, and I saw you receive the bargain in the arcade. The English lady of high birth who smiled upon you, as you pretend, might have smiled 'as in scorn' on you, when you, yesterday, impudently tried to get acquainted with her at the Opera. The great people whom you mention as your intimates abroad, are only known to you by name. The first letter which you offered to produce, is your tailor's unpaid bill, and here it is, as you let it fall; and the second is known by one in company, to be your own hand writing. Your adventure of yesterday, I take to be another falsehood; and your serious intentions of seducing my friend's daughter, I shall prevent, by informing him of it, and by procuring for you some corporeal chastisement, such as your base-

ness and unmanliness deserves. And now, sir, quit the company, either by the door or the window, for not one second more shall you infect the room with your pestiferous slander."

The youth withdrew, covered with the contempt and hatred of all around, muttering, that the general should hear from him the next day, and that one of them should fall; but, by six in the morning, the hero had left Paris, and has not since been heard of by

THE HERMIT ABROAD.

THE BEGGAR.

IN crossing La Rue de la Paix, I was stopped at the corner of the Boulevard by a gentleman, who, with all imaginable politeness, held out his hat to me, and requested alms, inquiring at the same time after my health. The novelty of this proceeding surprised me. I threw a glance at the civil mendicant, from whom my suspicion forced a smile. He was dressed in a green great coat, nankeen pantaloons, and a blue and white striped waistcoat. A large cravat sustained his double chin, which had just been shaved; his shoes were fastened by silver clasps; his hair was powdered; and he held in his hand a stick that reminded me of the gold-headed canes carried by footmen. At first I fancied that I was the dupe of a mischievous jest; and I was beginning to be angry, when my petitioner again extended his hat, and begged that I would not "terminate the happiness of his day."

The tone of his voice, the affectation of his expressions, the singularity and neatness of his dress, all inspired me with a feeling of curiosity which I could with difficulty resist. Slipping my hand slowly into my pocket, in the hope of exciting his expectation, I kept clinking a few pieces of money, while I asked him what were the causes that could have reduced him to practice a profession which so ill accorded with his language and his habit? Charmed with the sound of a few crowns, which in his own mind he already appropriated to himself, our beggar meditated for an instant, and then declared that he merely followed his judgment and taste. "What!" answered I, "at your age (he appeared to be at most 50 years old), when there are so many ways which would lead you to a peaceful and happy life!" "I have travelled them all," he replied, "and I never tasted a tranquillity, a happiness, equal to that which I have enjoyed during the few last months. I have proved all conditions—none suited me. Driven from one post by intrigue, I entered on another, through patronage, which I left from caprice. I lost my fortune in trade, my health in the army. When I was rich, exciting envy; when poor, calling forth pity; obliged to bend to the wishes of great men; dreading the treachery of little ones; tormented by the desire of adding to what I possessed, or by the fear of losing what I had acquired; compelled to shew respect to those whom I hated; employing disreputable stratagems to obtain preferment, and ambiguous means to retain it; continually occupied with anxiety for the future;—I passed the greater part of my life in a perpetual agitation; in a mixture of hope and suspense; of short snatches of happiness, and vexations the end of which I could scarcely ever discover. One luck day, braving prejudice, which has only the strength that one gives it oneself, scorning shame, which ought not to attach to the beggar on foot more than the beggar in a coach, I did that which most men do—I turned to account the self-love and pride of my fellow creatures; I levied a contribution on all the human passions. Free from the duties which society imposes, from the obli-

gations it commands; without attachment, without family, alone in the midst of all; I created for myself a resource which has never deprived me of my independence. Exempt from the pains, from the bustle which attend fortune and rank, I live without care, without solicitude for the morrow." "But does it not happen that charity—" "I never reckon on charity. My calculations are surer. There is more to be gained by the vices of men than by their virtues. You shall judge for yourself, from the history of my days.

"I seldom rise early. However, when that does occur, I go and try my fortune on the Boulevards. You must be well aware that I never address those honest artisans whose compassion I might easily awaken, but whose beneficence my habit would deter. Sometimes, however, betrayed by custom, I have accidentally applied to a workman singing as he goes along to his shop. In almost all such cases, I have instantly perceived my mistake; and more than once I have bestowed alms on him from whom I had requested them.

"About nine o'clock I watch for those young girls who, alone, and in a morning dress, walk with a quickness which induces me to suspect that they are in pursuit of pleasure. Their whole minds engrossed by a single idea, they look neither to the right nor to the left. I glide softly after them. My voice, in the mildest tone, strikes their ear with a timid prayer, to which I take care to add with a little more emphasis these words, which never fail of effect—"it will insure your happiness."—Immediately, and without stopping, they open their little purse of green silk, and give me a small piece of money, thanking me at the same time, by an almost imperceptible smile, for an expression which they have the goodness to regard as a prophecy.

"I return slowly, laughing inwardly at the idle clerk and the self-important master who are going to their offices. I see the author who racks his brains for a rhyme or a couplet, and the actor who repeats his parts in an under tone and without gesture, that he may not incommodate passengers. Seldom do I interrupt these honest people. Nevertheless, last week I ventured to implore the aid of a performer at a minor theatre, to whom I bethought myself to lend for a moment the name of our most celebrated tragedian. His countenance sparkled, he made me repeat my request, and paid me for my mistake like a man who was more pleased than surprised at it. I meet, on my way, the advocate who is going coldly to plead the cause of a client whose pretensions he has himself condemned; the bailiff who hurries to the lodgings of a young man of fashion against whom he has for six months had a warrant of arrest, the execution of which, in virtue of certain gratuities, he has repeatedly postponed. I have never dared to solicit the pity of this last. To be successful, it would be necessary to attack his weak side, and I am always afraid of mistaking it.

"At ten o'clock see me near the Tortoni, or the Café Anglais. I continue my moral observations; and I find that the cries of misery must not be poured into the ears of a man who has just risen from table. There I am never served until after the waiter, whose eyes dispute with me the remainder of the small change which he has just given, and which is thrown to me with a disdain that relieves me from the necessity of acknowledgment.

"I then generally visit the garden of the Thuilleries. It affords me a rich harvest on a

fine day. If you did but know the value to me of the words, 'Monsieur le Chevalier'—'Monsieur le Baron'—'Monsieur le Comte'—'Monsieur General'—applied to Officers with only a single epaulette! Do I meet, coming from church, one of those good women who have not memory enough to recollect the sermon they have just been hearing, I accost her; and after a refusal, often expressed with acrimony, I reiterate my request, pronouncing aloud the name of heaven. That name produces a magical effect; and the alms are doubled on account of the importance she attaches to the good opinion of those who surround her. There are many persons who exhibit charity only when spectators are at hand to applaud it.

"Before the close of the morning, I stop at the doors of several of the gaming houses. I salute with respect, mingled with sympathy, the unfortunate man who descends with measured steps, and in whose face the disastrous state of his finances are easily read. I address almost laughingly the gambler whom chance favours with good fortune which he did not expect. His gifts are generally beyond my hopes; but, alas! they are too often loans rather than gifts. Frequently have I been asked at night for the half crown which has been bestowed on me in the morning; and in the hope of a change of luck, I have not hesitated to return it.

"I dine in that part of the town in which I find myself at the dinner hour; but I take care to dine alone, lest it should happen to me to sit at table with one of my customers, whom such a little accident might cause me to lose.

"In the evening I wander about the Palais Royal, or the Champs-Élysées. I have in reserve a store of misfortunes, of which I avail myself according to the rank or probable sentiments of the person to whom I speak. I ruin myself as I choose; sometimes by the ingratitude of my family, sometimes by the treachery of my friend. I carefully examine my listeners, that I may make no mistake in my history, should they have the patience to hear me a second time. It is seldom that my eloquence is not crowned with happy results; for while I apply for compassion, I never forget self-love."—"Nevertheless, you may fail sometimes; and you will allow me to believe that at the moment when you were entrusting to me the secret of your mode of life—" "I adopted the only proper course with you. My confession is a new proof of my skill. I have frequently heard your name; I know that one of your chief employments is to collect remarks on the manners of the capital; and I thought you would not be displeased at having the materials furnished you for one of your next dissertations."

I had nothing to reply; so I drew my hand from my pocket, and took my leave of my interlocutor, who followed, overwhelming me with his thanks.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.

Mr. Glover has published the following method of receiving the electrical shock from a cat.—Place the left hand under the throat, with the middle finger, and the thumb slightly pressing the bones of the animal's shoulder, then gently passing the right hand along the back, sensible electrical shocks will be felt in the left hand.—*Phil. Mag.*

ULTRAMARINE.

The editor of the *Annals of Philosophy*, one of the most skilful chemists of the present day, has lately been engaged in some researches to discover the nature of the colouring matter of ultramarine. He has not, however, been able to attain his object, though he has

found some fresh reasons for believing, with M. Thénard, that it is a peculiar substance.

Mr. Phillips has discovered a ready method of detecting the articles with which ultramarine is sometimes fraudulently adulterated. If the suspected specimen contain *bleu verdier*, (carbonate of copper), it may be ascertained by heating the specimen on a piece of silver or platinum foil in a spirit lamp, when the compound will become first greenish and eventually black. The presence of *prussian blue* causes the ultramarine to be much darkened by heat; and to become browner, and not brighter, on being boiled in a solution of potash. *Indigo* is detected by the purple vapour which rises on the application of heat, and by its retaining its colour while under the action of sulphuric acid. *Smalts* is also detected by its refusing to yield its colour to any acid. The colour prepared from oxide of cobalt and alumina is discovered in the same manner as *smalts*.

The above processes are very simple, and, to the dealer in ultramarine, must be very important. The results obtained by Mr. Phillips, though not altogether satisfactory, are certainly curious. They present a stimulus to farther inquiry, which may, perhaps, open some new views in relation to the arts in which ultramarine has been employed.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

Two summers have now passed over, and it is pretty clear that they have not carried him into the Pacific, unless indeed, which is merely in the chances, he may have taken the route of China and the Cape of Good Hope, which, from his ample supply of provisions remaining, is not quite improbable. Had he run for Kamatsatka, or along the coast of America in the Pacific, we should, before this time, have heard of him. We know he calculated upon three summers, and only wished that, if not heard of in the beginning of 1824, a vessel with provisions might be sent into Behring's Strait in the autumn of that year. He was last seen near the Upper Savage Islands, on the 22d of July, 1821, steering with a fair wind and through an open sea, direct for Repulse bay; and as Captain Franklin left Cape Tarnagin on the 25th of August of the same year, the latter was on his return before Captain Parry could have reached that point.* In the event, however, of his having done so in the course of that season, it is not improbable that he would enter that deep gulf of which the Cape forms the eastern and northern extremity; the less so, from its being situated in the same longitude nearly as the Copper-mine River is laid down on Arrowsmith's chart; a point which he would, undoubtedly, deem it expedient to visit; and if so, he would meet with the flag-staff and letter left by Captain Franklin, and, probably, pass the winter in one of the many snug harbours which the Arctic gulf affords. The second season would, with ease, bring him to that point of the coast which is terminated by the Rocky Mountains, a little beyond Mackenzie's River, the only spot where we can conceive any difficulty to occur; here Captain Parry would, probably, pass the second winter; and, if so, the third summer would, without difficulty, carry him through Behring's Strait. And when we consider the commander, who would leave nothing behind him unexamined, (and from the indented nature of the coast, there is much to examine), we are not in the least surprised at his taking three seasons, which, indeed, he always calculated upon to accomplish his task; and which, if not possible, he may, therefore, be expected to do in the course of the present summer. With regard to risk, we apprehend none beyond that to which all navigation in the icy seas is liable, and which the long frequented whale fishery, conducted in vessels not half so strong nor half so well manned, has proved to be little more than common sea risk. Indeed, with ships as strong as wood and iron can make them; stored with provisions

and fuel for nearly four years; with a commander excelled by none in the various duties of his profession; endued with intellectual faculties of the highest order, and full of zeal and energy, tempered with due prudence and discretion; with experienced officers and crews of picked seamen; we cannot persuade ourselves that any reasonable ground of alarm for their safety need be entertained.—*Quarterly Review*.

BELZONI.—Interesting extracts of a letter from this enterprising Traveller have been given in the Cambridge Chronicle: we cordially rejoice to learn that his prospects are so auspicious. The letter is dated Fez, May 5.

"In the short letter I wrote to you from Tangier, dated the 10th of April, I informed you that I had gained permission from his Majesty the Emperor of Morocco, to enter his country as far as Fez, and that I had great hopes of obtaining his permission to penetrate farther south. I have now great pleasure in acquainting you, my dear friend, of my safe arrival at Fez, after having been detained at Tangier till a letter had been forwarded from Mr. Douglas, his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Tangier, to the Minister at Fez, to obtain permission from the Emperor for me to approach his capital. As soon as a favourable answer was received, we started for this place, and in ten days arrived here in safety with my *better half*, who, having succeeded in persuading me to take her as far as Tangier, has also enforced her influence to proceed to Fez; but this, though much against her will, must be her '*Non plus ultra*'."

"Yesterday I had the honour to be presented to his Majesty the Emperor, and was highly gratified with his reception of me. He was acquainted that I had letters of introduction from Mr. Wilmot, to the Consul in Tangier, from whom I received indeed the greatest hospitality, and who did all in his power to promote my wishes. The fortunate circumstance of my having known the Prime Minister of his Majesty, whilst in Cairo, on his return from Mecca to this country, is also much in my favour; and though a great deal has been said against my project by the commercial party, particularly from the Jews of this country, who monopolize all the traffic of the interior, I obtained his Majesty's permission to join the caravan, which will set out for Timbuctoo, within one month."

"If nothing should happen, and if promises are kept, I shall from this place cross the Mountains of Atlas to Taffet, where we shall join other parties from various quarters, and from thence, with the help of God, we shall enter the great Sahara to Timbuctoo. Should I succeed in my attempt, I shall add another '*cotton-tablet*' to the Temple of Fortane; and if, on the contrary, my project should fail, one more name will be added to the many others which have fallen into the River of Oblivion. Mrs. Belzoni will remain at Fez, till she hears of my departure from Taffet, which place is eighteen or twenty days' journey from hence, and as soon as that fact is ascertained she will return to England."

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—A letter from New York, dated June 9, says,—“If the long-sought-for philosopher's stone, by which baser substances could be transmuted into gold, has not yet been found, an invention of still greater importance has at length crowned the efforts of American chymists. It has long been known that the diamond, the most precious of all substances, is composed of carbon in its pure state. But although the powers of chymical analysis have been sufficient by repeated experiments clearly to establish this fact, yet the knowledge of it was of no practical importance to the world, because the powers of synthesis failed, and no mode had been devised of imitating nature by uniting the constituents of this precious gem. In other words, the philosopher was able to convert diamonds into carbon, but he was ignorant of the art of converting carbon into diamonds. If the experiments of Professor Silliman can be relied on, this desideratum has in part been supplied. The last number of his *Journal of Science* contains an article on the philosophical instrument called the diaphanator invented by Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, by which it appears that charcoal, plumbago, and anthracite, have been fused by the power of that instrument, and transmuted into diamonds.”

SHAWL MANUFACTORY AT CASHMEER.

The most remarkable production of Cashmeer is its shawls, which supply the whole world, and which are said to be manufactured at sixteen thousand looms, each of which gives employment to three men.

The following is an extract from the report drawn up by Mr. Strachey, who made many enquiries on this subject, and who had some shawl stuffs made under his own inspection, of wool procured at Umritsir. The manufacturers were pioneers belonging to the embassy, and they worked in a common tent; yet they appeared to find no difficulty in their employment. A shop may be occupied with one shawl, provided it be a remarkably fine one, above a year, while other shops make six or eight in the course of that period. Of the best and most worked kinds, not so much as a quarter of an inch is completed in one day by three people, which is the usual number employed at most of the shops. Shawls containing much work are made in separate pieces at different shops, and it may be observed that it very rarely happens that the pieces when completed, correspond in size.

The shops consist of a frame work, at which the persons employed sit on a bench; their number is from two to four. On plain shawls two people alone are employed, and a long, narrow, but heavy shuttle is used: those of which the pattern is variegated are worked with wooden needles, their being a separate needle for the thread of each colour: for the latter no shuttle is required. The operation of their manufacture is of course slow, proportionate to the quantity of work which their patterns may require.

The Oostaud, or head workman, superintends while his journeymen are employed near him, immediately under his directions. If they have any new pattern in hand, or one with which they are not familiar, he describes to them the figures, colours, and threads which they are to use, while he keeps before him the pattern on which they happen to be employed, drawn upon paper.

During the operation of making, the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, notwithstanding which the Oostaud never mistakes the regularity of the most figured patterns.

The wages of the Oostaud (the employer furnishing materials) are from six to eight pice per day; of the common workmen, from one to four (a pice in Cashmeer may be about three half-pence.)

A merchant entering largely into the shawl trade frequently engages a number of shops, which he collects in a spot under his eye; or he supplies the head workmen with thread, which has been previously spun by women, and afterwards coloured; and they carry on the manufacture at their own houses, having previously received instructions from the merchant respecting the quality of the goods he may require, their colours, patterns, &c.

After the goods are completed, the merchant carries them to the custom-office, where each shawl is stamped, and he pays a certain duty, the amount of which is settled according to the quality and value of the piece. The officer of the government generally fixes the value beyond what the goods are really worth. The duty is at the rate of one-fifth of the price.

Most shawls are exported unwashed, and fresh from the loom. In India there is no market for unwashed shawls, and at Umritsir they are better washed and packed than in Cashmeer. Of those sent to the westward, many are worn unwashed. The wool of which the shawls are made is imported from Tibet and Tartary, in which coun-

* Among the number of idle conjectures which appear, from time to time, in the public prints, (and which are productive of no other effect than awakening the anxiety of the friends of those employed on the expedition), one writer is surprised that Captain Franklin met with no traces of Captain Parry, though it was impossible; and a Frenchman has discovered him on the coast of Siberia; and an English journalist announces the two ships to have been seen off Icy Cape by some fishing-boats of the Aleutian islands, which is just the same as if the pilot-boats of the coast of Cornwall had discovered them off the North Cape of Norway, the distance in each case being about the same.

tries alone the goat which produces it is said to thrive. That which is brought from Rodauk is reckoned the best. Its price in Cashmeer is from ten to twenty rupees for a turrak (which is supposed to be about twelve pounds): the whitest sort is the dearest.

It would perhaps be difficult to determine with accuracy the quantity of shawls manufactured annually; supposing, however, that five of all kinds are on an average made at each shop or loom in the course of a year, the number would be eighty thousand, which is probably not far from the truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—If the following among the many freaks of that sickle Goddess Fortune, is worthy of a place in your miscellany, it is at your service—of the fact you may rely.—

'Tis sixty years since (as Waverley has it,) when, in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange, London, there lived three brothers, who, to their shame be it spoken, were all bachelors. George the eldest was either a Stock-broker or Clerk in the Bank of England, I forget which; William was a dancing-master, and Nicholas a clergyman. George I do not personally recollect, he having died before I arrived at years of discernment. William was a complete old beau of George the Second's time, and taught me to dance, and when he died, being his last scholar, for I used to practise in the court room of Girdler's hall, and set to right hand and left among half a dozen chairs in *locus saltatorum* to the squeaking of his kit, I became heir to his fiddles, kits, and gilt headed cane. Nicholas the clergyman was Rector of the parish in which I was born, married my Father and Mother, and christened all us, their children: from him we had each a legacy.—But George is the subject of my story. He was used regularly to frequent a small tavern in Bartholomew Lane, where, as was the general custom sixty years since, a few neighbours were wont to meet in the evening, under the rose or cauliflower, to smoke their pipes over a tiff of punch and talk of the price of Stocks and news of the parish. Among these was an old gentleman, who, by frugality and industry, for in those days there were few gigs or country houses kept by the worthy and pains-taking citizens, and afterwards by successful speculations in the funds, had become very wealthy, and had long been set down as a plum. Being taken ill, he sent for his notary or scrivener, a race now extinct, to make his will—having neither kith nor kin as he knew of, or, perhaps, that he wished to know, after naming several of his fellow clubbists to very pretty legacies, he observed that having believed thought of those he had any regard for, he should leave the residue of his property among various charities, the notary told him he was rather surprised he had omitted one—his old friend George. Bless me, said he, I had like to have forgot George sure enough. Put him down ten thousand pounds. A. Q.

Manchester, July 14th. 1823.

VARIETIES.

THE KING AND THE RUSTIC.—Late as his Majesty was passing Egham, in his low Phaeton, dressed in a light drab coat, in company with Lord Conyngham, not one person in twenty recognized him. In going up the middle hill which leads to the cottage, at a walking pace, a remarkably stout man, named Benjamin Hodges, a farmer, who had just come out of the hay-field, was standing against his gate, without his coat and waistcoat, and who attracted his Majesty's attention, and caused him to smile. The farmer seeing his Majesty smile at him, good-naturedly said, not knowing it was the King, "How do you do, old chap?" The King immediately increased his laugh, when the old farmer replied, "You seem, old chap, to make yourself very merry at my expense!" Honest Ben, on enquiring of a neighbour "who that ere gentleman was?" felt much surprised on being told it was the King! "Be that as it may (said Ben) he seems to be a jolly good-natured fellow for all that."

PRESENTS FROM THE NABOB OF OUDE TO THE KING.—The Glasgow frigate has brought to England,

as presents from the Nabob of Oude to his Majesty, several articles of considerable value, being estimated at upwards of 200,000*l*. Among them are a sword set in diamonds, a belt, and sword knot; the latter composed of diamonds and other precious jewels, and suspended to it is an emerald of great value, it being considered the largest extant, and nearly the size of an egg. A bird of Paradise alive has also been brought in this ship, believed to be the only attempt of this kind ever made with success. A bull and cow, of a small white breed, which the Hindoos worship, have also arrived as a present to the Princesses.

TYPHON OF THE CHINESE SEA.—It is alleged by Tilesius, who accompanied Krusenstern, that the cause of the typhon of the Chinese sea is to be sought for in the bowels of the earth, and depends on agitations at the bottom of the sea.

LEGHORN BONNETS.—It appears, by a return made to Parliament, that in the year ending 5th April, 1823, there were 136,045 Leghorn straw hats or bonnets imported into Great Britain, and 3312 pounds of straw plaiting.

RECIPE FOR A SORE THROAT.—Take a glass of olive oil and half a glass of spirits of turpentine; mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing the flannel round it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early. Sweet oil will answer the purpose equally well.

AFRICA.—We are sorry to see it stated in the Ship News of Portsmouth, that Captain Owen's Survey in Delgoa Bay has entirely failed. The natives are represented as being in the grossest state of ignorance, with little, if any idea of a Supreme Power, and incapable of comprehending figures beyond the number ten. The expedition into the interior, under Lieut. Browne, &c. was to proceed up the river Zambezi, for Qualamane to Senno, two hundred miles, and then be guided by circumstances.

STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE.—The celebrated statue of Shakespeare, sculptured by Roubiliac for Garrick, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum, was removed to that national institution on Thursday. It is in fine preservation, and will be an attractive ornament to the Museum.

ROCKETS.—A person in Austria, it is said, recently invented a species of rocket, which ascends to a prodigious height, so as to be seen at a distance of more than forty leagues! If this be a fact, these rockets may be of great use as signals, especially in geographical measurements of the earth.

STEAM ENGINES.—It appears that the number of steam engines at the present in action in this country may be reckoned at 10,000; and the one with another each may be estimated to be equal in power to 20 horses; that each horse will do the work of 6 men, and that consequently the acting powers of our steam engines are equal in effect to 200,000 horses, or 1,900,000 men.

EPICURUS.—It appears from accounts handed down to us, that nobody was less of an epicure than Epicurus himself. He had carefully studied the sources of pleasure, and found nothing more conducive thereto than temperance, patience, probity, friendship, and public spirit.—Tucker's *Light of Nature*.

WIT.—Mr. Moore's wit is nothing more than easy and playful. We doubt if his temperament be favourable to the more forcible species. Our very greatest wits have not been men of a gay or vivacious disposition. Of Butler's private history nothing remains but the record of his miseries, and Swift was never known to smile. Men of Saturnine tempers find a refuge in the ridiculous when their minds are sore and wearied with the conflict of life; and perhaps, if such were to examine the periods of their mental operations, they would find they had started the most ludicrous ideas in bitterness of spirit. At those times the mind is very highly, though painfully excited, and, if it be naturally strong, its impressions of every kind being aggravated, the relief which it has the power of throwing in by means of ludicrous associations will share the force of its other impulses, and acquire more from the contrast with them. The will of Chatterton may be alleged as a strong evidence of this condition of the mind; and indeed, his whole character, his long fits of moroseness, and his burst of levity are equally in point.—Quarterly Review.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

THEATRE ROYAL.—On Saturday Evening last Messrs Blanchard and Knight, and Miss Smithson, appeared in Morton's Comedy entitled, "A Cure for the Heart Ache;" and Mr. St. Albin, Madame Searle, and Madmie. Garbois delighted the house by their graceful and elegant dancing in the Pantomime of "Cinderella."—Just before the conclusion of the latter piece, as Miss Wallis and Miss Radcliffe came forward to assist in the last dance some fastidious observers thought proper to manifest a want of taste and feeling, by hisses and other marks of disapprobation;—this illiberality we were happy to see promptly and spiritedly resented by the respectable part of the audience.

MINOR THEATRE.—Each new piece produced at this place of amusement rivals in splendour that which preceded it. This has been more particularly the case in the two brought out this week. The opening scene in the interesting Venetian Melo-Drama of—Who was the Hand? is, without exception, one of the most picturesque we ever witnessed,—and many of the succeeding ones are most beautiful. The principal characters are well sustained, and the piece throughout was received with universal applause. We would recommend several of the subordinate performers in this establishment to pay a little more attention to the business of the stage, as much effect is frequently lost for want of it. We understand that Mr. St. Albin and Madame Searle will make their *début* at this theatre on Monday next.

PHIL-HARMONIC CONCERT.—The third public night this year took place on Friday the 11th inst.—Of the performances in general we have little to notice. Rossini's Overture to Tancredi was given with much effect; and the glees—"Mynheer Van Denk," and "From the fair Lavinian Shore," was loudly and deservedly re-echoed.—The scotch Duet—"Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon," was sung by Miss S. Travis and Miss Stansfield, in a manner which did them much credit.—We never heard the fine tenor voice of the latter young lady, who took the second, to greater advantage.

LITERARY NOTICES.

There is forthcoming "Poetical Sketches, with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems," by Alaric A. Watts. This little volume was printed about twelve months ago for private circulation, and the notice it attracted has led to its open publication.

A Romance from the pen of the Rev. C. R. Maturin, author of "Bertram," is expected in the ensuing winter.

Naturalists' Repository, or Monthly Miscellany of Exotic Natural History. An Order in the Council of the Linnean Society has been lately passed, by which Mr. Donovan will be allowed to enrich his New Monthly Work, the 'Naturalist's Repository,' with the Icons of those choice and very beautiful species of the Pittacus and Columba Tribe, which are described in the 13th Vol. of the Linnean Transactions; the greater part of which, if not the whole, are of such rarity, as to be found only in the Museum of the Linnean Society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Melo-Drama, entitled "*Harvest Home*," although displaying considerable ability, is, nevertheless, unfit for the purpose for which it was submitted.—It will be returned on application at our office.

L. M. will perceive that his paper on Duelling is inserted.—The other in our next.—We have only to observe that a particular scrutiny of the opinions of others, and a deliberate consideration of the subject itself, will seldom fail to enable an intelligent mind to form correct ideas, and to connect them in a judicious and interesting manner.—Without Observation and Reflection there cannot be good or useful writing. Nescius Juvenis; I. H.; Eliza; A Sonnet to Summer; and A Rhapsodist, are received.—We should be glad to hear from J. A. of Salford.

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AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.	Leeds, J. Heston.
Birmingham, Bellby & Knott.	Liverpool, E. Williams & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.	Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
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HORÆ OTIOSÆ.—(No. V.)

(Written for the Iris.)

ELIZA.—A FRAGMENT.

The gentle maid, whose hapless tale
These melancholy pages speak;
Say, gracious lady, shall she fail
To draw a tear adown thy cheek?

WALFORD.

WE are frequently told that every man loves at least once in his life. Can every being that usurps the name of man feel a disinterested passion; or in other words, can a man destitute of almost every virtue, love a virtuous and accomplished woman? Titus loved not Berenice, Horace loved not Lydia. The words *love*, and *desire*, have no similarity. Noble minds are alone susceptible of an ardent affection, and to love a virtuous woman requires many amiable qualities. Thus was I musing as I traversed the little grove at the extremity of the fishpond, when my attention was suddenly arrested by hearing Herrick's "Mad Maid's Song," sung in a sweetly plaintive voice.

Good-morrow to the day so fair!
Good-morning, sir, to you!
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabbled with the dew!
Good-morning, &c.

I stood fixed to the earth, as it were by enchantment, and before I had recovered from my surprise, the meagre form of a beautiful female stood before me. She was rather taller than the generality of women, and though it was evident that the worm had long been preying upon her vitals, she assumed an air of gayety that ill accorded with the tender feelings of her heart. Her dark blue, and expressive eyes, her regular and finely polished teeth, and her bosom finer than the most beautiful alabaster, made impressions on my heart which the powerful finger of time will never be able to erase. Her countenance was beautifully expressive, but her cheeks were pale; and her intelligent eyes shone sweetly, through the pearly drops of grief, by which they were in part concealed. A plain garment, white as snow, covered her finely polished limbs; and her beautiful auburn hair, which flowed in luxuriant negligence over her shoulders, was hung with flowers. "Young man, (said she, presenting me with a full blown rose) observe that flower: yesterday its beauties were scarcely disclosed, to-day it shines in the meridian of magnificence, to-morrow its beauties, and all its sweetness will be fled for ever. Observe it, and let it teach thee humility." She covered her eyes—a tear of sympathy stole from mine—it was the first I had shed for years. "Remember the admonitions of the forlorn Eliza; Adieu!" So saying, she fled from me, and was out of sight in an instant. Night was fast approaching, and the birds had already ceased their song. The beautiful solemnity of the surrounding scenery, which I had so often contemplated in rap-

tures, only served to render my heart more susceptible of painful emotions. The beautiful form of the unhappy sufferer seemed rooted in my heart. I commenced a tune upon my flute, but music could not erase the figure of Eliza. I walked slowly on indulging in the most melancholy reflections, and was soon joined by a number of hay-makers, who were returning from their daily labour. I made myself familiar with these rustic sons and daughters of contentment, and among other subjects, asked the history of the poor maniac. "Alas, poor girl!" exclaimed an aged countryman, "the whole village delighted in her, she was a benefactress to the aged and poor. Her parents lived in peace and affluence; but they loved her more than riches—they regarded her as the richest gift of Heaven. In a neighbouring village lived Horatio S—, only son of Mr. S—; a gentleman of immense property. The happy parents of the young couple had long been witness to a growing passion, and had given their united consent to the match. The ceremony was to take place immediately on Horatio's return from Philadelphia, whither he was going to receive the blessing of his uncle, who lay lingering in the last stage of a fatal disease. The youth landed safe at Philadelphia, but, alas! he never returned. Numberless inquiries were made after him, but they were fruitless. He never reached his uncle's house, and though four years have flown away, his fate still remains a mystery." The man's voice ceased, apparently from emotion; I told him I had already heard too much of the melancholy story, so giving him a trifle to drink my health, I made the best of my way home, my thoughts still dwelling on the meagre form of ELIZA.

Manchester.

JOHANNES.

THE MARRIED MAN!

I have no taste for Bachelors—I used to have; at one period of life, when advancing up the green mount which led to maturity under the refulgent beams of pleasure, they were the images on which I loved to dwell, they were my constant companions even in imagination.—If care had weighed me down, if misfortune had scathed me, if disappointment had crossed me—they were still my hope and solace, I hastened to their haunts of delightful revelry and a black bottle, a good toast and better pun, or a still merrier song, dispelled every shade of gloom. I looked for the moment of separation from the business of the day with anxious hope, and my whole soul was enveloped in the thoughts of a Bachelor's party. How I have roared with laughter at the satirical humour of my friend Ned Needless, when cast upon those mouldy worm-eaten pieces of animated clay called *Married Men*;—how my eyes sparkled at the recital of some casual piece of information, slyly stolen from that race of non-descripts;—to me the sight of one rocking the cradle, or teased with the uproar of his son and heir, was a fund of

enjoyment not easily lost sight of.—"A change came o'er the shadow of my dream"—I fell in Love;—gentle reader you may have loved;—I need not tell you the thousand varieties of feeling which alternately rise within the breast of him who loves sincerely—where his passion is as sacred to him as his thoughts of heaven, pure as the unsullied snow, faithful as the sun which gives him light. I need not tell you of the hopes, the fears, the joys, the sorrows which haunt him as his shadow. Suffice it to say I was similar to the rest of my friends in the same situation. I was at first repulsed, a viper crossed my path and stung me, love, however, unchanging love soon cured the wound, and returning to the contest, I crushed the wily enemy beneath my feet, and towering above him, was loved in return. Is there in language power to express, or in imagination to paint, the delight, the happiness of courtship. To look upon *her*, so fondly loved, and to meet in her returning gaze, the answer "*I am thine*;" to be welcomed to her home, her parents, and friends, where lately every step was taken with the diffidence of an intruder, to meet the smile of a fond mother, the encouraging conversation of a good father, and to pass your time in all that union of soul which you have so long anxiously prayed for—these are moments which none can picture but he who has experienced. At length the long looked for day arrived when I was to become the happiest of men. I arose early, and opening my window surrounded by the twining honeysuckle, gazed upon the prospect which nature had extended in all her loveliness before me. The wandering stream of liquid silver sparkled and danced more gaily than I thought I had ever seen it; the fields looked more lovely, the many birds which hovered round sang more sweetly, the sun was more refulgent, and the azure blue of the vaulted sky, and the fleecy clouds which sailed along chequering its beauty, were brighter and fairer than I had ever looked upon,—all nature appeared to be dressed in her richest garb, and the very air I breathed seemed to give new life and a buoyancy of spirit which I never before had experienced. I descended, and entering the parlour soon found myself amongst friends who would soon be linked in closer bondage, though already tied by the strong hold of affection. She—the destined partner of my fortunes, had not appeared, but soon entered the very picture I could have wished—she was to become my *wife*, and had her robe been sackcloth this title made her lovely. I felt the force of her presence—my heart was full—I could have wept—I could have pressed to my heart my bitterest foe; I saw the tears start into the eyes of our parents, but the smile of affection was still there. We hastened to church, and in the face of heaven took the vow of eternal fidelity, to love, honor and cherish till death should part us.

I am now a married man. How I look back upon all the vacant follies of a Bachelor's life. How lonely and desolate he appears,—born amidst the thousand blessings of human life without the power of enjoyment; the very cir-

cumstances I formerly considered the bane of matrimony I now consider the principal sources of pleasure. There is more eloquence in the eyes of my wife and children, than in the finest oration; the sound of their voice is dearer than the softest music, and their presence the source of more enjoyment than all the bottles, toasts, songs, or puns, in the whole routine of a Bachelor's life. What can equal the delight I receive when on returning home, after the hours of business, I sit down surrounded by their smiles of welcome. The snug parlour, the clean hearth and cheering fire, the buzzing tea kettle, the rattle of cups and saucers, the conversation of a loving wife, the prattle of two innocent little emblems—*what can be dearer?* I would have all Bachelors taxed for their mistaken ideas of enjoyment, if nothing else,—they heartily deserve it. They tell you they cannot afford to keep a wife; they talk of the vast expence attendant upon housekeeping, and finish the argument by inviting you to join a Bachelor's party where an ocean of wine is to be swallowed at Ned's expence, thus spending in one afternoon as much as a wife and family would spend in a week.—Beside this a *married man* is looked upon in the world in a far higher light than a Bachelor; he is respected and esteemed, confidence is more cheerfully reposed in him, and he will retrieve himself from misfortune where a Bachelor would be overwhelmed; he saves, what a Bachelor expends.—Even whilst writing this I have had a glance,—but a single glance—which I would not exchange for all the pleasures I ever received as a Bachelor. PAUL PRY.

ON SUICIDE.

"Happy the man who, innocent,
Grieves not at the ill he cannot prevent." GREEN.

I have been induced to treat of Suicide as a crime on a cursory view appearing only to affect the wretch who commits it;—this I know to be the opinion of many, who, not considering the powerful effect produced on society by the influence either of good or bad *example*, conclude at once that as only one human being is concerned in the perpetration; so the matter rests entirely between him and his maker. These opinions I shall endeavour to confute, and to prove that the act under consideration is not only an offence against reason and conscience, but also one of the blackest cast, as it affects the best interests of society. Doubtless many an unhappy creature has been led by the extremity of mental anguish to wish with distracted Hamlet, "that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," and has like him been checked in his career of desponding thoughts by the consciousness that there is "a something after death," and that "the everlasting has fix'd his cannon 'gainst self-slaughter." This upon a slight consideration will be found to be the certain conclusion of sound reason. Let a man ask himself a few plain questions such as the following. Am I my own creator? Do I know whence I come or whither I go? Can I produce or prolong life? What other answers can be returned to these and such questions, than that so far from having had any hand in my own creation, I know not either my origin or destiny; and that as it is infinitely beyond my power to animate a single atom, or prolong life one moment when its time of departure is arrived, so it is contrary to the just conclusions of reason to suppose that I have a right to "take

that life I cannot give." From this conclusion none I think can dissent. Next as it affects society. Who is there among the various gradations of rank so insignificant as not to be missed by some when the thread of life is either drawn out by the gentle operation of the hand of time, or snapped in sunder by the rude and unhallowed hand of the self-destroyer? Some I allow are so far sunk into the dregs of human existence, that they may be swept off this mortal stage and be little thought of after, but this is by no means generally the case; few are found who by hastily withdrawing themselves from life do not in some degree injure relations, friends, and society in general, and how many instances have we met with of the father of a family plunging into the depth of misery a friendless wife and helpless progeny, by suddenly depriving them of their only help and support! I will now address that unhappy mortal who has at any time suffered his mind to border on the confines of despondency. Think, O man, wherever thou art, think, ere it be too late, of the consequences of allowing the advances of those passions which as certainly produce inquietude and distraction of mind, as the day succeeds to night. Nip *pride* in the bud ere it ripen into bloom, and shed its baneful seed through every crevice of thy heart, and influence all thy actions;—never forget that *pride is the greatest enemy to human happiness*. If discontent assail thee, look around,—then, if thou findest none *more unfortunate than thyself*, check it not. We have heard *religious melancholy* assigned as a cause of suicide. Surely this is a perversion of language, for that any feelings engendered by *religion* should instigate to so rash and unwarrantable an act is totally inadmissible; on the contrary I am fully convinced that all who have a right knowledge of religion will find "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths lead to humility, contentment, and peace."—Let not *religion* then be associated with so gloomy a subject, its effects, when rightly understood, are not, cannot be the production of *melancholy*, but in all our trials and disappointments that *equanimity* of disposition which will enable us to say with patient Job, "all the days of my appointed time I will wait, till my change come, the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"—Say not, reader, that I am taking upon me the office of a preacher, far be it from me unnecessarily to cast any shade approaching to gloominess over the pages of the entertaining publication now in your hand, but in conclusion I beg leave to state, that I have been induced thus far to connect my subject with *religion*, from a thorough conviction that *with religious feelings* no one would dare to rush uncalled into the presence of his judge; and *without them* that there is no sure stay for the mind of man, when racked and tormented by the cares and disappointments of the world.

Manchester.

L. M.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe."

Sung old Joe Jennings, as he swivelled round on his wooden pin, whilst bustling through the comical Jack-in-the-box gate at the east end of the Naval Asylum going into Greenwich Park—

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe."

"And where did you leave your eye, Joe?"—"In the Gut of Gibraltar."—"Well, Joe, you'll never see donble again, so what do you say to another glass? Come,

let's freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn."—"No, no, thank ye all the same.—No, no, thank ye, I'd rather not; for whilst I am spinning the yarn you would be winding me up, and then I should go reeling it to my cabin, and catch the yellow fever."—"But where did you lose your leg, Joe?"—"Why I'll tell you all about it as soon as we come to anchor under the trees. There, now you shall have it. Why, d'ye see, I lost my leg when I lent a hand to take the R.—French 80, and warm work we had of it."—"Avast, there, Joe, avast! you know it's all a fudge," said old Tom Pipes, as he came hobbling up—"You know it's all a fudge. Warn't you groggy? and didn't you jam your foot atwixt the shot-locker and the cumbing, and capsize down the hatchway? and now you want to persuade the gemman it was done in action."—"Aye, aye, Tom, you're always running foul of me—but so matter, you know better. Zounds! didn't you hold the step of my precious limb while the surgeon dock'd it and saw'd away the splinters? and arnt I got the shot in this hour?"—"Yes, Joe, yes; but tell the gemman about Nancy and her husband;—my scorpers run over whenever I think of it."—"Why, aye, he shall have it, and do you lend me a lift if I should break down, though I don't much fear it. Why d'ye see, Sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, Sir, he was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be Master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasures of that moment when their hands were joined at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again. 'Oh!' said Nancy, 'should you never return, what shall I do?—where shall I go?—where end my wretched days?' His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in her's, the other pointed to the broad expanse, where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it: 'There is a God, trust in him!' or, 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' Well, Sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely boy. But oh the agony of the mother as every day dragg'd on without intelligence from William! When she look'd at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, Sir, but indeed I can't help it—I've shed tears over it many a time.

"Well, Sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement and putting aside the woodbine—behold, delightful yet agonizing sight—her dear, her long-mourning William, handcuffed between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seem'd fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seem'd ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. Nancy forgot all, and clasp'd him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierced her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, Sir; but 'tis a cruel practice, that of pressing. Ah! I well remember it—though I always served my King, God bless him! Yet I've witness'd many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: William was press'd; Nancy hastened into the cottage, and wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh it was a sad, sweet joy that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwreck'd on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickened came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor coloured negro, he might have breath'd his last. She was black—she was a negro—but God searches the heart. He had procured, with much difficulty, a passage home. The ship arriv'd; he set out, and walk'd many a weary

* The pensioners, when in disgrace, are compelled to wear a party-coloured coat, in which yellow predominates.

mile, led on by love, and cheer'd by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view. Here he sunk upon his knees, and poured forth his heart in trembling anxiety and fervent petition. A sailor can pray, Sir, and it matters not, so it be right, whether it be in a matted paw at church, or swinging like a oar at the mast-head. He arose, and with haster step reach'd the wicket, when — but I dare not repeat the story—I've told you already he was press'd. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side—they were viewing, with admiration and delight, the beautiful scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast-head—all is hush'd. 'Halloo!' said the Captain. 'A sail on the larboard bow, Sir.'—'What does she look like?'—'I can but just see her, Sir, but she looms large.'—'Mr. Banks,' said the Captain, 'take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the Boatswain—turn the hands up—make sail.' In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvas was stretch'd upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line, which look'd like a foreigner. Every heart was now elate, but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh that thought was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears burst each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh chased from her gentle bosom. William mildly reproved her, and again pointing to heaven, drew to his post. The stranger had heaved to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror through the darkening shades of night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy, none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dress'd, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had pass'd in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and snatching the infant in her arms, rush'd to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. 'Nancy!' said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing to heaven—it fell!—and William was no more! Looking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy kiss'd with the dear babe still in her arms? when, oh mysterious providence! at that very moment, while senseless and inanimate, at that very moment, a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom! 'Good I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in our lives, and in their death they were not divided.'"

AN OLD SAILOR.

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and we have reason to believe that the Orphan is still live.]

ON THE VANITY OF POSTHUMOUS HONOURS.

Ὁὐκ ἔραμαι κλισίῳ βασιλῆϊ ἐγκατακείμεναι
"εὐθις" ἀλλὰ τι μοι ζῶντι γένοιτ' ἀγαθόν.

THEOGNIS.

On princely couch I wish not to recline
When dead; but living, may some good be mine.

So where, amid you mute admiring throng,
The rich man's bier moves sadly slow along;
What sable stoles that crowd of mourners wear!
What awful pomp attends him to the grave!
Beneath the marble pile his dust is laid,
And all the solemn dues of death are paid.

Ah vain deceits! how impotent to charm
The breast with beating life no longer warm!
Say, was it this—these honours to obtain,
That life was spent in paltry schemes of gain?
That interest bade each social bliss depart,
And quench'd the noblest feelings of the heart?

Oh! be through life each soft endearment mine,
And o'er my grave let humble oxen twine;
I ask no mournful train, no sable plume,
No weeping statues heaving o'er my tomb.
Ere those to whom unfading bays belong,
For ever blooming in immortal song,
I envy not;—their toilsome days were spent
Far from the peaceful vale of calm content:
They never knew through flowery fields to rove,
And taste at eve the shade delights of love;
They never felt the pleasures, pure, refined,
Which spring from kindred souls by Friendship joined;
The muse ne'er led them forth in woods alone,
Her sacred haunts were all to them unknown;
Far hence Ambition's pole-star, gleaming wild
Like the red meteor blaze, their steps beguiled.

Oh! might I find some still, secluded spot,
Where dove-eyed Peace might bless my humble lot;
Where, far remote from scenes of jarring strife,
Blessing and bless'd, might pass my pious life!
And, oh! should Fortune smile, and Heaven so please,
Perhaps a gown might yield me "learned ease;"
With books refused, yet still in manners plain,
The respected Pastor of a village train.
My cottage, with the scented woodbine bound,
And fenced with rows of neat-trim'd box around,
Might lift perhaps its unassuming head,
Some little higher than the ploughman's shed:
In front the jasmine and the rose might bloom,
And the green sweet-brier shed a mild perfume.
There, on my sacred office duly bent,
My life might teach the swains to live content;
Might lead them humbly in *His* steps to tread,
"Who had not where on earth to lay his head."
My bounty might the poor man's wants relieve,
My words might sooth whom death had taught to grieve,
Might lead their views on wings of Faith to soar,
Where pain, and death, and mourning are no more.

Ah peaceful state! ah life serenely bless'd!
One long, calm sabbath of unwearied rest!
With no dull schemes of sordid gain perplex'd,
This life a sacred prelude to the next.
To teach mankind, that earth-born joys are woe,
And *Virtue* only, *Happiness* below;
To watch the smiling saint's departing breath,
And whisper round the bed of death.

N. N.

POPULAR PREJUDICES AND SUPERSTITIOUS IDEAS PECULIAR TO THE ESTHONIANS.

The Esthonians participate in most of the prejudices entertained by the Lettonians, but they have also long retained recollections and customs connected with paganism. They have a great veneration for particular places, especially certain fountains or springs, which they regard as sacred.

A brook, called in the Esthonian language Wöhhanda, which has its source in a grove near a high hill, was, even in the last century, the object of a worship truly idolatrous. Its pure and limpid source was surrounded by a sacred grove,—it was exactly like a *lucus* of the Romans. The veneration of the people for this spring, and the sacred wood which surrounded it, was extreme. The axe was never permitted to approach it, and no sacrilegious hand was to trouble the water of the fountain. This spring, successively increased by the junction of others in the neighbourhood, formed a considerable stream, the cool and pure water of which abounding in fish, crossed numerous districts, and was called *Peka jogge*, or the Sacred Stream. The

country was threatened with sterility and all the immanency of the seasons, if the water of the sacred stream was profaned, or if it was checked or disturbed in its course. On the contrary, if its source was cleaned, and its bed cleared from all obstacles and impurities, they could depend on a fine season and abundant harvests. The proprietor of an estate through which the *Peka jogge* flowed, having attempted to make use of the water by throwing a dam across, and building a mill, the peasants of the country rose in a body, and with dreadful cries demolished this sacrilegious building. The government was obliged to use force to prevent more serious excesses. A woman having bathed in it, her body swelled in a dreadful manner, and she did not recover her health until she had appeased the irritated nymph by offering sacrifices.

If the people wished to be informed respecting the abundance of the harvest, they placed three fishermen's baskets in the stream. If they found in the middle basket fish without scales, it was an unlucky sign; if the fish had scales, the omen was good. When it was unfavourable, they endeavoured to appease the divinity by sacrifices. They sacrificed an ox; and when fresh trials led them to imagine that the divinity was still hostile, forgetting the strongest sentiments of nature, they even sacrificed a child!

The Esthonians have long retained, and have still a great veneration for thunder. They considered it as the protector of their houses, and consecrated to it offerings and victims. These striking remains of paganism were very observable so late as the last century.

Most of these purely pagan customs have disappeared, some of them have assumed the forms of Christianity; but the superstition remains, having only changed its emblems. In order to escape the vigilance of the police, the peasants conceal these unlawful practices under the cover of the night.

Midsummer-day is particularly honoured by the Esthonian peasants, but Midsummer-eve more so. The chapels consecrated to Saint John the Baptist are held in particular veneration. Less than a century ago, a clergyman in a certain district of Esthonia discovered one of these pagan practices in the garb of Christianity. The peasants of this district resorted to a place where there were large stones placed upright and others lying down. The tradition ran, that it was a whole nuptial procession which had been thus petrified; that the bride and bridegroom and their relations were changed into large stones, but the company into small ones. They danced and made invocations round the large stones for rain, and round the little ones for dry weather.

There was another chapel dedicated to St. John, round which barren women were to run three times, perfectly naked, uttering certain words in order to become fruitful. To cure the peasants of this ridiculous superstition, the lord of the district had this chapel destroyed by his own people, one of whom happening to fall ill suddenly, and dying a few days after the transaction, the peasantry, from that time to the present, have preserved a sacred regard for the spot on which the chapel stood.

Some Esthonians still believe in the existence of malevolent beings, with human countenances and fishes' teeth, whom they call in German, *Nack*. These beings pursue particularly young children whom they find on the banks of the rivers, and devour them. Many Esthonians hold, that before the deluge, beasts could talk; that the devil created wolves, and in general every thing that is hurtful.

The Esthonians have even now a great variety of superstitious notions and practices relative to Marriage: for instance—Most of them settle and conclude marriages at the time of new moon, because they believe that then all sorts of blessings will come upon the young couple; among others, that their beauty and health will be preserved the longer.... A young peasant going to ride to the house of her whom he intends to marry, takes care not to mount a mare: the consequence of this would be, that all his children would be daughters.... As soon as a young woman is affianced, a red tape is tied round her body. When the marriage is completed, she must swell herself up so as to break this thread. This is a sure preventive against evil in cases of maternity. For the same reason, as soon as the bridegroom is seen coming on horseback, they are eager to loosen the girth of his horse.... In some

places the young couple, immediately after the ceremony, on leaving the church, begin to run as fast as they can. This is to signify the rapid progress of their domestic labours. . . . When the bride is led to church, if she happens to fall, it is a sign that her first three or four children will die young. . . . They carefully avoid letting the bride go through a door by which a coffin has lately passed. . . . Immediately after the marriage, the strongest of the relations present at the ceremony, lifts up the young couple as high as he can. This is a means to increase the happiness that awaits them. . . . At the moment that they are to take possession of the house destined for them, somebody must carefully watch near the hearth, that no malicious person may come, and with the fire from the hearth practice some sorcery, or call down some malediction on the young couple. . . . The bride, as soon as she enters the house, is led through all the rooms and closets, the stables, the baths, the kitchen, the garden; and she must every where throw some piece of money or ribands, even into the fire and the wells. . . . The first time she sits down, a male infant is placed on her knee, that she may have many boys. . . . They watch with the greatest attention to see which of the two first falls asleep on the wedding night, in order to know which will die first. . . . If it rains on the wedding day, it is a sign that the bride will shed many tears during the course of her union. . . . When the bride arrives at the house of her husband, part of the surrounding wall is quickly thrown down, that she may enter without difficulty. It is a happy omen for her future lyings in.

THE CABINET.

MR. EDITOR,

The two well-known and universally admired Riddles, "Twas in heaven pronounced," and "Inscribed on many a learned page," the former of which was generally ascribed to the pen of Lord Byron, are both inserted in an elegant collection of poems, chiefly M.S. and from living authors, edited by Mrs. Baillie. The extensive and very respectable list of subscribers, printed at the beginning of the volume, amounts, in number of copies subscribed for, to 2,350, at one guinea each. After deducting the expenses of publication, which, owing to the liberality of her bookseller, printer, and stationer, are merely those of coat charges, the Editor has been enabled to realize a profit of about £1,500, for the benefit of her friend, a respectable but unfortunate lady, with a numerous family of young children.

The Riddles, above mentioned, were written by Miss Catherine Fanshawe, who also contributed to the same volume, two other pieces, of sterling merit,—"An Elegy on the Death of the Minuet, or the Abrogation of the Birth-night Ball," and a very ingenious and truly laughable Epistle to Earl Harcourt, on his wishing her to spell her name, Catherine, with a K instead of a C. This poem is certainly too long for the limited columns of your Miscellany; but an abridgment, or rather a choice selection from it, I doubt not, will be acceptable to your readers, and enable them to form an opinion of the merits of this well-written Epistle, on a particular question in orthography, namely, whether the name Catherine should begin with a C or a K.

Yours, &c. S. X

EPISTLE TO EARL HARCOURT.

BY MISS CATHERINE FANSHAWE.

And can his antiquarian eyes,
My Anglo-Saxon C despise?
And does Lord Harcourt, day by day,
Regret th' extinct initial K?
And still, with arduous unabated,
Labour to get it re-instated?
I know, my Lord, your generous passion
For every long exploded fashion;
And own the 'Katherine' you delight in,
Looks irresistably inviting,
Appears to bear the stamp and mark
Of English, used in Noah's Ark;
"But all that glitters is not gold,"
Nor all things obsolete are old.
Would you but take the pains to look
In Doctor Johnson's quarto book,
(As I did, wishing much to see
Th' aforesaid letter's pedigree.)
Believe me, 'twould a tale unfold,
Would make your Norman blood run cold.
My Lord, you'll find the K's no better
Than an interpolated letter,—

A wand'ring Greek, a franchis'd alien,
Deriv'd from Cadmus or Decallion;
And why, or wherefore, none can tell,
Inserted 'twixt the J and L.

And since this K, of hateful sound,
First set his foot on English ground,
'Tis not, as antiquarians know,
A dozen centuries ago.
That darling theme of English story,
For learning fam'd, and martial glory,—
Alfred, who quell'd the usurping Dane,
And burst indignant from his chain;
Who slaves redeem'd, to reign o'er men,
Changing the saulchion for the pen,
And outlin'd with a master's hand,
Th' immortal charter of the land;
Alfred, whom yet these realms obey,
In all his Cyngdom own'd no K,
From foreign arms and letters free,
He wrote it with a Saxon C.

This case in point, from Alfred's laws,
Establishes my Client's cause;
Secures a verdict for Defendant,
K pays the costs,—and there's an end on't.

But grant some specious plea prevailing,
And all my legal learning failing;
There yet remains so black a charge,
Not only 'gainst the *Keys* at large,
But th' undivided K in question,
You'd tremble at the bare suggestion,
Nor ever more a wish reveal
So adverse to the public weal.

Dear gentle Earl, you little know
That wish might work a world of woe;
The ears that are unborn would rue
Your letter patent to renew
The dormant dignity of *shrew*.
What has not Shakespeare said and sung,
Of our pre-eminence of tongue!
His glowing pen has writ the name
In characters of fire and flame;
See him the comic muse invoking,
(The merry nymph with laughter choking.)
While he exhibits at her shrine
The unhallow'd form of Katherine;
And there the Gorgon image plants,
Palladium of the *termagants*.

If practice e'er with precept tallies,
Could Shakespeare set down ought in malice?
From nature all his forms he drew,
And held the mirror to her view;
He flatter'd not an ugly flaw
But mark'd and copied what he saw;
Strictly fulfilling all his duties
Alike to blemishes and beauties.
So that in Shakespeare's time 'tis plain,
The Katherines were scolds in grain,
No females louder, fiercer, worse:—
Now contemplate the bright reverse;
And say amid the countless names,
Borne by contemporary dames,—
Exotics, fetch'd from distant nations,
Or good old English appellations,—
Names hunted out from ancient books,
Or form'd on dairy maids or cooks,
Ruths, Rebecas, Rachels, Sarahs,
Charlottes, Harriets, Emmas, Claras,
Nannys, Fannys, Jennys, Bettys,
Dollys, Mollys, Biddys, Hettyes,—
Say, is there one more free from blame,
One that enjoys a fairer fame,
One more endow'd with christian graces,
(Although I say it to our faces,
And flattery we don't delight in.)
Than Catherine, at this present writing?

Where, then, can all the difference be?
Where? but between the K and C:
Between the graceful curving line,
We now prefix to *atherine*,
Which seems to keep, with mild police,
Those rebel syllables in peace,
Describing, in the line of duty,
Both physical and moral beauty,
And that impracticable K,
(Who led them all so much astray,)
Was never seen in black and white,
A character more fall of spite!
That stubborn back, to bend unskilful,
So perpendicularly wilful!
With angles, hideous to behold,
Like the sharp elbows of a scold,
In attitude, when words shall fail,
To fight their battles, tooth and nail.

In modern times observe the fate
Of that unhappy potentate,
Who, from his palace near the pole,
Where the chill waves of Neva roll,
Was snatch'd, while yet alive and merry,
And sent on board old Charon's ferry.
The Styx he travers'd, execrating
A Katherine of his own creating.
— Peter the Third—illustrous peer!
Great autocrat of half the sphere!
(At least, of all the Russias, he
Was Emperor, Czar of Muscovy)—
In evil hour, this simple Czar,
Impell'd by some malignant star,

Bestow'd upon his new Czarina,
The fatal name of Katherine;
Twas Katherine, with a K,—
He rued it to his dying day:
Nay died, as I observ'd before,
The sooner on that very score.—
The Princess quickly learnt her cue,
Improv'd upon the part of shrew,
And as the plot began to thicken,
She wrung his head off like a chicken.
In short, this despot of a wife
Robb'd the poor man of crown and life;
And robbing Peter, paid not Paul;
But clear'd the stage of great and small,
No corner of the throne would spare,
To gratify her son and heir,
But liv'd till three score years and ten,
Still trampling on the rights of men.

Thy brief existence, hapless Peter!
Had doubtless longer been, and sweeter,
But that thou wilfully disturb'dst
The harmless name she brought from Zerbui.
Nor was it even then too late,
When crown'd and tregler'd a Kate;
When all had trembling heard, and seen,
The shriller voice, and fiercer mien—
Hast thou e'en then, without the measure,
That Russian bores adopt at pleasure,
On publishing a tedious akase,
To blab to all the world the true case,—
By virtue of the impartial knot
But whipt the offending letter out;
She, in the fairest page of fame,
Might then have writ her faultless name,
And thou retain'd thy life and crown,
Till Time himself had mow'd them down.

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCE.

It is not many years ago, since Mr. — accompanied some friends on a visit to York cathedral. The party was numerous; and amongst them were a gentleman and his two daughters. Mr. — was with the eldest of these ladies, exploring the curiosities of the building, rather at a distance from the rest of their companions. On turning from the monument to which their attention had been directed, an officer in a naval uniform was observed advancing towards them. It was rather an unusual circumstance to encounter a person thus accoutred, in a place so far distant from the sea, and of so unmilitary a character. Mr. — was on the point of making a trivial observation on the subject to his companion; when, on his turning his eyes towards her, and pointing out the approaching stranger to her notice, he saw an immediate paleness spread itself over her face, and her countenance became agitated by the force of the powerful and contending emotions which were suddenly excited by his presence. As the stranger drew more near, and his figure and his features gradually became more distinctly visible, through the evening gloom and the dim religious light of the cathedral, the lady's distress was evidently increased. She leant on the arm of Mr. — with the weight of one who was painfully afflicted, and felt the necessity of support. Shocked at the oppression which he witnessed; but wholly ignorant of the cause—alarmed—hurried—supposing her to be suffering from the paroxysm of some violent and sudden indisposition. — Mr. — called to entreat the assistance of her sister. The figure in the naval uniform was now immediately before them. The eyes of the lady were fixed upon him, with a gaze of silent and motionless surprise, and a painful intensity of feeling: her lips were colourless and apart; and her breath passed heavily from the full and over-burthened heart. The form was close upon them. It approached her side—it passed but for an instant—as quick as thought, a low, and scarcely audible, voice whispered in her ear "There is a future state;" and the figure moved onward through the retiring aisle of the minister. The father of the lady arrived to the assistance of his daughter; and Mr. —, consigning her to his protection, hastened in pursuit of the mysterious visitor. He searched on every side: no such form was to be seen in the long perspective of the path by which the ill-omened stranger had departed. He listened with the most earnest attentiveness; no sound of retreating footsteps was to be heard on the echoing pavement of the cathedral. Baffled in his attempt to discover the object whose presence had thus disturbed the tranquility of the time, Mr. — re-sought his friends. The lady was weeping on the shoulder of her father. She avoided every inquiry respecting the cause, the seat, and the nature of

her illness—"It was slight: it was transient: it would immediately be over." She entreated the party to continue their examination of the building, and to leave her again to the protection of her former companion. The request was granted. And no sooner had she thus possessed herself of an opportunity of confidential communication, than she implored him, with a quick and agitated voice, to conceal for a little while, the occurrence of which he had been a witness. "We shall never be believed: besides, it were right that my poor dear father should be gradually prepared for the misery that he is destined to undergo. I have seen the spirit, and I have heard the voice, of a brother, who exists no longer—he has died at sea. We had agreed that the one who died the first, should re-appear to the survivor, if it were possible—to clear up, or to confirm, doubts which existed in both our minds."

In due time, the account of the event occurred in completion of the spiritual intimation.—The brother was indeed no more—his death had happened on the very day and hour, in which his form was seen by Mr. — and his sister, in the north aisle of York cathedral.

ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN HORNBY.

Mr. Richard Hornby of Stokely, was master of a merchant ship, the *Isabella* of Sunderland, in which he sailed from the coast of Norfolk for the Hague, June 1, 1744, in company with three smaller vessels recommended to his care. Next day they made Gravesend Steeple, in the Hague; but while they were steering for their port, a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing boats, suddenly came against them, singling out the *Isabella* as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped. The strength of the two ships was most unequal; for the *Isabella* mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of only five men and three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, the *Marquis de Brancas*, commanded by Captain Andre, had ten carriage guns and eight swivels, with seventy-five men and three hundred small arms. Yet Captain Hornby nothing daunted; having animated his little crew by an appropriate address, and obtained their promise of standing by him to the last, hoisted the British colours, and with his two swivel guns, returned the fire of the enemy's chase guns. The Frenchmen, in abusive terms, commanded him to strike. Hornby coolly returned an answer of defiance, on which the privateer advanced, and poured such showers of bullets into the *Isabella*, that the captain found it prudent to order his brave fellows into close quarters. While he lay thus sheltered, the enemy twice attempted to board him on the larboard quarter; but by a dexterous turn of the helm he frustrated both attempts, though the Frenchmen kept firing upon him both with guns and small arms. At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, the privateer running furiously in upon the larboard of the *Isabella*, entangled her bowsprit among the main shrouds, and was lashed fast to her. Captain Andre now bawled out in a menacing tone, "You English dog, strike." Captain Hornby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he dared. The exasperated Frenchman instantly threw in twenty men on the *Isabella*, who began to back and hew into the close quarters; but a general discharge of blunderbusses forced the assailants to retreat as fast as their wounds would permit them.

The privateer being now disengaged from the *Isabella*, turned about and made another attempt on the starboard side, when the valiant Hornby and his mate shot each his man as the enemy were again lashing the ships together. The Frenchman once more commanded him to strike; and the brave Englishman returning another refusal, twenty fresh men entered, and made a fierce attack on the close quarters with hatchets and pole axes, with which they had nearly cut their way through in three places, when the constant fire kept up by Captain Hornby and his crew, obliged them a second time to retreat, carrying their wounded with them, and hauling their dead after them with boat hooks.

The *Isabella* continuing still lashed to the enemy, the latter, with small arms, fired repeated and terrible volleys into the close quarters; but the fire was returned with such spirit and effect, that the Frenchmen

repeatedly gave way. At length Captain Hornby seeing them crowding behind their mainmast for shelter, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which being by mistake doubly loaded, containing twice twelve balls, burst in the firing, and threw him down, to the great consternation of his little crew, who supposed him dead. In an instant, however, he started up again, though greatly bruised, while the enemy, among whom the blunderbuss had made dreadful havoc, disengaged themselves from the *Isabella*, to which they had been lashed an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation, leaving their grapplings, and a quantity of pole axes, pistols, and cutlasses, behind them.

The gallant Hornby now exultingly fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern. The indignant Frenchman immediately returned, and renewed the conflict, which was carried on yard-arm and yard-arm, with great fury, for two hours together. The *Isabella* was shot through her hull several times, her sails and rigging were torn to pieces, her ensign was dismounted, and every mast and yard damaged; yet she still bravely maintained the combat, and at last, by a fortunate shot, which struck the *Brancas* between wind and water, obliged her to sheer off and career. While the enemy were retiring, Hornby and his little crew sallied out from their fastness, and erecting their fallen ensign, gave three sheers.

By this time both vessels had driven so near the English shore, that immense crowds had assembled to be spectators of the action. The Frenchman having stopped his leak, returned to the combat, and poured a dreadful volley into the stern of the *Isabella*, when Captain Hornby was wounded by a ball in the temple, and bled profusely. The sight of their brave commander streaming with blood, somewhat disconcerted his gallant companions, but he called to them briskly to keep their courage, and stand to their arms, for his wound was not dangerous. On this their spirits revived, and again taking post in their close quarters, they sustained the shock of three more tremendous broadsides, in returning which, they forced the *Brancas*, by another well aimed shot, a second time to sheer off and career. The huzzas of the *Isabella's* crew were renewed, and they again set up their shattered ensign, which was shot through and through into honourable rags.

Andre, who was not deficient in bravery, soon returned to the fight, and having disabled the *Isabella* by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned Hornby, with terrible menaces, to strike his colours. Captain Hornby turned to his gallant comrades. "You see yonder, my lads," pointing to the shore, "the witnesses of your valour." It was unnecessary to say more; they one and all assured him of their resolution to stand by him to the last; and finding them thus invincibly determined, he hurled his final defiance at the enemy.

Andre immediately ran his ship upon the *Isabella's* starboard, and lashed close alongside; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding, so that he was obliged to cut the lashings and again retreat.

Captain Hornby resolved to salute the privateer with one parting gun; and this last shot fired into the stern of the *Brancas* happening to reach the magazine, it blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the vessel instantly went to the bottom. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and all the rest, together with the wounded, perished in the deep, except three, who were picked up by the Dutch fishing boats.

This horrible catastrophe excited the compassion of the brave Hornby and his men; but they could, unfortunately, render no assistance to their ill-fated enemies, the *Isabella* having become unmanageable, and her boat being shattered to pieces.

Mr. Hornby afterwards received from his sovereign a large gold medal, in commemoration of his heroic conduct on this occasion; conduct, perhaps, not surpassed by any thing in the annals of British naval prowess.

DESCRIPTION OF A WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.—A hurricane is usually preceded by awful and certain prognostics. An unusual calm prevails; not a breath of

wind is felt; the atmosphere is close and sultry, the clouds wild, broken, and perpetually and rapidly shifting; at length a deep and portentous gloom gradually settles and overspreads the hemisphere; the sun is enveloped in darkness; a deep, hollow, and murmuring sound is indistinctly heard, like the roaring of a distant cataract, or the howling of winds through remote woods; rapid and transient gusts of wind and rain speedily succeed; various birds of passage are seen hastily driving along the sky, or are thrown down by the violence of those gusts; even the cattle, grazing in the fields, as if instinctively aware of the approaching danger, withdraw to the adjacent thickets for shelter. The blasts soon become more impetuous; at one moment they rage with inconceivable fury, and the ensuing instant seem as it were suddenly to expire. In a few hours the hurricane reaches its acmé of violence—when all the winds of heaven, and from every point of the compass, winged with destruction, seem let loose from their caverns. The largest trees are thrown prostrate, or shattered and stripped of their foliage; the provision-grounds are laid waste; the sugar-canes levelled to the earth, and, in the more exposed situations, torn up by the roots, and wafted about like chaff. Many of the dwellings are blown down, or unroofed, and their inhabitants too often either hurried in the ruins, or driven forth to perish unsheltered.

Nothing can be more appalling than the wild howling and threatening violence of a hurricane during the night, when the vivid and quickly-succeeding gleams of lightning, dart athwart the heavens, and make "darkness visible," and heighten the horrors of the scene. Well might the witness of such a scene exclaim with King Lear,

"Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice!"

Stewart's View of Jamaica.

TO PLEASURE.

Pleasure, stay thy rapid platoon,
Stay, and sooth this breast's alarms;
Spring declares her gay dominion,
And I woo thee to my arms.

Long these eyes have vainly sought thee,
Long this heart thine absence wail'd;
Tho' Hope fair promises oft brought me,
Still her fairest promise fail'd.

Pleasure, prit' d but when we lose thee,
Vale'd only when too late,
Oft thy calm delights refuse me,
Dazzled by the glare and state

Of a Jade whose wiles enchanting,
Doom her votaries to pain,
That wooes by meretricious flouting,
Guilt and death are in her train.

Vile enchantress, who (fair maiden
Stole from thee thy deathless name),
Like the fiend which haunted Eden
Smiles but to allure to shame!

'Tis not her soft arts, enthralling,
Which can prompt this breast to sigh;
Tho' her breath's as odours falling,
And mirth lights her azure eye:—

Tho' her iv'ry arms entwined me,
Tho' her tongue did witcheries pour;
Tho' each blandishment did bind me—
Would I break the Syren's lure.

But to thee, bright star of heaven,
I attune my votive shell;—
To thee, the power to charm is given,
Thou—whose smiles my cares dispel!

Manchester.

N. W. HALCESRISA.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSE FLIES.—These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison: take half a tea-spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in a room on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE FIRE OF ST. ELMO.

In the month of June 1808, passing from the Island of Ivica to that of Majorca, on board a Spanish polacca ship, fitted as a cartel, and manned by about thirty ruffians, Genoese, Valencians, and Catalonians; a fine southerly gale, by seven in the evening, brought us within 6 or 7 leagues of the anchorage in Palma Bay. About this time, the sea-breeze failing us astern, was shortly succeeded by light and baffling breezes off the land. No sooner had the setting sun withdrawn his golden beams from the tops of the lofty hills, which rise to the westward of the town, than a thick and impenetrable cloud, gathering upon the summit of Mount Galatzo, spread gradual darkness on the hills below, and extended at length a premature obscurity along the very surface of the shore. About nine, the ship becalmed, the darkness was intense, and rendered still more sensible by the yellow fire that gleamed upon the horizon to the south, and aggravated by the deep-toned thunder which rolled at intervals on the mountain, accompanied by the quick rapidity of that forked lightning, whose eccentric course, and dire effects, set all description at defiance. By half-past nine, the hands were sent aloft to furl top-gallant-sails, and reef the top-sails, in preparation for the threatening storm. When retiring to rest, a sudden cry of St. Elmo and St. Ann, was heard from those aloft, and fore and aft the deck. An interpreter called lustily down the hatchway, that St. Elmo was on board, and desired me to come up. A few steps were sufficient, and, to my great surprise, I found the topsail-yards deserted, the sails loose, and beating in the inconstant breeze, the awe-struck and religious mariners, bare-headed, on their knees, with hands uplifted, in voice and attitude of prayer, in earnest and muttering devotion to St. Elmo or St. Ann, according to the provincial nature of their speech.

On observing the appearance of the masts, the main-top-gallant-mast-head, from the truck, for three feet down, was perfectly enveloped in a cold blaze of pale phosphorous-looking light, completely embracing the circumference of the mast, and attended with a fitting or creeping motion, as exemplified experimentally by the application of common phosphorus upon a board; and the fore and mizen top-gallant-mast-heads exhibited a similar appearance in a relative degree.

This curious illumination continued with undiminished intensity for the space of eight or ten minutes, when, becoming gradually fainter and less extensive, it finally disappeared, after a duration of not less than half-an-hour.

The seamen, in the mean time, having finished their devotions, and observing the lights to remain stationary, returned promptly to the yards, and, under favour of this "Spirit of the Storm," now quickly performed that duty, which, on a critical conjuncture, had been abandoned, under the influence of their superstition and their fears. During the prevalence of the lights, as well as through the remaining hours of night, the wind continued, except in occasional puffs, light and variable; and the morning ushered in, with a clear sky, a hot sun, and a light southerly breeze, which, in due time, brought us safe to the anchorage of Palma.

Conversing with the interpreter on the nature of this extraordinary atmospheric phenomenon, he expressed his implicit belief that it was provided by the immediate power of St. Elmo, the

tutelar deity of "those who travel on the vasty deep," in regard to their interests in a moment of sudden danger; and used every argument to persuade me, that the present safety of the ship was due to the very timely and friendly interference of this aerial demigod; and that no accident could possibly have happened to the sails, while the seamen were at prayers, as long as the light glowed stationary on the mast. Had the light, he continued, descended gradually from the mast-head to the deck, and from thence to the keelson, as he had often seen it, the event would have prognosticated a gale of wind or other disaster, and, according to the depth of the descent, so would be the nature of the evil to come. In the present instance, the light gradually disappeared, like the snuff of a candle, and the weather continued clear and fine for several subsequent days.

This phenomenon, by many, is held to be fabulous, and is so alluded to by the greatest living poet of the day:

"Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
"Of Erik's cap, and Elmo's light!"

but Falconer, both seaman and poet, writing from experience, says,

"High on the masts with pale and wild rays,
"Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze."

In order, however, to illustrate more fully the character of those very pious and devoted seamen, who attracted the favour of the saint on the present occasion, it must be understood, that this visitation of St. Elmo took place immediately on the first burst of the Spanish Revolution, and that these very men had but recently figured as the bloody instigators and perpetrators, along with other patriots, in the massacre of several unfortunate Frenchmen, long resident in the city of Valencia for the peaceful purposes of commerce.—*Edin. Phil. Journal.*

REMOVAL OF A HOUSE.—The singular application of the mechanical powers to the removal of an entire building, which has been successful in one or two instances, in Italy and the Netherlands, has also been attempted in America, and we quote, from a New York paper, the following account of the experiment:—

New York, June 4, 1823.

The interesting and novel performance of removing a brick house was witnessed in this city yesterday, for the first time, and it is said to be the first attempt ever made to remove a building entirely of brick. In the improvements going on by widening Maiden Lane, it was necessary that the house, No. 85, should be pulled down or removed to a distance of 21½ feet from its former front. The house is three stories high, 25 feet wide, and 45 in depth, has a slated roof, and is a valuable building. The project of removing it, was conceived and undertaken by Mr. Simeon Brown, who has before removed about twenty buildings, some of them built partly with brick, and in some instances, without disturbing the families or removing the furniture. This house was estimated to weigh about 350 tons, and was removed with all the chimneys, windows, doors, &c. standing. Being previously placed upon ways, the removal was commenced yesterday morning, and was performed by three bed-screws in the front, each of which worked by two or three men. What was deemed the most difficult part of the undertaking, was, that the house was to be raised two feet from its former foundation—this was however done by two other screws placed underneath, which raised the building gradually in the exact ratio required. In the course of the day, the building was removed about 16 feet, without the least detriment or jar—the other 5 feet will be finished this morning about 9 o'clock, when those who have not seen the performance, may have another opportunity. Great numbers were present yesterday and much gratified by the sight. There was so little danger manifest, that during the time the house was moving, the owner entertained about 150 persons within it, with a handsome col-

lation. We conceive this successful undertaking to be important, particularly to a city requiring so many improvements as this, and think Mr. Brown deserves much praise for his ingenuity. We have ascertained that the expense of removing the building, is about one fifth of its value, and there is no doubt that this plan will in future, in many instances, be adopted, and a great portion of the expense of pulling down and rebuilding saved.

PILLAR IN HONOUR OF HIS MAJESTY.—The commissioners of King's-town Harbour have succeeded in erecting the great granite pillar in commemoration of our gracious sovereign's departure from Dublin, which rises over the harbour, and measures, in one solid stone, sixteen feet. The column, it is intended, should be forty feet high. It is placed on the remaining part of a ridge of rocks, which extended from the shore into the interior, which are now used in making the great pier. It has an admirable effect, as the spot on which it stands is all that now remains of the great ridge. The base rests in the bosom of this old fragment, and immediately under the pillar are four great granite orbs.

VOLCANO OF BARREN ISLANDS.—This volcano was visited by Capt. Webster, of the *Juliana*, in March last. Having entered a small bay, with the view of landing, they were, at the distance of 100 yards from the shore, assailed by a hot puff of wind, and, upon dipping their fingers in the water, they were surprised to find it as hot almost as if it had been boiling. The stones on shore, and the rocks exposed to the ebbing of the tide, were smoking and hissing, and the water bubbling all round them. The cone appeared from hence about one-fourth of a mile distant. Having landed in a cove, they ascended a precipice, holding by the grass that grew out of the ashes, and having reached the top, after no slight danger, they found a small tree, under the shade of which they had a full view of the volcano. Its height is about half a mile. The diameter of the base is supposed to be 300 yards, and about 30 at the top, the whole of the space seeming to be occupied with the mouth. It discharged continually a thin white smoke. The cone stands in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, which nearly closed around it. In order to examine the crater, Captain W. ascended thirty or forty yards sinking ankle deep in ashes at each step, but he found it impossible to reach the mouth.

THE MERRY HEART.

By William Smyth, Esq.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits, light as air,
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill-behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So clipp'd aside my melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surpris'd me in a luckless season,
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improv'd, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant art prepare,
The mind, attund to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome glad
To every joy my lot may share;
And, pleas'd and pleasing, let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

PECULIARITIES OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

OF the various calamities to which an individual is liable, I know of none greater than happening to live in a generation which admits of no variety beyond one's tradesmen's bills and the newspaper. But, thanks to Fashion and Folly, an author in this age cannot want a topic, and if he will not make use of what they offer, it is his own fault. Metaphysicians have traced with great ingenuity the changes of human nature in different ages, from the authentic data of beards, noses, and whiskers; but as men are beginning to act for themselves in politics, religion, and ornament, I fear that future moralists will be much at a loss for want of definite rules. Those obliging theorists who have decided that man is the slave of circumstances, are every day approaching nearer to correctness from events which they could not have foreseen. A man now regulates his conduct by his treasury; if it offends against the philosophical canon by admitting of a vacuum, he lets his beard grow, like a Spartan dandy; on the contrary, when he feels it swelling like an inflated balloon, he allows the barber to board his lower deck, and submits to receive a polish.

'Never, my dear boy,' said a man of fashion to his son, at first coming out, 'never offer your arm to a *demi*-lady; the reward is not equal to the trouble.' A similar motive of action runs through the present generation, but they do not act up to the precept; they cry 'vive la bagatelle,' and compass heaven and earth to obtain it.

But it is for our discoveries that we challenge the admiration of posterity. The 'Pontic monarch of old days,' when he perfected his Mithridate, did not benefit the human race half so much as the inventor of Anticardium. No exquisite of the second water thinks of ordering a new coat at his tailor's; he permits himself to be rigged on coming of age, and periodically smears the suit with the renovator. But invention is kind even to the extravagant, for such as are weak enough to be measured for a new coat may dispose of the old one to the dyer, who converts it again to wool; like Cænis in the Metamorphoses and Æneid,

—first a woman, then a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.

It is more laudable however to use the reviving fluid, and render one's garments literally *habitual*.

Revolving heels, it is said, were invented by an unsteady politician, who found them useful in practising the *pirouette*. What indeed can be so desirable to a beau in a drawing-room, among a crowd of acquaintance, as the power of turning round in an instant, and saluting all he condescends to recognise, with one nod, of that species which logicians term univocal? To copy Homer's invocation to the Muses when he ventures on his arithmetic, would be trite, as every body reads Pope or Morris, but without some such assistance it is impossible to reckon the improvements of the present century. Have we not new royal societies, and systems of cookery? Magazines and reviews, and permission to deposit rubbish at corners? New drops at the Old Bailey and the jeweller's? Little-boys at the university, and go-carts in the nursery? Does not every wall teem with directions for health? Are we not favoured with Scotch novels at the rate of three volumes per month? In short, have we not ample reason to thank our stars that we were born in the age we live in?

Alas! in spite of the ingenuity of our cotemporaries, much remains to be done before man can be considered as a perfect animal. To stimulate exertion, to rouse talent, and to reward

both, I hereby propose a set of prizes for such as shall discover the following requisites:—

1. To learn by heart without communicating with the subject.
2. To produce a fourth epic.
3. To discover an esculent or portion that shall excite hunger and allay thirst, or *vice versa*.
4. To avoid being present at the dressing of one's own hair.

Communications to be addressed to the Philharmonic Society, and determined on by a jury of Chelsea pensioners.

By classifying its principal objects, I may perhaps induce future writers to dilate on the merits of the 19th century. To the historian I offer,—Fonthill Abbey, the Duke d'Angoulême's inexpressibles, parliamentary reform, the Poyais settlers, the Liberal, Mademoiselle Mercandotti (now Madame Ball), Geoffrey Crayon, and humbug in general.

The most obvious topics for antiquaries are,—the Critical Review (*obit anno humanæ salutis* 1821), the Marybone Chapel, old English urbanity, instances of dying for love, the marriage act, Shakespeare's monument, constitutions in the south of Europe, and the Vision of Judgment; nor let them forget to add that, while the British Museum was repaired by act of parliament, the *London Museum* was pronounced by public voice sound and durable.

ADVANTAGES OF UGLINESS.

Experto crede.—*Hor.*

Physiognomists regard the face as an indication of the mind; as faulty a criterion as judging the merits of a book from its list of contents, or, as an Oxonian would say, getting-up logic by a St. Clement's analysis.* However, as few persons feel any great trouble on account of their internal organization, I shall waive the subject in favor of some phrenological lecturer; observing, that many who carry 'the form of woe' in their countenance, have 'that which passes show' within, and good liquor is often to be found under an ill-executed sign.

The objections and advantages to which ugliness is liable may be comprised in this,—that the possessor considers himself, or rather is considered by others, as lying under a sort of degradation, and ranks in the same class in a drawing-room with non-freeholders at an election. The ladies smile, but their smiles are not for him. A mirror is suspended over the mantel-piece, but he flies it as a thief in a library does the Newgate Calendar. If he talks of learning, he is sure to be reminded of pedantry; and if he presumes to discourse on elegance, somebody introduces the subject of 'the Pretender.' His soliloquies run on neglected merit, favoured impudence, &c. and his constant axiom is, that the world plays at blind man's buff without ever catching a prize.

Beauty and pride are considered as twins by moralists, but ugliness and haughtiness should seem to be more nearly allied. Whoever saw a person of ordinary features without a flattering opinion of his own merit, and persuaded that it lay concealed only for want of opportunity? Does not every plain woman (if such exist) affect a taste for literature? It would be unpardonable to insinuate the converse.

Having thus shown that beauty and ugliness are morally on a level, I shall now proceed to physical demonstration, according to strict rules of art. Is not, I ask, a flat, regular lawn, with all its artificial varieties of shrubs and flower-pots, the most wearisome thing to look at? But

* Analyses of classics, &c. are sold at a well-known shop in St. Clement's, Oxford.

do we not burst into raptures at the sight of a bold irregular outline, with here a hill and there a valley, an oblique view on one side and a dark wood on the other? The connexion may be easily proved:—painting is a copy from nature, and the ladies have long taught us that no difference exists between painting and their faces.

The curve, according to Hogarth, is the line of beauty; of course it applies to the human nose, mouth, and legs. If the oblong be esteemed in architecture, why should not an eye of the same form possess attractions? If a gentle slope is admired, why should a receding forehead be decried? Must the axiom that 'variety is charming,' be withheld from the features alone? And finally, since white is an emblem of purity, ought not a pale face to be coveted for *par excellence* on every physiognomical principle?

The owner of a pretty face may pique himself on his property, but the lord of an ugly one should glory in his. The chances are that he is the fac-simile of some great character, with whom he may claim relationship;—that he has the wart of Queensberry, the legs of Suett or Stephen Kemble, the voice of Inchbald, or 'the red ray of the warrior's dark eye,' recorded in the 'Poet's Child.'† An honest but ill-favored couple enjoyed a handsome annuity from an eminent painter, to sit for gorgons and devils whenever he was employed on mythological or sacred subjects; and, in barbarous countries, should the royal countenance exhibit an irregularity, the courtiers are bound to provide themselves with copies. 'Wretch,' said a belle of *Ouyhee* to an English sailor, 'you have not a slit in your ear!'

For such as are dissatisfied with their allotment of features, I know but of one remedy,—to persuade themselves that others have erred in their ideas of beauty: if they cannot make converts to their opinion, they have the greater reason for maintaining it. One thing is certain, that no person ever spoke of another as ill-looking, without being convinced that his own face inclined to the contrary. A lady judges of beauty in pictures and statues by their resemblance to herself; and would no doubt be angry were she told that it is but as the rind of an orange, exceedingly pretty to look at, when mere looking is required, but disregarded when we wish to examine into its contents.

A friend of mine lately expressed a serious resolution of leaving off dandyism from motives of economy. What with cosmetics for the face, pomatum for the hair, curling and dyeing fluids for the whiskers, and perfumes for the *tout ensemble*, to say nothing of a new coat once a fortnight (the average duration of a new fashion), his purse was unable to honour the demands on it. In fact, he considered himself handsome, and therefore bore for a time with all this thralldom. But ugliness is a state of liberty; it despises the hair-dresser, scorns the perfumer, and rebukes the tailor; it dares the cold without any fear for its complexion, and treats the overtures of a rising pimple with a stoical indifference. The miserable cares of beauty, the anxieties of puppyism, are a matter of derision to it. Rich in defects, it entertains no apprehensions of corroding time, and hears philosophers assert that the human form undergoes a complete change in seven years without regret. Finally, it sets off the merit of the possessor, while it secures him from the fate of Narcissus. Had its advantages been sufficiently understood in ancient times, it would have been dubbed a divinity, or a constellation at least. It remains for the moderns to do all that lies in their power,—let them honor, cherish, and covet it.—*Museum*.

† A drama, by Isabel Hill.

FINE ARTS.

PICTURE OF THE DEATH OF CHATHAM.—Lord Liverpool has bought the picture of the Death of Chatham for 1000 guineas.

WILKIE'S FIRST PAINTING.—It is not generally known that a juvenile painting by our celebrated countryman Wilkie, is in possession of a gentleman of Cupar, who purchased it for ten guineas. It is, perhaps, the first essay of this great master. The brief history of the production is this:—Wilkie, during his pastime from school hours, was ever exercising his creative genius in the rudiments of that art in which he was destined to hold so unrivalled a place; and from the chalking out of any thing, however trivial, that struck his fancy, he at last took for his subject a boy leading a "grey horse to water." This is the painting alluded to. The grey horse was originally sported as a sign-board to a tavern at Holekettle Bridge, latterly as such in Cupar, and finally came into the possession of its present owner. We have seen the painting, and considering the age of its artist (nine), it is really a wonderful performance.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

VARIETIES.

GOLD AND SILVER MONEY COINED IN 1822.—Total value of the gold moneys coined from January 1 to December 31, 1822, £5,356,787. 12s. 6d. Total value of the new silver moneys coined from January 1 to December 31, 1822, £31,430. 7s. 1½d.

CURIOUS INVENTION.—Mr. T. George, a clockmaker, of St. George's in the East, London, has lately invented an apparatus, which by the sole agency of a clock, wakes the workmen and lights a candle, at any desired time of the night or morning!!

KING'S ADVOCATE.—Sir Thomas Hope was Advocate to Charles I. Three of his sons being, at the same time, Lords of Session, it was thought indecent that he should plead uncovered before them, which was the origin of the privilege the King's Advocates have ever since enjoyed.

A NICE POINT.—A periodical writer, whose entertaining papers appeared about the middle of the last century, tells of a Lord Mayor's hall that was thrown into great confusion, by a dispute for a precedence between a "Watch-spring-maker's lady, and the wife of a Watch-case-joint-finisher."

BIBLES.—The Bible Society has, throughout the Russian Empire, 54 divisions, in the different governments, and 166 auxiliary societies. The society of Moscow published and distributed, within the two last years, 106,000 copies, in thirty-two languages; and, since its first establishment, in 1813, has printed more than 550,000.

EXTRAORDINARY POST OFFICE.—At the desolate Island of Ascension, in the Atlantic, between Africa and Brazil, there is a peculiar crevice in a large rock, termed *The Sailor's Post Office*, in which the crews of vessels passing to India, or returning, leave such letters as they wish to send back, and which are punctually taken to their destination by the next ship that passes in a contrary way.

WHITE TEETH.—The famous Sanderson, although completely blind, and who occupied, in so distinguished a manner, the chair of the mathematics in the University of Cambridge, being one day in a large company, remarked of a lady who had left the room, but whom he had never before met, or even heard of, that she had very white teeth. The company were extremely anxious to learn how he had discovered this; for it happened to be true. "I have no reason," said the professor, "to believe that the lady is a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did, for a whole hour together."

"THE YOUNG DAUPHIN."—The *Quarterly Review* states that the Duchess d'Angouleme's Account of Proceedings in the Temple, "contradicts the Report that the Dauphin was poisoned; he was only poisoned, she says, by filth, by harshness, and by cruelty." The *Review* says, "to this work is added a most curious paper, giving an account of a visit made by a Committee of the Convention to this poor little Prince, a few months before his death. It exhibits the most extraordinary instance of sensibility and firmness in so young

a child (he was eight years old when he was first imprisoned) that we have ever met with. Every one knows that the poor child was forced to put his name to a deposition against his mother and his aunt, but we now, for the first time learn, that from the moment he had done so, he never spoke again! He was docile, obedient, and courteous, but he never spoke again! He understood all that was said to him, showed a perfect sense of his situation, and even diverted himself with building houses of cards, and similar quiet amusements, but HE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN!"

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.—The national precedence between the English and Scotch may be settled by this, that the Scotch are always asserting their superiority over the English, while the English never say a word about their superiority over the Scotch. The first have got together a great number of facts and arguments in their own favour; the last never troubled their heads about the matter, but have taken the point for granted as self-evident.—*Hazlitt's "Characteristics."*

INDIAN SIMPLICITY.—Captain Franklin, in his interesting *Journey to the Polar Sea*, gives an amusing instance of the simplicity of the Copper Indians. The old chief had a daughter, who was considered the greatest beauty in the whole tribe, and so much the object of contest among her countrymen, that, although under sixteen years of age, she had successively belonged to two husbands. Mr. Hood drew her portrait, much to the annoyance of her aged mother, who was extremely afraid, she said, that her daughter's beauty would induce the Great Chief who resided in England to send for the original, after seeing the likeness!

THE PERFECT EXQUISITE.—The faciem of Mr. Brummell do not furnish a higher specimen of dandyism than the following:—A few days since, one of the most finished fops that ever drove a cabriolet, drew up in the street, and stopping a respectable passer by, this conversation ensued:—"Pray, my good friend, (hisping) what is the name of this place?"—"Piccadilly, Sir."—"No, no, not the street, my good fellow; what is the name of the town?"—"London, Sir," replied the unsuspicious man with a stare. "Oh, ah, so it is; thank ye, friend, I had quite forgot!"

PETER THE FIRST AND LEWIS THE FIFTEENTH.—When Peter visited Paris, Lewis was a child, and one day, when they were going out together in state, some difficulties arose in the French Court, how it should be managed that, in getting into the carriage, the little King should take place of the great Emperor. Peter perceived what they were about, and not willing to compromise his imperial dignity, as they were passing through the crowd, between the palace and the coach, he pretended to take compassion on his baby brother, and, to save him from the pressure of the people, fairly took him up in his arms, and conveyed him to the carriage, as a nurse would carry her infant!

A MISER.—Lately died, at Gosberton, Lincolnshire, Mr. Crosby; it is supposed that he has left behind him more than 50,000l., and yet in his life he would hardly allow himself common necessities. It was his delight to have his apparel always of the meanest kind; a hat at the price of 2s. 6d. was an extravagance. It is said that many persons who did not know him, have given him alms on account of his appearance.—Neither of the Elweses, nor even Dancer himself, could be more squalid, or more penurious in a general way; and yet this man kept a good table as far as beef and bacon went, and was always accessible to any poor man that might call at his house: rich, and what were called "fine men," he detested.

THE TOOTHLESS COMPANY.—A very old gentleman told me that he was once invited to dine with a lady of some distinction at Bath, about his own age, and where he met a party of inmates to the number of eight, the lady herself making one. On sitting down to the table, the seven guests looked at the dinner with some surprise, there being nothing solid to be seen in any one of the dishes; no joint of any sort, but soups, minced meats, stewed vegetables, jellies, syllabubs, creams, &c. This old lady amused herself a short time with witnessing the strange looks of her company, before she explained to them the mystery. She then told them, that, having an exact knowledge of their circumstances, and a sympathetic feeling towards them, she had resolved to make a *feast* for the whole party, suitable to their con-

dition. That she had reason to know, that, though eight in number, they had not one tooth amongst them all, and she had, therefore, ordered a dinner, upon which they need not bestow a thought upon the lost power of mastication. Such an odd piece of kindness, as the old gentleman told me, kept me laughing so all dinner time, that they found the toothless meat almost as difficult to swallow as if it had consisted of bones.—*Heraldic Anomalies.*

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A certain country squire had a *warren*, and the village curate was, Sunday after Sunday, regaled with the delicacy of rabbits, till he became so sick of them, that he took the liberty of showing his dislike of the standing dish to the host, in the following Grace, on rising from the table:

"Of Rabbits hot, of Rabbits cold,
Of Rabbits tender, Rabbits tough;
Of Rabbits young, of Rabbits old,
I thank the L-d, we've had enough!"

SINGULAR FASHION.—Of all the extravagance of dress, I think none can well exceed what we read of in Queen Elizabeth's days, and, as we live in times when the same part or parts of the male apparel are none of the smallest, I shall venture to notice it, not with a view to its adoption, but as a hint to our modern dandies, to guard against such extremes; especially, if there should be any amongst our members of Parliament, at the House of Commons, since the union with Ireland, is scarcely roomy enough for the whole body of representatives, even if they were *sans culottes*. In Queen Elizabeth's days then, Mr. Strutt tells us, they were *breaches* so large, that there was actually a scaffold erected round the inside of the Parliament-house, for the accommodation of such members as wore those huge breeches. In the next age the custom was revived, and one man was detected of carrying therein, a pair of sheets, two table cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a comb, and a nightcap!—*Heraldic Anomalies.*

THE DRAMA, ETC.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Sheridan's comedy of the *Rivals* was performed at our theatre on Saturday evening last, and the principal characters sustained by Metropolitan performers.—Mr. Blanchard appeared as Sir Anthony Absolute; Mr. Webb as Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Mr. E. Knight as David; Mr. Meadows as Acres; and Miss Smithson as Lydia Langlish.—We have seen the play much better performed, notwithstanding the presence of so much talent.—Mr. Webb's songs were sung with much effect, and several of them were loudly and deservedly encored;—we have no doubt but that his re-appearance this evening, will prove peculiarly gratifying.

MINOR THEATRE.—Madame Searle and Mr. St. Albain have proved a strong attraction at this house during the present week.—The exertions of the manager, for the entertainment of the town, continue unremitting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B.'s silence inclines us to think that he has forgotten his promise.

Scrutator is at full liberty to refute, censure, or applaud.—We wish to be liberal, and can by no means admit unwarranted animadversion.

Arnold is humorous; but there is an affectation throughout his entire composition.—We would advise him to remodel it.

R. P.; Imiah; S. N.; An Enemy to Stays; A Constant Reader; An Admirer of the British Fair,—are received.

ERRATUM.—The thirty-eighth line was omitted in the Poem entitled "Anastasia," in our last.—
"The blood flows freely, and the pulse beats warm."

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CLARA'S TOWER.

(From the German of Schiller.)

After many long days of blood and terror, the spring had begun to spread its smiling lustre upon a devastated valley, the unfortunate inhabitants of which, among the evils of war, reckoned as the greatest of all that of being bent under the hand of the conqueror. Nature, in its reanimation, was covering the meadows with flowers and verdure; the sweet notes of the birds were still the same; man alone presented the image of destruction, and breathed nothing but the accents of despair. Every thing in this unhappy country was overturned; the kindly bonds of society were broken, and its scattered members sought in vain to find again the land in which they were born. Among the evils caused by the ravages of this disastrous war, a village had been reduced to ashes; its inhabitants, flying from it with the small portion of their property which they could carry, found an asylum under the hospitable trees of a neighbouring forest, and established themselves there in expectation of more fortunate times.

Nothing was to be seen on the desert which they had inhabited but a heap of ruins and ashes, which, driven by the wind, were stopped at the foot of an insulated tower, the only remaining part of an ancient castle which had just been destroyed, and had involved in its destruction all the hopes of an illustrious family. Close to this tower a heap of earth freshly raised, and surmounted by two black crosses, pointed out the tomb of the brothers, Conrad and Walter, the sons of that family, who had fallen fighting for their honour and their country, and had left destitute of protection a young sister, the last of their race.

She had taken refuge in the tower during the combat in which her brothers had fallen; and, when the tumult of the battle had subsided, and the victors had marched away, this young and delicate maiden, gathering strength from her desperation, had roamed over the field of battle in search of her brothers. She found them lying side by side, pierced with wounds, the last of which seemed to have struck both of them. Accompanied and aided by the village priest, she bore them to the tower, and, having interred them beneath the escutcheons of their ancestors with as much solemnity as the time would permit, she resolved to take up her desolate abode in this tower. With the assistance of Martha, an old servant of her family, an apartment was rendered habitable, and here the winter passed in solitude and in sorrow.

Martha relieved the dull and tedious tenour of the days by legendary stories, of which her memory was full. Sometimes, when, in the course of her relation, she saw her young lady cast her eyes towards a little recess, where was placed the sculptured figure of a veiled woman, she would exclaim, "I beseech you, Madam, do not look there so often; leave that image in peace!" and, when Cunegonda asked any questions respecting it, she always avoided them. But one day, Cunegonda's curiosity being raised, she seriously requested Martha to explain the mystery which was connected with this figure.

"Since you command it," said Martha, in a low and reluctant tone, "I must obey you. Know, then, that this figure conceals a door, since blocked up, which led into a small apartment, where a young lady, named Clara, was buried alive by the order of her father. She was condemned to this punishment for having formed a clandestine marriage with one of her pages. I do not venture to pronounce judgment either upon that brave woman or upon his ill-fated daughter; but this is certain, that the name of Clara is often heard to issue from this window: the room is vulgarly called Clara's Cell,

and inspires a general terror. I, who cannot help partaking this terror, have seen your establishment here with pain, and would have given all the world if you would have consented to come and live with me at the good forester's house, where you would have been treated as the child of the family."

A slight blush came at these words into Cunegonda's face; however, she kindly replied, "You are wrong, Martha, to trouble yourself about me: far from accusing the destiny which has placed me in such a neighbourhood, I bless that Providence which has made me an object of pity without exposing me to disgrace or shame."

The war in the mean time had carried its ravages to a greater distance, but the foreign dominion destroyed all the means of repairing the evils of its bloody track. The unhappy peasant wandered sullenly and pensively over the uncultivated fields, which offered him no hope of harvest. An accident happened to throw trouble and alarm into the heart of Cunegonda: her old nurse, who did not usually pass one day without coming to see her, had now been absent for several. The anxiety of Cunegonda was no less than her embarrassment: the entire consumption of her few provisions compelled her to think on the means of procuring others, and the only way of doing this was going herself in search of Martha.

Cunegonda proceeded on her journey in some alarm, and, having arrived at the entrance of the forest, seated herself upon a boundary stone, which, partaking of the ruin that surrounded it, had been cast down. Absorbed in the thoughts which filled her bosom, she did not perceive that she had become the object of the attention of several young chasseurs. Astonished at first, but soon emboldened, they approached and surrounded her. One of them drew her from her reverie by a loud laugh: "I thought," said he, "that I saw a statue! but, indeed, I was very much deceived; far from being of stone, you seem to belong to those handsome birds of passage which have spread themselves lately over the country." As he spoke he seated himself unceremoniously by her side, and attempted to draw aside the veil which covered her. Cunegonda, holding it with one hand, repulsed him with the other.

At this moment another chasseur, also very young, and who was sleeping at some distance, rose, and, parting the black clustering ringlets that shaded his forehead, he no sooner observed his unworthy companion, than, raising his fusil, he threatened to shoot him on the spot if he did not desist. He then offered his protection to escort Cunegonda to the forester's, whither she was going, and the experience of the insult to which she had been lately exposed induced her to accept it without hesitation. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast of this young man's appearance with his condition: a proud gait, easy and graceful manners, seemed to pronounce him a person distinguished as well by education as by birth. The more Cunegonda observed, the less could she comprehend that he was really what he appeared. His physiognomy, handsome and imposing, expressed the consciousness of a superior merit; and when, pointing out to Cunegonda the situation of the place to which they were going, he stretched out his hand, his attitude might have spoken him the lord of the country.

The sound of horns was now heard in the distance, and Cunegonda's conductor having announced that they were near the end of their journey, she hoped to see a noble castle appear; but nothing met her sight except a very plain house, of the most common appearance.

"Is the master at home?" asked the young chasseur, to a girl who was working at the door.

"Yes, he is," answered she, as if she was speaking to her equal.

"Master," repeated Cunegonda to herself—"his master."

This single word alone caused all her illusions to vanish, and she felt so violent a sensation that for some instants she could not ask for Martha.

"Ah? is it you, madam?" said the young girl, getting up hastily, and respectfully courtesying several times, while Cunegonda remembered having seen her in the castle garden. The girl then hastened to introduce her to old Martha, who had been afflicted with a paralysis, which had deprived her of her memory for a few days, and her first lucid moment was at the entrance of Cunegonda into her room. "Thank heaven," exclaimed she, "you are here, dear lady, you have forsaken, I hope, that fatal abode; by remaining here you will deliver me from a cruel anxiety."

Cunegonda remembered how often Martha had made this proposal to her. "He is the son of a forester," said she to herself; "he is only the son, if he is not even something less." Her family pride revolted at this idea, and she quickly replied that she had resolved to return. The forester's wife at this moment entered, when Cunegonda requested her to suffer the young girl to attend her in the tower until Martha should have recovered. The good woman agreed, and, upon Cunegonda's departure, escorted her on some part of her journey, in the course of which she informed the young lady, in answer to her question, that the young chasseur was only an assistant of her husband.

After the good woman quitted her, she met, near the devastated village, a troop of gipsies. A child belonging to them, suddenly running up to her, cried in a singular and disagreeable voice, "Give me that flower," meaning a tulip which Cunegonda held, "and you shall have this in exchange." She held out the flower to him, which he took, and put into her hands a rusty iron ring. At the same moment some of the bags cried out to her, "Timid dove, it is in vain that you fly the hunter. He will have your heart—he will have your heart." The others of the troop echoed this sentence, and Cunegonda was almost sinking with terror, when she saw the young chasseur again at her side: "Fear nothing, madam," said he, "I shall remain here until I see you are in safety." With an inclination of the head she entered her solitary tower in tears.

The image of the hunter, far from being effaced by her tears, only appeared to her more interesting and more handsome. "Oh, heaven!" she cried, "am I not then sufficiently reduced? must an unworthy affection degrade my dignity?" Prostrated on the ground, she long implored the divine mercy; but, amongst the ideas which succeeded each other in her mind, the most forcible were those of the unprotected state in which she was—of the impossibility of inhabiting these ruins—and, finally, of the necessity in which she must find herself, on leaving them, to accept the hand and support of a protector.

Cunegonda could not prevent the suggestions of a heart smitten for the first time; but, having still force enough to resist their ascendancy, "No!" exclaimed she, quickly, "thou liest, thou liest! deceitful Clara! the honour of Conrad and Walter shall survive their death, and never will Cunegonda stain their memory. Oh, no! dear brothers, the remembrance of you shall preserve me from this misfortune." And, turning round at these words towards the black crosses, she swore by them to overcome every sentiment unworthy of her birth.

More composed after this vow, she went to bed, and soon slept; but her sleep was agitated by a dreadful dream: she saw seated in the recess of the window a woman covered with a long veil, down to her feet, employed in rubbing on her clothes the iron ring which Cunegonda had received from the gipsy-boy; then, ad-

vancing towards the bed, she pointed with the ring, which now shined very brightly, towards the window, and disappeared.

A low moaning and the dull sound of the rain beating against the windows awoke Canegonda. She waited for the day impatiently, and, still full of terror, at the first rays of the morning she ran to the window to take up the ring which she had laid there the evening before, and as it was wet, she wiped it, till she could read these words inscribed in gold:

"Mystery covers our passion." "The world knows not our vows." "It cannot sever our soft bonds."

"Poor lovers!" said Canegonda; "Heaven, I hope, has forgiven you, and that over your sufferings, as over mine, its consolation may be extended."

These words, which seemed to her to be inspired, spread in her mind a consolatory balm; she tied the ring with a ribbon, and put it on her neck in remembrance of the lovers; then, taking her work, she eagerly employed herself, often addressing her prayers to Heaven.

At night, however, the same dream came to torment her: the figure appeared to her in the same manner as the night before; it took the ring from the ribbon, and, again pointing to the window, it vanished.

She was awake by the same noise as the evening before, and now heard it still more distinctly. She saw it the third night approach with terror, but, resolved to put an end to such a torment, she determined on obeying the signs of the spectre, if it returned again; and, fortified by prayer and the reflections of a good conscience, she immediately got out of bed after the same dreams and the same noises had waked her, and ran to the window, resolved to follow all the signs which might be made to her. The moon's soft rays covered the earth with a carpet of silver; all was in silence. Canegonda felt herself reanimated by the beauty of the light, when she saw suddenly two greyhounds leaping upon the hed of tulips, and making some plaintive sounds like those which had several times waked her. The hunter was slowly following them, and appeared to Canegonda much taller and much more imposing.

"Great God! assist me!" exclaimed she; "every thing here is enchantment!" and then, persuaded that this extraordinary being was the lover of Clara, who was coming to recover his ring, she took it from her neck, and, in an agony of terror, threw it out of the window, exclaiming, "May Heaven have pity on thy soul, and grant thee repose in the arms of thy love." But with these words departed all the strength and courage of Canegonda, and she fell senseless upon the floor. A burning fever seized her, and during several weeks rendered her insensible to the pains of her mind, and equally to the cares of the forester's wife, who, on her recovery, greeted her with the pleasing intelligence that her countrymen had been victorious in battle, and that peace was restored. Canegonda greatly rejoiced at this news, the results of which to herself, however, remained as yet uncertain. No fear now disturbed her; the dreadful remembrances were almost effaced; and, seeing peace revisit the beings of this world, she hoped that those of the other were also tranquillized. She was one day surprised, and somewhat frightened, at seeing once more in her garden the two greyhounds, followed by a gentleman in the full uniform of an officer of chasseurs. He passed before the tower, and stopped at it.

At the same instant the sound of warlike music was heard, and, a short time after, a considerable body of chasseurs filed off at a short distance. Their chief had gone before them, but without taking his eyes from Canegonda's window as long as he could perceive it.

Martha soon came to her, quite heated, and exclaimed, in opening the door, "Ah, madam! who could have thought it? This unknown chasseur, concealed so long in the house of the forester, insignificant as he then seemed, turns out to be a great nobleman; he has charged me to present to you the respects of Herman de Hausen, the companion in arms of your dear brothers. Their good souls have slept long since, but he has arrived safe and sound, and has crossed the forest this morning with his regiment. He has stopped at our house, and has sent me to you. He says that you know him, and, as a proof, he sent this ring with this ribbon. There are some fine words on it, which I cannot read."

While she was speaking the young colonel appeared, and, advancing towards Canegonda, and taking the hand

in which she still held the ring, "Madam" said he to her, "we are acquainted with each other through those who were my brothers as well as yours: you inspired me at first sight with a passionate, but painful, admiration. Misfortune had made us related; but the despotism which then held us enslaved, and the indignation I felt at it, hindered me from expressing my sentiments. As my arm had then the happiness of protecting you, deign to make it the support of your future life."

Canegonda felt embarrassed, but she did not hesitate; her inclination accorded to the promises made to Conrad and Walter. Her looks were mechanically directed towards the figure of Clara, which the rays of the sun seemed to crown with a rainbow. The ring was in the hands of the colonel—she left it there; and, in giving heart to the noble warrior, she abandoned to him with confidence the care of her future happiness.

Thus ended the dreams, and thus were the enigmas explained. The happy days of peace came to repair all past evils; the village and castle were rebuilt, and, when Martha came to congratulate the happy bride, she received from her a comfortable dwelling for the rest of her life. The colonel laid aside his arms: Canegonda passed with him many happy days, and transmitted to a numerous posterity the lustre of her virtues.

TO A REDBREAST.

On hearing it sing one fine evening.

Hail, happy songster! that with glee
Perch'd in the adjacent meadow tree
Chantest thy grateful melody

In evening's ear:
Thou sing'st from care and sorrow free,
Nor ill dost fear.

The clouds all gold and crimson blending
In splendour o'er that sky extending,
Where Sol in glorious blaze descending
Lights up the main;
Inspire you while to Heaven you're sending
Your pleasing strain.

Beneath this elm's o'erhanging boughs,
Your song I'll listen to its close;
That while your strain melodious flows,
My weary breast
Forgetting all its heart hid woes
Awhile may rest.

I love to hear you, Robin, sing,
When Nature first awakes in Spring,
In Summer-morn's when vales ring
With minstrel glee:
Or evening, perch'd with flitting wing,
In some old tree.

When snugly housed the ripened corn
And Phoebus' rays oblique adorn
The Winter-verging Autumn morn
And th' hour of Night
In dew dissolves upon each thorn,
All glittering bright.

Then sweet your cheerful songs to hear
Our gardens whistled in, or near;
Or when on chimney-tops, to cheer
You sing on high;
Reminding us that Winter drear
Approaches nigh.

The wilds where late you'd sweetly roam,
Grown cheerless, you reluctant come
To shelter 'neath the humble dome
Of cot or shed,
And careful watch to peck each crumb
Of scatter'd bread.

But first with cautious look and shy,
Around our dwellings oft you fly:
Sweet bird wouldst thou our friendship try,
Come, venture in;
Thy meek soft glancing timid eye
All hearts will win.

Come shelter in our cottage warm,
We'll shield thee from the wintry storm,
Our prattling children's hearts 'twill charm
When they are told
What Redbreasts did for babes perform
In days of old.

And when again sweet Spring we view,
Paint Nature's storm-beat scenes anew,
Then, Ruddock, farewell then to you;
Far far away
You'll wing, and with glad choir renew
Your vernal lay.

In woods and groves harmonious ringing,
While flowers are on the green earth springing,
Back all the sweet emotions bringling,
Of early days:
With charms around our hearts still clinging,
Sweet as your lays.

So when life's cheerful day is fading,
Its evening shades around us spreading,
When Age, of which there's no erasing,
The drear approach;
And death our citadel invading,
On us encroach.

Safe through the wintry storms of time
May he who spread those heavens sublime,
Still shield, and teach our souls to climb
Heaven's Umbra's height,
To join the choir in that fair clime
Of pure delight.

Where golden harps for ever sounding,
In mansions of Jehovah's foaming,
And joys felicitous abounding,
The soul engage;
While vast eternity is rounding
Its endless age.

Liverpool.

T.P.

KIBITZ.

(From popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations.)

There was once a poor peasant named Kibitz, who, though but little favoured by fortune, enjoyed nevertheless more contentment and satisfaction than many of his neighbours; his chief maxim was to make the best that he could of every thing; and, if affairs proceeded untowardly, to hope that they might take a turn for the better, without vexing himself unnecessarily. One day, as he was ploughing his little field with his two oxen, he thought that he heard some one call him, and, looking round, perceived that it was a bird which repeated his name several times; it being the Kibitz, or pewit, whose cry resembles the sound of its own name. The simple clown, conceiving that the bird was mocking him, felt provoked, spite of his usual good-nature, and took up a heavy stone to fling at it; the bird, however, flew away, very leisurely, while the stone falling, unluckily, upon one of his oxen, killed it on the spot. This was a terrible misfortune for Kibitz; yet there was no means of restoring the dead animal to life, so thinking that its yoke-fellow would be but of little service by itself, he, without more ado, killed the other also, then flaying them both, carried the hides to a tanner, in order to make thereby some little trifle in return for the heavy loss he had sustained.

When he arrived at the tanner's, finding that no one seemed very anxious to answer his knocking, he peeped in through a casement, and perceived that the poor man's wife was cramming a gallant into a chest, in order to conceal him from her unwelcome visitor. Master Kibitz was not altogether so displeased at this scene, as the tanner himself would have been, for he already thought that he might turn it to his own advantage. Is a little while the dame opened the door, and, bearing his errand, informed him that her husband was absent, and that she could not transact the business on which he was come. Kibitz said that she need not refuse him, for though she had no money, yet he would be contented with that old lumber-chest which stood in one corner, and it would be an excellent bargain for her. To this proposal the dame demurred, as may well be supposed: Kibitz insisted upon having it, saying, that it was the best bargain she could possibly make, while she as resolutely refused to comply; for it is vain to offer the most advantageous bargains in the world, if people are so blind to their own interests as to refuse them. In short, they quarrelled so loud and so long about the matter, that the tanner himself returned, in the midst of the affray, and so settled the dispute by insisting upon his wife's complying with their customer's whim, and letting him have the old worm-eaten chest; heartily glad to obtain the two hides so cheaply, and at the same time considering Kibitz to be a very great blockhead. The latter, therefore, obtained his wish, in spite of the good wife's objections and opposition, and boasting his prize into a cart which he had brought with him, drove off towards his home. He had not proceeded far, however, before the inhabitant of the chest, who conceived himself not to be included in the purchase, took care to let him know that he was carrying away more than he had any right to, and to entreat, therefore, that he would let him out. This, however, was a proposal to which Kibitz was but little disposed to accede; he set about proving formally, according to the best logic he was master of, that in purchasing the chest, he had also

perched him. The gallant finding himself driven to extremity, and thinking it hopeless, immersed—as he was, and with very little breath to waste upon words, to think of refuting an adversary who could give his lungs full play, fairly surrendered at discretion, and was permitted to march out, upon giving up all his valuables and money. As it so happened, the latter was a very considerable sum, sufficient to purchase several pairs of oxen, instead of those which the countryman had lost.

Kibitz now returned home quite rich; and his neighbours being informed of the excellent bargain he had made by his hides, killed their oxen also, and took their skins to the same tanner. But, instead of obtaining as much as they expected, they were informed that Kibitz had gotten only an old oxen, hardly worth a single hide. Heronupon supposing that they had been maliciously imposed upon by him, in order that they might be induced to kill their cattle, they determined upon putting so envious a fellow to death. Fortunately, our good Kibitz received some information of their designs: for a long time he was puzzled in contriving some stratagem whereby to defeat their murderous intent; and, at length, conceiving that his poor wife would be quite inconsolable at being left a widow, he generously resolved to spare her this exceeding affliction. He told her, therefore, that he had a mind, by way of frolic, to let her wear the breeches for once in her life; and, accordingly, ordered her to dress in his clothes, and go and work in the garden. Like an obedient spouse, accustomed to honour all her lord's whims, however extravagant they might be, the poor woman complied. The wicked neighbours shortly after came, and finding her digging in the garden, they fell upon her and put her to death; then immediately fled, satisfied that they had revenged themselves on Kibitz.

Our friend Kibitz, in the mean while, was too overjoyed at the singular success of his stratagem, to have much time to bewail his wife. On the contrary, he thought that she might even yet prove of some service to him; he therefore took her, and having dressed her in her ordinary attire, put a basket of flowers in her hand, and seated her by the road side, as if she were offering mosses for sale. Presently a stately equipage passed by, and the lady who was in the carriage, being smitten with the beauty of the flowers, ordered one of her lacquies to inquire the price. This he did several times, but receiving no answer, and, therefore, supposing she was asleep, he shook her somewhat rudely, in order to wake her. Instantly she fell down into a deep ditch, Kibitz having taken care to place her in a ticklish situation; and he, being on the watch, now rushed out upon the fellow, exclaiming, that he had killed his wife, and protesting that he would accuse all of them of murder. The lady, alarmed at the accident, and the unpleasant circumstances in which she might be involved, offered, by way of pacifying him, to give all the money she had about her, and also a fine horse, upon which a groom was mounted. Kibitz protested that he had lost the best wife in the world, yet he was far from bearing malice, seeing that the lady was heartily sorry for what had happened, and would therefore comply with her request, out of pure good nature. So lifting his pockets, and mounting on his steed, Kibitz set off home, well pleased with his own prudence and generosity.

As he passed through the village, every one looked at to see who it should be mounted on so fine a horse, at how great was their astonishment, at perceiving that it was Kibitz, whom they thought they had fairly killed. But though at first somewhat alarmed, conceiving it to be his spirit, on finding that it was really himself, they determined to get rid of him at all events; and, in order to do so the more effectually, seized hold of him, and shut him up in a large cask, in which they resolved to throw him into the sea. All now seemed to be over with poor Kibitz. His good fortune appeared quite at an end; chance and good luck, however, often effect escapes that prudence cannot conceive. The stars had decreed that Kibitz should be prosperous.

It so chanced, that in their way to the sea they passed by an ale-house, and considering that Kibitz could hardly run away while imprisoned in the cask, they left it standing in the road, while they went in to fresh themselves with a draught. No sooner did

Kibitz find himself alone than he began to consider how he might best avail of those few precious moments, in order to regain his freedom. At almost the very same instant, he heard a flock of sheep pass by; upon which he began to cry out "I will not be chosen burgomaster. I am determined not to be a burgomaster." The shepherd, astonished at his exclamation, went up to the cask and questioned him as to the cause of his being there. "Friend," replied Kibitz, "according to an ancient and singular custom of our town, whoever is chosen burgomaster, is borne in procession by the inhabitants of our town, in this cask. I am appointed to this honour; but am by no means ambitious of it."—"How!" exclaimed the shepherd with astonishment, "are you in earnest, when you say that you do not wish for the honour? I would then that it were some other person's good-luck to be chosen burgomaster."—"Well, then, my honest fellow, do but let me out of this cask, and take my place as quickly as you please." This was no sooner said than done: and Kibitz being extricated himself, inclosed the ambitious clown in his new shell, in which he was to be hatched into a burgomaster; then thinking that the poor sheep would be at a loss for want of a master, or if left there, might fall into worse hands than his own, he determined at once to drive them home.

On returning from the tavern, the bores began to roll the cask on again, in spite of the cries of the unfortunate shepherd; and, at length, fairly plunged it into the water.

Satisfied that they had now got for ever rid of Kibitz, they were returning very leisurely to the village, but how extreme was their surprise, on suddenly meeting him, not only quite safe and sound, but driving a fine flock of sheep.

"Is it possible, Kibitz, that it is you?" exclaimed they altogether, concealing their vexation as well as they could.

"Aye, even so, my kind and worthy neighbours. I perceive your astonishment; you are doubtless much surprised to see these sheep, but I will explain the whole business. You noticed the white foaming spray when you plunged me into the water? Now you must understand, that there is a little enchantment in the case, for—thanks to the violence with which you soaked me in, the cask broke, and at my catching at the foam, it turned to sheep, and very fine sheep they are—many thanks, therefore, to you; and to prove to you my gratitude, I would advise you, one and all, to enrich yourselves in the same manner."

No sooner had they heard this, than each determined forthwith, to make the experiment, after having before them such a convincing proof of its success. Away, they scampered back to the water: the foremost jumped in at once, the others directly after him: but, although they made foam and froth enough with their plunging about, no sheep appeared; on the contrary, they buffeted each other about in the water at such a rate, that they were all drowned. Thus did Kibitz safely rid himself of all his envious neighbours at once, and thereby render himself master of the whole village.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

(From the French of D'Arnaud.)

SELF-INTEREST has so manifest a power over man, that we can hardly refrain from astonishment, when we see Virtue triumph over it: we cannot be familiarized with such great sacrifices; he who can forget and immolate himself for another, is assuredly worthy of the highest praise.

Pertharit, king of the Lombards, had experienced vicissitudes of fortune; Grimoald, a fortunate usurper, (for success often attends crimes supported by force and audacity) had taken possession of his throne, and retained him in a kind of captivity; at least all the movements of the unfortunate Sovereign were watched, and the moment was at hand, when the raviisher of his crown was going to consummate his outrageous enterprise, by putting an end to Pertharit's existence.

Unulph, attached to the service of Pertharit, had shown this prince a fidelity independent of events: he hastens to see his master, who had just retired to rest, after having partaken of a repast with the few friends, who, he flattered himself, were still left to him.—He exclaims; Sire, you are undone. The traitor Grimoald has only displayed a false generosity, while he seemed to ease your chains, for this palace is now your prison: know, it is surrounded by soldiers, they are plotting some project, the execution of which will be fatal to you. I am come to save you:—my cares have provided what you may want. Disguise yourself in this slave's dress, which I have been able to conceal under my own vestments, and give yourself up to my zeal:—(Pertharit was going to interrogate him) Sire, this is not the moment to satisfy your curiosity; deign only to attend to your evasion, and—hasten to depart; there is no time to lose.

The monarch puts on the garb which is presented to him; Unulph loads him with household goods, and makes him walk before him, chiding him for his unskilfulness: to make his stratagem the more secure, he adds blows to his reproaches; the deceived guards suffer him to leave the palace; the faithful servant conducts Pertharit to a place where some friends were waiting for him; he descends the ramparts by a rope, mounts a horse, takes the road to Turin, and speedily reaches the frontiers of France, which, at all times, has been the asylum of unfortunate Sovereigns.

Unulph had not been able to follow the feigned slave in his flight: he feared with reason that he would be much more observed than the Prince, concealed under an obscure disguise: the least indiscretion would have been fatal to his enterprise: he retraces his steps, returns to the palace, and shuts himself up in the apartment of Pertharit. Grimoald intended this very night to make an attempt on the Prince's life: he orders him to be brought before him: the guards run, loudly knock at the door, and demand it to be opened. Unulph calmly satisfies them: they enter with impetuosity, fly to the bed of Pertharit, and not finding him there, address the courageous servant: By what chance is not your master here? Discover us the place of his concealment?—Unulph merely answers: Conduct me to Grimoald!—These vile instruments of crime, enraged at seeing their prey escaped, load Unulph with chains, and drag him, in that state, to the feet of the usurper: they relate to him what has happened. How! said Grimoald, has Pertharit escaped from hence? Yes, replies Unulph boldly, and without changing his countenance, he is even now removed from all perils, I was informed of the fate which you prepared him: I immediately went to acquaint him with the storm which threatened him. In a word, I have fulfilled my duty, I have saved my master.—If you think that I am guilty, that I have merited death, pronounce the sentence; I await it. Grimoald is amazed, overwhelmed with this excess of virtue and firmness: Turning himself towards his courtiers, he says: in what manner, do you think, ought I to treat this man? they all instantly reply:—Let him die, O King; let the last drop of his blood be shed by the hands to which you will entrust the care of his punishment! My opinion differs from yours, (says Grimoald) Unulph, you merit a reward rather than death; yes, accept the recompence of your fidelity: remain with me; be as much attached to me as you have been to Pertharit, I will lavish my favours on you, I will enrich you, I will raise you to

the summit of human greatness. Unulph, bathed in tears, throws himself at the feet of Grimoald, embraces them, and says; Most gracious King, you will deign to crown these generous proceedings; you will permit me to rejoin my master; he is unfortunate, he is in need of consolation: it is when they are in misery that Princes feel the necessity of being loved; and never was my Sovereign dearer to me than now! I would rather live with him, exposed to all the trials of indigence, than be on the steps of your throne, and enjoy there your most distinguished favours. Grimoald could not conceal his emotion:—I cannot help (exclaimed he) envying the fate of Pertharit, since in his distress he still possesses so faithful a servant! Return then to him, take all that belongs to you: I add to it my bounties and my esteem: (addressing his courtiers) What power has virtue upon the heart, and how difficult is it to resist it!

JULIANA T—.

Manchester, July 30th, 1823.

MARRIED MEN.

I sincerely congratulate Paul Pry on the domestic felicity he experiences in the thrice happy state of Wedlock, and have no doubt he speaks the language and enjoys the feelings of numbers in this our populous town, as well as in every city, town, village and hamlet, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. No one under heaven would be less willing to cast the slightest shade over the brilliant picture of human felicity he has painted in such glowing colours. The snug parlour, clean hearth, and buzzing tea kettle; the loving wife and prattling children, are comforts and delights scarcely enjoyed any where, so really, as in an Englishman's dulce domum. Yet it appears to me a little queer, that, possessing all these envied blessings, such numbers of married folk should quit their paradise of pleasure, to smoke their evening segar, and tippie cobblers' punch in hotels, taverns, &c. I often, as a Bachelor, read the papers, and take my glass in such places of nocturnal rendezvous; and I scarcely ever remember to have met a dozen associates, but at the least two thirds were married men. If, when sitting in the corner of a news room, cogitating on my own forlorn condition; no happy home, no kind wife, and sighing, "Hail wedded love," I have happened to cast my eyes on one of those should be happy beings, he has appeared to me as another Adam, expelled paradise for tasting forbidden fruit—many a time and oft have I helped to swallow oceans of wine, as Paul has it, at Ned or Tom's expense; but, a Bachelor there, has been as much a rara avis, as at any other assembly of general amusement. Oft have I cracked the midnight bottle with as jovial a set of spouses, as ever called for a cup of sack with Prince Hall and Sir John, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap; aye and with as rubicund phizzes as the one which o'er-top'd the shoulders of friend Bardolph. If bachelors must be taxed for their mistaken ideas of enjoyment, heavy indeed should the penalty fall on the heads of those who forsake the reality. Was I a member of a club of bachelors, I would hail the visit of a married man with as cordial a welcome, as I am often received with, at many a happy domestic fire side, and think him a wise man for occasionally indulging in the charms of variety; but to be the constant frequenter of evening revels, as so many are,—this I own puzzles a bachelor's philosophy.

Spare me the room, once more to congratu-

late Paul Pry and every other married man, who has acquired his sentiments and participates in his feelings, who possesses the taste and judgment to appreciate the opportunity a wedded state has given him, in the social converse of that amiable sex, by nature so well qualified, and by inclination so well disposed to render the abode of man a scene of felicity unequalled on earth, excelled only in heaven.

Q in the Corner.

Manchester, July 30th, 1823.

SOUTHPORT.

THERE is no enjoyment—no pleasure that will bear the scrutiny of reflection, unless it be accompanied with the necessary attendant economy. It is this little ingredient thrown amidst the mixture of our delights, which gives it the sweetest of flavours,—it overpowers the poison of excess, and is the only comforter when time and money are passed away. I love to see those around me happy—there is nothing gives me greater delight, than to view, and even to associate with my children in their innocent amusements:—to see their happy thoughtlessness, lost to every care in their joyous revelry. To muse upon the rising growth of disposition and character which is so visible in every look and action. Frequently have I placed in the hands of an unthinking youth an unexpected penny, merely to note the sudden effect it would have upon his mind,—what a source of delight—it is the sudden transition from poverty to wealth, and he is happy. What a world this world would be, what a second paradise, if we all were thus to act towards each other; and what a reflection, that when happiness may be given to our neighbours with so little injury to ourselves, it is not more frequently put into practice. Recreation is necessary. Surely we are not to be condemned for taking advantage of those pleasures, which are sent here as it would seem, purposely for our enjoyment—it is not the use, but the abuse of an amusement which renders it criminal in the sight of heaven. I cannot here help admiring the custom now becoming so prevalent, in all parts of England, of retiring a few weeks from the cares of business, to the quietude of the sea side. Southport has lately become a place of great resort; it has risen from the barren heath, and plains of sand, with here and there a straggling fisherman's hut, to a neat and elegant watering place. The sea is very open, the horizon extending in view more than two miles along the coast. I have spent many happy hours here, far from the noise, the bustle, and smoke of Manchester,—walking upon the shore and watching the adventurous little bark, loaded with light hearts, and smiling faces, dance upon the glassy ocean;—catching the light breezes that came floating past upon the wings of health. Mounting the highest pinnacle of land to view the departing glories of the sun, riding down hills of gold, into the silvered bosom of the water, shedding his last rays around him, like a faithful friend who leaves us with regret. Again turning to the animated scene upon the shore—the invalid bending under the pressure of disease, leaning upon the arm of a wife, a husband, or friend. The emaciated form, the pallid cheek, the languid eye, the listless gaze on all around as though the soul had found already a world, before, unknown. The lover with his smiling brow, and active form, lost to the world and the world's cares in the delightful conversation of his mistress, who leaning upon his arm is overwhelming him with a thousand

little histories, which had taken place in her last week's loneliness. She had often thought of him—sleeping or waking his image was continually before her. Several beaux had been offering their kind services, but all were rejected. She had anxiously expected his arrival, and had been twenty times to meet him. Did not he think she looked much better, for her stay—she had experienced many narrow escapes in sailing, and a thousand other such pretty questions and answers equally interesting. The husband and wife too are there, with half a dozen smiling cherubs round them, all busily employed, producing to their seemingly astonished and really delighted father, the wonders of Southport, and its "vasty deep," discovered in their various peregrinations, one little urchin placing a shell to his ear, bids him listen to the roar of the ocean, another is pulling the skirt of his coat to attract his attention to a poor star-fish, which the treacherous waves have left behind, a third comes mounted on a poney hired at sixpence an hour, and is anxious to shew papa how able he is to gallop away his money or to manage a nag if he would but purchase one. He must have the eyes of Argus to pay attention to them all. I could dwell upon this scene for ever, and frequently have I sat until the absence of my performers has told me the farce was over—and that twilight with all its dream of happiness had passed away. I had one evening gazed so long upon the retiring glory of the day, that I felt completely abstracted from the scene before me, and lost in the bewildering thoughts of days long past, I did not wake from my reverie until night had advanced, and the silvery light of the moon stealing her silent course over cities, nations, and worlds, gave to the calm ocean a brilliancy of the most enchanting appearance. Not a breath was stirring, not a sound was heard except the slow and feeble rising of the surge. Peeping however from the horizon I beheld a small black cloud—but as a speck upon the vast expanse of ethereal blue. It advanced however and every moment gave it power—a light breeze came murmuring over the waters, as a child waking from a placid slumber, the cloud expanded and mingling with others, carried darkness with it. The voice of the wind became louder, the sea moaned as if in anger at being disturbed, then rose in vengeance, dashed and foamed and bellowed forth in rage,—the lightning flashed; the thunder rolled in awful discord, the sea birds screamed—all was changed to seeming madness and despair. At length, by the aid of an occasional lengthened flash of lightning, I beheld a poor vessel, and her wretched crew, buffeting against the strife of ocean. Now riding aloft upon the white foam of the waves, then hurled as if for ever, into the yawning gulph beneath—the signal gun was fired, but from the dread of the innumerable sand banks around, no one durst venture to their assistance. All was hopeless, and I hastened home from the horror of the scene. In the morning awaking early I strolled to the beach and there beheld, the remains alone of the poor vessel—she had sunk, and none lived to tell the story of their misfortunes—all perished. Fathers and sons, all had sunk, and many a heavy heart followed that night.

Manchester.

PAUL PRY.

LUIGI, THE HONEST LACQUEY.

He who is on his travels and loves ease,
Ease and companionship, should hire a lacquey.
Such as thou wert, Luigi. Thee I found,
Playing at Mora on the cabin-roof
With Pulcinella—crying, as in anger,
"Tre! Quattro! Cinque!"—'Tis a game to strike

Fire from the coldest heart. What then from thine?
 And, ere the twelfth throw, I had resolved,
 Won by thy looks. Thou wert an honest lad;
 Wert generous, grateful, not without ambition.
 Had it depended on thy will and pleasure,
 Thou wouldst have numbered in thy family
 At least six Doges and twelve Procurators.
 But that was not to be. In thee I saw
 The last of a long line of Carbonari,
 Who in their forests, for three hundred years,
 Had lived and laboured, cutting, charring wood;
 Discovering where they were, to those astray,
 By the re-echoing stroke, the crash, the fall,
 Or the blue wreath that travelled slowly up
 Into the sky. Thy nobler destinies
 Led thee away to jostle in the crowd;
 And there I found thee—by thy own prescription,
 Crossing the sea to try once more a change
 Of air and diet, landing, and as gaily,
 Near the Dogana—on the Great Canal,
 As tho' thou knewest where to dine and sleep.

First didst thou practise patience in Bologna,
 Serving behind a cardinal's gouty chair,
 Laughing at jests that were no laughing matter;
 Then teach the Art to others in Ferrara—
 —At the Three Moors—as Guide, as Cicerone—
 Dealing out largely in exchange for pence
 Thy scraps of knowledge—thru' the grassy street
 Leading, explaining—pointing to the bars
 Of Theseus's dungeon, and the Latin verse,
 Graven in the stone, that yet denotes the door
 Of Ariosto.

Many a year is gone
 Since on the Rhine we parted; yet, methinks,
 I can recall thee to the life, Laigi!
 In our long journey ever by my side,
 O'er rough and smooth, o'er apennine, maremma;
 Thy locks jet-black, and clustering round a face
 Open as day and full of manly daring.
 Thou hadst a hand, a heart for all that came,
 Herdsman or pedlar, monk or multerer;
 And few there were that met thee not with smiles.
 Mishap passed o'er thee like a summer-cold.
 Care thou hadst none; and they who stood to hear thee
 Caught the infection and forgot their own.
 Nature conceived thee in her merriest mood,
 Her happiest—hot a speck was in the sky;
 And at thy birth the cricket chirped, Laigi,
 Thine a perpetual voice—at every turn
 A lullum to the echo. In a clime,
 Where all the world was gay, thou wert the gayest,
 As, like a babe, hushed only by thy slumbers;
 Up hill and down, morning and noon and night,
 Singing or talking; singing to thyself
 When none gave ear, but to the listener talking.

E. ROSSA.

TO MARY.

The following sweet lines (says the *Literary Gazette*) are
 by the Author of the *Duke of Mantua*, a Tragedy.]

When first I knew thee, still too dear,
 I fondly loved thee too;
 Apparent worth, a heart sincere,
 Made me believe thee true—Mary.

Each cheering smile thy cheek had worn,
 Then linger'd but for me;
 But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn
 To waste one thought on thee,—Mary.

Thine image once came o'er my heart
 Like sunshine mid the storm;
 But now its light must hence depart,
 That beam no more can warm,—Mary.

No more thy smile around me plays,
 And darkness turns to light,
 As soon might you dull meteor-blaze
 Dispel the gloom of night,—Mary.

That rosy smile, to others given,
 My heart esteems no more;
 Its hue, pure as the blush of heaven,
 No power can e'er restore,—Mary.

It falls upon my withered breast,
 But cannot cheer it now;
 The fondest love we once confess'd,
 Now leaves no quickening glow,—Mary.

And yet as bright, as sunny still,
 Those smiles break o'er the soul;
 But, oh! 'tis darkness visible,—
 They round my bosom roll,—Mary.

Passion's wild burst—the stormy brow,
 Their wrath I'd sooner brave,
 Than sunny smiles that mock my woe,
 Like flowers that deck the grave,—Mary.

Oh, hadst thou still to me been true,
 As once thy lips confess'd,
 No power had torn—as now I do—
 Thine image from my breast,—Mary.

But thou art false—inconstant thou—
 The rest I need not tell;
 Another's arms await me now—
 For ever fare thee well,—Mary.

DIGESTION.

(From the French.)

There are differently constituted stomachs in this world. Peter will eat five pounds of veal at his dinner, and dance after it as if he had eaten nothing; Dorlis can hardly get through a cutlet. Peter is a mason, whose labour sharpens his appetite, and who would even digest stones if it were necessary; Dorlis is a young fop, who is never hungry, and who thinks even exercise a labor. The former earns 20 sous a day; the latter has 20,000 francs a year. Which of the two is the most happy?

'Happy is he who digests!' said the Epicurean, on seeing a table loaded with dainties. Digestion is the pivot on which all the affairs of life turn. I would say to a person who solicited an audience from an excellency, 'Ascertain, beforehand, from the valet de chambre, if his excellency has had a good digestion.' A man who does not digest well, is always ill-tempered. There is a re-action of the stomach on the brain. I am sorry, for the honor of human nature, that it is so; but when Pride says 'no,' Hippocrates and Galen says 'yes.'

The digestive art may be applied to the social system; it is not sufficient for an ambitious man, or a parasite, to do honor to the table to which he is admitted; he must know how to digest the folly and impertinence which are too often placed between a hare and a macaroni. Admire the meat and praise the cook of your Amphitryon, but applaud also his words and his nonsense; say that they are seasoned with the true Attic salt; in short, swallow and digest the whole Amphitryon, however gross he may be, and you will be all the better for it.

Descartes said, 'I think, therefore I exist.' 'Descartes was a fool,' says the financier, (who has been twenty times a bankrupt with profit, and who has the appetite of the devil, with half a million of revenue,) 'I digest, and therefore I exist.' Ask an Englishman why he is so soon disgusted with life! he replies, because he so soon loses his appetite. There would be few suicides in England if appetite and digestion were more constant companions. The doctrine of Harpagon would not succeed in that country.

FAMILY MUSIC.

Hark! Italy's music
 Melts over the sea,
 Falling light from some lattice
 Where cavaliers be.

Amongst other improvements of this improving age, is that which has been made amongst us in the way of music. 'Twenty years ago,' sighs our old grandfather, 'who would have thought of second-hand pianos being as numerous in the market as old coats!' And yet so it is. All our young ladies, now-a-days, are decidedly musical, and so many hours of the day are set apart for the dear creatures to *practise their pieces*. We are not going to enter into the question of *policy*, or even to repeat what rather elderly and old-fashioned mothers say about 'things that may be useful'—'learning to make a pie, or mend a hole in a stocking'—'very well if they have fortunes'—'teach them to be good wives,' &c. &c. Times have certainly changed, and nothing more can be said about this side of the question; that is, provided we wish to be on good terms with all sorts of readers.

We profess ourselves to be devotedly fond of music, properly so called; and therefore the

more readily complain of an evil connected with it. Being in the state of 'single-blessedness,' it is often our good fortune to receive the friendly and social summons to the table of a friend; that is, or rather used to be, a matter of high delight to us, because we are really never so happy as when we make one in a pleasant party. Nor do we complain of a regular, set, musical meeting; somewhat dull at times, to be sure, but then there are generally a few fair performers, whose skill redeems the discordant sins of their companions: on these occasions we have certainly a plentiful sprinkling of musical affection, but altogether it is tolerable. We come, then to the evil.

So great is the increase of *pianos*, that we literally cannot visit a friend without finding some of his family at the instrument; and as the little ones are so *interesting*, of course you hear all their *best pieces*, and have to pass judgment on their advancement. It was only the other night we thought to pass a quiet hour or two, and we were fairly stunned with the strumming treat served up for us. There were five young ladies, all in regular gradation of height, except one, who was very tall for her age; the papa and mama, an uncle, two cousins, Mr. Treacle the grocer, and ourselves. Scarcely had we done with the cups which 'cheer, but not inebriate,' when the festival commenced. Miss began, and really gave us a very fair specimen of her taste and execution during about half an hour. Nobody felt tired, and Mr. Treacle was awake. Poor man! they did not suffer him to remain so long, for Miss Julia began to play, and added a little of her own vocal music. This was too much; an hour had passed away since the treat began, and not twenty words had been uttered, save such sentences as these—'thank you, ladies'—'very much improved'—and 'quite scientific,' from one of the cousins, who blows the flute. Mr. Treacle's opinion was required; not five minutes before he whispered us that he was fatigued; he heard not the mother's question on her daughter's play, for he was sleeping. We really envied him the quiet of his nap, and trod on his toe with great reluctance. 'Mr. Treacle is not fond of music, I fear,' quoth my lady. Our charity prompted a feeling reply—'Perhaps, madam, he is indisposed;' and then the two younger girls played their lessons together. 'Angels ever bright and fair' followed; and when the dear vocalists repeated 'Take, O take me to your care,' Mr. Treacle drew up his right leg and snored. Happy man, thought we, thus to escape so much harmonious misery! It was evident, however, that this snore was not exactly relished, so we trod again on Mr. Treacle's toe, when, gathering together his left leg, he rubbed his eyes and looked about him. He ought not to have apologised; the fault was on the other side, in sending a man to sleep against his will, before his proper bed-time. From that moment our respect increased for the grocer, who has doubtless been accustomed to express his feelings plainly, or he would have possessed more self-command than to sleep at such a luckless hour. We felt obliged to him, likewise, on another score—his nasal accompaniment finished the treat, and this was a great relief to most of us.

Nor is the musical evil confined to the metropolis; a man must travel a long time to be free from the domestic influence of *piano fortes*. The old woman was very right when she said, 'There's reason in roasting eggs;' and mothers, though they may be allowed a good share of fondness and vanity for their children's acquisitions, should remember that strangers judge

by other rules and hear with other ears. Custom, we know, familiarizes us even to discord; and, as is observed by an old favorite of ours—

Smiths, millers, pewterers, forgers, and armorers, could never be able to live in the perpetual noise of their own trades, did it strike their ears with the same violence that it does ours.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE ABBE M'QUIN.

On Thursday, the 17th instant, died the Rev. the Abbé A. Dennis M'Quin, aged 67 years.

This gentleman, of Scotch ancestry, was born in France, and at the time of the revolution resided at Metz, where he edited a Journal in which he supported the royal cause, and thereby so much incensed the opposite party against himself and relatives, that he was compelled to seek safety by flight; which he only effected through a favour of a disguise. On his way through the town of Meaux, and for some miles on the road, he had the horror of seeing his name written on the walls with human blood; so much were that defunct party infuriated against him for the side he had taken in the Metz Journal. He was fortunate enough, however, to arrive in safety in this country; but the whole of his property fell a prey to the wretched faction of the times; and he who so lately enjoyed all the happiness of life, now found himself a wandering mendicant in a strange land;—an Abbey and a man of property, compelled literally to beg for an existence. What an epoch in the history of human life—what an instance of the mutability of fortune! The heart revels at the idea, and is amazed how any race calling themselves a civilized people, could so far outrage justice and humanity, as to commit such barbarities as would disgrace the most savage tribes of the earth. But these days are past; let us hope never more to return.

To add to the sufferings of the unfortunate Abbé, he had the horror to learn that every relative he possessed had fallen sacrifices to the inhuman butchers who deluged France with so much of her own blood. On his arrival at Hastings, penniless and friendless, he had recourse to his pencil for a subsistence, and obtained a miserable one by selling slight drawings, in the execution of which he was peculiarly happy; so much so, indeed, that they attracted the notice of a gentleman who, wishing to encourage the talent displayed in them, obtained for him a situation as drawing master at a school in that town; here he remained until the order from government arrived for the removal of all French refugees from the coast to a distance of thirty miles. The short time of his residence at Hastings had not been neglected, and having much improved himself in the English language, he was soon enabled to become a French teacher. Being a man of much learning and goodness of heart, he was not long in finding friends who were willing to assist him, and in course of time he obtained a situation in the Herald's College, where he afterwards remained.

The Abbé lived a very retired life, and his leisure hours were devoted to literary pursuits. He was one of the editors of the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*; and among the many articles furnished by him to that work, is the one on London, in which he has displayed a thorough acquaintance with the metropolis. He was also author of a very humorous and learned Latin poem, which attracted much attention at the time, among various critics and scholars, entitled *Tabella Ciberia, or the Bill of Fare*. He also contributed many articles to the *Sporting Magazine*, on the games of the ancients, the fine arts, and other subjects worthy the pen of a scholar. He has also finished a work consisting of corrections and additions to Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, in which he has displayed a surprising degree of learning and research: several portions of the work appeared in the *Literary Gazette* some time since as specimens, and created much curiosity to ascertain the author, but, excepting to a few, this was never known. The same feelings were created by his Latin poem, but his friends could never persuade him to unveil himself. He was the author of more than is here enumerated, and had several works in hand at the time of his decease.

Whatever rank this learned and good man may hold in literature, he is also entitled to some merit as a draughtsman, and numerous relics of his ingenuity in this line will be found in the Herald's College for many years to come. He had a number of pictures in his possession of his own execution, and had completed a series of drawings, delineating the passions in all their variety. The heads are drawn with a pen and ink, and amount to upwards of one hundred; to these he had proceeded some way in writing descriptions, but the hand of death prevented his finishing this part of his design. Several of the frontispieces in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis* are from his designs. One test of his ingenuity, however, is before the public, in *His Majesty's Throne*, erected at the time of the coronation, the design of which he furnished, and which gave such satisfaction to the board, that they ordered it to be executed entirely under his own directions.

The Abbé M'Quin, though a staunch royalist, was a man of the most liberal opinions; cheerful and full of anecdote, had he sought company he might have found it in abundance; but he preferred retirement, and was seldom from home excepting the hours of attendance at the Herald's College. By all who knew him he was much beloved and respected, not only as a scholar, but for the estimable qualities of his heart.

On the 22d instant, his remains were deposited in the vault of St. John's, Horselydown, in the church of which a marble tablet is to be placed to his memory.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of June, 1823, by THOMAS HANSEN, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.79
Highest, which took place on the 10th.....	30.18
Lowest, which took place on the 27th.....	29.20
Difference of the extremes.....	.98
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 2nd.....	.48
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	4.00
Number of changes.....	10

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	55.4
Mean of the 8th. decade, com. on the 30th May.....	56.6
" 9th. ".....	56.0
" 10th. " ending on the 28th June.....	54.8
Highest, which took place on the 1st and 30th.....	68.
Lowest, which took place on the 23rd.....	42.
Difference of the extreme.....	26.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 17th.....	20.

RAIN, &c.	
2.170 of an inch.	
Number of wet days.....	16
" " foggy days.....	0
" " snowy ".....	0
" " haily ".....	2

EVAPORATION.	
1.537 Inches.	
WIND.	
North.....	0
North-east.....	7
East.....	0
South-east.....	0
South.....	0
South-west.....	12
West.....	4
North-west.....	4
Variable.....	3
Calm.....	0
Brisk.....	11
Strong.....	1
Boisterous.....	0

REMARKS.

June 2nd, a very rainy day;—3rd, rain with hail;—5th, frequent showers of rain and hail;—15th, thunder clouds gathered, after which rain; in the evening, wind east, and cooler;—23rd, the late prevailing north-east winds have retarded vegetation much, and various shrubs and plants are infested with insects;—29th, loud peals of thunder about noon, with lightning and rain.

Bridge-street, July 20th, 1823.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A kind of grass, called *Polygonum minus*, abounds in the deserts of the Ukraine. Towards the end of the month of June, this grass is torn up by the roots, which are covered with maggots, of an oval shape, that become indurated as soon as they are exposed to the air. These maggots are sold by the spoonful to merchants. They are then pounded, and the water, in which they are steeped, with a little alum, assumes the colour of the most beautiful crimson. The wives of the Cossacks dye their thread with them; and the Russian merchants buy them for their wives to paint their faces with. The Polish Jews and the Armenians sell large quantities of them to the Turks, who employ them in dying their silks, their moroccoos, the tails and manes of their horses, and their own hair, beards, and nails. The name of *Coccus Polonorum* has been given to these maggots. Dampier, in his "Voyage round the World," speaks of them at the same time as of cochineal. From an experiment made at Moscow, it appears that a pound of these maggots, which costs only one ruble, yields as much rouge as half a pound of cochineal.

EXPEDITION FOR EXPLORING THE COAST OF THE NIGER.

(From the Gold Coast Gazette.)

The mission, consisting of Dr. Oodumy, Major Denham, and Lieut. Clapperton, had on their first journey arrived at Moaramouk, the capital of the Kingdom Fazzan, in the month of April last, in the best health and spirits, having performed the journey in 42 days, a distance of 600 miles. On their arriving at Moaramouk, the same house was prepared for them that had been inhabited by Mr. Ritohie and friends in the year 1819, and where he fell a victim to the arduous enterprise he had undertaken.

All those who have read Captain Lyon's interesting narrative of his journey will recollect the delays and difficulties that presented themselves to the further prosecution of their object, and the privations they had to encounter and endure, which paralysed their exertions by exhausting at once their health and resources. Major Denham, fearing lest his hopes might be defeated by similar means, and all his endeavours to advance to Bourno prove inefficient, decided on the hazardous alternative of returning to Tripoli—and he describes his journey in these words:—"In pursuance of arrangements which you were made acquainted with by my letter from Moaramouk, I left that place on the 10th of May, and after 23 days of great fatigue arrived here (Tripoli) on the 31st of last month. One Arab Sheik and two camels comprised, with myself, the caravan. Our usual time was from 14 to 16 hours in the 24 on the march; and in passing the deserts (three and four days in length) always 18 hours—the camels I scarcely ever allowed to rest. The halt we always made in the middle of the day to allow the camels to come up, was by far the most trying part of the journey—exposed to the burning heat of the mid-day sun, where nature had not provided shades sufficient for a grass-hopper, lying on scorching sand, and nothing to allay our paralytic thirst but wretched water, which had been for several days in beastly stink, was a misery I had no conception of before. At night we generally got a little Koussakous, with some fat and salt—no bad supper—but a cup of tea was luxury supreme, as it satisfied our thirst and took off the edge of the putrid state of the bad water. Our fire, which was always made by scraping together the camel's dung which we found, was consequently uncertain, and even sometimes we could not find more than was necessary for boiling a little water. I had a tent with me, but seldom pitched it, we were all too tired, and my Arab thought it quite useless. We slipped off our harness, when nearly sleeping with fatigue and heat, the new bag was put over the poor animal's head, and a cord round his fore legs. The loose stones were soon cleared for a space large enough to receive our carcasses, and rolled up in a bournous, in two moments our troubles were forgotten."

Fresh arrangements have now been made by which it is hoped all the difficulties, except those of climate may be avoided. Major Denham has again set forward to rejoin his associates.—A subsequent letter says, "I shall certainly make the attempt of returning home by way of Egypt."

BONAPARTE'S LIBRARY.—The Library which Napoleon had with him at St. Helena, having been brought to England, by order of the British Government, was sold by auction, on Wednesday, by Mr. Sotheby. The books were nearly all in the French language, consisting chiefly of national or military histories, geography, natural history, and works of a similar class, the whole in plain or unostentatious bindings. On the leaves of several of the volumes were manuscript observations in pencil, by Napoleon, and these excited considerable curiosity; where they occurred they were copied on an adjoining leaf with ink. There were also several letters, void of interest, save only that they had his autograph. Another object of attraction was a walking stick, formed of tortoise-shell, mounted in gold, with a musical head.—It had been presented by the ambassador of the United States to the Emperor Napoleon, by whom it was given to Ishmael Gibraltier, the Egyptian ambassador, who gave it to Mons. Odile, of Paris, brother to the celebrated physician of that name.—It sold for £38 17s.

The following are the books which contained notes by Napoleon, with the prices they produced:
Beaucl's Cours de Mathématique, two vols. containing one word written by Napoleon, £1 13s.

Correspondance l'addite Officielle et Confidentielle de Napoleon Bonaparte, avec les Cours étrangères, les Princes, les Ministres, et les Généraux Français et Étrangers; seven vols. 1819. The volume containing the Italian campaign has corrections and references to the MSS. of his Memoirs. Some of the latter have been marked out by Napoleon as not authentic; at p. 141, are three lines written by him.—£9

Hume, Histoire d'Angleterre; 18 vols. 12mo. 1788.—£1 11s. 6d.

La Croix's Cour de Mathématiques à l'Usage de l'Ecole centrale des quatre Nations, 2 vols. 1805. At the end of the volume which contains the Algebra, are three pages of calculations by Napoleon.—£5 10s.

Rapports Généraux du Théâtre Français, 50 vols. 1818; those which contain Voltaire, Racine, Molière, Corneille, and other French Dramatic authors, had evidently been much used by him, but had no manuscript notes.—£9 10s. 6d.

Servan's Histoire des Guerres des Gaulois et des Français en Italie, 7 vols. 1805; this was the only book (except an odd vol. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) which Napoleon had on board the *Bellerophon*, during his voyage: the many notes and errors in the work, which are corrected by himself, render it curious.—£10 10s.

Volney's Voyage en Syrie et en Egypte pendant les Années 1783, 4, 5, maps, 2 vols. 1799; this work, intrinsically, not worth a guinea, sold for £53 11s. The Egyptian Campaign, which forms a part of his Memoirs, was dictated from these volumes: Napoleon has taken notice of the most trifling error in the book; hence there are many corrections by him. The plate at page 229, vol. 1, is entirely covered with his hand writing.

Bruce (Capitaine), ses Voyages aux Sources du Nil, trad. par Casters, 5 vols. and atlas; there are tracings and notes on the map by Napoleon.—£11 0s. 6d.

Denon's Voyage en Egypte, plates, 2 vols. russia; some of the plates torn out. It contains corrections by Napoleon, and the plan of the battle of Aboukir is traced by him.—£9 10s. 6d.

Denon's Voyage en Egypte, planches, 2 vols. much used by Napoleon when travelling.—£17.

The letters, ten in number, signed by Napoleon, sold from £1 1s. to £1 10s. each.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Eggs.—An excellent method to preserve eggs is, to dip them in salad-oil, and pack them in salt.

Brewing.—The art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt into a tea-pot; then fill it up with water, the first time rather under boiling heat. After it has stood some time, pour off the liquor, just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water; in a similar manner pour that off, and so go on filling up and pouring off till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which will be the case when all the virtue is extracted. The liquor, or malt tea then ex-

tracted, must then be boiled with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough, that is, about blood heat, add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing, and to brew a larger quantity requires just the same mode of proceeding as it would to make a tea breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and four ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, better than any that can be purchased in London, and for which purpose a tea-kettle and two pannings are sufficient apparatus. A bushel of malt to 1lb of hops is the most general proportion; and 18 gallons of good light ale, or table ale, may be produced from one bushel of malt and 1lb of hops, which will not cost above 9s. that is 6d. a gallon, or 1½d. per quart. Brewing utensils consisting of a mashing tub and oar, a sieve, two coolers, and wicker hose, a spigot and faucet, together with a couple of nine-gallon barrels, new from the coopers, cost no more than 36s. and with these utensils any person can brew, at one time, 4 bushels of malt. The plan to be adopted is, from one bushel of malt to extract nine gallons of liquor, for ale, and afterwards nine gallons more for table beer, both of which will be excellent.

VARIETIES.

The Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from those accidents which ordinarily destroy so large a portion of it. The fishermen collect with care on the margin and surface of waters all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish. After they have found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of the trade in China. In this, as in some other matters, we may perhaps take some useful lessons from the Chinese. The destruction of the spawn of fish by troll-nets, threatens the existence of the fishery on many parts of our southern coasts. While so much care is taken for the preservation of game, some care ought to be bestowed on the preservation of fish.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—On Saturday, the 19th instant, the Duke of Devonshire gave a sumptuous breakfast at his delightful villa at Chiswick. About three o'clock the visitants began to arrive; at four in the evening they entered the house, and sat down to table!

HEN KILLING A RAT.—A rat having attacked some chickens in Mr. Bindlos's yard, in Kendal, a few days ago, the old hen forgot its usual timidity, and proceeded to punish the intruder in good style. The rat made only a poor defence, and the hen was finally triumphant, leaving its antagonist dead upon the field—we mean minding.

WARTS AND CORNS.—The bark of the willow tree, burnt to ashes and mixed with strong vinegar, forms a luvium which effectually eradicates, by repeated applications, warts, corns, and all outrageous excrescences.

A TRAVELLER STOPPED IN TIME.—A conceited fellow, who had just returned from the *grand tour*, was giving too faithful a detail of the miseries he had endured from sea-sickness in crossing over from England to France, when he was interrupted by a nauseated old gentleman in a corner box, who could not eat his mutton with a relish: 'I wonder,' said he, 'that the sea is not more sick than you were, of being spewed over by every puppy who mounts its back.'

FOLLIES.—The Follies of the young man, which may be considered the wild flowers of youth, are the vices of the old man, or the removeless roots of old age.

PROVERBS.—Old proverbs are generally received and respected as old and undeniable truths, yet they are sometimes to be contradicted. 'You cannot have more of a cat than her skin,' says an ancient saw. 'Yes you can,' denied a musician: you may have her gut for fiddle strings.'

A GOORMAND.—I have heard Reynolds relate an anecdote of a venison feast, at which were assembled many who much enjoyed the repast. On this occasion, he addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but to his great surprise hardly got a single word in answer, until, at length, his silent neighbour, turning to him, said,—"Mr. Reynolds, whenever you are at a venison-feast, I wish you not to speak during dinner-time, as in endeavouring to answer your questions, I have just swallowed a fine piece of the fat, entire, without tasting its flavour."—*Mémoires of Sir J. Reynolds, by Northcote.*

ENORMOUS HOG.—There is at the present time at Westbrook, Margate, an enormous hog, bred on Hartsdown estate. Its weight is 150 stone, or 60 score, and it is only 20 months old. It is upwards of ten feet long, eight feet in girth, and nearly four feet high.

YORK MINSTER ORGAN.—The organ in York Minster is now completed. It is the largest and most complete instrument in Great Britain. The total number of stops is 52. Pipes, 3254. There are three sets of keys, namely one for the great nave organs, one for the choir organ, and one for the swell, exclusive of pedals. There are movements for enabling the performer to play two or three sets of keys at once; or to detach the great and nave organs; also to play the keys of the great and choir organs, with the pedals in addition to the pedal pipes. The Haarlem organ, which is the largest in Europe, contains sixty stops, being eight more than that of York Minster.

DISAGREEABLE BEDFELLOW.—That the snake has the power, to a certain degree, of fascinating human beings—in other words, electrifying them with terror, so as to deprive them of presence of mind (which is the only fascination to which any credit seems due), may be easily conceived. One of the largest size having got, during the night, through a jealousy, into a gentleman's bed-room, it crawled up into the bed, and coiled itself on his body, fell soundly asleep. The gentleman soon after awakened, and feeling something press heavily upon him, raised his head, and was electrified at the sight of the huge snake that lay upon him. He was so completely subdued by terror as to be utterly incapable of helping himself; he lay motionless, in a cold perspiration, not daring even to call for assistance. At length his negro servant, finding he did not come out at his accustomed time, suspected something was the matter, and went in to call him: on seeing the cause of detention, he speedily relieved him by killing the animal.

ECHO IN THE LANDES OF FRANCE.—There is nothing more remarkable in this country than the echo, which is capable of being awakened in several parts of it. The crack of the postillion's whip was heard repeated in twenty vibrations, each lessening as they resounded along the interminable waste. The tick of a cloth mill, which we passed, was heard distinctly for at least three miles of the road. A peculiar stillness pervaded the atmosphere—not a leaf on the trees trembled; now and then a prolonged call was heard from some cottage buried in a distant part of the forest, which died away in the air with a melancholy cadence. The echo is rationally accounted for, by the peculiar solidity of the sandy soil, which rather reflects than absorbs the sounds that pass over it. But the stillness which it produces is almost supernatural.—*Quin's Visit to Spain.*

DISADVANTAGES OF A WOODEN LEG.—Mr. Lee, the barrister, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the circuit at Norwich, a brief was brought to him by the relatives of a woman who had been deceived into a breach of promise of marriage. Lee enquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome? "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting in glowing colors the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What then must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained

by the opposite party rose and observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he had forgot to say, that she had a wooden leg! This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away; and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

JAMAICA RAT.—In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat in Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canes throughout the island, amounting to little short of 200,000*l.* currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favourite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of those destructive animals that infest this island from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year. Traps of various kinds are set to catch them, poison is resorted to, and terriers, and sometimes ferrets, are employed to explore their haunts and root them out; still, however, their numbers remain undiminished, as far at least as can be judged by the ravages they commit. They are of a much larger size than the European rat, especially that kind of them called by the negroes *racons*. On the experiment being tried of putting one of these and a cat together, the latter declined attacking it.

MAHAW INDIAN FEAST.—I was kindly received, and invited to four feasts within an hour. The first was the flesh of an elk, boiled without salt. It was placed in a large bowl or trough, around which four or five guests assembled, each taking his knife, and using his fingers instead of a fork. If any remains, you are invited to carry it with you. You may, if you please, give it to the master of the house, and he gives it to others, who surround the bowl to eat. The second feast was corn, which was also boiled without salt. In eating the boiled corn, spoons made of buffalo horn or wood are used. The other two feasts consisted of corn and dried pumpkin boiled together. I have been the more particular, as the customs, and the manner of treating strangers, among all these tribes, is similar. These children of nature know not the use of bread; and have but one kind of food cooked at the same feast. The man, who gives the feast, never eats till the guests have finished. These feasts are considered as the highest honour that can be conferred on a stranger.—*Giddings' Visit to the Mahaw Islands.*

CORILLA.—Corilla was the Arcadian name given to the celebrated improvisatrice, Maria Maddalena Morelli Fernandez, of Pistoia, who was honoured at Rome with the laurel crown, 16th February, 1776, in the same manner as Petrarch and Tasso had been of old. The fertility and readiness with which this accomplished female produced, when required, the most elegant verses on whatever subject, and in whatever measure, was altogether marvellous. In the examination which she underwent before the Arcadian Academy of Rome, and which continued for three successive days, there was scarcely a subject, in philosophy or literature, on which she did not display her poetical powers to the satisfaction and astonishment of all present. The audience comprehended all the principal personages, clergy, literati, and foreigners, then resident at Rome; among the latter was the late Duke of Gloucester.

This renowned lady was a musician as well as a poetess. She sang her own verses to simple tunes, with a sweet voice and good taste.

LIBERALITY OF THE LIVING AND TOILS OF THE DEAD.—In the prefatory address of a society for the relief of sick members, is the following paragraph.—“to relieve our sick friends, and enable them, when dead, decently to inter them.”

CONTRASTED ORATORY.

(From a London Journal.)

Ask any one who lounges and listens in the gallery of St. Stephen's, who are the prominent men in the two great parties which contend for the honour and advantage of their country—or for pudding and praise to themselves—and the answer is sure to be, “Brougham

and Canning.” Now Brougham and Canning are men whose wealth or ancestry stand them in small stead, and who are, moreover, not embued with any very transcendent portion of political virtue or consistency. They have, in short, no pedestal upon which to raise themselves when they show off: and yet each, in his particular part, and after his particular fashion, is not only without peer, but almost without follower.

But, though these two orators thus resemble each other in standing foremost and alone, each in his party and his species of eloquence, they are in every other respect the antipodes of each other; and perhaps no two men could be chosen who, in their appearance, the structure of their minds, the style and management of their eloquence, or in the expression and manner by which they set it forth, form a more perfect contrast. Canning's appearance is soft and prepossessing: Brougham's is hard and stern, if not absolutely repulsive. The air of Canning's head is elegant; that of Brougham is exactly the reverse; but still, view it on which side you will, it indicates terrible power. Canning's features are handsome, and his eye, though well set, and sheltered under his eyebrows, is lively and sparkling, and his complexion is fine: Brougham's features are harsh in the extreme; his forehead is immense, his chin square, and his nose, mouth, and eyes huddled together in the centre of his face, and his eyes absolutely retire amid folds and corrugations, and while he sits listening they seem visited by a filmy curtain, which not only conceals their appalling glare, but renders the mind of their possessor inscrutable to the keenest observer. Canning's passion sits upon his face in ready array, and its hues come and go with every point of his own speech, and every return by his antagonist: Brougham's mantle within, and while every ear is tingling at what he says, and the immediate object of his invective writhing in helpless agony, his visage retains its cold brassy hue, and he triumphs over the passions of other men, by appearing to be wholly without passion himself. Canning's whole form is plump, sleek, and graceful: Brougham's is thin, harsh, and incurved. When Canning rises, he stands erect, elevates his face, and looks around for applause: Brougham stands as if coiled and concentrated. From Canning you look for something showy and brilliant: Brougham presents you with a thing whose powers and whose intentions are all a mystery. You bend forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and feel human nature elevated by the specimen before you: you crouch and shrink back from the other, and, whether you will or not, thoughts of ruin and annihilation dart across your mind. The one seems as if he were to strive merely for the eclat of the visitors: the glory of the other appears to be wholly in the fight. The one seems as if he had always lived among men, entered into their sports and festivities and fed upon their praise: the other looks a son of the desert, and seems to come among men only to make them tremble at his strength.

Their appearance does not differ more than the structure and furnishing of their minds. Canning is a scholar—an elegant and an exquisite scholar, we allow; but still merely a scholar: Brougham, on the other hand, is a philosopher, in the most comprehensive meaning of the term. Canning's illustrations are, accordingly, all classical; while Brougham presses all the elements into his service. The one comes upon his audience displaying all the flowery volumes of literature: the other hurls at them the whole mass of the Encyclopædia. Canning goes forth as a lapidary, picking up gems of a great value, giving them an exquisite polish, and fitting them for the diadems of Kings: Brougham goes forth like a giant with an iron mace, dashing the rocks in pieces, and preparing a pathway for the people over the most stubborn and untoward parts of the earth. You are delighted with the sparkle of the one; you admire the power of the other, but at the same time you tremble at it.

The style of their eloquence and the structure of their speeches are just as different. Canning selects his words, on account of the smoothness of their flow, and the music of their sound; with Brougham, the longer, the more crooked, and the more unmouthable the better. Canning forms his sentences like a master of language and of sound: Brougham like a master of ideas and concatenation. Those of the one are of moderate length, and always quadrable by the classical formula; those of the other can be squared only by the

higher analysis of the mind: and they rise, and run, and swell, on and on, till each is often a whole oration within itself; but still, the hearer can see that it carries the weight of all that went before, and prepares the way for what is to come after. The style of Canning is like a convex mirror; it scatters every ray which falls upon it, and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: the style of Brougham is like a concave mirror,—it sheds no general brilliance, but its light is concentrated into one focus, and the heart which that focus cannot soften must be pure clay. Canning marches on in a clear and bold track; every individual paragraph is perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and of genius neither needs nor receives any aid from the others—the antithesis is sure to be pointed, the quotation most happy, or the joke exquisite; you feel it all, and you feel it at once: Brougham, on the other hand, twines round and round in a spiral,—sweeping all the contents of a large circumference before him, and pouring them toward the main point of his attack. When he commences, you wonder at the width and obliquity of his course, and you can hardly comprehend how he is to dispose of such a mass of heterogeneous matter as he fishes up in his way; but as the curve lessens, and the pole is in view, you find out that the whole is to be efficient there.

The fine, frank, candid, and gentleman-like form and expression of Canning, as he stands poised and balancing his glittering and pointed arms, sits before the eye of the mind. He comes to us as a thing of light, and sheds radiance and sunbeams wherever he passes. But the brightness and the beauty are soon gone, and we dwell with a darker tone of feeling upon Brougham. He stands dark and sallow—and as he plays the accusing angel to Courtiers and Kings, his lip curls and starts with a derision that is matchless, his voice sinks to a whisper, which, however, is more distinctly audible than the roaring of any other man in the house, and his words fall heavy and slow.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

THEATRE-ROYAL.—The Musical Play of *The Aquary*, was produced on Saturday Evening last; the principal characters were personated, and but very indifferently, by metropolitan performers.—In Mr. Meadows' performance of *Jonathan Oldbuck*, we had buffoonery substituted for passion, and mere mimicry for confirmed prejudice; Mr. Blanchard's *Caron* was only passable; and Mr. Melrose as *Lovel*, and Miss Halliday as *Isabella Wardour*, sustained their respective parts with but little, if any perceptible effect. Mrs. McGibbon's representation of the aged *Elspeth*, was one of the most finished performances we ever witnessed; indeed we always see her repeat this character with increased interest. The farce of *Honest Thieves* followed, in which Mr. Webb, as *Teague*, displayed much talent and ability as a singer and actor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Gimel's projected papers we have no doubt will prove highly interesting.
J. B.'s favour is received.—We have forwarded him the number required.
The Friend, No. 3, came to hand too late for our present number.
An Inquirer is requested to favour us with a call, at his convenience.
The Wanderer's Return, and The Virgin China, are received.—We shall give them an early perusal.
I. L. shall not be disappointed.—The subject is of importance, and, although much has been already written by Divines and Moralists, it is far from being exhausted.—The most painful consideration is, that the intrinsic value is but seldom considered.
C. Y.; Labin; and A. Newcome—are received.

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ON PARENTAL DUTIES.

I HAVE frequently had occasion to remark the perfect justice of that often-repeated adage, "the looker-on sees more of the game than he who is playing it;"—and I have often thought, that it cannot be applied more forcibly to any circumstance of life, than to the management and education of children. I am one of those solitary beings whom the world has chosen to denominate Old Bachelors; my opinions on this subject, therefore, are not the result of experience in my own proper person, but of observation in my assumed character as a looker-on. Whether this will add much to their weight or not, I cannot determine. I merely mention the circumstance, *en passant*.

There seems to me to be something in the nature of the parental feeling, judging from its effects, which has a tendency to prevent a parent from following, in the management of his children, the calm dictates of sober reason. We may often see those, who, in the common occurrences of life, are distinguished by their superior intelligence and sound sense, exhibiting in this most important point, the most culpable negligence, alike disgraceful to themselves and injurious to their offspring. This does not arise from any want of affection, as that word is generally understood, on their parts, but is more frequently the result of a mistaken feeling of tenderness, which gives rise to the idea, that to occasion a child the least uneasiness, is incompatible with the exercise of true affection, of which unbounded indulgence is considered the only test. Now the experience of every man must be sufficient to convince even the most thoughtless, that a state of continued indulgence is what no one can expect in his passage through life:—on the contrary, the most fortunate amongst us must acknowledge, that we are encompassed on every side by sorrows, and difficulties, which call for the continual exercise of every principle of religion and philosophy which we may possess.

The object of every system of education, then, ought to be, the implanting and cultivation of such principles in the human mind, as may enable it to bear, with patience and resignation, those trials and disappointments which are the inevitable lot of every human being. And this can never be accomplished by a system of indulgence. If we would have the flower attain its natural perfection and beauty, we must not only watch over it with tenderness, and supply it with that nourishment which is necessary for its support, but we must also carefully root out all those noxious weeds which vegetate spontaneously, impoverishing the soil in which they flourish, and if not checked in their growth, ultimately baffling all our anxiety and solicitude. Just so with the human mind. It is not sufficient that we strenuously endeavour to impress upon it, principles of moral rectitude; we must be careful to guard against the least appearance of evil, and let no mistaken notions of tenderness prevent our immediate and determined efforts to eradicate it. And this precau-

tionary system cannot be too early adopted: for there is a knowledge of good and evil implanted in our natures which is coeval with the first appearance of consciousness; and from the moment this is perceptible, our task ought to commence.

Nor would I be deemed an advocate for a system of unbending severity. This may be attended with consequences equally dangerous to the tender mind of youth. The weeds which, with a little moderation and forbearance, might have been totally eradicated, may, when too rudely handled, be only broken off by the stem, and the root may be still left in the soil, to re-vegetate at some future period with tenfold luxuriance. One of the certain consequences of undue severity, is a habit of deceit, than which, perhaps none is more easily acquired by children. When they discover that the most trivial fault is followed by an unmerited degree of punishment, they will not so much endeavour to prevent a repetition of it, as they will try to screen it from discovery, and thus avoid its consequent correction. When this habit has once obtained possession of the mind, all our future attempts at improvement will be of no avail:—under its baleful influence we may in vain look for the springing up and flourishing of that good seed, which, in the tenderness of our love, we have scattered over the rich soil—it will never flourish—and with bitterness of soul may we anticipate for our offspring, a life unblessed by the cheering influence of virtue, and marked only in its progress, by the transition from crime to crime, deeper and more deadly at each advancing step, until at length we behold them stretched on the bed of death, a prey to remorse and despair, and without one hope of mercy from the hands of their justly offended Creator.

If parents would but rightly consider the great responsibility which attaches to them in their parental capacity, and endeavour conscientiously to discharge the duty they owe to their offspring, much, very much, of that misery which exists in the world, would be annihilated, and the sum of human happiness would be proportionately increased. Let them for a moment consider what are the motives which actuate their conduct, and they will too often find, that what they call affection for their children—that feeling by which they are induced to gratify their every desire, however unreasonable it may be, is, in reality, nothing more than a selfish regard for their own feelings, or a careless indifference equally reprehensible. The parent cannot bear to hear the cries of her darling, from whatever cause they may proceed, and immediately every species of gratification is devised as a bribe to restore it to silence, in order that her delicate nerves may be no longer offended. Thus is the child offered up as a sacrifice to the sensibility of the mother; and thus for the want of a little firmness, will that parent soon become the slave of the child, and then too late, alas! will she lament her folly. Neither will true affection ever induce undue severity. When it does exist in parents, we must look for some other feeling as its cause. The

natural love of power which is inherent in our nature, may perhaps, be the most frequent source from which it arises; but where true affection is, this motive cannot operate.

Those, then, can only be called truly affectionate parents, who, whilst they tenderly watch over, and encourage the growth of those natural feelings in the minds of their children, which have a tendency to promote their happiness amidst the chequered scenes of life, are, at the same time, careful to mark every appearance of an opposite nature, and, with firmness and moderation, use their utmost endeavours to check it while it is yet in the bud, and by degrees totally eradicate it from the soil. These are they who "train up their children in the way they should go;" and they only have the assurance, that "their labour will not be in vain."

July 28th, 1823.

L.

THE FRIEND.—No. 3.

Si quid loquar audientum. Hor. lib. 4. od. 2.

BEFORE age had wrinkled my brow and silvered my head, there was not a source of greater pleasure and enjoyment to me than a ramble in the fields on a fine summer's morn. The chirping of the feathered tribe, pouring forth, as it were their matin praises to the Almighty, in song; the trees covered with rich foliage, and offering to the pedestrian an umbrageous shelter from the warmth of the sun; the beautiful appearance of nature, clad in one universal robe of green; the fragrance of the breezes; the harmony that reigned around: every thing tended to inspire my soul with mingled sensations of delight, gratitude, and thankfulness.

It was my usual custom, during summer, to stroll forth from my dwelling, which, by the bye, was situated in the most unpleasant and unhealthy part of the town, early in the morning (not 'tis true with the lark, but yet when many of my neighbours were quietly reposing in the arms of Morpheus), and hasten to a favourite spot, where in beholding the prospect before me, or with a book in my hand, I could while away an hour undisturbed by passing stranger, or interrupted by the officiousness of faithful domestic. Of course, my readers will imagine, that a gentle rivulet meandered by the place which I had selected for my retirement; and indeed I may say, without speaking, *à la nouvelle*, that the most careless and luke-warm admirer of nature, would have felt an inward pleasure in gazing on the extensive and charming landscape which my retreat commanded. Reclined on a seat beneath some overhanging tree, I have for hours, gazed on the valley before me of the most delightful fertility and in a state of the highest cultivation; studded with pleasant cottages, which I admired as being peaceful and secluded habitations, far from "the busy hum of men," it presented an appearance to the eye, which must have interested the most indifferent spectator. Even now, old as I am, my heart swells with rapture, dilates with joy, at the mere

picturing of the happy spot, "in my mind's eye," and I almost sigh for a return of those youthful days, when the cares, the troubles, and the anxieties, which I have since experienced, which have since clouded the horizon of my hopes and expectancies, were unthought of and unexpected. But when I call to mind that such a desire were both sinful and vain, I am able to smother the half-formed wish in my bosom, and console myself with the reflection that the recollection of past happiness is still left me, and that whilst I am pursuing "the even tenor of my way," and passing quietly to my grave, others may be partaking in the spring of their life, of the joys which were once my own.

I remember when I was once proceeding with rapid pace to "the accustomed spot," I was accosted by an old man whose tattered dress betokened poverty, but whose air induced the belief in my mind that he had seen better days. The unfortunate (for so the individual was by whom I was addressed), entreated relief, in the most melancholy and at the same time in the most earnest and respectful manner. I was struck with the man, and desired him to accompany me to my favourite retreat. He willingly obeyed; and we arrived there without the interchange of many words. We were seated, and I expressed a wish that the aged suppliant would relate his history; or rather I should say, I begged him to inform me of the cause of his present unhappy situation.

"Sir," said the old man, "few words will suffice to convince you that I am such in reality as you behold me, and that the wretched and impoverished state in which I am now placed is very different to the station I formerly occupied in society. I was once comfortably situated in the world, and little expected to be buffeted about, as I have been, by the waves of adversity, which have well nigh overwhelmed me. My trade which was that of a grocer, afforded handsome profits, and in a short time, I accumulated a fortune which though not large, was sufficient to enable me to retire from the turmoils of business, and reside in a small cottage which I had purchased, surrounded only by those who were most dear to me, my wife and only child. I had lived three years in retirement, and thought myself happy; little was I then aware of the awful change that awaited me! Before I retired from trade, I had signed a bond for £6000; this act, which is the source of all the misfortunes and calamities I have ever since endured, was performed to save as I thought, a beloved brother from the horrors of a gaol. But alas, I was cruelly deceived! my brother, who was really possessed of considerable property, collected together, shortly after I became security for him, the whole of his fortune, and without discharging the debts he owed to those, who, like myself, too openly confided in a villain, fled to America. The man who held the bond, hearing of my brother's precipitate departure for the continent, came upon me for the payment of the money, and it was but with the whole of my fortune that I was enabled to satisfy his lawful demands. Friends I had none, when poverty overtook me; to none could I apply for relief, and I must have sunk inevitably into the yawning gulf of ruin, if I had not aroused myself from the apathy into which my brother's treachery had thrown me, and availed myself of the only means that remained to procure a scanty subsistence for myself and family—I mean the soliciting of alms from the humane and charitable. This, Sir, is the truth, and I sincerely hope you and yours may never experience my unhappy fate." "Amen," responded I, as the unfortunate concluded his

simple narrative, and I placed in his hand—no matter how much—but sufficient I hope to have relieved the immediate wants of himself—his wife and family.

Should the above story, founded in fact, benefit my readers, I shall not regret the time I spent in penning the same. We may all learn from the mendicant's history, that friendships are oft, as the poet says—"confederacies in vice"—and leagues of pleasure, that riches are too oft the only link that bind *professing* friends together, and that when they are dissipated, the indigent is left to enjoy his poverty without condolence, without assistance, and without pity."

Sheffield, August 7, 1823.

F. W. J.

THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

A Fairy Tale.

I've heard it said that flowers had music in them,
With which they lull their transient bee to sleep,
And so preserve their sweets. *anon.*

The Day had closed his languid eyes,
And Evening set her lucid star
To herald through the skies
The coming of her rosy car.
The winds were resting in their caves,
The birds reposed on every tree:
And sea fowl on the glassy waves
Were slumbering in security:
And golden hues o'erspread the rills,
And tinged the valley's robe of green;
While, far above the giant hills,
The moon sat gazing o'er the scene.
And Night, that ever-changeling maid,
Seem'd lingering in her own dark bower,
With all her storms, as if afraid
To mar the beauty of that hour:—
When Florestine roam'd sadly on,
And thought of one, with speechless pain,
Who to the distant wars had gone,
And never might return again.

She thought of him, and, in a vale,
Where nature in her beauty smiled,
The maid reclined—serene, but pale
As Sorrow's gentlest, saddest child.
She turn'd her eyes, with mourning dim,
Towards the moon that shone above,
As if her light could tell of him
For whom she felt both grief and love.
Then bending to the earth her gaze,
And weeping o'er her hapless lot,
She saw, illumed by Evening's rays,
A simple, sweet "Forget-me-not."
At other times—in other mood—
The little flower perhaps were slighted,
But in the dreary solitude
Of parted love, and pleasures blighted,
Her mind on that alone could muse—
Her eye on that alone could rest.—
Was it that pearl'd and shining dew
Lay glittering on its azure breast?
Was it that other flowers, adorn'd
With hues the brightest heaven could print,
Rose proudly round, as if they scorn'd
Its faint and unobtrusive tint?
Or was't the same that so enthral'd,
And bound her, as with magic spell;
And, without voice or language, call'd
The hermit, Thought, from Memory's cell?

"Poor flower! (she said) that liv'st apart
And shrink'st before the noon-day sun,
No tongue could whisper to my heart
More feelingly than thou hast done.
For though, to share thy humble state,
No flower, akin to thee, appears,
Thou droop'st not o'er thy lonely fate,
But smilest through twilight's crystal tears.
Oh! thou, in hours of grief and care,
My voiceless monitor shalt be,
And I will shun the feud, Despair,
And resignation learn—from thee."

She sigh'd no more—and ceased to weep—
And bow'd her head in meekness lowly:
The floweret seem'd to wake from sleep,
And ope its little blue eyes slowly:
The leaves expanded, and a sound
Came breathing from them, like a sigh
That mingles with the air around,
And as it mingles seems to die.
And these the accents that were heard
To issue from that azure cave,
In tones as sweet as ever bird
Gave to the woods or listening wave.

"Thou hast come to me—thou hast come to me,
In thy gloom of heart and thy misery;

And never yet, or in spring-time's bloom,
Or summer months laden with rich perfume,
Or Autumn's sun-shine, or Winter's rain,
Did the wretched one hasten to me in vain.

"I am the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell:
But when brother spirits to me resort,
In the rosy tulip I hold my court:
And when bells of the lily ring loud in the air,
The sylphs from each floweret are revelling there.

"Thou hast come to me—thou hast come to me—
In thy gloom of heart and thy misery:
And thou shalt find that the dew I meet,
In my world of flowers, are choice and sweet
As bee ever rided, or summer-winds stole
From the violet's cup or the rose's bowl.

"Linger here 'till the eve has faded,
And the sky's dark hair with stars is braided;
Linger here 'till the night is o'er thee,
And the hills and the valleys lie dark before thee;
And when three bright stars shall fall from above,
Turn to the west and thou'lt see thy love.

"Thou wilt hear a voice through the stillness creeping,
Thou wilt mark an eye through the green leaves peeping;
By a gentle step shall the earth be press'd,
And thy head shall lie on thy Reginald's breast:
Then thou'lt think of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell.

"Maiden, farewell!—Maiden, farewell!
Think of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell."

The voice's gentle murmur pass'd,
The floweret's leaves in silence closed,
And Night and all her stars at last
In the blue fields of heaven reposed.

The maiden watch'd till midnight came,
Still gazing on the spangled sky,
And saw three brilliant stars of flame
Shoot from their radiant spheres on high.

She heard a voice through the stillness creeping,
She mark'd an eye through the green leaves peeping,
The earth by a gentle step was press'd,
Her head reclined on her Reginald's breast:
And she thought of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell.

ON HUMAN CAMELEONS.

(From the Lit. Museum.)

"Do you know me?
"Excellently well; you are a fishmonger."

There are some men in the world who appear in a different light to almost every one of their different acquaintances, and are, perchance, not seen in their true colours by any body. It is curious enough to listen to the conflicting opinions on the characters of such persons. The other night I was at the Shakespeare with a party of about half a dozen. "I saw Jack Adams this morning," said one. "Did you?" said another; then you saw a very pleasant fellow." "Indeed," cried a third, "how can you say so? I was in his company last night for half an hour, and he never opened his lips."—"Jack is certainly a very serious young man," resumed the first speaker, "though a little touched with Methodism."—"Methodism!" exclaimed a fourth, "oh! no; Jack is no Methodist; but in fact he is a very bashful fellow, and his diffidence gives him an air of formality."—"Well," said a fifth, "for a bashful man, I think he has about as much assurance as ever fell to the lot of a human being; and so far from being formal, he is even culpably disregarding of the common deencies of life, but I think him a very well tempered fellow."—"And I," said the sixth, "think him the most passionate of men."—"At all events, he is generous," rejoined the fourth. "The greatest miser alive," retorted the fifth. "I think him a true Christian," said the third speaker. "And I," cried the sixth, "know him to be a rank Atheist."

I got up then and left the room, and have no doubt that my own character was discussed by those gentlemen in as satisfactory a manner as that of the worthy and inexplicable John Adams had been. For you may know, gentle reader, that I am one of those human cameleons who change the colour of their minds according to the situations in which they are placed, and the persons with whom they converse. John St. Paul and Alcibiades, I am "all things to all men." Not

for good purposes like the one, nor for bad ones like the other; but for no purpose at all. In fact, I cannot help these changes; they are as involuntary as the translocations of my brother reptile. I am a thing of shadows, a compound of mutations, a personification of the rainbow, an intellectual prism, an "unreal mockery;" in short, I am any thing, every thing, and nothing;—a breathing puzzle, and a perambulatory enigma. The pleasantest fellow alive, the dullest of beasts, the most profound philosopher, the most absolute ass, a dainty wit, a gross buffoon, a fine gentleman of the old school, a finished blackguard of the new: at one time not a word to throw to a dog; at another, would confound a rookery. Not that you are to suppose that I have no real fixed character; I have, and a most excellent one it is, though nobody knows it save myself.

At home, in my early years, I was thought a steady, quiet boy. My father was himself of a serious turn, and determined to think that I was very like him in every thing. He would often say, "there is certainly something in that boy's head;" a proposition to which my mother always cordially assented, and truly I myself felt no inclination to controvert it. I am not of a disputatious turn, and was never sceptical touching my own good qualities. My father would continue, "Tom talks little, but he thinks the more; just like me when a boy. He is fit for a bishop, or a lord chancellor. I ought to have been Lord Chancellor myself (my father was a hedge-attorney), but merit is overlooked." To this conclusion my mother also assented, and my silence was of course significant of approbation.

I am whatever people please to think me. At home, therefore, I was steady because I was thought so. At school the case was far otherwise. There, by some accident, I gained the reputation of a wild fellow, and of course kept it up. I was foremost in every mischief, the ringleader of all riots; I planned and executed the robbing of multifarious orchards; shot innumerable cats with cross bows; routed whole armies of pigs with prodigious slaughter; and tied kettles to the tails of dogs without compunction. I had the honour at last of heading a barring-out: the issue of this affair was disastrous; though the school-room had been fortified with considerable skill, the outworks gave way to an impetuous assault of the enemy. I behaved with the most heroic courage, and had the good fortune to set the doctor's wig on fire. But I was deserted by my dastardly comrades in the moment of victory, and taken prisoner. A complaint was sent to my father, but he would not believe a word of it, and withdrew me from the school immediately.

At another school I bore the character of cowardice and sheepishness. This was owing to a pugilistic defeat I sustained, soon after my arrival, from a boy much bigger than myself; but the boys were determined to believe that I lost it through cowardice. This was enough for me: I became the unresisting butt of the whole school; and my life was rendered so miserable, that I ran away in less than two months.

If I have a particular turn for any thing it is for sociability. When I went to Oxford I was invited one evening to a College-party: I happened to feel rather unwell, could not drink, and was obliged to retire early; this gained me the reputation of a milkop, and accordingly I drank nothing but water during the remainder of my residence at College.

On leaving the University I entered the army. The first day I dined at the mess I happened to outsit most of the young hands: with the others who remained I found myself quite at home, and we drank till morning. This successful debut established my character; I was pronounced to be a very promising aspirant after convivial eminence, and accordingly I did not go to bed sober for twelve months together.

Encouragement with me is every thing. If people think favourably of me I am sure to do well. Being once in a particular company I obtained to make a few successful sallies. Next morning I met one of our party. "Why," said he, "you were monstrously facetious last night: Sir Toby thinks you an absolute wit." I never could meet Sir Toby afterwards without coming out with a prime "bon mot," though in general I am as guiltless of every thing of the sort as the honourable Baronet himself.

On the other hand I am easily damped. If I see, or imagine that a person thinks meanly of me, I can make no effort to alter his opinion; in his presence I actually become what he thinks me; my mind undergoes a complete paralysis; the current of my thoughts is checked, I lose the mastery of my own resources, and if I attempt to speak commit the most ridiculous solecisms.

No man can take a friendly joke with better temper, and few reply to it with more readiness. But if the joke be accompanied with a sneer, if its evident object be to humble me, or the jeater give himself airs of conscious superiority; I am instantly struck dumb, I retire under the tormenting conviction of having left behind me the character of a blockhead, and to heighten my pain, a thousand pertinent replies suggest themselves to my mind when too late.

I have naturally some vivacity, though no great share of what is understood by "animal spirits." At an evening party lately, where many ladies were present, I was sitting alone in a corner of the room, and the unpleasant feeling of being a stranger to most of the company made me, as I suppose, look somewhat serious. There were two ladies near me, and I was about to approach and attempt a conversation, when I overheard one say to the other, as she pointed me out to her notice, "look, I beseech you, at young Mr. Sobersides there." This completely blighted my vivacity in the bud. I was as silent and as grave for the rest of the evening, as if I had just made my *sortie* from the cave of Trophonius; and were I to meet that lady again, "even in the hour when my heart is most gay," her appearance would petrify me as effectually as the head of Medusa.

When not subjected to such disencouragements as the foregoing, I fall as naturally as possible into the tone and manner of my associates for the time being; I adopt their accent, their dialect, their style of thinking, their sentiments. Thus by turns I am an Irishman, a Scotsman, a Yorkshireman, or a Cockney. A Tory in the morning, a Whig in the afternoon, a Radical at night. Now, a staunch upholder of monarchy, an inflexible maintainer of the integrity of the Constitution; now, a rigid republican, a daring innovator, and inextinguishable champion of universal suffrage. My opinions sit as loosely on me as my old coat, and I never argue except where I meet with persons fond of disputation for its own sake. In religion my toleration is unbounded, yet every man deems me a bigot to his own peculiar sect. All codes of doctrine, all forms of worship come alike to me; I assent to all, I join in all. In the church, the conventicle, the mosque or the synagogue, the ceremonials of religious reverence are various; but the feeling which inspires them, and the being to whom they are addressed, are always the same. This flexibility, however, is sometimes productive of inconvenience. In a tête-à-tête, it is all very well, and in company where there is a general coincidence of character and opinion: but people will sometimes differ, and you cannot seem to agree with all. I often meet two persons whose sentiments and taste are as opposite as the poles, and with each of whom, *singulatum*, I have repeatedly manifested a perfect accordance. This is a very awkward predicament, and in spite of all my ingenuity, I am ready to exclaim in the words of Macheath, a little varied:

"How happy could I be with either,"
"Were t'other d—d—d wrangler away."

Sometimes too I am caught by an acquaintance in a situation revolting to his peculiar prejudices. Thus I was met the other evening by a Corinthian as I was coming out of a Methodist chapel; and surprised a few nights ago in a Tom and Jerry row, by an Evangelical preacher, who is my bosom friend. But with the first I saved my reputation by pretending a *lark*, and with the last by the convenient plea of accident.

Notwithstanding these and a few other drawbacks, I would not willingly part with the Protean facility of my character. If it has made me some few enemies, it has also gained me not a few friends: it has saved me a world of unpleasant altercation, and enabled me hitherto to slip down the rugged path of life with ease to myself, and edification to the beholders.

— Teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari.

THE TEMPEST.

(From the French.)

Hark Eulalie!—along the shore
Hear'st thou the angry tempest roar!—
See'st thou flit against the gale
The feather'd tenant of the vale!—
The lightning darts—loud thunders roll—
Convulsions heaves the troubled sea—
Yet soft delights thrill through my soul—
And these delights I owe to thee.

Perchance while thus proceeds my strain,
Far on yon dismal billowy main,
Some little bark contends to brave,
In vain the overpowering wave;—
The mariner—distracting scene!
Bent at the labouring oar I see,
My bosom yet remains serene—
And this sweet calm I owe to thee.

When on those burning lips of thine—
When gazing on those orbs divine—
Say what to me, entrancing maid!
Are roaring storms, or tempests dread!—
Wrapt in a soft delicious dream,
Far, far these scenes appalling flee—
Nor knows my breast but bliss supreme—
A rapturous bliss I owe to thee.

Liverpool, 1823.

Ω

ANDREW LAURIE'S RETURN.

(From the London Magazine.)

I went on a tryste to Dalgarnock.—Burns.

The ship which bore me to my native shore, after an absence of many years, seemed the fairest of all ships;—the wind which filled our sail, and moved the waters, breathed delight and youth around me, and the rude sailor smoothed his locks, and spoke without cursing, as the hills of Scotland rose on our view. It is true, that the hills and glens of Nithsdale, on which I gazed as the ship glided along the shore, seemed rough and barren, compared to the hills of spice and the groves of cinnamon, among which I had lived in the east; but early remembrance sanctified and shed beauty o'er the landscape; and as my foot touched the shore, enthusiasm and imagination were busy within me, expanding the vales, and increasing the hills, and giving me back my native place, in all the romantic loveliness with which the memory of age invests the scenes of its youth. But I had not gone far, till enthusiasm began to fail, and imagination to subside;—I saw no fair and well-known faces,—I heard not the greeting of friendly lips,—new generations inherited the land,—I had returned to a strange people. I walked on, and all the vale seemed changed;—the Solway rolled on with diminished waters,—the Nith was dried into a petty brook,—the houses seemed small, and the ways narrow. I had seen nature on her grandest scale,—had walked on loftier hills, and passed deeper rivers, and seen more populous cities,—and the glory of my native hills, and kirks, and castles, was eclipsed.

But other changes than those of the imagination had taken place;—the farmer's plough,—the navigator's spade,—and the architect's hammer, had been working wonders in the land. The hills where I had shot the heathcock waved green with grain,—the houses, low, and reeky, and uncomfortable, with floors of clay, and coverings of straw, now showed roofs of slate glittering in the sun, and floors of smooth stone or of shaven deal; while the streams which wandered at will, flooding the cottages and sweeping away the hopes of the farmer, now winded between long and sinuous lines of green embankments. I passed through Dumfries, and thought on its ancient gothic bridge of thirteen arches, with its defensive gate in the centre,—its massy walls,—its church, where Bruce spilt the blood of Comyn, and its old castle, which tradition still loves to connect by a subterranean way with the beautiful old abbey of Lincluden, where the vision of Liberty descended to Burns. And though many of these things which gave it fame and note have passed away, and live but in the memory of the angel, or in the romantic description of a modern geographer, I thought their absence was far more than compensated by the enchantments which the magic wand of plenty, and the enterprise of its merchants and tradesmen had wrought. The river which I had seen in my youth impeded by rocks, and navigation shut out by impassable sands,

now moved wide and deep along, bearing many a going and coming sail,—the houses rose more lofty and regal,—the streets were purer and broader, and the hum of business and industry was heard far and wide. "My native town," I said, "thy ancient name of 'Bonnie Dumfries,'—which I have heard pronounced by one of the fairest and noblest of Scotland's daughters, becomes thee more than ever." I hurried through the good old town, which, overflowing the ancient limits of its walls, had pushed its streets far among the green fields and gardens, and hastened northward; for my heart lay with a little nook of undistinguished earth some miles up the river.

The sun was nigh to setting when I entered the upper vale of Nith, among the ancient strong holds of the Douglasses and Kirkpatriks. Here the hand of improvement had a heavier darke to do than even in the lower valley;—heath had been exchanged for corn,—wild hindberries and brambles, for the apple and the plum; and the rough-footed fowls of the moss and the ling had flown away before the flocks of innumerable sheep and cattle which covered all the higher pasture lands. The memorial stones of the martyrs, which I left among heather, I found among wheat,—their dwelling place sacred, and their legends renewed; the men who rode past me as I went, sat formerly in saddles of plaited straw, on shaggy and uncombed horses,—they were now in shining leather with silver mountings, and on steeds worthy of bearing the burthen of knighthood. The women who walked to the kirk on Sunday, went formerly in gowns of homely gray, span by their own frugal hands,—they now flaunted in silks and in scarlets, and the youths fluttered in ruffles, and walked on the very limit of fashion. Here and there a broad blue bonnet, with tresses white and thin flowing from beneath it, might be seen,—here and there a dame in the antique and simple dress of the district, moved on stiff and stately,—and here and there a car without wheels dragged heavily along the ground,—and here and there a farmer persisted in old modes of cultivation, and rode proudly on sons of straw, with a halter of hair, rejoicing that in his person the simple patriarchal times were yet preserved. All else was changed! Though I could not help owning the increased wealth and beauty of the country, I looked upon it with something of sorrow:—the change seemed to me so violent and so sudden, that I shut my eyes and opened them again, to see that imagination was playing me none of her pranks. But the scene stood before me in invariable beauty,—the hills were there with their well remembered outline, and there was the hall of Drumlanrig,—once a palace in a desert, but now looking over a vast extent of orchards and inclosed fields. All this was proof that the place which I sought, and the dwelling of my kindred, was nigh.

At length, I reached the rising ground, from which Dalgarnock kirk, with its ranks of grave-stones, and its little village, are first visible to one travelling up the river bank. I stood on the very spot on which I stood in the morning of life, and gazed back on the vale with a full heart, when departing for a far country; I stood and gazed now, and my heart was scarcely less full when I observed that kirk and village were both gone, and that the plough had passed over the hearth of many a house dear to my heart, and that corn was waving where fifteen chimneys had smoked. I missed the kirk and the village, and I looked around for the signs by which I distinguished the abode of my fathers. There stood an ancient pillar of stone, with rude figures and uncouth symbols carved on its sides, at the foot of which, in old times, people met and transacted bargains, sold cattle, and disposed of land,—there grew the three oaks, so similar in shape, in stem, and in height, as to countenance the belief of the peasantry that not a bough or a leaf was on one but what had its companion on the others; and which, growing but a short step asunder, shoot up in a beautiful cone of green, and make them known by the name of the three brethren, wherever a Scotchman wanders. And beyond all these flowed the Nith, its clear stream scarce visible between its green banks, so much had it felt the influence of summer's heat. I singled out all these well-known memorials, but kirk and village were no longer visible. I was not prepared for this. I had heard, at times, of the visitations which death had made among the hearths of those I loved;—some had

dropt away in the fulness of years,—some had sunk in their prime,—and some had found a grave in the raging sea, and other in the battle trench. One by one, therefore, had passed away of all I loved or esteemed, till one alone was left; but I had not heard that the village was desolate, and the kirk cast down,—they had still been present to my imagination; and when far distant, and after hot and perilous battle, when I seated myself on the ground, and washed my hands, and removed the stains of battle from my dress, my thoughts flew home, and Dalgarnock village and kirk rose before me, full of venerable and friendly faces.

With a slow step and an agitated heart I made my way towards the old burial ground,—for there I knew, whatever became of the kirk, the old sages of the parish would be buried; we are ever unwilling to mingle with other dust than that of our kindred. On the very brink of the river,—the walls of which the stream moistens when in flood, stood an old cottage, with a spot of garden in which a few coleworts grew,—the residence, when I went abroad, of a person so old that she was suspected of witchcraft, and withal so shrewd and adroit, that she contrived to levy a tax equal to her subsistence on the superstitious terrors and credulity of her fellow parishioners. I remembered her wandering from house to house collecting meal, barley, and cheese, clad in a white mutch, a gray gown, and a black mantle, carrying a long staff in her hand. Age, I reckoned, had long ago consigned her to a quiet grave; and if I had actually seen her rising in a winding sheet, I could not have been more startled than I was now on beholding her in the same dress, and with the self-same looks, seated upon a stone by the river side, enjoying the warmth of the descending sun. She had strewn her door-step with brackens and rushes, and there she sat spreading her withered hands in the summer heat, and looking towards the west, and muttering snatches of old superstitious prayers, half rhyme and prose, which were imagined in the darker days to contain spells against unhappy chances and the approach of evil spirits.

I stood and listened. When she concluded her prayers, she began to question their influence in her favour. "Hout, tout, why should I hang up these sapless shoots from the rotten tree of popery aboon my door head?—they cannot hinder old age and poverty to become ben, and these are the fiends which vex and scare me. What imp or saint, it matters not which, can put strength into my limbs, and marrow into my bones, and light into my een, that I might move about as I was wont, and get the plack and the penny, and the currie meal, and the owe milk cheese, and an ell or two of the new web, as in reason I should. But auld age has worried up my skill, and the last time I tottered out there came after me many of the wicked youngsters, chips of the tree of perdition,—who shouted out 'witch,' and 'beldame,' and though I wished them ill enough, the fiend o' ane o' them was a plack the worse. But had it been Satan's will that they had treated my auld mistress of Scaur Water as, who learned me all that I ken of the craft, she wad have wagged her thumb, and some fool fowk would have moaned the death of their brats. Aye, she was the wife for the world,—she could find siller where other fowk could see naught thicker than moonshine; and wi' dog's-pluck, and herring bone, and hollow hemlock, could make a salve that would redeem ane frae the grips of death. I have seen her do't. But the spell o't's lost. I made some of the salve myself, and feigh! it was fit to poison a pool of toads; it took all the honey-comb of a wild bees' byke to senk the taste o't out of my mouth; and she distorted her face, puckered her mouth in abhorrence, and coughed vehemently, and thus she continued her curious complaint:—

"Aye, aye, unsensie looks? nobody cares for unsensie looks now. I have seen on a day when they brought baked bread, and new cheese, and lapfuls of dainties. I mind the time when a glance of an uncanny ee was reckoned ruinous to any undertaking. The cow on whilk ane looked askance, shuddered, and refused to yield milk,—the horse ane frowned on threw its rider,—the bride who forgot to bid ane to her bridal, made her husband lord of a barren bed,—the lass who forgot to cast ane plack as she went to the tryste of her lover, never came misden hame, and the proud-at hopes of men, and the wisest wishes of women, mis-

gave and miscarried. But now, the fiend have Girie Gunson, if the weakest head of the parish heads whether she smile or frown. I think the spiritual kindom over on earth,—the reign of spell and pantraips gone. The only thing whilk has happened to my wish of late, was when Hachie Hetherton's cow burstud o'er a crib of dewy clover,—I ken whase four quarters he may thank for that,—he might have given me a pound of yellow butter as his douce mother did afore him,—let him take that for making mouths at me. Od, I'm so sae auld and feckless as some folk trow;—there was proud Pennie Purdie, that used to cry after me, 'Witch, witch, score thy brow and burn thee.' I trow I gave her a dainty downcome with the wild lad of Moffat water. What wad ye think?—a gliff after gloaming fa, who should drop down by our gate and bat Pennie Pennie. I ken o' your coming cummer, said I, ye are come for a cannie oast of my skill. See I gied her something that gaurd her skirl, and shriek—the lucken browed limmer,—I ken'd weel how to do't;—I had done the samen wi' myself ore seventeen sinners were o'er my head,—she deserved it, she deserved it; what had she to do wi' my wee auld world ways!" And she arose and drew her mantle proudly about her, teased her head till all the remainder hairs danced for joy, and seemed to dilate herself with the thought that much of her old might remained unpaired.

(To be continued.)

AFFECTING TALE.

[The following statement is extracted from the *Nashville Gazette*, not as a tale originating in a poetical fancy and embellished by the touches of a wild and wanton intellect, but as a relation of incidents which have actually occurred, and which, therefore, possess a more powerful claim on our attention and sympathy. The *Gazette* states, that the names are known, but from a wish to prevent any painful reflections to some that perhaps knew the parties, they are concealed.—*Washington paper*.]

"JANE ——— was the only daughter of a man, who, in the early part of his life emigrated to the United States from the North of Ireland. Accustomed to a life of industry, by application to business, and suffering from poverty in his youth, he regarded money as the only object worth a reasonable man's attention. By his diligence, he had amassed a large fortune, which it was known in the country his daughter would inherit. It is now more than forty years since I have seen her. She was then in the bloom of youth—hope and expectation gave to her a more interesting appearance than I ever yet witnessed.—She was about eighteen; possessing natural good sense, and accomplishments that rendered her the pride and admiration of her friends. Many were the suitors for her hand, but she refused them with such a grace and respect for their feelings that they loved her the more.—Among her admirers there was a young man, a native of Massachusetts, respectable by his talents and genius. He was a member of the bar, and though young, maintained a respectable standing among his brethren. He was loved by all classes, for his gentleman-like and manly deportment, and nature had given him a striking and interesting appearance. But as yet he was poor, and he owed to fortune nothing. Chance threw him in the company of JANE—an intimacy was formed, and he frequently visited her father's house, where he received not only that attention and marked politeness which he deserved by his standing in society, but also experienced that open hearted cordiality which marks the character of Irishmen.

"There is a secret attachment formed between congenial minds of which even the persons themselves are not aware, and often they are situated at the hold they have got of each other's affections. This was the case with these two young persons. It was not until these circumstances took place that either of them ever suspected

THE ROSE-BUD OF CHEETHAM.

A Favourite Quadrille.

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FIGURE.

The first and third couple advance, join hands and set.—The Gentlemen conduct their partners to opposite places.—The first and third couple advance join hands and set.—The gentlemen conduct their partners to proper places.—The little square.—The ladies hands across, while the gentlemen hands round on the outside.

This QUADRILLE can only be had with the IRIS.

that they had loved each other. Among the suitors for the hand of JANE, was a man of about forty years of age, a widower, who was devoid of every principle that makes man noble, and whose riches were his only support in society. It is but justice to remark that his private character was unknown to the father of JANE.—He solicited a permission to wait on JANE, and received it, with hearty wishes from the father, for his success. He there met Mr. H. and his sagacity soon discovered that, which, though unknown to themselves, would prevent him from obtaining the object of his wishes. Fearful of meeting his rival openly, he took occasion of injuring the growing reputation of Mr. H. both as a man and a lawyer, and he too well succeeded.—His influence in society was great, and people could not disbelieve his insinuations—it was not possible, said they, that ever the dark hints of the rich Mr. T. could be without foundation—no, there must be something in them. As it was to be expected, his little practice declined every day and the cold looks of the people, were to his noble spirit worse than the loss of life. He determined on leaving the country, and waited on Jane for the purpose of taking leave of her, but unfortunately for both, notwithstanding all his prudence and determinations, he revealed his attachment, and they parted with the assurances of mutual love and fidelity.

“After the departure of Mr. H. the rich Mr. T. pressed his suit, and from some expressions of his, together with hints of his conduct to her lover, she was induced to believe that the misfortune and disappointment of both, might be attributed to his conduct. She refused him with contempt. He waited on her father, exposed to him the state of his property, and offered to settle a large estate upon her could the latter prevail upon Jane to become the wife of the former. The father dazzled with the offer, promised to use his influence, and if that would not be sufficient, his authority. He did both—but they were as yet useless. Mr. T. finding all his schemes prove abortive, and knowing well the cause of his failure, raised a report that Mr. H. died of a fever at —, to which place he had removed. This report was carefully conveyed to the ears of Jane, and which was further confirmed by the silence of her lover. She believed it—and to pacify, or rather to gratify her father, she became miserable by being the wife of Mr. F. From that hour she never knew peace. In following improperly the opinions of her father, and forgetting what was due to herself, her future life became wretched; and in performing what she conceived to be a duty she owed her father, she neglected the prior one, her own happiness.

“Some short time after her marriage, H. returned from where he had settled himself, and where he had gained a degree of eminence worthy of him—He came to claim her as his bride; but she was now another’s—not her heart, but her person. She saw him once, and but for a few minutes, when all was explained. He loved Jane too well to demand an explanation with her despicable husband, well aware what would be the consequences of such a proceeding—he returned to his place of abode unhappy. From that time Jane declined fast. A slow consuming grief seized fast hold on her—her husband became a gambler, and lost his only support in society—and Jane died in giving birth to a son, whom its grandfather took home. Too late he found that it was not money that could make his daughter happy, and soon after, he followed her to the grave. The unfortunate child, neglected by his father and deprived by death of his protector, was an outcast upon the world, until

Mr. H took him home as his adopted child. Years had rolled away since then, and he enjoys a comparative degree of peace; yet he looks forward with anxiety to that state of existence when the troubles of this life are lost in undisturbed felicity—where men can be happy without gold, and where the envenomed tongue of detraction can never be heard.”

POPULAR PREJUDICES AND SUPERSTITIOUS IDEAS PECULIAR TO THE ESTHONIANS.

Birth, Death, Baptism, &c.

Pregnant women, when they lay wood in the stove, take care not to put it in contrary to the branches; this would influence the manner in which the child will present itself at the birth. --- When two pregnant women sneeze at the same time, it is a sign they will have girls; if the two husbands sneeze, it announces that they will have boys. --- Great care is taken not to tread on the feet of pregnant women, otherwise their children would have deformed feet and crooked legs. --- As soon as a woman after her lying in can sit at table, she is placed at the upper end, to procure the infant good treatment and distinction during its life. --- Nothing heavy must be placed on a child's head, which would impede its growth. --- The first thing a child lays hold of indicates his future inclinations; the parents therefore place within his reach such things as they wish their children to be engaged with in future. --- When a child is born at the latter end of the week, it is a sign that he will marry late, or not at all. --- When the clergyman comes to visit a sick person, they remark whether his horse holds his head up, or the contrary; in the latter case they despair of the recovery of the patient. --- A funeral must never pass through a field, even if it is fallow. --- Many of the peasantry place near the deceased a brush, money, needle and thread, and so many necessary instruments to employ him in his long journey from this world to the other. --- On returning from a funeral, the hearse is not immediately brought under cover, but left for a time in the open air, that other members of the same family may not soon die. --- In some places food is put on the floor in a separate room, that the deceased may help himself. --- Others, holding a broom in their hands, evoke the souls of their deceased friends, and invite them to a feast; and when they suppose the defunct to have eaten sufficiently, the broom is broken in token of their dismissal, at the same time desiring them not to tread upon the rye as they go away.

They have very particular ideas respecting the resurrection of the dead; some do not believe in it at all. --- As they think on the day of judgment the churches will fall towards the north, they have great dislike to be buried on that side.

At the christening of a child, they observe whether it holds its head up or hangs it down. The former indicates robust health and long life; the last makes them fear an early death. --- During the christening the father of the child runs as fast as he can round the church, in order to secure to the infant the gift of agility and nimbleness. This custom is particularly in vogue among the inhabitants of the sea-coast, where this quality is most essentially necessary. --- They take great care not to have a christening soon after a funeral. --- The godfathers and godmothers do not look at each other during the ceremony; without this precaution, the infant baptized would be subject to troublesome diseases, and would have the alarming privilege of seeing spirits. --- Several parents fasten a ring to the child's linen, that he or she may marry early; others conceal money, bread, and garlic, in the child's garments, on the day of his christening. The two first ensure to him riches, and the last secures him from the power of witchcraft. --- They despair of the life of the child if he goes to sleep during the christening. --- The sponsors take care not to eat meat directly before the christening, that their godchild may not have the tooth-ache, which otherwise would be perpetual. --- Parents who have had the misfortune to lose their children in their infancy, often give to an infant the name of Adam or Eve, in the hope that the supernatural influence of these names will secure to the infant a long life. --- They avoid having their children christened on a Friday; Thursday, on the contrary,

is a fortunate day. Many of them firmly believe that a child christened on a Friday will become good for nothing, and will perhaps even perish under the hands of the executioner.

They have also a thousand strange and superstitious ideas relative to the Communion:—There are some who, after having taken the consecrated wafer, endeavour, without being perceived, to take a part of it out of their mouth to use it for conjuring certain sorceries, and producing certain supernatural effects. --- On the day of the Communion it is almost a general custom to drink to excess, under the persuasion that it will add to the efficacy of the sacrament which they have received. --- On the night after they have taken the Communion they sleep with a part of the clothes they had on, generally their stockings. On the same day they carefully avoid the use of tobacco, and do not go into the bath for many days after.

When it thunders, many country people believe that it is God pursuing the devil, and they shut their doors and windows with the greatest care, lest the evil spirit should take refuge in their houses. --- Others place two knives in the window with the points upwards, to keep off the lightning. These latter do not suspect that they are such good natural philosophers. --- They regard with religious awe places and things struck by lightning; above all, stones which it has broken to pieces. Where such fragments are found, they believe that it was there the evil spirit took refuge when the hand of God struk him. --- Many believe the rainbow to be the scythe which the thunder makes use of to pursue the evil genii. --- Some fancy they can attract the wind by holding up a serpent or a hatchet; and in the latter case, by hissing towards the quarter of the horizon from which they desire the wind to come. --- On New Year's Eve, if any noise be heard in the house which they cannot easily account for, they are firmly persuaded that one of the family will die in the course of the year.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ST. ÆLIAN'S WELL.

(From the Album.)

Sometime within the last two years, there still existed in Denbighshire a well, called St. Ælian's, and supernamed, the Cursing Well. This well affords, perhaps, as strong an example as can be adduced of the force and inveteracy with which a popular superstition is capable of influencing the human mind, even in our enlightened and incredulous age. It was, together with a few fields, the property of a woman who held it by inheritance, and who, thanks to man's weakness and wickedness, found her patrimony, so small in appearance, an estate of no inconsiderable value. “The well of St. Ælian lies in a dingle, near the high road, leading from Llan Ælian to Groes in Irias: it was surrounded by a wall six feet high, and embosomed in a grove; the trees have been felled, and the wall thrown down.” “The ceremony was performed by an old woman, in the following manner: After having received her fee, the name of the victim was marked on a piece of lead, this she dropped into the water, and muttered her imprecations, whilst taking from, and returning into, the well a certain portion of the water.” Mr. Pennant says, that he was threatened by a person whom he had offended, with a journey to this well, to curse him with effect. It seems, the patron of this fatal fount was one Ælian Gelmiad, who lived about the close of the fifth century, to whom there is a church dedicated in Arvon, and another in Mona.

Time out of mind has this well been celebrated for its very baneful and malignant property of securing the effect of a curse; that it possessed such a power, is not only as implicitly credited among the vulgar of our days as it would have been by all ranks in more barbarous

ages, but what is far more to be lamented, and scarcely to be believed, hundreds of pilgrims annually visited it for the horrible purpose of fixing its withering influence on some neighbour who had excited their revengeful feelings. The man whose heart is set on cursing his fellow-creature, thinks a walk of twenty, thirty, or even forty miles, a trifling exertion, compared to the gratification of seeing a hated neighbour pine gradually away, till he expires under the effect of his deliberate malediction. It is difficult to believe that so fiend-like a spirit can inhabit a human bosom, or pollute a Christian land; but it is a fact, that numbers of ill-tempered, implacable Welshmen walk many miles every year, for the purpose of cursing him-whom Christ commanded us to forgive, though he should offend us, not seven times only, but seventy times seven. Let the following recent and well-authenticated instances, serve as illustration:—

There were two farmers living in Flintshire, whom we will call, if you please, Jones and Lloyd. Jones was a surly, gloomy, envious fellow, who spent his time in grumbling, and contrasting his lot with that of his more prosperous neighbour, instead of emulating his active, industrious habits; envy soon becomes hatred, and Lloyd happening to be the fortunate competitor in some little purchase of cattle or land, which each was desirous to make, the wicked and malignant spirit of Jones was exasperated to the height, and he vowed revenge on his unconscious neighbour, who was employing his hours in cheerful labour, and had no time to waste in brooding over schemes of hatred, or even for caring, or perceiving, what was going on in the unquiet mind of Jones. The latter, meanwhile, felt his own wretchedness, in some degree, appeased, by the soothing thought that he might, by a few words, bring death and ruin into the family of his neighbour, nor was he slow in executing his project. He set off one morning, with as much secrecy as his exultation would permit, to St. Ælian's well, a journey of thirty-four miles, but the anticipation of his beloved revenge shortened the way, and put fatigue out of the question. He made his application to the proprietress, or "Cursing Hag of the well," a denomination which her perseverance in this abominable traffic well merited. Having received the customary offering, without which the curse would have been powerless, she led him to the well, where he uttered his malediction in the terms she prescribed; wishing, with some accompanying imprecations, that his neighbour Lloyd, might be seized by a consuming malady, which should, ere long, terminate in death, and that he might die *standing*. Having lightened himself of this curse, which had been, for some time, sticking at his heart, he returned home: I never heard how he slept that night. He had now one subject of anxiety remaining, which was, that Lloyd might not discover what had happened, till he was within grasp of the charm; because, if a man discovered that some adversary had "put him into the well," within a given period, he might, by means of a counter offering, buy himself out. Jones, however, was too full of diabolical exultation, always to restrain it: especially when any one remarked the thriving fortunes of Lloyd, he could not forbear muttering some hint, that it would not last long, till a suspicion of the fact became prevalent, and some good-natured, foolish friend, thought he could not do better than warn the victim of his situation. Poor Lloyd shared, in common with his neighbours, an implicit faith in the baneful properties of the

well; and, extremely terrified, he made all possible despatch to counteract the curse; but, on arriving at St. Ælian's fountain, he found the period was expired; his offering was positively rejected, and he must needs summon whatever of fortitude and resignation he could command, and wait the slow operation of the curse. He returned dejectedly home, convinced that his doom was irreversibly sealed; and so potently did this superstitious belief work on his imagination, that his spirits sank totally beneath the shock, hope entirely forsook him, his appetite and rest were gone, and he wasted rapidly and visibly. Towards the close of this melancholy scene, he became subject to long fits of delirium; during his last short interval, he inquired earnestly after his revengeful neighbour, expressed a hope that his wrath against him was appeased, and declared that he forgave, from his heart, the man who had persecuted him unto death. Having thus, by the last effort of his reason, proved himself a Christian, he relapsed into derangement, and shortly after died, leaving a wife and family to deplore the loss of so good a man.

How fared it, meanwhile, with the human fiend who wrought this mischief? Every creature regarded him with mistrust and abhorrence; and, in proportion as his victim had been beloved and pitied, he was execrated. There is something intolerable, even to the most unsocial being, in the consciousness of being universally odious, and Jones walked about among men with Cain's mark on his forehead; he was looked on as a visible demon; and if any one ministered to him, it was the effect of fear, and not of good will; these manifestations of dislike, combining with the whispers of his own dark conscience, were, as the first murderer expresses himself with regard to his own punishment, more than he could bear. He, in his turn, drooped and sickened, and was left to his feverish, miserable bed, and to his own embittered, remorseful feelings, for no man had any pity for him—no one prayed for his recovery. Were I inventing a tale, its catastrophe would probably be the death of Jones; but as I am relating a fact which has positively happened, I must not warp or modify, according to my own fancy, the circumstances attending it. Jones recovered his health, and is, I believe, now living. This story is true: the names of Jones and Lloyd are fictitious. This example is selected, in preference to many others, from my own knowledge of its authenticity, and that I am well acquainted with the minute particulars attending it.

From Brand, and other writers on popular superstitions, we gather that wells and fountains were objects of dread or reverence in the times of paganism, according as the nature of the nymph or demon who inhabited them was benign or malignant. It is well known that many of these absurdities were adopted and avowed in the darker ages of Christianity; nay, St. Winifred's fountain at Holy-well is, at this hour, an existing proof that this superstition is yet alive, even amongst enlightened, or at least well educated, Catholics, and maintained and encouraged by their bishops and ecclesiastics. Happily St. Winifred's influence is as benevolent as that of St. Ælian, (who must surely belong to the calendar of his infernal majesty,) is perverse and malicious. In consequence of a trial, of which Fynnon Ælian, or the Well of Ælian, was the subject, the justices of the peace for the county of Denbigh met to consult on the means of ridding the country of this disgraceful evil; according to their sentence, the well was

choked up with rubbish, and its ancient proprietress prosecuted: so we may hope that the practice of "cursing with effect" is effectually abolished.

ON ANCIENT HOUSE SIGNS.

(From the Gentleman's Magazine.)

The origin of House Signs may be referred back to a very remote period. The distinguishing characteristic of any object, amongst a barbarous and uncivilised people who paid but little regard to the proper title of things, has sometimes supplied a name indicative of some peculiar trait in its character, which, by universal adaptation, has superseded its more correct denomination; these titles have been embodied and rendered in a palpable form, as the still-existing hieroglyphics and emblems of this description attest.

The Phonetic characters of the Egyptians represented natural objects; the names of which, in their language, began with the sound of that letter they wished to express. The names therefore, of persons or things in this character, would bear a striking affinity to the heraldic rebuses now in use; and as it is not improbable that these names were affixed to the houses of this people, or to acquaint the reader with the description of wares to be had there, suspended before their shops, there is reason to suppose that the custom of thus distinguishing man from man, which we are told did not obtain until the "days of chivalry," has been resorted to time immemorial.

Johnson imagined armorial bearings to be as old as the siege of Thebes; and in support of this idea, instanced a passage in the "Phœnician Virgins" of Euripides.

That the use of signs is of considerable antiquity, we have the testimony of St. Luke, who tells us, that St. Paul, after his shipwreck at Malta, "departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered there, whose sign was Castor and Pollux."

It was deemed advisable among our grandfathers, to prefix the affirmative, "this is," before naming the sign, as may be seen in the old names of streets still existing.

It is justly observed in the "Adventurer," that "it cannot be doubted but that signs were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners, and to bear some affinity in their external designations to the wares to be disposed of. Hence the Hand and shears is justly appropriated to Tailors, as the Hand and pen is to Writing-masters. The Woolpack plainly points to us the Woollen Draper; the Naked Boy, elegantly reminds us of the necessity of clothing; and the Golden Fleece, figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity."

The majority of signs are common charges in heraldry; such are the Boar's Head, and the Golden Lion. Three is an heraldic number; and we find it in frequent use, as the 3 Compasses, the 3 Pigeons; and I have by me a book published "at the 3 Daggers in Fleet-street, near Inner Temple Gate, 1654."

And this offers an apology for the varied and unsuitable adaptation to some animals, of colours to which they cannot otherwise lay claim, such as—Blue Boar, Golden Lions, Green Dragons, and that "rare avis in terris" the Black Swan.

The Bunch of Grapes is, I think, never appended elsewhere than over the door of a Publican; and if we find the Three Tuns, which I think had its rise in the Vintners' Company, prefixed their arms on boards rented of them, in any other station, we may impute it to the cause here noted. Our modest ancestor was contented with a plain Bough stuck up before his doors, whence arose the wise proverb, "Good wine needs no bush;" and the custom is still continued in many parts of the Continent. Might not the Fox and Goose, now so universally adopted by publicans, intimate that the game bearing this title was to be played there, in the same manner as a representation of a Skittle and Jack now invite to "a good dry skil-ground."

The Gun was doubtless a symbol of the Gunsmith, though we find it assumed by a Bookseller, "Richard Ekins, in Paul's Church Yard."

The Bell was the prerogative of the Look-smith, though we find it in use among all trades: by some of whom it has been claimed as a rebus on their name.

The enormities practised by the connexion of objects so widely different from each other, as the Fox and Seven Stars, the Goose and Gridiron, the Bell and Neat's Tongue, the Lamb and Dolphin, and the Leg and Star, "over against the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, London, 1658,"—may be reconciled by the following illustration:—"It is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served, as the husband after marriage gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat."

These whimsicalities have been rendered still more ridiculous by the perversion of names from their original import: thus we have the Swan with Two Necks—*g. d.* the swan with two necks—or marks.

We are told by an inscription over the Talbot Inn-Yard, in the Borough, that Geoffrey Chaucer and twenty-nine pilgrims rested there on their journey to Canterbury, in 1489. Its present title is a corruption of Tabard, the name given "to a jacket, or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulder," somewhat similar to that worn by our heralds in pageants and processions, and when worn "in the wars," like it having "their arms embroidered or otherwise depicted thereon."

The witty poet of "olden time" notices at length the accommodation afforded in "Southwerk, at the Tabard," to him and his fellow travellers.—

"We nine-and-twenty in a campaign
Of sundry folk."—*Lines* 24, 25.

He informs us—

"The chambers and the stables weren wide
And wel we weren esed atte beste."—*L.* 24, 25.

And proceeds to acquaint us with

"The estate, the arraile, the nombre and eke the cause
Why that assembled was the compaignie
In Southwerke at this gentill hostellerie
That highte the Tabard."—*L.* 718, 721.

We have the Bell-Savage—represented in the Spectator's time by the figure of a wild man standing beside a bell—for the *Belle Sauvage*; and the Bull and Mouth or the *Boulogne Mouth*; i. e. harbour. Stow, speaking of Gisor's Hall, has these remarks, so peculiarly applicable to our present purpose:

"It appears (says he) that this Gisor's Hall of late time, by usurpation, hath been called Gerrard's Hall for *Gisor's Hall*; *Bevis Marks* for *Bury's Marks*; *Mark-lane* for *Martine*; *Bulliter-lane* for *Bell Setter's-lane*; *Gutter-lane* for *Whithorn's-lane*; *Cry or Cree Church* for *Christ's Church*; *St. Michael's* in the Quern for *St. Michael's* at Corn, and so others."

In Pannier-alley, Newgate-street, is the figure of a *ked boy*, sitting on what has been generally represented as a pannier, but which resembles more a coil rope.

It bears the following inscription:

WHEN YV HAVE SOUGHT
THE CITY ROYND
YET STILL THIS IS
THE HIGHEST GROUND
AVGST THE 27
1688.

By some, this figure has been considered as emblematic of plenty, and once held in its hand a bunch of *roses*; but Hagson supposes it the sign of one *Eury Præmell*, citizen and vintner. Pennant imagines it to have been originally a sepulchral monument, moved from some adjoining church, but, from the *slight appropriateness* of the inscription to its present situation, I am inclined to think it still retains its original position.

The privilege of distinguishing swans by marks or nicks, *swans* of sufficient consequence to deserve a place in *and incorporation* charters, for we find "the privilege of *marking* and preserving swans and cygnets, and a *swan-mark* *mark*," with liberty "to change and alter that swan-mark *mark*," frequently vouchsafed in deeds of this date.

Engraved by J. Carter in Pennant's London.

A THOUGHT.

Written on the first day of the New Year.

(FROM THE FRENCH)

Waking from my sleep, I said,
Another year prepares for flight,
Which soon will vanish—soon have fled
Like airy visions of the night.
Reflection vain! but fancy frill!—
Imagination's protean mould!—
A year one day my eyes will hail—
A year whose close I ne'er behold.

Chester, 1823.

GROG AND SEA-BISCUITS.

An Old Story versified.

Two maiden dames of sixty-two
Together long had dwelt,
Neither, alas! of Love so true
The bitter pangs had felt.

But age comes on they say, apace,
To warn us of our death,
And wrinkles mar the fairest face,
At last it stops our breath.

One of these dames tormented sore
With that curst pang, tooth-ache,
Was at a loss for such a bore
What remedy to take,

"I've heard," thought she, "this ill to cure
A pipe is good, they say;
Well then, tobacco I'll endure,
And smoke the pain away."

The pipe was lit, the tooth soon well,
And she retir'd to rest—
When thus the other ancient belle
Her spinster mate address'd.

"Let me request a favour, pray I—"
"I'll do it if I can—"

"Oh! well then, love, smoke every day
You smell so like a man!"

GEOFFREY GINORACK.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of July, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.

	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.64
Highest, which took place on the 3rd.....	29.95
Lowest, which took place on the 23rd.....	29.30
Difference of the extremes.....	.65
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 24th.....	.38
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	2.9
Number of changes.....	10

TEMPERATURE.

	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	59.1
Mean of the 11th decade, com. on the 29th June.....	59.2
" " 12th. ".....	58.9
" " 13th. " ending on the 28th July.....	59.1
Highest, which took place on the 20th.....	71.
Lowest, which took place on the 11th.....	47.
Difference of the extremes.....	24.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 11th.....	22.

RAIN, &c.

5.060 of an inch.

Number of wet days.....	20
" " foggy days.....	0
" " snowy ".....	0
" " hail ".....	1

WIND.

North.....	0	North-west.....	2
North-east.....	0	Variable.....	1
East.....	0	Calm.....	0
South-east.....	0	Brisk.....	8
South.....	3	Strong.....	0
South-west.....	14	Boisterous.....	0
West.....	11		

REMARKS.

Character of the month—gloomy, wet, and cold.
Bridge-street, August 7th, 1823.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTHPORT.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Paul Pry writes well. He gives us a romantic description of this "sandy" village. Could he not have amused himself and others by presenting an animated picture of scenes equally interesting to those which he has so beautifully enlarged upon? Could he not have told us how pleasant a thing it was to see ladies walking on the shore, whilst men in a state of nudity approached the bathing machines with water scarcely up to their knees? How very agreeable it must be to behold one's wife, daughters, and sisters bathing at one and the same time "cheek by jowl" with all descriptions of men, both high and low! "What a source of delight" it must be to the ladies to have "handsome John," or some other handsome fellow to bathe them! Such "sublime and beautiful sights are daily to be seen at this neat and elegant watering place," and it really requires the "eyes of Argus to pay attention to them all." But to be serious. I hesitate not to say, that at no watering place in Great Britain is decency so openly violated as at Southport. It is complained of by every one—yet opposed, apparently, by none. Those who have witnessed the various disgusting scenes, I have alluded to, will not, *cannot*, easily forget them. At the same time it must be admitted as a lamentable fact (and I am sorry to state it) that at Southport, ladies appear to have no great objection to be spectators of those unseemly sights, of which, at home, they would blush at even the bare thought. If Paul Pry can offer any thing in "extenuation of such deeds," I hope the columns of the Iris will be open to him.

Salford, August 6, 1823.

J. G. D.—N.

VARIETIES.

A SHAVER.—In one of the large towns of England, a traveller passing a barber's shop, saw on the window, "What do you think, I'll shave you for nothing; and give you some drink." He immediately concluded, "He's a droll fellow, I'll go in." He did so; and sat down to be shaved. Under the operation he inquired into the state of trade, and was answered, that it was flat. He then adverted to the address on the window, and if he really acted upon it, and shaved for nothing, observing that he said so. "O no!" replied the barber; "people do not read right;" and then read it for him: "What! do you think I'll shave you for nothing, and give you some drink."

MARBLE PONDS OF PERSIA.—This natural curiosity consists of certain pools, or plashe, whose indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concreate, and petrify, producing that beautiful transparent stone commonly called Tahrir marble, much used in the burial places of Persia, and in their best edifices. These ponds are contained within the circumference of half a mile, and their position is distinguished by heaps of stone, which have accumulated as the excavations have increased. The petrificative process may be traced from its commencement to its termination; in one part the water is clear; in a second, it appears thicker and stagnant; in a third, quite black; and in its last stage it is white like a hoar frost. When the operation is complete, a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression, and a man may walk over it without wetting his shoes. Such is the constant tendency of this water to become stone, that when it exudes from the ground in bubbles, the petrification assumes a globular shape, as if the bubbles of a spring, by a stroke of magic, had been arrested in their play, and metamorphosed into stone. The substance thus produced is brittle, transparent, and sometimes richly streaked with green, red, and copper coloured veins. It admits of being cut into very large slabs, and takes a good polish. So much is this stone looked on as an article of luxury, that none but the King, his sons, and persons privileged by special firms, are permitted to take it.

IMMENSE SWARM OF LOCUSTS.—Soon after an earthquake, or *seaguake*, that occurred at Cabenda, and which extended to some distance to the southward and northward of that port, a sight of locusts took place, that

continued three days and three nights, so that the sea was literally covered with their drowned carcasses; and the ship's decks, masts, yards, and rigging swarmed with them, to such excess, as to require the constant attention of the crews, to sweep them overboard. The earthquake, which had preceded their flight only a few hours, drove in upon the shore from the westward several tremendous seas, so as to cause some of the vessels, when in the trough of them, to strike the ground in five and a half fathoms of water. Many of the natives, both here and at Malemba, were drowned upon the beach, in consequence of it being so very narrow, and the cliffs which bound it so extremely precipitous, that they could not escape the overwhelming waves which came suddenly upon them. To this calamity was added, the destruction of many canoes, by this sudden inundation of the sea; and the locusts destroyed every blade of grass and all the vegetable productions of the soil, for many miles round.—*Adams.*

PRONE SAVAGE.—It is stated in a letter from a traveller in Batavia, that a savage has been found in the woods of the island, who must, it is thought, have lost himself in the earlier part of his youth. He now seems to be about 30 years of age, yet speaks no articulate language, but bellows like a brute; or rather barks, as his voice is like a dog. He runs on all-fours, and as soon as he perceives any human being, he climbs up a tree like a monkey, and springs from one branch to another. When he sees either a bird or game, he catches at it, and very seldom misses his prey. As yet he has not been able to accustom to the usual mode of living and food of the human species.

ENGLISH OPIUM.—Messrs. Cowley and Staines, of Wimslow, Bucks, have cultivated poppies for opium, with such success, as to induce the belief that this branch of agriculture is of national importance and worthy of support. In 1821 they produced 60 pounds of solid opium, equal to the best Turkey, from rather less than four acres and a half. The seed was sown in February, came up in March, and the gathering commenced in the latter end of July, when the poppies had lost their petals and were covered with a bluish white bloom. By horizontal incisions, opium was procured from them daily, until the produce would no longer bear the expense; 97 pounds 1 ounce were obtained for £31. 11s. 2½d. which, when properly evaporated, yielded 60 pounds of dried opium. The poppies stood till they became yellow, about the middle of August; they were then pulled and laid in rows on the land, and when dry, seeds were got from them amounting to 13 cwt. which was expected to yield 7½ gallons of oil. The oil-cake was used with great advantage in feeding cattle. From the capsule from which the seed is obtained, an extract may be got by cold water, eight grains of which are equal to one of opium, an acre producing 80 pounds, and the poppy straw, when laid in the yard in a compact heap makes excellent manure. The quantity of opium consumed in this country is about 50,000 pounds, which could be easily raised in many parts where there is dry land and a superfluous population. On the moderate calculation of 10 pounds per acre, 5000 acres would be sufficient, which would employ about 50,000 people, such as are not calculated for common agricultural labour, and at a time when there is scarcely other labour for them, viz. between hay time and harvest.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF DEXTERITY IN THE ART OF THIEVING.—The village of Seringapettah, near Tanjore, in Southern India, has long been noted for the dexterity of its thieves. The following anecdote is related by Major Mackworth, on the authority of Col. Blackburne, in his *Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine*, in the years 1821 and 1822. Some years ago, a detachment of the King's artillery, intending to halt there for the night, were advised of this propensity of the natives, and recommended to be well on their guard against it. The two officers in charge of the detachment, as well as the men, ridiculed and scorned the idea of these poor wretches being able to rob the King's artillery; but they nevertheless took the precaution of placing sentries over all the tents, and a double one at that of the quarter guard, with strict orders to be more than usually watchful and vigilant. The inhabitants of Seringapettah, through the means of the native servants, heard that their skill in thieving was set at nought, and their vanity was proportionably piqued. Next morning the officers rising

early, missed nothing, and began to exult in their security, when one of the sergeants arrived, with shame and dismay pictured on his countenance, and informed them, that the whole of the arms belonging to the main guard were missing, and that all the natives had abandoned the village. Every search, though undertaken instantly, was in vain, and the detachment was compelled to march unarmed! The manner in which this dexterous theft was achieved, long remained unknown; but many years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the villagers themselves voluntarily surrendered the same arms to the authorities of the country, and declared they had taken them, merely because their skill in thieving had been called in question. Being asked how they had contrived to steal them from the centre of a tent, the guard sleeping around them, and two sentries outside, they gave the following account:—several of them stripped themselves naked, and oiled their bodies over, that, if caught, they might not easily be held. They then approached that part of the tent where the sentry in the rear was posted, who, as usual, was walking about twenty paces, backwards and forwards. The night was dark, and the boldest and most dexterous among them advanced obliquely towards the tent, creeping on his belly, lying still while the sentry was pacing towards him, and only moving on, slowly and cautiously, when his back was turned. In this way he arrived at the tent, and his black body was, in the darkness of the night, invisible to the sentry. He now, without much difficulty, lifted up a part of the tent, having carefully removed one of the pegs, and soon discovered that all the guard were asleep, relying on their double sentries. By this time, the other villagers had followed their leader, and were all lying on the ground in the same posture, with the head of each touching the feet of the one next before him. In this way, the arms, being slowly and individually removed, without the slightest noise, were passed along, with equal caution, from one to another, until the whole were secured, and the thieves retired as they came unseen and unsuspected, proving the truth of the old adage, though in a different sense, that they who *live* will *steal*.

PHEASANTS.—It is not generally known, that pheasants are beneficial to the farmers. This was lately fully proved at Whitney-Court, in Hertfordshire, where a hen pheasant was shot, which excited the notice of the sportsmen, from the immense size of the craw, which, on being opened, was found to contain *more than half a pint* of that destructive insect, the wire-worm.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

(From the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main!
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea?
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Woe from ten thousand royal Argosies.
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
—Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the depths have more
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest,
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
—But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
—Restore the Dead, thou sea!

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."
Old Ballad.

ENIGMA.

There is a certain natural production, neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral; it exists from two, to six feet, from the surface of the ground;—neither male nor female, but generally between both; has neither height, length, breadth, nor thickness; is often mentioned in the Old Testament, and strongly recommended in the New.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of pink crape, ornamented with silk spots: the corsage is made plain and cut bias, and trimmed round the bust with triple leaves of watered *gras de Naples*: short full sleeve of corded bands, interwoven with similar leaves. The corsage and skirt are set in a corded band, and fasten behind. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of watered *gras de Naples*, separated into regular divisions at top and bottom, edged with cord, and drawn with a little fullness in the centre: a rouleau of watered *gras de Naples* at the bottom of the dress. Ballasteros hat of tulle; the front is turned up, and edged with white satin and narrow blond, and ornamented with two satin rouleaus, about half an inch apart: on the left side the front is cut open and trimmed, which gives a light and pretty effect. The crown has a waved circular top, with three satin rouleaus waving round it: on the left side is a full plume of blue and white ostrich feathers, with a small plume of marabons. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of pink topaz. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes sandalled.

BALL DRESS.—The Dress of blue tulle: the corsage round, and moderately high; full in the back and front, and confined round the bottom with a band of satin folds and tulle: beneath is a wreath, composed of floss silk, satin, and blond. Short full sleeve of tulle, set in a corded band, and ornamented with floss silk leaves of the mountain ash, and triangular trimmings of satin edged with narrow blond; satin band with corded edges round the waist; the bow behind formed of small pointed leaves, corded and edged with blond. A added satin hem at the bottom of the skirt, which is made long, and indicates an inclination of resuming the train, which gives grace and elegance to the figure, and is particularly appropriate to full dress, except for the ball-room. Above the hem is an ornamented wave of floss silk, satin and tulle, from which a branch or scroll rises, supporting three circular fancy flowers. Brussels lace scarf. The hair is dressed *a la Grecque*, but ornamented with Milanese pins of gold, with heads of imitative turquoise; on each side is a ball of the same, and a second pending from the left. Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise, set in embossed gold, and fastened by cameo snaps. White kid gloves, trimmed and tied at the elbow. Ivory fan, and white satin shoes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. Tamper's outline is quite enough: the ladies should be allowed to cater for themselves.—We have lately had so many communications upon female stays, waists, forms, and fashions, and all from the masculine gender, that we are under the necessity of consigning them, indiscriminately, to the tomb of all the Capulets.

Leonora shall have no further cause of complaint.

R. Y. is mistaken, or misinformed; he should apply personally, at least *direct*.—Not that we altogether admire his arrangement, or coincide with his particular views; we think several amendments necessary.

Elizabeth excites our compassion.—We admire the intensity of affection, but think extremes should be avoided.

A Constant Reader; Neclius Juvenis; Paul Fry; Love's Labour Lost; and a number of Sonnets—are received.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST!

HOW sweet,—how dear to the heart, are the recollections of the past—the scenes of youth and hope, the dreaming days of pleasure; they bring with them their own sweet odour, like the soft breathing of a summer morn over a bed of flowers; there is an hallowed light continually around them. Hours and hours have I spent, seated in my easy chair, before a fading fire, the candle drooping in the socket, rising and falling, struggling like poor man for a moment more of existence, my book in one hand and my head reposing on the other, lost in the charming reverie of days gone by. I was always fond of quiet and solitude, from the first moment I could distinguish the gradations of pleasure. When at school and absent, my tutor always knew where I should be found, my own bed-chamber, or a park adjoining the village. Here the moments flew fast; I wandered by the side of the rippling stream, and watched the golden trout, I followed the nimble squirrel, and put to flight the bounding deer; perhaps sketched some distant view that took my fancy, or read the pages of some interesting volume,—books and nature were my great delight. Yet even in those days care will haunt us. It is a wrong conception to suppose childhood the peculiar period of happiness; if our troubles are not then of so great magnitude, our minds are equally incapable of bearing them. What can be a greater source of fear and dismay, than to behold the rod hanging in *terrorem* over us; or when do we now experience greater anxiety, than that which formerly sprang from our not being able to place a correct exercise, before the penetrating glance of Master Thwackum. To the best of my recollection, this, in years past, was as great a source of trouble, as the loss of a customer, or a bad debt, is at this period. Time magnifies the mind as our troubles are increased, and it is the wisdom of Providence which bids them spring together. Our delights, too, are the same; the more we become capable of supporting care, the less susceptible are we of smaller pleasures; what was once happiness, is now deemed folly. The thoughts of seeing home, were formerly anticipated many weeks before the day arrived, and every moment was filled with some pleasing speculation who would be ready to meet us, where we should first behold father and mother, how the time was to be spent, and a thousand pleasing fancies, filled up the interval with joys of imagination, day dreams of delight. Would it be so now?—no, we have learnt by experience that pleasure is as a bubble on the face of the water; the moment we seize it the shadow is gone. We now feel more delight in recounting our numerous follies, in musing and reflecting upon scenes that have faded away, than in merely anticipating the future. When children, there was pleasure even in the expectation of a sunny day, in watching every variation of cloud that passed along, for fear it should amass itself in gloom and darkness. Now we arise, thank heaven it was a fine day yesterday, and look for a shower before evening! Really I should have

no wish, (might I be allowed) to spend those hours again, if they were to be accompanied with the same feelings of anxiety and fear; though looking at them through the telescope of time,—considering them as days gone by, they give to the mind the sweetest of sensations. The dear delights of an expected holiday, the pleasure arising from a trick played upon the patient usher, the ecstasy of an unlooked-for visit or present from home, were all overwhelmed by their respective troubles. But there are other days, other scenes I love most to dwell upon, when leaving school and school-boy thoughts behind, I soared to higher paths, higher enjoyments. When ambition fired my breast, when I longed to follow in the steps of those great characters whom my country had been proud to claim, whom others envied, to whose deeds all nations paid the tribute of respect—over whose tomb none ceased to mourn. At one time how I revelled in the delightful witcheries of Shakespeare, meeting my friends at every turn, “*the action suited to the word*,” with exclamations of love, or raging bursts of passion, sighing with Romeo, storming with Othello, declaiming with Brutus, and weeping with Hamlet. I fancied myself already a Kean, I heard the shouts of bravo, the thunders of applause, and already saw my name in *scarlet* characters that they might be the better read, announcing me positively for *one night only*. I remember once suddenly turning upon a Yorkshire servant of my father’s, with the tremendous exclamation of “Wretch I’ll tear thee piece meal,” “Yees sir, yees sir,” cried the undaunted tyke, “but dunna tear ma inexpressibles.”—At another time I became in my own conceit a second Curran, and was continually addressing myself to “*my Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury*.” Again, mounting upon a chair or sofa, I fancied myself a Chalmers, and put forth my orations as a great divine; at length, however, the scene vanished, and another in the shape of a moonlight night, a garden and a delightful girl, bound me in a spell that never changed.—And this is youth, the morning of life, the dream of happiness; how sweet the recollection—I could muse on such scenes for ever; but my taper grows dim, the stars are glittering on high, the mists are rolling over the dark blue mountains, nature seems to set me the example, and I retire to rest.—There will a time come, when that rest shall never be broken.

PAUL PRY.

PRIDE AND IGNORANCE.

(From the French.)

Panphile, a respectable citizen of Salerno, a virtuous enlivened man, not opulent, but possessing a competency, lived happily at home. His motto was that of Horace—*asra mediocritas*.—Left a widower in the prime of life, with an only son,—this image of his beloved wife, this interesting pledge of their love, became the object of all his thoughts and affections. The young Theotime was twelve years of age, and fond of study; consequently, the pains which his father took to form his heart and adorn his mind were not ill-be-

stowed. The tutor’s zeal and the scholar’s progress kept pace with each other, and joy and happiness were the result. Panphile had so much confidence in his son’s discretion, that he left him at full liberty in his choice of books, both ancient and modern.

One day, Theotime entered his father’s apartment, his countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed,—“Ah! papa, what a beautiful thing I have been reading! what a happy idea! what a useful discovery!”—“Well, my son, what is it?”—“Oh! how delightful!—but I dare not—”—“Speak.”—“I fear you will ridicule me.”—“No, no; speak, go on.”—“You will say it is a folly, but really I think it a desirable folly.”—“A desirable folly! I cannot understand you; explain yourself.”—“Well, I obey.”—He then related the story of Momus, who, chosen as umpire between Neptune, Minerva, and Vulcan, the first of whom had produced a bull, the second a house, and the third a man, gave the palm to the latter: at the same time remarking to Vulcan, that he ought to have opened a little window in the man’s heart, in order that hatred or friendship, truth or falsehood, might be easily discerned there.—“Well, papa, is not Momus’s idea both ridiculous and brilliant?”—“Ridiculous, indeed;—but far from brilliant.”—“What! papa, the little window?”—“Is quite useless, and might do harm.”—“Do harm?”—“Yes, my child, it would destroy all friendship.”—“Oh! papa, you would always be my friend!”—“Very true,” said Panphile, embracing him, “but you must agree that the window is at least not necessary: as a testimony of this is the following line of some poet:

“Con gli occhi della mente il cor si vede.”
“With the eye of the mind the heart is seen.”

You are at present too young to feel the force of this truth, but you will one day acknowledge, with me, that study, experience, and observation, enable us to discover, in the eyes and countenance of a man, the thoughts and feelings he would conceal in his heart.”—“Do you really think so?”—“I hope to be able to prove the truth of my assertion in the course of our walk: let us therefore set out.”

Panphile and his son proceeded towards the great square of the city; here the attention of Theotime was quickly arrested by a man magnificently dressed, whose countenance was proud, his gait grave, and, though bowed to by every one, he either did not return their salutations, or did so disdainfully. “What do you think of that man,” said Panphile to his son. “I think he must be some great personage renowned for his birth, talents, and virtues.”—“For his birth, perhaps; but not for his virtues nor his talents.—Observe the homage that is offered to him, and to which he vouchsafes no attention; he is either a coxcomb or a fool!”—“Papa, what are you venturing to say?”—“The truth.” Whilst uttering these words, Panphile saw one of his friends, a banker, named Cratillo, who, approaching the proud noble, whispered familiarly in his ear, and received from him a bow of protection, upon which he retired with a profound obeisance. Panphile accosted his friend, and questioned him concerning this stranger: Cratillo informed him that he was a Sicilian prince, and that he was going to his house in the afternoon to pay him a bill of exchange. Upon this Panphile begged that he would contrive some means of enabling him and his son to observe more nearly this prodigy of pride and vanity, which Cratillo promised to do. Accordingly, Theotime and Panphile, disguised as stock-brokers, accompanied Cratillo to the hotel of the Sicilian prince. He had just risen from table when the banker and his two agents were announced; impatient to receive his money, he ordered them to be introduced immediately. They entered, and found the coxcomb extended on a sofa covered with an elegant robe-de-chambre, his pipe in his mouth, and he raving and swearing

at his valet, but without turning his head or making the least movement. Cratillo, Panphile, and Theotime advanced, and placed themselves in front of him, bowing profoundly; he noticed them with a gruff 'good day,' but did not move.—In the room, which was very small, were six straw chairs; three of them were covered with the coats, boots, and arms of the Sicilian prince; the other three, which were close to the sofa, were occupied by a great dog, a comedian, and a little monkey, three of his highness's favourites; 'You have brought my money,' said he to Cratillo, without looking at him: 'Yes, your highness.' Whilst Cratillo was counting the money into the Sicilian's lap, Panphile and Theotime presented him a book, to put his signature at the bottom of a receipt, which was ready written. The coxcomb appeared embarrassed, pretended not to see them, and did not sign the receipt. Just then a laquy entered in great haste and announced a bookseller; 'Shew the rascal in,' said his master. The bookseller made his appearance, and presented him with a new work in four volumes. 'What a horrible binding!' cried the prince; he then opened the book and read,—*The Works of Demosthenes translated into Italian.* 'What nonsense have we here? I want no French authors: I like none but ancient writers! what say you my dear Pascal?' (the name of the comedian). 'Your highness is quite right.'—'Sorely your highness must be mistaken, or else you are joking,' said the bookseller. 'What! I mistaken,—I joking, with a wretch like you: holla, there, drive this fellow out of the house immediately.' The bookseller attempted a reply, but his voice was drowned by the cries of the prince and the clamour of his valets, who drove the poor man away with the greatest violence. Cratillo, Panphile, and Theotime stifled their laughter, and stood waiting for the signature. At length the prince seemed disposed to write his name, and, for that purpose, he endeavoured to place himself on the sofa in a convenient posture; this, however, he was not able to do; he therefore rose, walked to the table, pretended to write, stopped, called his secretary, but he did not appear. The prince flew into a violent passion and was getting outrageous, when a footman came running with a note of great importance, to which an immediate answer was required.—'Zounds! where is my secretary? My dear Pascal, write an answer in my name.' The comedian bowed, pleaded great haste, begged to be excused, and left the apartment. Neither of them knew how to write!

Cratillo, Panphile, and Theotime, seeing it was impossible to get the signature, retired without waiting to get the surly 'Good day' of the enraged nobleman. As soon as they were in the street they all three exclaimed, 'Demosthenes a Frenchman and a modern!' 'Not know how to write! Not able to sign his name!'—'Well, my son,' said Panphile, 'I think that you have been able, without the aid of the *little window*, to read in the heart of this *great personage*, "Pride and Ignorance." You perceive that he is every way fit to pass his life with dogs, buffoons, and monkeys.—*Lit. Chron.*

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

"Good bye, Dick!" said an elderly lady—one foot on the step of her carriage, her left hand hold of the body, and turning half round, her right extended to a bold, handsome-looking gentleman in a radical hat. I am a physiognomist; but I love to trace the goodness of the heart when 'tis pictured in the countenance. I know a man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain;" but I'd rather have a feeling of benevolence and harmony for all human nature, than one grain of splanetic animosity. However here there could be no deception; 'twas plain matter-of-fact—an index, and no errata. There was something, too, so very expressive in the lady's countenance—it was a look that cannot be described; like the sun bursting through a shower—mingling pleasure and grief. The remains of beauty were visible in her face; or rather it was beauty still, though differing from her youthful day of frolic mirth, resembling a calm evening after a lovely noon. "Good bye, Dick!" said she; "I shall take an airing this way again

before long. Good bye!" The hands were disjoined, she entered the carriage, and the parties disappeared. "Who is that gentleman?" said I to one of the old dolphin-strikers that stood *century* at the door. "That gemman, Sir," replied the veteran, "is Sir R——K——, our Commander-in-Chief, and a worthier fellow never stepp'd 'twixt stem and stern. This is his cabin—his house I mean. He is a sailor, Sir, and that's saying every thing. But I'm on duty, and mustn't stand up speechifying; yet if you want to know any thing about him, I often sees you here—Ax for Tim Bobstay, and I'll—yea, I'll give you a spell."—"Thank ye, Tim, thank ye, my worthy soul, I'll take you at your word." So he shoulder'd his thing-hum-be (all-but I think they call it,) and stood as erect as a fathom of smoke.

A group of old blades were assembled on the terrace, cutting their jokes and gabbling like wild-geese on a common. I stole among them, sat down, and pulling out a book, appeared to be reading with profound attention. "Then you know nothing about it," roared an old rough knot in a laced coat and cocked-up hat. He had left his left arm in the Mediterranean when he lent a fist to thrash the French out of Acre, under Sir Sidney Smith. But that was nothing; he never could be persuaded that it was placed upon the right shoulder, and this did away with the argument. One of his legs too had danced itself off while leading up the middle at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; moreover his starboard eye had sunk into his head, as he used to say, to search for his brains, but it threw no light upon the subject.—"Then you know nothing about it; Sir Sidney had both a head and a heart, and when alongside of the enemy, would hammer away like a coppersmith. Bless his honest face and his curly wig!—he was none of your fantazzy-magoria sort of fellows; and now you've put me up, I'll e'en sit down and give you a curious antidote about him. D'ye see he had his flag flying in the Fondroyant, at the time the Portygeese nutmeg-grated to the Brazils—homo-grated I mean—and took French-leave of their country. We brought up in Port Praya at St. Jago's, one of the Cape Verds, and after the usual salutes and *bon boas* the Admiral went ashore to dine with the Governor. Well, he was ushered into the saloon, and introduced to a stranger dress'd in deep black, who had been landed some days before from a Yankee schooner, to collect plants for bottom-me I think they calls it. After introduction, Sir Sidney whispered his Head-to-come, and the officer immediately withdrew. So, d'ye see, they sat down to dinner. Well, just as the disheart was set upon the table, in comes the Officer again, bringing with him the Captain of Marines. The Admiral rose from his seat, turned round, and pointing to the gemman in black, said, 'Captain H——, you'll consider this person under your charge.' Then changing his position, he slued round:—"General," said he, 'see lay fortune dig here; I was your prisoner once, now you are mine.' It was an Officer of the French army, who had guarded Sir Sidney when in prison in France, and was now acting as a spy. Well, d'ye see, the Admiral brought him aboard, and they mess'd together like good friends till we arrived at Rio Janeiro, when he was delivered up to the Portygeese government, and then—it makes my old heart thump against my rickety timbers to think of it. He was a fine fellow; and though our brave Admiral tried every means to save him, yet he was condemn'd to labour in the mines for life. I'd rather be flogg'd at any time than have my grog stop; and I think death must have been preferable to that constant sickness of heart arising from hope deferred, as our poet the loblolly-boy used to say. The whole ship's company pitied him; he was our enemy, to be sure, but then he was in our power. Howsoever I am not much skill'd in the knowledge of that ere idol that so many people worships, called Polly-ticks. My old girl Bet can wash a shirt or sow on a button with any she-goddess in the world, and so can I for matter o' that; and I'll make a sea-pie or cut out a pair of trousers with the Queen She-bear any day in the week—and Solomon says she was no fool either. Once more, and then I'll belay. The boats were all ashore at Port Praya watering. Some of you have seen the militia of the island—they as parades the beach with a bag-a-knit stuck on a mopstick, and a cutlass without a scabbard hung by a strip of green hide: and there's a whole troop of Light Dragoons mounted on Jerusalem

ponies. Well, d'ye see, one of these fellows drew his sword and made a cut at the cook-son of the lanch;—it fell on his head; but Lord bless you, he might just as well have tried to cut into this stone! Flint and steel always strike fire, and he was a precious hot-headed joker; so what does he do but claps the soldier, Rastynante, accoutrements and all into the boat, and takes him alongside with the oaks. The hands were turned up, clear boats—'twas just dusk—the tackles were overhaul'd down, and the falls manned. "Mind how you clap on the slings that the butts don't slip out," said the First Lieutenant. 'Aye, aye, Sir.'—'Hook on, and not so much noise alongside. You've been fool of the hoggy-dent' again.' But he was mistaken, for it was ass-a-fetter'd-ha. 'Silence, I say again! Haul taut!—hoist away!' Away danced the men, the fliers playing Drops of Brandy. 'Well behaved, men—this butt's not full—it comes up very light!' roared the Lieutenant, advancing to the gangway.—'What the deuce have we got here, St. David and his goat? High enough!—high enough!—and indeed it was a high rig, for what should it be but the Royal Horse-guard, regularly mounted on his donkey, swinging aloft by the main-yard tackle 'twixt heaven and ocean, in an awful state of suspense. *Hungrygggh—Hungrygggh*—(there's no vowel in the bray of an ass)—roared Jack, while the trooper joined chorus most melodiously till he was safely landed on the deck. The Cockoon laid his complaint; and the Officer, thinking the fellow had been sufficiently punished, set him ashore again, advising him for the future to have nothing to do with sharps, for it was a comical thing to fall into the hands of

AN OLD SAILOR."

• Aquedente; a powerful liquor.

THE PUPIL OF MERLIN.

(Imitated from the German of Goethe.)

Great Merlin of old had a magical trick
For putting in motion a tallman-a-stick,
That would do at his pleasure whatever he wanted;
He had only to speak and the stick was enchanted;
Off it set in a twinkling and came in a crack,
He ordered it out and he whistled it back.
A youthful disciple of Merlin's own school,
A would-be magician, half knave and half fool,
Once peeping through cranny, the secret found out,
Heard the 'conjuro te,' saw the stick fly about;
'Twas enough, having seen, he must try the experiment:
So he scamper'd off home in the height of his merriment,
With a substitute broomstick to ape the magician,
Repeated the charm and enjoind his commission.
'Stick! conjuro te! I command thee to bring
A bucket of water just fresh from the spring,
In order to wash the place tidy and clean,
And render my cottage the pride of the green!
So soon as he uttered this eloquent spell,
It vanished *instantly*, he mimick'd so well;
Then as quickly return'd to his great satisfaction,
Conducting the bucket with secret attraction.
Then again sallied out and return'd with a second;
A third, fourth, fifth, sixth,—full a dozen he reckon'd.
Again and again comes the troublesome evil;
He heartily wishes the stick at the devil,
And endeavours to stop this strange *baton constabulary*
By repeating by heart all his magic vocabulary.
In vain; the said stick is as deaf as a post,
And frightens him ready to give up the ghost.
'What, holla! neighbors mine! oh the shocking disaster!
The louder he bellows the stick goes the faster.
In this wretched dilemma he loses his wits,
He rages, he swears, and he whimpers, by fits;
Beats his breast, pulls his hair, and defaces his face.
Still the stick and the bucket continued the chase;
The comical scene would have killed you with laughter,
The stick led the way and the bucket sped after.
Provoked at the sight; he endeavor'd to catch it,
Gets a rap on the knuckles—he seizes a hatchet—
In a violent passion he chokes it asunder;
This stratagem proves a most exquisite blunder;
It produces a double stick, i. e. another,
That follows the steps of its heart-beated brother.
Both together they fly, both their buckets they bring,
And around him a deluge of water they fling.
In brief, had not fortune the urchin befriended,
There is no telling where might the mischief have ended;
When, as good luck would have it, old Merlin appear'd,
In full magical robes, with his grim looking beard,
Who deliver'd him straight, stopp'd the sticks in a trice,
And dismiss'd the young chap with a word of advice:
'Only see what a pickle your rashness has cost,
And thank your good genius that all was not lost:
Remember, in future, my paring command,
That you never attempt what you don't understand;
And whatever you do, that success may attend,
Ere you think of beginning consider the end.

ANDREW LAURIE'S RETURN.

(Continued from our last.)

I had seen much of the world, and often smiled at the singular superstitions and wild beliefs which influence mankind in distant parts of the earth. I was now my turn to be under such influence. I had returned to the latitude of superstitions, which had a seat in my own bosom, and I could not help feeling something of a mingled curiosity and alarm, as I gazed on the beldame before me. I had often molested her when a boy, and mimicked the lowering of her brows, and the hanging and trembling of her under lip. I had chased her gray cat into the cauldrons of Creaboe linn, and placed snares for her black cat, which half of the dames of the district believed was inhabited by an evil spirit. I had stolen her crutch of broomstick, and watched it while it flamed in the fire for the flight of the spirit which she was supposed to have conjured into it. I had dug pitfalls in her path,—turned the course of a flooded rivulet into her door,—and, to sum up all my delinquencies in one deed, I had, according to ancient prescription, boiled pins and nails among milk at midnight to cure a cow which was suffering from her witchcraft.

In spite of all these deeds, I was something of a favourite with old Grizel. I had done her many little acts of kindness, carried her many little presents during the stormy seasons, and protected her and her whole establishment from the boys of the village, who like myself sought amusement in such mischief. Even when she sometimes detected me in working her annoyance, she confined her resentment to the lowering of her brows, and the shaking of her staff, and an exclamation of "Ah, Andrew Laurie, thou art an evil one." But she never forgave me for the experiment I made in expelling witchcraft from the cow; it was observed that her eyes darkened and her brows contracted whenever this feat was mentioned; and it was rumoured about the parish that on the night when I sought to dissolve the spell, Grizel was seen with dishevelled hair, eyes on fire, and feet which seemed touched with unnatural swiftness, running round the house where the charm was working with many a sob and shriek. It is true that I saw no such sight, and heard neither sob nor shriek; but the people around me were certain I had both heard and seen something, and the fame of my exploit flew far and wide, with many a strange addition, and many a marvellous comment. All this, Grizel, with the unsensie foot, as she was called in the parish, heard from many lips, and every one expected to see me withered down by a sudden spell,—or pining slowly away,—or carried bodily off by evil spirits,—or drowned in the deepest pool in the river,—and though none of all these things came to pass, people shook their heads, and muttered old saws and broken adages, all of which went to show that sudden death, or slow, would overtake me sometime. I had not seen her for some months, though I heard she was moving about more dreaded than ever, and I had begun to think, as I stood on a rising ground, and looked back on my native place as I left it for a far land, that I should never see her more. At that moment she stood before me,—looked me full in the face, and, laughing till the river bank rang again, cried, "bonnie Andrew Laurie, he'll never see kith, nor kin, nor Dalgarnock kirk mair."

All this, and much more than this, was present to my mind, now as I stood and hearkened her curious complaint. I thought she was alone, but on stealing nearer a step or two, under screen of a large bush of holly, I observed she had a companion,—a slim girl some sixteen years old or so, who was squatted among the grass at her feet. She had restless and piercing black eyes, and short curly hair. A sort of bodice enclosed her waist, a kilt reached under her knee, leaving her small active limbs entirely bare, and her whole person was tanned with the influence of the sun, her brows as a berry. A string of brass and silver tinkets was round her neck,—a pair of massy gold rings depended from her ears, and something of a woollen and stained embroidery ran round the neck of her bodice. Of all these articles of gipsy finery, as well as of a very handsome form, the young girl seemed sufficiently conscious; and as she looked from time

to time on her image, reflected so truly in the quiet water, it was not without a secret swelling of pride at her conquests over Geordie Gordon, and Willie Marshall, and Wattie Kennedy, and all other young heroes of the clouted cauldron and the mended spoon, from Cosincon to Cierlaverock. A small basket, filled with the rude minstrelsy of the district, stood beside her; and while she arranged her ballads, and concealed some pieces of coin, which her knowledge in palmistry had conjured from the reluctant hands of the thrifty maidens of Closeburn, her eyes were continually peering in the face of the old dame, and wandering hastily over her residence, like one taking note of an enemy's country.

On the other hand, ancient Grizel brought down her lowering brows, and lowered her nether lip into close scrutiny of the gipsy's person, and her whole face seemed to say,—"Nay, to spy out the land are ye come."

Such suspicious glances appeared to strike awe into the bosom of the bold young gipsy,—she selected a ballad from her basket, and holding it up to her of the unsensie foot, said, "Shall I sing ye a song about the auld house of Laurie?—they're a' dead and gane now; but it is weel my part to sing a song i' their praise:—many a time have they sheltered the houseless head of a Kennedy frae the winter blast: five women and fifteen bairns—my ain mother, who was drowned in Dryfe, was one of them—have sat at their hearth when Drumlanrig gardens were a desert, and the bonnie corn lands of Closeburn were a' in the Lord's ain hand."—And with a voice of great natural sweetness, she sang, much to my surprise, a song about myself, which she said was as true as that crooked horns made handsome spoons, and that the cunning hand clouted the kettle.

RONNIE ANDREW LAURIE.

Adown the barley's golden beard
The silver dew was dropping,
As with the lad I loved, I met,
When a' the town was sleeping—
"The heaven aboon my Nannie's bright,
The earth beneath her flow'rie,
Her sweet een aid the moon's pure light"—
Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

I tried to scorn him, but my looks
Grew kinder ay and kinder,
With such a lovesome liddle near,
How could I be but tender?
"O had I all yon moon shines on,
I'd give thee't for a dowrie,
So wed me when I come frae sea"—
Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

"And maun I sit on yon green hill,
When midnight stars are burning,
And look my youthful bloom away,
In hopes of thy returning;
While lik a dame who passes by,
Shall say right sharp and sourlie,
'Yere waiting till the blue snow comes,
And bonnie Andrew Laurie."

"See yon twin stars bright as thy e'en,
Aboon Dalgarnock roaming,—
Hear yon fair stream, between its banks,
Sing sweet in silent gloaming:—
Yon stars shall fall from heaven,—yon stream
Shall change its channel hourlie,
And cease to run when I prove false"—
Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

"I've seen the stars fall, and the stream
Wild from its channel ranging,
And man's best faith is like yon moon,
Even while we gaze 'tis changing"—
"Oh ever fair, and ever false,
As April sun-shine's show'rie,
We part—and never more to meet"—
Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

We parted on a summer night,
We parted high and proudly,
The wind awaken'd with the sun,
The ocean answered loudly:
The white sail fill'd, and fast the ship
Shot past far-seen Barnhaurie;
He sail'd,—but never more return'd,—
Alas! for Andrew Laurie.

"Ah! Andrew Laurie," exclaimed she of the unsensie foot, "I kenned the bairn weel,—he burnt my crutch,—sodded up my lumshead,—built up my window,—and turned the burn at Belton into my door. I kenned the bairn weel,—a giddy and a carried callant, but wi' a free hand and a frank heart,—he did me mair gude with the right hand than harm wi' the left.—I have a gude right as well as thee, lass, to sing a song aent the auld house of Laurie,—the name's gone frae

the land,—dead as the timmer at yule,—as sapless as my crutch,—and there's nae can lift it again but this giddy callant,—and the wee bird says he'll soon be here,—I wonder gin he'll ken auld Grizel with the unsensie foot,—her who gars the kye gang yell,—can milk the cows in Cumberland,—can turn the moor-fowl on Drumlanrig brae into swans and turkeys, and the silver salmon of Nith into puddocks and toads.—I wonder gif he'll ken auld Grizel with the unsensie foot. But hearken, binnie, till I chaunt ye a crumb of an old world sang—it may do ye good, and the thoughts on't may cheer ye on your way frae a witch's dwelling.—It has a charm in't, lassie, it has a charm in't,—no such a charm as can make Geordie Gordon honest, or keep Willie Marshall frae herrying folk o' their hens, nor keep Tam Macgrab frae men's pouches at Midsommer,—but sic a charm as shall send bonnie blythe Susie Kennedy away frae my door—stone wi' nae wi' to come back in the lone hour of night, to steal my staff, and my hollow stane, and my hemlock pulled at midnight, and my teat of black wool, won from the black mouth of the fox, and my milking peg, and all my curious gear, with which I work pranks, and win myself a name in this perverse world."

This catalogue of witching loons and tinkets had a visible influence upon the demeanour of the young gipsy; and it was evident that the wish of the old woman was to inspire her unwelcome visitor with a salutary terror, which might ensure respect to her property during a midnight excursion, when half the houses in Nithdale pay tribute to her tribe. The old woman commenced on her promised lyric—the spell might lie in the way in which she contrived with a voice, croaking and uncouth, to render audible this rude production:—in the matter it could hardly lie, and even the credulous author of Satan's Invisible World Discovered, would have been unable to question the perfect innocence of the song, unless he had heard it from the lips of the author of all evil himself.

ALAS FOR THE LAURIE!

Alas for the Laurie,
Alas for the brave,
The ruler on land,
And the lord of the wave!
Oh! bright waved his banner,
And bright shone his sword,
Wherever he roamed,
He was ruler and lord.

Oh! brave and undaunted
Through battle he rode,
O'er the strength of the mighty
He march'd like a god;
The proud sea obey'd him,
And smooth'd at his call,
As he swept down the Spaniard
With powder and ball.

Oh, clap thy hands, Bourbon,
Exult in thy pride;
Unscath'd thy glad lilies
May dance on the tide;
Go sing on the deep sea,
And laugh on the shore,
The right hand of Laurie
Shall daunt thee no more.

On the sad day he sail'd
The fair sun would not shine,
His broad pennon hung
Like a pall o'er the brine;
The wave pass'd his ship,
And came shuddering to shore,
And I thought a voice said,
"Ye shall see him no more."

O'er the waves he career'd,
All their breadth and their length;
All exulting he sail'd,
And rejoiced in his strength;
But a flash fell from heaven,
And a shriek went ashore,
With the babbling of waves—
And his victories are o'er.

"Hale be your heart, beldame, and lang may yere voice keep in tune to charm the ravens and the hooded crows," said Susie Kennedy,—"losh me, it sounds like Willie Marshall's hand-hammer clinking on the rivets of a pinch spoon. Sing ay that way, and neither jaud nor gipsy will daur to steer ye; od, I never heard sic an unmelodious croon since Jem Thingum-thrum, the Cameronian weaver, sang the merry song of 'As I came through the Sanguhar town,' to the melancholy draught of Coleshill." "A truce to thy foolery, girl," said she of the unsensie foot; "and think nae that I am the only one that hearkens thee.

There's a ne whom nae but myself can see, but ye need nae start and rin, he shall not harm thee,—and there's a ne, a welcome a ne, whom ye shall see,—the soneie lad frae far awa,—he's in abint the holly bush,—whom we call Andrew Laurie; come hither, lad, ye shall burn my broomstaff three times ower before I say foul fa' thee." And she laughed till the river banks rang again, and cried out, "Come Andrew Laurie, my lambkin; what have swords, and bullets, and fire, and famine, and storms, and luxuries mair deadly than them all, been doing, when they loot thy fair face bame?"

I stept from my place of concealment, and went towards her:—the gipsy maiden, who believed, perhaps, that I was a production of witchcraft, conjured forth on the moment for no good to her, or wishing to be gone, uttered a shriek, and, starting off with the swiftness of a doe, was lost in the neighbouring wood. The old woman arose, and looked for a minute's space upon me, and said, "Ah! lad, but ye have left the merry eye, and the blooming cheek abroad;—ye are one of those who take away corn from cannie and Scotland, and bring her home chaff. But come, Scotland's an altered Scotland since ye sailed away, and that ye'll presently find. Death has berried the house of the Lauries, and made their hearthstones cauld. I said when ye departed,—and wha ever heard me tell an untruth?—that ye would never see kith, nor kin, nor Dalgarnock kirk mair. Aye, ye may look, but see if it be not true. And there was your ain love, Nancie Greerson, kirked the ae Sunday, and kirk-yarded the next;—they never prosper who break true love vows,—and ye were vowed to a ne anither, that my ain ears heard. It's all true, Andrew Laurie,—was I no at her dredgie, think ye, an unbidden guest, and gat my brow crossed, and blood drawn, by the drunken laird of Cahoolie? In se short week he was found drowned in as little water as would have christened him,—and I was mair than avenged. But away,—away,—question me not of kith or kin,—I like ill to speak of the dead, and some moun speak of me soon. Can I raise people from the dowie grave,—charm the last of a race out of a winding sheet, and bring youth back, and merry aughteen, and laughing twenty again? Welcome hame, Andrew Laurie,—a cauld hearth and a deserted hall, a fremit face and a gaping grave,—can wit and wealth mend that, think ye?" And, laughing more in anguish than in joy, she closed the door in my face; and the last words I could distinguish were, "Sorrow, and dool, and cauld blood, and dread of the grave, come to others as well as to Grizel with the unsonie foot."

To speak with this woman, and learn tidings of my family, was much my wish, but old age had made her more wayward than ever; and when I knocked at the door, and told her who I was, she cried out, "Awa, honestlike man, awa,—I am a poor body in a lone house, with three bawbees and a pickle barley meal, and I'm in bed, and my door's barred,—Awa, honestlike man, awa." After another fruitless attempt to draw her to a conference, I hastened on my way, and in a little while came within sight of a small promontory, three parts encircled by the river surrounded by a rude wall, and crested with innumerable grave stones—the kirkyard of Dalgarnock.

(To be concluded in our next.)

APOTHECARIES' BOYS.

"It is indeed an excellent child; one that physics the subject."

That the peculiar habits and pursuits of individuals produce corresponding peculiarities of character, manner, and appearance, is so trite a remark that I am almost ashamed to repeat it. It is matter of the commonest observation. We can generally detect a lawyer, a doctor, or a bailiff at first sight; nor is a black coat always necessary to the development of a parson, nor a red one to that of a soldier (unless he belong to the local militia), nor (least of all) a blue coat that of a sailor. A skillful operator can always detach the man from his dress. You may cut a tailor out of his new black suit, as

easily as he cut it out of the broad-cloth: shake a harber out of his own brutus; or smoke a seller of hams at any distance, under his recent layer of *pepper and salt*.

A better illustration of this position is not to be found than in the subject of this article. Has any one of my readers ever considered with attention that variety of Esculapian species called apothecaries' boys? If he has, he must confess that no animal exists more worthy of the attention of the naturalist, or more strikingly illustrative of the powerful and rapid effect of habit in modelling the human system.

The first thing to be observed about an apothecary's boy is his peculiar look. He is never young, i. e. morally; and this sort of age in the expression of his countenance contrasts oddly enough with the physical attributes of youth about him. There is a staid gravity in his manner far beyond his years; he seems perpetually impressed with the consciousness of his high destiny. Regard him well; you are looking on no ordinary being. You behold the embryo pharmacopoliast, the germ of druggery, the future dispenser of disease, the arbiter of health and sickness, the page of the presence in the palace of death! His complexion marks him as not of this world; it is of a murky paleness: he looks as if he fed on assafoetida, and as though his drink was the decoction of stuffed alligators. When I am at all unwell, I see an apothecary's boy with a horror I can't dissemble. He seems to me the herald of the grave; his touch is a diaphoretic, the glance of his eye is a calomel pill, his talk is bitter than aloes, his smile is a dose of ipecacuana,—

Salts are in all his steps, manna in his eye,
In every gesture colocynth and rhubarb.

His dialect is no less remarkable than his appearance. It too smells of the shop. It is an extract of the Pharmacopœia, the concentrated essence of the *Materia Medica*. He does not express himself with great facility; his eloquence is a species of filtration assisted by mechanical force, the result of gentle pressure gradually increased. In its other qualities it resembles the off-cast resulting from the process of desupumation; his flowers of rhetoric smell of the flower of sulphur, his wit is a sort of muriatic acid, his sarcasms the nitrate of silver, and his ordinary prose like the residuum of distilled vinegar. In one respect he is like Shakespeare, he has 'small Latin and less Greek;' but then he compensates for the scantiness of his stock by the frequent use he makes of it. The weakness of each individual blow is atoned for by the constancy of its reiteration. He is perpetually humiliating and consoling his hearers by '*humanum est errare*,' throwing us into despair by '*ars longa, vita brevis*,' knocking us down at every corner with '*venienti occurrere morbo*,' and outraging our sympathies by '*experimentum fiat in corpore vili*.' To hear him speak, you would suppose him the most cautious personage alive. He tells you, with a profound shake of the head, and with true pharmaceutical pomp of enunciation of the rashness of some practitioners; for his part, 'he always likes to feel his way.' He condemns Cooper for the indiscreet use of the knife, and Abernethy for the indiscriminate administration of the blue pill; at the same time he slyly insinuates that when 'a certain person' gets into full practice, matters will be managed better.

But alas, give him an opportunity of trying his skill, and see how he will fling discretion to the winds of heaven! Let an unlucky patient of the poorer sort enter the shop during his

master's absence. Mark how he feels his pulse, makes him thrust out his tongue, and minutely describe all his symptoms. Observe the avidity with which he seizes the pestle, the spatula, or the lancet; the undissembled ecstasy with which he prepares to extract a sound tooth, or bleed an emaciated patient. The success of this last operation refutes the old adage, and proves by analogy the possibility of getting blood out of a turnip. Look at the glea with which he spreads the scarifying blister, thickly sprinkled with unrelenting cantharides; the eagerness with which he mingles the desperate draught, destined to work wild havoc in the intestinal region. Gods! with what demoniac joy he bends over the Circean cauldron and sees 'the hell-broth boil and bubble.'

The character of an apothecary's boy is so legibly imprinted on his front, that all his efforts to conceal it are fruitless. 'The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.' Some of this tribe affect to be dandies and men of the town; but it won't do. Their awkward dandyism, formal gayety, and methodical style of dissipation, are sure to betray them. In spite of the gilt spurs and ominous bunches of seals, we soon find out that 'all is not gold that glitters.' An apothecary's boy laces his stays as if he were fixing a tourniquet, and puts on his cravat as if he were applying a cataplasm. He drinks a glass of wine as though it were hippo, and swallows a bon-bon as he would a bolus. He enters into amusement with an air of apprehension, touches a lady's hand as if he were afraid of catching a typhus, and promenades in the saloon with the same air with which he walks the hospitals. You see him in the street with his pockets stuffed out with packets redolent of nausea. His skin bids defiance to the 'cosmetic powers,' and all the perfumes of Araby cannot sweeten him.

In fine, an apothecary's boy is a nuisance, 'a bore, a charlatan,' a sort of '*noli me tangere*,' a perpetual '*memento mori*,' a scion of the nether world, an off-set of the grave, a basilisk whose eye fascinates you to destruction, a torpedo whose touch benumbs into a palsy. You have a feeling of unhealthiness in his presence; you dare not say your life is your own; you fancy yourself inhaling the atmosphere of the Upas, or the steams of a charnel-house. He is a walking abstraction, a living epitome of all morbid phenomena, a virtual representative of 'all the natural shocks that flesh is heir to.'—*Museum*.

ON UMBRELLAS.

"Tu modo lætus spatiares sub umbrâ."

All classes of men have reason to bless the invention of umbrellas, except hatters and hackney-coachmen. To them indeed, an umbrella is *caviare*: it is an evil-omen cloud interposing between them and the sun of fortune: it is worse than the deadly night-shade, or the funeral cypress. But to all others what a delicious refuge, whether for shade or shelter! Nay, even to the aforesaid ingrates, it generously offers both; but with a cynical pride worthy of Diogenes, with a self-denying selfishness, they refuse to avail themselves of this inestimable advantage, merely because it imposes a salutary restraint on their own abominable acquisitiveness. A hatter rarely carries an umbrella, a hackney-coachman never. To the first, it is true, the damage of a hat is of small consequence, as it can be so easily repaired: and the cranium of the other is usually surmounted by a covering which defies deterioration. Wet within, he cares little for the wet without. Like Cain, he mounts his coach-box, cracks his whip, and smiles at

"The war of elements, the wreck of matter,
"And the crush of worlds."

Umbrellas are the constant companions of every man of sense and taste. Like literature, "adulescentium agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." Which, for the benefit of my unlearned readers I thus translate:

"Umbrellas teach the young to walk elegantly, and support the tottering steps of age; to the rich they are a becoming ornament, to the poor a shelter and a consolation; a handsome piece of furniture at home, abroad no impediment; a most convenient appendage by night, in travel, or in the country."

As for myself, I have never gone without an umbrella from my earliest years. My cotton umbrella has accompanied me through all the chances and changes of this mortal pilgrimage. It has travelled with me over all countries. Under its protecting wings I have traversed the plains of Egypt and the sands of Araby; propped upon its ferule, I have clambered up the Alps and the Apennines, Taurus, Caucasus, and Imaus, and the giant brotherhood of "the western star." Canopied in its maternal folds, I have floundered through the bog of Allen, mizzled through the Hebrides, and braved all the waterspouts of the Atlantic. I might well address my umbrellas in the glowing language of one of the greatest of our living dramatic poets:

"Have I not on the sky-roofed mountain slept,
Rock'd by the whirlwind? and when lo! and dark
The midnight march of the careering storm
Hav'd o'er th' uprooting pine; when nature quak'd,
As with the mighty throb of dissolution,
Amid the various tumult of my soul,
Have I not felt the sweetness of thy presence?"

After this account, my readers will not be surprised to learn, that I am a connoisseur of the first water in every thing regarding umbrellas. I know to a nicety the precise kind of umbrella that each individual should carry; the points of keeping that ought to exist between it and his rank in life, profession, age, and general costume. For a long time it was deemed unfashionable to carry an umbrella: I hail with joy the favourable revolution which has so generally taken place in public opinion on this subject. At present, thanks to the genius of true taste, an umbrella is considered an indispensable appendage to the outside of a fine gentleman. But on the first introduction of any improvement a certain want of taste will be discoverable in its application. Thus, we sometimes meet in Bond Street, a doughty hero, with well-blacked mustachios and prodigious spurs, and carrying an umbrella, withal! Now, friend as I am to umbrellas, I must enter my most serious protest against this incongruity. A soldier, or one who affects to be a soldier, should be above the weather: but these knights of the carpet too clearly exhibit a painful consciousness that the weather is above them. To be sure, I have heard this practice defended by Dr. Dryasdust, the friend of "the great unknown," on the principle that the idea of an umbrella was originally taken from the *testudo* of the Roman soldiers, under which they sustained the "iron sleet and arrow shower" of the enemy. But I suspect that the learned antiquarian stands alone in this opinion. As to riding with an umbrella, a practice for which we are ridiculed by our French neighbours, I am somewhat dubious. I am afraid it is not quite the thing in the street; on the road, indeed, it has its advantages: you may goad your courser on with the ferule, or by unsfurling the umbrella, considerably expedite your progress on a windy day. A poet mounted on a smart hack with a parapluie extended thus, may make a very tolerable representation of Pegasus. I cannot venture, however, to recommend this custom to every one: a loose-seated rider might, in a high wind, be raised by his umbrella to an inconvenient elevation from the saddle.

Consistency is the soul of taste, and the glory of a rational being. To promote this valuable quality in umbrella-carriers, I shall briefly notice the correspondent relation which ought to exist between every man and his umbrella.

A small man should not carry a machine of this kind so large; he will appear to be extinguished in its overwhelming amplitude. A large person, on the other hand, looks unspeakably ridiculous with a very small umbrella. Every gentleman should have this article of silk; I would as soon see a two-penny postman with a

good hat, a general post without his gaiters, or a post-boy in Hessian boots, as a gentleman with a cotton umbrella. A clergyman should wear a handsome one of dark blue silk; green is the colour for a lawyer; brown for a doctor (the proper hue of a bolus); purple for a nobleman; crimson for a dancing-master, and black for an undertaker. Cotton is the proper general material for the umbrellas of the "tiers état." An oilskin may be allowed to postmen, pedlars, and mercantile travellers. Very large umbrellas are proper for apple-women and field-preachers; a tailor should never be permitted to carry one, except it be second-hand, and well patched in many places. Soldiers, sailors, and ladies, I interdict from the use of umbrellas altogether; a small cotton parapluie for a milliner's apprentice or haberdasher's clerk; a neat silk one, one size larger than a parasol, for a governess, or a lady's maid.

Umbrellas may be carried in various ways. Some use them as a walking-stick; others carry them under the arm, as a horse-soldier does his sword; others under the arm also, but reversed, as the infantry carry their muskets at a funeral. This is good, as it keeps the persons behind you at a civil distance. But the method which I prefer is to grasp the umbrella nearly in the centre, and swing it violently backwards and forwards as you walk; thus you may contrive to keep your line of march tolerably unobstructed both in front and rear. When it rains, keep your umbrellas, generally speaking, about the level of the foreheads of the passers-by, by this means you will knock off their hats with astonishing facility. If you meet a person considerably taller than yourself, attempt to raise your umbrella above his: reverse this strike with a short man, by a dexterous twist you may strike your adversary's umbrella into the mud, or at all events damage it and his face considerably. Should you break a shop-window with your parapluie (no unlikely thing), always walk on quietly as if nothing had happened; if the street be crowded, you are almost certain to escape.

Of all affectations, the most detestable in my eyes is an umbrella enclosed in a walking-stick. When the fashionable prejudices ran against umbrellas, it was a dastardly piece of insincerity, a base desertion of the cause of truth, a cowardly deference to triumphant error. Now it is an absurd and unmeaning piece of mystification, a proof of equal deficiency in sense and taste. As if, forsooth, a walking-stick was superior in beauty to that beautiful combination of whalebone, wood, brass, iron, silk, buckhorn, and bamboo, which constitutes an umbrella, or as if such a gross and clumsy artifice could impose on any one!

I entertain a most profound respect for an old umbrella, and I think that in no case is the ingratitude of man more flagrantly exhibited, than in the neglect and contempt with which those faithful guardians from the storm are treated in their declining age. After protecting our heads for years from the pelting rain, the rattling hail, the driving sleet, or the drizzling mist, they are at last thrown into some dirty corner to moulder into unmerited oblivion. This is a severe reproach to human nature, a blot on the escutcheon of manhood. For my part, I have a nest cabinet, where I keep all my umbrellas ranged in proper order; I consider it as an asylum for the faithful servants and companions of my former years; I keep it superstitiously clean, and I often have those old umbrellas sprinkled with rain water, for the purpose of refreshing them with what I must in some sort consider as their native element. On each of them is a label expressive of the date of their manufacture and term of service. To visit this cabinet is my constant and favorite recreation; it is a copious source of tender and delicious recollections, a well-spring of sweet imaginings; a mournful and pleasant music of the past; a sentimental panorama of departed joys; a history of the heart in beautiful hieroglyphics. One umbrella reminds me of scenes where

"— My careless childhood strayed"
"A stranger yet to pain."

How often have I shared another with the friend of my youth! This was the means of my introduction to the loveliest of women, that was the constant companion of our stolen interviews on many a dark and dreary night of winter; this accompanied me on my pilgrimage to the tomb of Virgil; that was with me when I visited the scenery of Rousseau's *Eloise*, and with the old blue cotton one have I poked in the ruins of Pompeii.

To this I owe my life, to that my liberty: the one turned aside the dagger of an assassin in Naples; the other by its successful mediation with a wealthy relative saved me from the jaws of a prison. But my heart bleeds at this last recollection, and I must conclude.—*Lit. Museum.*

INDIAN MANNERS.

(From the Franklin (Missouri) Intelligencer.)

On the 6th instant (April) our river presented the extraordinary spectacle of about forty canoes, gliding rapidly upon its bosom, and conveying nearly three hundred Indians, being principally whole families. The sight was more interesting and the show much greater than might be supposed, as they covered the surface of the water for a considerable distance. As they were passing the town with astonishing rapidity, an Indian, who had arrived the day previous, communicated something from the bank, when, by a precise and simultaneous movement, the whole flotilla turned, quartering up the stream, and approached the shore. They maintained a perfect silence, which was only interrupted by a single voice, which pronounced with emphasis, the word "*whiskey*."—Curiosity led us, the next morning, to visit their camp, where they had pitched very commodious tents or wigwams, exactly equal in number to that of their canoes. These are made with flags or bullrushes, about four feet long, and so ingeniously sewed together as to be a complete protection against wind and rain. One long piece placed vertically, and supported by poles, forms the wall of the building, and two separate pieces the roof. These when they move, are rolled together, and are very light and portable. The floors are formed with bark, temporarily used for the purpose, and overspread with bearskins. Their persons and countenance are disgustingly dirty, but many of them, on special occasions, appear in brilliant colours and clean garments. The instances are few where we have witnessed at any family fireside more harmony, peace, and freedom, from the ills of this world, than prevailed with these sons of nature. They were at this time perfectly sober, and contentment rested on every countenance. Not an angry look was seen, or a tone of voice heard which indicated the least dissatisfaction. Some of the men were cleaning their guns and putting in preparation their fanciful decorations for a war dance, while others walked with a stately and measured step through the camp, combining the sternness of the warrior with the gravity of a statesman. The squaws were making moccasins, providing their simple repast, or kindly aiding the employments of their husbands, while the children were sportively shooting their arrows, or playfully jumping and frolicking on the bank. Some of the women have a mildness, harmony of voice, and softness of manner beyond what the lower orders of civilization exhibit. None of them, however, have florid complexions, handsome forms, or beautiful features; probably in consequence of the laborious nature of their domestic duties. For custom, among these as among all other uncivilized people, ungenerously compels the females to transport burthens, carry the children, dress the skins, paddle the canoes, and perform almost every fatigue duty except that of the chase. Some of the men have fine persons, being tall, erect, and symmetrically formed. Their manners, when sober, are reserved and unaffected; their walk more deliberate, stately and graceful than ours; and their carriage perfectly easy and natural. They possess great equan-

imity and nonchalance with respect to passing events, and never, unless intoxicated, indulge in petulance, curiosity or surprise. They apparently took no notice of the numerous visitors at their camp, except sometimes to throw on them a natural and independent look, indicating neither hauteur or a consciousness of inferiority.

During the day they gave an exhibition of their war-dance, at several places in town.—This exercise is one of peculiar joy and festivity, as it celebrates their triumph over enemies, and gratifies the passion of revenge, which is probably the strongest that actuates their ferocious bosoms. On this occasion they use their gayest attire, calling to their aid the diversified plumage of the feathered race, fancifully arranged and variously ornamented. Their faces exhibit a most grotesque and terrific appearance, by being painted in every variety of colour and manner: thus prepared they collect in a group; a musician beats upon a hoarse sounding drum, and two or three shake gourds filled with pebbles, while the others shout loud and hoarsely; jump up and down, and use every ludicrous gesture and uncouth attitude, and make every horrid grimace which can add to their frightful appearance, or heighten the exhibition of their savage joy.

Their desires are few and easily satisfied, and they show no disposition to hoard up the goods and chattels of this world for purposes of ostentation, or the gratification of looking at them.

If they have not the artificial luxury of civilized society, and the complicated machinery which its ingenuity devises, they neither know nor feel the want of them, and suffer no more by the destitution than we do by being deprived of the nectar and ambrosia of the Gods. The temptations of money, our anxieties with respect to our calculations, and the frauds, competitions and vexations which avarice puts in operation among us, are to them unknown. The weary traveller gratuitously experiences their hospitality without being molested by inquisitive interrogatories or disturbed by an impertinent curiosity. Their passions, however, are unrestrained, and they are cruel to enemies; but custom, which every where tolerates absurdities, not only justifies this, but renders it a glory. Their sensations, both of pleasure and pain, are probably much less acute than ours. Their moral faculties are unimproved, but they are just and obliging to each other, although they are treacherous to strangers.

Some instances of dishonesty occurred among them while they were here. Some of the boys sold their bows and arrows to those of the town, and after having received payment, managed to get their articles into their hands again and run off with both. One of them went into a store and wanted to "swap" for whiskey. It was measured and delivered, and when he found that he had safe possession of the delicious draught, he observed, "me big chief, but got no money." So the store-keeper was compensated for his liquor by the honor of treating a sovereign.

These Indians were the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi, on their way home.

POPULAR PREJUDICES AND SUPERSTITIOUS IDEAS PECULIAR TO THE ESTHONIANS.

Of Unlucky Days, &c.

The fishermen who dwell on the coasts of the Baltic never use their nets between All Saint's and St. Martin's; they would then be certain of not taking any fish through the whole year: they never fish on Saint Blaise's day. On Ash Wednesday the women neither sew nor knit, for fear of bringing misfortune upon the cattle. They contrive so as not to use fire on St. Lawrence's

day; by taking this precaution, they think themselves secure against fire for the rest of the year.

This prejudice of lucky and unlucky days has existed at all times and in all nations; but if knowledge and civilization have not removed it, they have at least diminished its influence. In Livonia, however, the people are more than ever addicted to the most superstitious ideas on this subject. In a Riga Journal (*Rigaische Stadtblätter*, No. 3657, anno 1822, edited by M. Sonntag,) there are several passages relative to a letter written from heaven, which is no other than a catalogue of lucky and unlucky days. This letter is in general circulation; every body carries it about him, and, though strictly forbidden by the police, the copies are multiplied so profusely as to increase an evil, all attempts to destroy which have hitherto failed. Among the country people this idea is equivalent to the doctrine of fatality; and if they commit faults, or even crimes, on the days which are marked as unlucky, they do not consider themselves as guilty, because they were predestined. --- The flight of certain birds, or the meeting of certain animals on their first going out in the morning, are in their minds good or bad omens. --- They do not hunt on St. Mark's or St. Catherine's day, on penalty of being unsuccessful all the rest of the year. --- It is a good sign to sneeze on Christmas day. --- Most of them are so prepossessed against Friday, that they never settle any important business, or conclude a bargain on that day; in some places they do not even dress their children. --- They do not like visits on Thursdays, for it is a sign that they shall have the troublesome guests the whole week.

The care and preservation of their flocks are also a fruitful source of superstitious ideas. --- In some districts, when the shepherd brings back his flock from the pasture, in spring, for the first time, he is sprinkled with water from head to foot, in the persuasion that this makes the cattle thrive. --- The malignity of beasts of prey is believed to be prevented by designating them not by their proper names, but by some of their attributes. For example, they call the fox *halkuhl* (grey coat); the bear, *kajatyk* (broadfoot,) &c. &c. --- They also fancy that they can oblige the wolf to take another direction by strewing salt in his way. The howling of wolves, especially at day-break, is considered a very bad omen, predicting famine or disease. In more ancient times it was imagined that these animals asked their god to give them food, which he threw to them out of the clouds. --- When a wolf seizes any of their cattle, they fancy they can oblige him to quit his prey by dropping a piece of money, their pipe but, &c. They do not permit the hare to be often mentioned, for fear of drawing it into their corn fields. --- To make hens lay eggs, they beat them with an old broom. --- In families where the wife is the eldest child of her parents, it has been observed that they always sell the first calves, being convinced that if kept they would not thrive. --- To speak of insects or mischievous animals at meat-time is a sure way to make them more voracious.

If a fire breaks out, they think to stop its fury by throwing a black hen into the flames. This idea, of an expiatory sacrifice offered to a malevolent or tutelary power, is a remnant of paganism. Various other traces of it are found among the Esthoniens; for instance, at the beginning of their meals they purposely let fall a piece of new bread, or some drops of liquor from a bottle not yet begun, as an offering to the divinity.

It is very offensive to the peasants for any one to look long into their wells; they think that it will cause the wells to dry up.

When manure is carted into the fields, that which falls from the cart is not gathered up, lest mischievous insects and blights come upon the corn.

When an old house is quitted for a new one, they are attentive in noting the first animal that dies. If it be an animal with hairy feet, the sign is good; but if with naked feet, some fowl, for instance, there is mourning in the house; it is a sign of misery and bad success in all their undertakings.

These are the prevailing popular prejudices in the three Duchies: a great number of them, especially among the Esthoniens, are connected with their ancient Mythology; others originate in that general weakness in the untought mind, which seeks in strange practices a remedy for fancied future or actual present evils.

The most enlightened nations are nevertheless full of prejudices. There are as many in the Rue St. Denis and the Marais, as there are on the banks of the Duna and Lake Peypus.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DIVING-BELL.

The diving-bell, or rather the improved instrument now in use at Port Patrick, is a square cast-metal frame, about 8 feet high, 22 feet in circumference, and weighing upwards of four tons. This frame is, of course, open below, and at the top are 12 small circular windows, made of very thick glass, such as are sometimes seen used on board of ships. These windows are so cemented or puttied in, that not a bubble of water can penetrate; and when the sea is clear, and particularly when the sun is shining, the workmen are enabled to carry on their submarine operations without the aid of candles, which would consume nearly as much air as any equal number of human bellows. In the inside of the bell are seats for the workmen, with nets to hang their tools on; and attached to it is a strong double air-pump, which is a great improvement on the old-fashioned plan of sinking barrels with air. From this pump issues a thick leathern tube, which is closely fitted into the bell, and the length of which can easily be proportioned to the depth of the water. As may be supposed, the bell is suspended from a very long crane, the shaft of which is sunk to the very keel of a vessel, purchased and fitted up for the purpose, and which is, in fact, a necessary part of the diving apparatus. On the deck of this vessel is placed the air pump, worked by four men, with an additional hand to watch the signals. When about to commence operations, the ship is moved to the outside of the breakwater, the air-pump put in motion, the crane worked, and then go down the aquatic quarrymen. From its weight and shape, the machine must dip perpendicularly; while the volume of air within enables the workmen to breathe, and keeps out the water. On arriving at the bottom, the divers are obliquely annoyed with large beds of sea-weed, although from the inequalities of the channel at Port Patrick, and the partially uneven manner in which the ledges of the bell occasionally rest on the rocks, it is impossible to expel the water altogether; and this, it is presumed, is the reason why it is dangerous to descend in rough or squally weather, when the heaving and agitated deep would be apt to dash in the smallest cranny. To guard against the effects of several hours' partial immersion in water, the men are provided with large jack-boots, caps of wool, and coarse woollen jackets. They also observe the precaution of stuffing their ears with cotton, as the constant stream of air which descends from above, occasions, at first, an uneasy sensation, and is even apt to produce deafness. The chief sub-marine artist came from Holyhead; and out of 180 masons, carpenters, and labourers, only one man, it is said, volunteered to assist him. A respectable and ingenious gentleman, who had been down in the bell, stated that he felt no inconvenience whatever; but the air-pump workmen, among whom were made some minute inquiries, shook their heads at this piece of information, and hinted that the volunteer diver had often felt a little queerish, and, for one thing, "had taken his victuals very badly." Here then, we have two or three men working with perfect ease and safety, 20, 25, and sometimes 30 feet below water. In carrying out the new pier, it is necessary to make a bed for the foundation stones, which would otherwise be left at the mercy of the waves—and this, in a word, is the duty of the divers. With picks, hammers, jumpers, and gaspawder, the most rugged surface is made even, and not only a bed prepared for the huge masses of stone which are afterwards let down, but the blocks themselves strongly bound together with iron and cement. The divers, like other quarrymen, when they wish "to blast," take good care to be put out of harm's way. By means of a tin tube the powder is kept quite dry, and a branch from the larger cavity, hollow, and filled with an oaten straw, is lengthened to the very surface of the water before the fuse is lighted. In one or two cases the powder has failed to explode, and it is very teasing for the men, after three or four hours' hard work below water, to be compelled to descend again, for the sole purpose of repeating the blasting process.

THE CABINET.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I wish to make my preaching short, as all good things should be,
For I was always fond, I own, of a short homily:
Of little women, and in courts of law a most brief plea;
Little well said makes wise, as sap most fructifies the tree.

His head who laughs and chatters much, the moon I'm sure
must stay,

There's in a little woman love—nor little, let me say;
Some very tall there are, but I prefer the little—nay,
Change them, they'd both repeat the change, and quarrel night
and day.

Love prayed me to speak well of the little ones—the rest
They give, their noble qualities and charms:—I'll do my best;
I will speak of the little ones, but don't think I'm in jest;
That they are cold as snow, and warm as fire, is manifest.

They're cold abroad, yet warm in love; shy creatures in the
street;

Good natured, laughing, witty, gay, and in the house discreet—
Well-doing, graceful, gentle, kind, and many things more sweet
You'll find where you direct your thoughts—yes many, I repeat.

Within a little compass oft great splendour strikes the eyes,
In a small piece of sugar cane a deal of sweetness lies;
So to a little woman's face a thousand graces rise,
And large and sweet's her love; a word's sufficient for the wise.

The pepper-corn is small, but yet, the more the grain you grind,
The more it warms and comforts; so, were I to speak my mind,
A little woman, if (all love) she studies to be kind,
There's not in all the world a bliss you'll fail in her to find.

As in a little rose resides great colour, as the bell
Of the small lily yields a great and most delightful smell,
As in a very little gold exists a precious spell,
Within a little woman so exceeding flavours dwell.

As the small ruby is a gem that clearly does outshine
For lustre, colour, virtues, price, most children of the mine,
In little women so worth, grace, bloom, radiance divine,
Wit, beauty, loyalty, and love, transcendently combine.

Little's the lark, the nightingale is little, yet they sing
Sweeter than birds of greater size and more resplendent wing;
So little women better are, by the same rule,—they bring
A love more sweet than sugar-plums or primroses of spring.

The goldfinch and Canary-bird, all finches and all pice,
Sing, scream, or chatter passing well—there's quaintness in
their cries;

The brilliant little parrot says things extremely wise;
Just such a little woman is, when she sweet love outlives.

There's nothing that with her should be compared—'tis profana-
tion—

She is a walking Paradise, a smiling consolation,
A blessing, pleasure, of all joys a sparkling constellation,
In fact—she's better in the proof than in the salutation!

Small women do no harm, kind things, though they may some-
times call

Us angry names, hard to digest; men wise as was Saint Paul
Say, of two evils choose the least; by this rule it must fall,
The least dear woman you can find will be the best of all!

WIGS.—Who would think that the elegant and interesting Mary Queen of Scots wore a *periwig*? yet so it would certainly appear from the following letter of Knollys to Cecil, published in Chalmers's Life of that ill-fated and ill-treated Princess. "So that now here are six waiting women, although none of reputation, but Mrs. Mary Seaton, who is praised by this Queen to be the finest *busher*, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair, that is to be seen in any country: whereof we have seen divers experiences, since her coming hither: and, among other prettie devices, yesterday, and this day, she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a *PEREWYKE*, that showed very delicately, and, every other day, she hath a new device of head dressing, without any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman gaylie well.

This *Perewyke* of Mary's I conceive to have been more ringlets of false hair, for we know that it was the fashion of those days to wear borrowed locks, and of different colours. Mary's own hair was black.

Hentzner, describing Queen Elizabeth, as he saw her going to chapel, says, "she wore *false hair*, and that *and*." The ladies in those days absolutely caused the graves to be violated to obtain the hair of the dead, and inveigled children, who had fine hair, to secret places, to rob them of their locks. They also dyed their hair of various colours, but particularly of a sandy colour, in compliment to the Queen, whose natural locks were of that tint.

We are told by St. Gregory, that women in his time raised their heads extremely high; environing them with many tresses of false hair, disposed in knots and circles, so as to resemble a regular fortification. In-

deed, before his time, Juvenal, describing the dress of a Roman Lady, tells us that

"With curls on curls, like different stories, rise
Her towering locks, a structure to the skies."

Josephus reports, that the Jewish ladies powdered their hair with *gold dust*; a fashion that was carried from Asia to Rome, and from the adoption of which the hair of the Emperor Commodus is said to have become so bright, that when the sun shone upon it, his head appeared as if on fire.

THE POLITICAL SHOEMAKER.—The following account of a visit to an eccentric character, known at the Cape of Good Hope by the name of the *political shoemaker*, might furnish a scene for a farce, not unamusing. This Dutchman (for such we suppose him to be) is one of those busy, meddling, inquisitive persons who know every body, and every thing, past, present, and to come. After a long story about the fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the marriage of the Duc de Berry, all of which the shoemaker predicted, M. Arago, in his *Voyage Round the World*, proceeds:

"Tired enough already of the political pretensions of the shoemaker, I was going to acquaint him with the motive of my visit, and to ask for some shoes, when he suddenly resumed, '*Apropos, sir*,' said he, with a doleful look: '*Europe has lately been the theatre of a very dreadful event. The battle of Waterloo has deprived France of many of her brave fellows! I foretold, sir, that those guards would die rather than surrender.*' '*That was no difficult matter.*' '*Certainly not: but it was Columbus's egg—say before-hand what will happen; and don't wait for events before you pronounce: but let us wave that subject, and proceed to an affair almost as terrible, and much more glorious for you, the battle of Toulouse!*' *Long live Soult, sir! Long live Soult!*' '*There's a general for you! O that I had been there!*' '*I was there, sir!*' '*Why did you not tell him to exterminate that odious race of islanders?*' '*He did.*' '*Some of them, however, escaped.*' '*But then, with so small a force it was impossible to effect more.*' '*So! you were at the battle of Toulouse; (N.B. I was not.) As a draftsman, probably? I know that country well.*' '*I dare say you do.*' '*I have been all over it.*' '*That is very clear.*' '*And at this distance I have detailed the action, and drawn an accurate plan of the battle. You shall judge, sir, whether I have misconceived the thing.*' He immediately fell to work, and in a trice the two armies were drawn up on the parlour floor. Some stout lads are the French; a new shoe is a substitute for Soult. Wellington is represented by a boot-strap, and his soldiers by scraps of leather. A chair is the hill where the carnage takes place; a calf-skin the Garonne; a pail the canal: nothing is forgotten. The shoemaker gives the word, every thing moves and acts. With one touch the rapid historian overthrows columns, causes our troops to advance, puts to flight the descendants of Lusus, (who was he?) tumbles them into the river, and *leathers* the English. The fire flashes from his eyes; he rolls about with enthusiasm; and, when the action is over, he claps Soult under his arm; slings the French upon a sofa; throws the English aside among the rubbish; puts a general in his pocket; gives Wellington a kick; and rises breathless, and proud of his triumph. '*Excellent, sir, excellent! one would swear you had been at that battle, your representation of it is so correct!*' '*I was there, sir; yes, I was there: and from this place I directed all the movements; for I foresaw the engagement. Stop a moment: look at this map of the conquests of the French; observe all these dots; they are so many cities taken by them!*' (So saying, he showed me a paper quite black with dots.) '*It is rather the worse for wear; but I keep it, for I made my first campaigns with it, and we ought not to be ungrateful to our friends.*' '*Will you do me the honour to take a glass of wine?*' '*No, I thank you, sir; I came to*' '*To-morrow, sir, I will measure you: and we will resume the conversation.*'"

CHICKEN MANUFACTORY.—That there now exists, at Damietta, in Egypt, a sort of Chicken Manufactory, is most true: and the fact is thus stated by a Traveller of unquestionable veracity, *Major Mackintosh*, in his "Diary of a Tour through Egypt and Palestine."—"On the 28th of January, 1822, we went, accompa-

nied by the Vice-Consular Janissary, to a large half-rained Arab house, in the out-skirts of the town, where we found an old blind Arab, who is at the head of the establishment. For some time he objected to our admission, particularly lest we should have any gold about us, which, he said, would certainly addle the eggs. Nevertheless we were at last graciously allowed to pass through two small apertures, one about three feet square, and the other, two feet square; from whence we emerged into a dirty narrow passage, on each side of which were several small holes, stuffed with straw. On opening one of these holes, we looked into a circular room, resembling a very large oven, on the floor of which were several thousand eggs, laid on tow, and ranged in single row, round a small circular hole, not unlike the funnel of a furnace, and through which, in fact, the necessary heat was conveyed from a fire beneath. The heat of the place did not exceed that of water moderately warmed, and was certainly under the degree which marks blood heat. We stood for some time in the passage, without finding that the temperature incommoded us in the least. The old Arab told us, that it required 22 days to hatch the eggs: and we saw some, the shells of which had been recently broken, and all the chickens, except one, appeared lively and healthy.—This very singular mode of hatching eggs is totally unconnected with any influence of the climate, and the same or a similar process, aided by a steam apparatus, might be practised any where else, were it thought desirable, with every prospect of success. The young chickens, when hatched, should not be exposed too soon to the influence of the external air."

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OVER THE ALPS.—Nothing but an actual inspection of the route, can give an adequate idea of the difficulties he must have had to encounter when he entered this defile, which is forty miles in length, and defended by many formidable passes, where a few men, placed on the heights above, might have successfully resisted the most powerful armies.

The account given by some historians, of Hannibal's dissolving the rocks by vinegar, in his passage over the Alps, appears so improbable, that it has generally been treated, in modern times, as a fable, undeserving attention. An inspection of the route, however, inclined me to believe that this story, like many ancient fables, was founded on facts that have been perverted by the ignorance of historians. In many of the passes in the valley of the Isere, where the rocks overhang the river on each side, a path carried midway along the side of the precipice might be obstructed by a projecting mass of stone, as to deny access to oxen or elephants. Now, in such situations, it will be readily admitted that a small quantity of gunpowder would effect more in a few hours than the labour of men for several days, especially as, from the narrowness of the pass, not more than one or two men could work at the same time. We are unacquainted with the means which the ancients employed in breaking and removing large masses of stone; it is possible that the expansive power of vapour might be one of them. Thus by boring hard calcareous rocks, and filling the cavity with concentrated vinegar, and plugging up the aperture, they might, by the evolution of gas, obtain a similar effect to the explosion of gunpowder, or the expansion of steam; this effect might be farther increased by making a large fire against the rock. Count Rumford ascertained that a drachm of water, inclosed in a mass of iron the size of a solid twenty-four-pounder cannon, was sufficient to burst it, with a tremendous explosion, on the application of heat: even the expansion of water by freezing will rend the hardest rocks. It also deserves attention, that most of the calcareous strata in the Alps are intersected by cross seams, evidently the result of crystallization in the mass, and these seams are often so close as to be nearly imperceptible, and quite impervious to air or water. By taking advantage of such seams, and making the borings in them, a small degree of expansive force would rend large masses of rock, as they split with great facility along the cross seams, which are the natural cleavages, and are nearly as regular as those of a rhomboidal crystal of calc spar.

I am inclined to believe that Hannibal, whose mind was so fertile in resources, might be acquainted with the power of compressed vapour, or gas, in bursting masses of stone, and that he employed vinegar, not as a

chemical agent to dissolve the projecting masses of rock that obstructed his progress, but to act mechanically in rending them, either by the evolution of gas, by the expansion of vapour, or by the force of both these agents conjointly. It is indeed difficult to conceive how such a story as that of dissolving the Alps with vinegar, could have originated without some foundation in fact: but facts, imperfectly understood, have not unfrequently been transformed by historians into prodigies, which have maintained credit for ages, and at length are rejected as fabulous, until circumstances are discovered which elucidate the obscurity of history, and enable us to separate truth from error.—*Bakewell's Travels.*

PARIS.—A circumstance happened about a week ago to one of our poets, M. Denne-Baron—certainly not very favourable to midnight or moonlight inspiration. Our poet, of a very contemplative turn, and of very soft and gentle manners, stopped, on his way from a visit to a friend, in the middle of the Place of Notre Dame. It was midnight, and he watched with admiration the effect of the waning moon on the gothic towers and buttresses of the venerable cathedral. All at once he was roused from his reverie by the sensation of being vigorously seized by each arm by two individuals. His first impression naturally placed him in the robust grasp of two robbers; and in order to extricate himself from their unwelcome pressure, he offered them all the money his purse contained. The gentlemen, refused his offer with a tone and air of dignity, and proved that they could not be thieves, by announcing themselves as *agens de police*. On this a little dialogue took place: "What do you here?"—"You see, I admire that ancient monument."—"The hour is well chosen, certainly; but where are your papers?"—"I did not know that it was necessary to have papers to look at Notre Dame."—"Without bad intentions, nobody would stop at this time of the night before the church."—"You do not suppose, I hope, I had the design of putting the towers in my pockets?"—"Insolent! follow us."—"But, gentlemen, I am well known; I am a member of several learned Societies, in which I have for colleagues several members of his Majesty's Government. I have translated the *Elegies of Propertius* into French verse, and published various poems, which you must have seen mentioned and applauded in the *Journals*."—"Marchon." The poet made no further opposition; he had no carnal weapons, and he followed his assailants to the Corps-de-Garde. There, in spite of his word of honour that he would not escape, he was put into the cage. The next morning four soldiers marched him before the Commissary of Police of the Quarter, who being assured by the prisoner that he was perfectly known to several estimable *notables*, they were sent for. They explained who and what was the unfortunate detainee. M. Denne-Baron was released; had a good breakfast with friends; and his only revenge is announced as a Poem entitled "The Cathedral Stealer, or the Holy Police."

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

CHARADE.

BY A LADY.

[Never before printed.]

My First is a strange set of mortals you'll own,
A comical compound as ever was known;
The air that they breathe is compos'd all of sighs,
And the language they utter is that of the eyes;
Though 'tis very well known they can both swear and lie,
So ladies beware when you see them draw nigh.

My Next is a feat by the youthful adm'r'd,
Where strength and agility both are required.

My Whole is well known as a remedy sure,
And deem'd for the heart-ache a permanent cure;
But th' experiment's desperate, and if you would make it,
Proceed not too rashly, but look ere you take it.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

PRESERVATION OF FISH, &c.—For ensuring the sweetness of fish conveyed by land-carriage, the belly of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal.—The same material will restore impure or even putrescent water to a state of perfect freshness. The inhabitants of Cadiz, who are necessitated to keep in tanks the water for culinary

uses, were first indebted to our informant, during the late Peninsular war, for the foregoing simple yet efficacious remedy of an evil which they had long endured.

VARIETIES.

PRESENTATION OF A GOLD VASE.—An elegant Antique gold Vase, richly chased, and of a perfectly unique design, was lately presented to MR. TURNER, of this town, Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology.—The handles are composed of serpents entwined.—On the top of the cover which is bordered with a wreath of roses, shamrocks and thistles, is a beautiful figure of Apollo, reclining on a lyre, and holding a shield emblazoned with the sun.—On one side Mr. Turner's arms are engraved: on the reverse, is a tablet, surrounded with laurel, and supported by *Esculapius* and *Hygieia*, with their respective emblems.—It bears the following inscription:—

THIS VASE is presented to THOMAS TURNER, Esq. MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON, &c. &c. by the members who attended his first course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Human body, as a sincere though inadequate token of the respect they entertain for his TALENTS AND INDUSTRY AS A PUBLIC LECTURER, and of their regard for him as a MAN.

THE WEATHER.—The weather seems to have been equally unseasonable, during the whole summer, nearly all over the Continent. In France it has been as wet as in our own moist climate; and in various parts of Germany and Italy there have been extraordinary falls of snow up to the eve of the dog days.

PEACE AND PLENTY.—A person writes—"During a recent visit to the beautifully situated town of Totness in Devonshire, I was so much struck with the low prices of provisions there, that the following may become a curious though not quite a literary record:—

"A young roasting pig and a handsome dish of fish just caught, enough for a party of eight persons, 3s. 2d.; a leg of mutton sufficient for seven persons, 1s. 6d.; a roasting pig weighing 14lb. 2s. 6d.; a turbot weighing 22lb. 1s. 10d.; two pair of soles, 18 inches long, three large whittings and fourteen smaller ones, 1s. 6d.—For several weeks, 10s. 6d. per week was sufficient for the liberal supply of meat from the butcher for a most respectable family consisting of fourteen persons."

M. BELZONI.—We are concerned to state the failure of M. Belzoni's intended journey across Mount Atlas to Tombuctoo. By a letter from that traveller, dated Gibraltar, 10th June, he states his having met with an unexpected stop to his progress from the Emperor of Morocco, through whose country he wished to pass Mr. B. attributes his failure to some intrigues, but adds, "they are woefully mistaken who think that they can turn me back with one blow. The only consequence of this reverse is, that owing to what I have gathered of information, I shall be able to proceed with better prospects in another quarter; and by the time you will receive this, I shall probably be one-third of my journey farther south than I have been in my last route."

THE MOCKING BIRD.—In my solitary but amusing rambles over these delightful prairies, I now, for the first time in my life, notwithstanding my long residence and peregrinations in North America, barked to the inimitable notes of the mocking bird, (*Turdus polyglottus*.) After amusing itself in ludicrous imitations of the other birds, perched on the topmost bough of a spreading elm, it at length broke into a strain of melody the most wild, varied, and pathetic that ever I had heard from any thing less than human. In the midst of these enchanting strains, which gradually increased in loudness, it oftentimes flew upwards from the topmost twig, continuing its notes as if overpowered by the sublimest ecstasy.—*Nuttall's Travels.*

SUMMARY CONVERSION.—Maclean, the Laird of Coll, adopted a very summary method to bring about uniformity of sentiment in one of the Hebrides, a small island called Rum. When he entered upon the possession of that sterile spot, he found all the inhabitants Roman Catholics; and being himself a zealous protestant, it was not without considerable vexation that he saw all his dependants having recourse to a mode of worship so little in unison with his own views as a churchman. To effect a reform in this important concern, he placed himself one Sunday, during mass, at the entry of the chapel, and having ordered the congregation to be dismissed, he locked the door, and put the keys in his pocket, threatening the people, as they passed him in going out, that he would cane every individ-

nal who should venture to return to take part in those superstitious ceremonies. From this moment all the inhabitants of Rum embraced the Protestant faith, and went to the kirk with the Laird. It happened that Maclean, whilst thus exercising his zeal as a reformer, had seconded his menaces by shaking, in the faces of his converts, a golden-headed cane, which he gave them to understand would prove the instrument of their punishment in case of a relapse to Popery. A circumstance which led the other Hebrideans, whenever they had occasion to speak of the conversion of the people of Rum, to call them the *Protestants of the golden-headed cane*.

A PURITAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FAIR SEX.—Extracted from a pamphlet entitled 'A Brief Anatomie of Women.' London, 1653.—'The golden tresses of their hair (which being curiously kept suitable to their outward apparel, and according to the newest fashion) doth manifestly expresse the true performance of their duty to their lord and master Lucifer in observing so well his livery: and that they may more really appear to be his, and their beauty seeme more ingenuously light to other, they patch up their visages with pieces of darkness, which are as so many seals of Satan to binde to his pleasure and will. Their rolling eyes like shining pearly seeme to be the baits that ensnare men in their love, whose fruit is destruction. Their eares delight to entertain frivolous discourses, especially if it relate to their praise and commendation, which is to them a thing not plausible. Their tongue (that stirring and active member both offensive and defensive) defensive in upholdinge their own supposed credit though ever so bad; offensive in scolding, abusing, and detracting from their neighbors though ever so good. Their lippes are the posterns whence ismelling, lying, deceit, and all manner of dissimulation. From the crowne of their head to the sole of the foote there is no good member, no, not one. That they are a help unto a man is indisputable, but in what sense? To enhance his estate, divulge his secrets, and bee a continual trouble and vexation to his spirit all the daies of his life. They are fickle, changeable, and various as the weathercocke, constants in nothing but inconsistency, and humane creatures meerly metamorphosed seemings to bee that which truly and really they are not, and in a word, it is most apparent that they only are the greatest and most powerfull temptations to evil of all others; the very gnlphe where man's reason, governance, and discretion is often swallowed up, and the admittance rocks whereon many have been shipwrecked.'

THE DRAMA, ETC.

THEATRE-ROYAL.—On Saturday evening, Twelfth Night, as altered from Shakespeare, was performed; and received by a brilliant and crowded audience with the greatest approbation. The principal attraction of the evening was Miss M. TREE, in the part of Viola, in which character she evinced the nicest discrimination, and considerable pathos. Of Miss GRADDAV, (the lady who is expected to succeed Miss Hamersley) it gives us much pleasure to speak most favourably. Her performance was, throughout, very creditable, the only defect being a degree of embarrassment which will naturally yield to increased confidence. MR. BROWNE'S *Matthio* was excellent; nor can we omit noticing MR. PORTEUS, in *Sir Toby Belch*; we think it decidedly one of his best performances.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ronald is rejected.—The incident of the tale is altogether unpalling.
A Querist may obtain the desired information on personal application.
Juvenal's Communication shall be inserted in our next.
A Constant Reader; Anecdotes of Captain Herbert, and Judge Hale; Method of obtaining Sowers in Winter; Myra; and Observer—are received.

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AGENTS.

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Birmingham, Bellby & Knott.	Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
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ON THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

THE most prolific writer of modern times is, certainly, the author of the Waverley Novels. These interesting publications, which far surpass any others of the same kind, will not only have much influence upon society, during the present period, but are destined, doubtless, by their great and peculiar merits, (which are alike acknowledged by the critic and the mere general reader,) to produce effects upon the people of a distant age, when the contemporary works of a similar description will leave behind them no traces of their existence.

I have often thought that it would, to a cultivated mind, whose foresight had been sharpened by the retrospective views of history, be an interesting subject of speculation, to try to discover the nature and extent of the influence which these singular productions are likely to produce upon society.

It is something like a national peculiarity in English authors that some of the best of them should publish anonymously the most elaborate works, which they had no intention to claim, and which have been traced to the writers only by accidental circumstances. Thus Addison's papers in the Spectator were "Fairy favors which should last no longer than while the author was concealed." The Tale of a Tub was never directly acknowledged by Swift, and has been ascribed to him upon nothing better than circumstantial evidence. Of the admirable letters of Junius, the most studied composition in any language, the author declared that he was "the sole depository of his own secret and it should perish with him." To the long list of writers to whom my remark will apply we must add the Author of the Scotch Novels.

These publications have been ascribed to several persons well known in the literary world; but I have never, though I have sought them, discovered any plausible reasons for their being attributed to any other person than Sir Walter Scott. It is true that this opinion is not so prevalent as it was some time ago, and that it has been especially affected by the apparent contradiction of the Author in the introduction to the last Novel; but after an attentive examination of the denial to which I refer, some readers will probably agree with me in thinking, that it is either an equivocation, or at least, one of those harmless forfeitures of veracity in which, under such circumstances, an Author may be excused for indulging, when he does so to check the intrusion of unauthorized curiosity.

I shall briefly and hastily state some of the reasons which have induced me to suspect Sir Walter Scott of being the Author of the Waverley Novels.

1. Prior to the appearance of these works Sir Walter was the most industrious Author of his time, and not inferior to the great unknown in merit as well as in dispatch.

2. Since the publication of the Novels Sir Walter has written hardly any thing; though it is known in the circle of his acquaintance that

his studies have been prosecuted with as much vigour as ever.

3. Several of his poems, as the Lady of the Lake, and the Lord of the Isles, in particular, require only to be converted into prose to make parts of the series of Novels. The form of the stories is the same; the characters are similar; and the peculiar nature of the reflections which are made in these works after the recital of an affecting occurrence, is quite characteristic. The similarity between some of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and the Novels, in almost every point of view in which they can be compared, has always appeared to me to be very strong evidence. The more a person reads of these works with the object of making out the identity of the author, the more, I am sure, he will be convinced of it.

4. Previous to the appearance of a new Novel, Sir Walter has been known to visit the scene to which it referred.

5. The small pieces of poetry thinly scattered over the Novels must alone awaken a strong suspicion in those who have been accustomed to the poems of Sir Walter Scott.

6. The Novels are printed at the same press, and issued by the same publishers, as the acknowledged works of Sir Walter Scott. This reason would be of little importance if it stood alone, but it deserves to be mentioned as it supports the general evidence.

7. The Novels contain many legal phrases, seldom known to persons not in the profession of the law, and allusions, which prove the author to be a profound antiquarian.

8. Sir Walter Scott has been used to write anonymously. A number of Reviews, Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, and I know not how many more things, have been publicly ascribed to him without contradiction.

9. The acquaintance of Sir Walter, who visit at his house, and have the best opportunities of observing his proceedings, and estimating his powers, are among the foremost to ascribe to him the anonymous Novels; and, on the contrary, the claim has, as far as I know, only been opposed by persons who are least likely, except from their presumption, to form an opinion upon the subject.

The reasons which I have stated for suspecting Sir Walter Scott of having written the Waverley Novels appear to me to be very strong; their strength is increased by the weakness of the objections which have been raised by those who have opposed the conclusion; and still more, by the paltry evidence, by which the claims, made for other persons, have been supported.

Manchester.

Q.

ALPIN.

IN THE STYLE OF OSSIAN.

(Translated from the Dutch.)

LUMINARY of the stately Night! how mournfully risest thou in the East!—Hark!—the storms shriek yet from afar—roaring waves ap-

proach with devastation—dark clouds, with pallid borders edged, fly through the troubled sky. The birds have departed at the voice of the tempest—the night-owl has repaired to his ruined dwelling—horribly he howls from yonder shaking rock, and his screams are on the field.

By intervals, O Moon, shewest thou thy countenance, pale as death, through broken clouds.—New clouds raise their grey heads above the glimmering hills—thy unsteady rays fly yet over the bending grass—but slowly descends the darkness of the grave around me, and the spirits of the dead arise before mine eyes. Like meteors are their glittering forms on the hill of winds. Descend to your mansions, ye souls of pleasing Bards! until the dawn break into your darkness, and your voice be heard again over the sea, as the voice of breezes, whistling along the mossy rocks.—Sink softly on your low pillows of dust, ye ghosts of departed maidens! until the rose again bloom on your cheeks, and the evening-gales, sighing from the rocks, play with your waving locks.—Why should ye recall to me the years that are past, the days of our meeting on Lora?—When my strength was like a beam of fire, when gladness dwelled in my bosom. Salgar! I see thee in thy strength; but my powers are broken. Thou art pleasant as ever, grey-haired Ullin! but my voice is become hoarse; it vanishes, as the son of the rock*, on the expanse of the ocean.—Solitary I remain, deserted by my friends; and no Bard comforts me with his soothing lay.—

SALGAR.

Sorrowful, treadest thou over the heath: disconsolate, watchest thou on the mountain of winds. The storm of autumn precedes thy steps; he carries thy plaints along with him. Spring finds thee lamenting on the hill, and thy voice of woe drowns his soft-whispering breath.—Why is thy joy departed, O Alpin! why is thy glory like that of the dead?—Grief has whitened thy looks; thy voice is worn by lamentation.

ALPIN.

My fame rests in the grave—the narrow house incloses my joy. The howling of winter increases not my sorrow; spring refreshes me not with his dew. Listen to my distress, O Salgar! not small is the cause of my tears. Return, ye dark-brown years, which I have lost; restore to me the remembrance, of which ye have bereft me!

Salgar! thine eyes have seen Minona, the favoured maiden of Nossá.—I loved her in my youth: thou heardest, in other times, my song of her in the wood.—Her eye was softer than the moon in a summer's night—on her cheek blossomed my happiness among roses. Her heart was as pure as the snow of the hill; her breast calm as the sea, after the departed storm. When the morning-sun rose in the sky, we left our huts, and the shades of the wood heard our tender conferences,

Once, the morn was lovely, as the countenance of Minona, as the rose after a dewy night.

* The Echo.

The howling storms had fled away, on the rolling waves of the sea; the torrents had returned to their gloomy chambers. Like a triumphant warrior, stepped forth the sun from the horizon, and his splendor shone on the mountain-tops. My soul was at peace like the meandering stream in the vale; mine eyes were brighter than the star of the descending night. Joy attended my steps at the side of my Minona over the field; with bounding hearts walked we towards the dark wood. On the way, I touched the harp of music. My hand, enraptured, struck not the lay of devastation, not the bloody tones of Fingal. From my chords thrilled love, and the softly-blushing Minona accompanied me with her voice. Our song resounded in the tent of the hunter; in the midst of his panting hounds, he heard it roll, from afar, along the declivity of the hills.

On a sudden, dark clouds gathered from the west; on dusky wings returned the tempests. The sun hid his lovely head in a cloud—the whirlwinds roared over the rock—the storms screamed over the dark heath. From distant hills rolled the thunder on: awfully rumbled his voice through the clouds: ghastful flew the unsteady lightning over the green hills, and his glittering was over the expanse of the field.—With sulleness approached the sea; her dashing billows climbed the rock. When the lightning had expelled the gloom, we saw, at a distance, the white sails heaved up by the foaming surge: the blue light yielded, and the shaking thunder rumbled through the darkness of midnight with redoubled force. Distant, over the heath were the sound of the returning hunter, and the howling of the terrified hounds.—Death descended on a thunderbolt; his violence was against the loveliest of maidens. At my side fell Minona; in the rocky glen died my beloved.—My hope fled with the blast; my joy, with the roaring waves. Lonely I stood on earth, deserted on the hill of storms. I had no friend to console me—no maid to sooth me—no heart to return my love. Mine eyes could shed no tears, my breast was as the parched field after a short shower.—Sorrowfully I gathered four glittering stones, and under a fir, reddened by the blast, their moss-grown heads marked the narrow-house of the beloved maiden.

SALGAR.

My tears are for the dead; my sorrows for the inhabitant of the tomb. Great is thy woe, O Alpin! irreparable the loss of thy love. No more hast thou a beloved maiden to rest on thy bosom, no companion in the feast of Selma. Thine eyes will remain red with tears, incurable is the wound of thy heart.—But the storm approaches anew. My spirit is borne on it, towards the silent dwelling of Colma. Our graves are apart. She slumbers far away, on the heath. Darkly I fly over the hills to my Colma, and the night finds our spirits hovering in sweet communion.

ALPIN.

I am alone, O Minona! alone on the rock of the hill. Arise, spirit of my beloved! arise on this silent eminence.—Fairest of daughters!—thou still tarriest—Ah! why tormentest thou thine Alpin? Knowest thou not again his voice?—Minona, my Minona!—

MINONA.

How is the voice of my love over the field—the melodious voice of my beloved over the long grass of the graves?—In the depth of my dark dwelling I heard it—in the motionless stillness of the dead.

Night hovers over the mountains—the tempest rages—my spirit arises from the earth—he ascends like a column of mist, on the glimmering of the main—on the wind he rushes on—on the wings of the storm he speeds to meet thee!

ALPIN.

I see thee, O my love, as a darting ray of the moon on the top of the snowy hill. From afar, I heard thy voice on the blast—thy call, half-drowned in the storms of the rock. Fear thrilled not through my limbs—no alarm struck paleness on my countenance. I exclaimed: be silent, ye winds! ye storms of the mountains, cease your roaring—descend on the brown moss among the rocks, or hide yourselves in the broad summits of the wood.—Pleasant is your rustling among the broken clouds, but sweeter is the voice of my beloved. It is as the sighing evening-breeze on the field, as the murmuring of the rivulet in the valley.—Thou drewest near, daughter of loveliness! Thy voice, unmingled, came to me. The fragrance of spring breathes around thee; the dew of thy breath bathes my looks.—

My years are fled away in sorrow, joy left me with the fire of youth. When the storm screamed from the rock, when the North-wind swelled the billows, I sat on the lonely shore deserted by the glory of maidens. My bow lay unbent at my side—the white-plumed arrow slept on the sand. Over the main, mine eyes wandered, like a hind on the rock; they sped with the rolling waves, till where the clouds rest on the expanse of the sea. With the flood they returned—empty, with the foaming billow. Minona was departed from earth; she was gone to rest in the stillness of the tomb.—Vainly I charged the wind with my lamentation. My glory was withered as the rose in autumn; my soul was fallen as dust before the approaching flood. When the storms are at rest, my song rolls no more along the winding shore, my harp resounds no more on the field, when the moon rises in the stillness of night.—O Minona, who will dry up my tears? who will, compassionately, bend the bow at my breast, or plunge the sword into my heart?—Return, O my beloved, with the spring, with the gales in the wood of songs.—When shall I hear again thy voice, as in my youth? When wilt thou awake from thy long slumber?—

MINONA.

Thy Minona is torn from thee; the conqueror of Heroes seized her with his mighty hands. Her face is grown pale as the moon on the hill of Fura, her breast, cold as clay. Mine arms embrace the dust, worms slumber on my bosom. Gone is my beauty; but my love remains: he is stronger than the destroyers of Morar.—The foot of the hunter was on my grave, the steps of the running hounds. I heard not their noise—the stillness of my dwelling was not broken:—but Alpin approached from afar, and feeling re-animated my mouldering bones.—When the wind, at night, came forth from the west, my spirit hovered, with the waning moon, among the departed maidens—half glimmering, wandered we, in dreary union, along the declivity of the stony hills. I heard thy wailing on the distant shore, like the howling of the wind between the cleft rocks. I then left the mournful circle, and my shade hovered on thy looks.—Sweetly resounded thy complaint in the wood—with pleasure heard I thy lamentation of love. Thy remembrance rivetted Minona—thou caldest her the lovely maiden of Torman. Sadly I saw the dawn glimmering in the east. Unmindful of the orient sun, I left thee and went

down to my dark dwelling. How long shall yet be our separation, O my beloved?—

ALPIN.

The time of my fading is near—near is the hand which shall scatter my leaves. Age is on my tongue; my strength has vanished as the evening-breeze in the top of the oak.—Open thy narrow dwelling for me, O Minona! share thy cool pillow with thy love.—Behold! spring approaches—he shall hover on our united dust, the drops of heaven shall bedew our grave. The hero shall shed a tear on each stone; loving youths shall exchange embraces on our dust.—From afar sees the mariner the shaking summit of the fir, that withers on our tomb. Deeply moved he sings of our love, and mournfully gazing, he passes along.

C. T.

Manchester, 18th August, 1823.

FROM "SMILES FOR ALL SEASONS"

The clever Idiot.

A Boy, as Nursery records tell,
Had dropp'd his drum-stick in the well;
He had good sense enough to know
He would be beaten for't, and so
Silly (tho' silly from his cradle)
Took from the shelf a silver ladle,
And in the water down it goes,
After the drum-stick, I suppose.
The thing was miss'd, the servants blamed,
But in a week, no longer named:
Now this not suiting his designs,
A silver cup he next purloins,
(To aid his plan, he never stopp'd!)
And in the water down it dropp'd
This caused some words, and much inquiry,
And made his parents rather try;
Both for a week were vex'd and cross,
And then—submitted to the loss.
At length, to follow up his plan,
Our little, clever, idiot man
His father's favourite silver waiter
Next cast into the wat'ry crater.
Now this, indeed, was what the cook
And butler could not overlook;
And all the servants of the place
Were search'd, and held in much disgrace.
The boy now call'd out, "Cook, here—Nell;
What's this so shining in the well?"
This was enough to give a hint
That the lost treasures might be in't;
So for a man with speed they sent,
Who down the well directly went.
They listen with expectant ear,
At last these joyful words they hear,
"O, here's the Ladle, and the Cup,
And Waiter too—so draw me up."
"Hold," quoth the boy, "a moment stay,
Bring something else that's in your way."
Adding (with self approving grin)
"My Drum-stick, now your hand is in."

A flattering Opinion.

An Artist who rated his skill rather high,
Was thus to a brother revealing
His future intentions respecting the sky
Which embellish'd his Drawing-room ceiling.
"This plan I have thought of, and now mean to try,
This is far the best method now on't it?
To whitewash it first, let it carefully dry,
And then at my leisure to paint it."
"Why, Sir," said the other (and nearly had burst
In his face in a loud fit of laughter.)
"I think I should set about painting it first,
And then, you know, whitewash it after."

Irish Advice.

"O, dear mamma," said little Ann,
"The ice I was induced to take
By that kind Irish gentleman,
Has really made my stomach ache."
"My dearest love, then, take advice,"
Her mother said; "I'm sure you will;
Don't eat another glass of ice
Without first taking off the chill."

The Importance of Ten Minutes.

A Buffoon once complaining to Francis the First,
That a Lord he had held up to laughter
Had threaten'd to kill him; said he, "If he dunt,
I'll hang him in five minutes after."
"That will do me no good," said the courtly Buffoon,
"So your Majesty's Grace I implore
To grant me in mercy this one little boon,
Just hang him five minutes before."

ANDREW LAURIE'S RETURN.

(Concluded from our last.)

Before I came in sight, the ancient kirk, with its sharp peaked gables and narrow windows, floated in a shadowy vision before me on the summit of the knoll;—row succeeding row of bared and venerable heads, seemed to fill the extent of the walls from end to end,—and I almost thought I heard the voice of the pastor, and the ascending of the psalm. But when I emerged from the little woody glen, I found that a few corner stones, and a heap of dust, was all that remained of the kirk of Dalgarnock. It had been cast to the ground many years, and the roads which came from four different parts to its door, were plunged and sown, except one rugged and abrupt way which led from a ford in the river, and on this I could observe that sometimes the feet of man had lately travelled. The gate was unfastened, and with a slow and faltering step I went among the memorials of the dead, and winced my way reverently among their graves,—the foot of the living should respect the dwelling of the departed. I heard something like the murmuring of a human voice, and looking around saw a new dag grave, deep and long, a spade and a hoe stuck in the loose black earth; I saw nothing else,—yet still the sound increased; and, at last, I saw, not without surprise, the figure of a man laid at full length on the grass, like one measuring ground with his person for a grave. At a small distance a clean white cloth was spread over a flat gravestone, and wine and other refreshments stood in a basket upon it.

I stood gazing on the grave, and on the living person who lay stretched beside it. He wore a coat of coarse, homespun gray cloth,—with gun-mouthed trousers reaching midleg down; his feet were bare, and a grizzled lock or two escaping noomed from beneath a broad and tattered bonnet, spoke something to me of age and weakness of brain. He lay holding a fresh dug-up skull between his hands, to which he was speaking with the familiarity of old acquaintance. "Aha, Johnnie Wumble," said he, "ye are a quiet child now, and a' since ye got on a timber coat, and witch Girzie laid ye in yere last linen. My certie, but ye lay quietly among the mools, wi' the red dewy gowans wagging bonnie aboon ye. Ye had nae business to cut the tree where the wood-dove biggit, in the foot of my mother's yard,—and ye had nae right to dig down the auld kirk of Dalgarnock, and let in the wind and rain among the sparrows and bats, poor sackless things. Had ye behaved yeresel, the bedral wad nae hae daddit the mools out atween yere teeth with his ain spade, and bade ye lie still for a fool, and no rise till the Lord lifted ye. But ye raise for a' that. Ye think I did nae see ye sitting on the kirkyard dyke in the howe of hallowmas eve, wi' the deil's Rab of Roris, and Jock Thuneram of Thrapplem, and a full score of uncuffed companions at your elbow. Ye had een like burning coals, teeth like harrows, and ye were singing a highland sang. Ah! loon to think to fright daft Symie Crosstree, that unlovesome gate. I'll throw thy skull into the Nith, and let the eels and the water adders have a new place of abode." And the water flashed as the skull descended into a neighbouring pool.

Daft Symie Crosstree—a kind hearted and quiet fool, who used to wander from house to house in the parish, and seek his food and clothes among those who were willing to befriend one of the most helpless and harmless of mankind,—daft Symie having disposed of the skull of ill Jock Wumble, proceeded to stretch himself beside a low grassy grave, marked with no stone of remembrance, and laying his arms over it, began to fiddle and carouse it as a mother caresses a baby. "Bonnie Lillie Lesley," he said, "seventeen summers have ye lain in a maiden grave, and seventeen summers since have I wandered the earth, and this is the first time I have had the grace to lie down aside ye. Ye were a blythe and a bonnie lass when I first began to roam, a poor demented lad, about the parish,—but I'm wiser now, lass, and can mind,—when aye hunted the dogs on me,—another drave me frae the door, and another laid me in wet straw and damp socks, saying 'night was gude enough for a gowk,—what did my Bonnie Lillie Lesley do? She gied me a warm supper

and a cozie bed,—gentle words, and pitying looks, and took the garters frae her ain white lady-like legs, and tied up Ringwood and Whitefoot, and kept in all the dogs of Dalgarnock gate and frae her ain poor Symie. It has been a wae'ful world for me since bonnie Lillie Lesley died." And wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, he bubbled out and wept. On turning his head, and observing a new grave-stone fresh painted and filled with letters, he broke away into another mood. "Od, but Lillie lass, I would have ye to lie farther frae auld Lancia Luckpennie,—he'll pick the siller nails out of your brow black kist, and a' for love of the metal. Mickle need has he to gather gain aneath the earth, his nephew is scattering it fu' gloriously aboon. I'll tell ye what, auld Luckpennie, take a fool bodie's counsel, and ease up the edge of your painted stone awae, and get a glance at the way in which the gowd is getting the air, which ye sinned your soul in saving. A snow flight at yule is naught compared wi' the flight of thy hoarded gear; ye may hear the clink on't in every change house; horse-raiding, dicing, and drabbing, and play-going, give wings to the wealth of auld Lancia Luckpennie." And leaping to his feet he shouted,

"Auld Lancia Luckpennie,
Auld Lancia Luckpennie,
Ika Jockie has his Jannie,
And the deil has Lancia Luckpennie."

Roused, no doubt, by a noise which would have roused all that was less than dead, an old man, slowly, and with many a groan, raised himself up from the side of a fresh ridged grave, and rubbing his eyes, and yawning like a death's head on a sepulchre,—the smile was at hand as all similes should be,—exclaimed, scandalized beyond endurance at the irreverent song of Symie—"Deil dabble yere daft book in an ebb grave, that a clocken hen may scratch it out, wherefore make ye that unsanctified din? Away wi' your carcass I say. I'll never earn a groat out of thee:—I bury all the wise fowk at aughten pence the head, and the daft fowk into the bargain, and providence has been sae bountiful of intellect to the district, that I'll no make aboon saxpence a piece; hand owre head,—I counted them a' by the register book yestreen,—it's a sad bargain, and gin there was mickle wisdom in the parish I would have it broken."

To the grave digger of the old kirkyard of Dalgarnock, Symie advanced with a look of vacant stupidity. All the arch and somewhat mischievous alertness of his glance was gone, and his face seemed changed into a mere lump of unquickened clay. "Gude day, gude day, Ichabod School," said Symie, "ye hae dug a brow hole,—ye make the house, and leave death to find a tenant;—this sair cough that's gone raging among us wise fowk of Dalgarnock will send monie a siller aughten-pennie, and dredgie drink thy road." Siller pennies, said ye, gowk," quoth Ichabod School, "siller seldom comes my road;—none but daft fowk die, and wise fowk live for ever. Save when a Laurie or a Menteath, grace be wi' them, take it into their head to oblige aye wi' a wise person's funeral, I never can clap a creditable body wi' my spade, and bid the gowans wag o'er a sark-ful of sensible clay. This wearyfou marriage of the gude maiden parish of Dalgarnock wi' the captions carle Closeburn, vexes aye sair,—sorrow be wi' them that laid the twa thegither. Then there's the dinging down of the bonnie auld kirk, where monie a fair face sat, and monie a lang psalm was sung; and casting out the ancient name of Dalgarnock frae 'mong the parishes of Nithdale, just as if it had nae as sweet a sound as Closeburn, or Kirk-maboe,—or worse than a Wamphray,—a name fit to make a dead dog bark. But let the name gang,—a name's but a sough and a sound,—and let the kirk tumble, it was but timber and stanes,—but wha can endure, think ye, to see the auld world worthies of the land haurled awa feet foremost, and a' to grace the new burial ground of Closeburn, an' a plague till't,—can it be content wi' devouring the name of the green and gladsome nook of Dalgarnock, but it maun wile away the bonks of dounce and sposable fowk; as if our aye auld sunny knowe were nae like a slip of the garden o' paradise compared with the new calf-ward of Closeburn,—a barren top and a sour bottom."

"And then," said Symie, "what is the parish garden of Closeburn compared to our Ichabod School?"

can he make a deep and a narrow dwelling according to the word? Can he make aie a bonnie piece of subterranean architecture as thou? Ye should never make a grave for a piece of cauld common clay,—ye should keep yere spade for the use of gentles and dukes, and the like of Tam o' Campel an' me."

"Truly," said Ichabod, "a wise word frae a witless pow. Ye are right, Symie; my last hames are just sey pieces of human skill, sae straight, sae deep, and sae tempting. There was the young portioner of Cairncross slipped a bit of gowd in my loof, when he saw what a bonnie subterranean edifice I had cut for his father, and tauld me it was a pleasure to look upon. The lad's an honest lad, though a thought given to drink and the lasses, and can judge of the merit of my wark as it made him laird of three gude mailens. But all go to Closeburn kirkyard now,—the young and auld, the rotten and ripe,—vanity lays them down, and may the fiend gie them a lifting."

"Hont, Ichabod School," said Symie, "your alip of paradise is no deserted yet. Ye have Donglassen, Kirkpatrick, and Hallidays, monie a aye,—a kind Menteath or twa,—and in the fulness of time ye'll have mae be praised for't,—and a lang line of Lauries."

"A lang line of Lauries," said the grave-digger of Dalgarnock—"but the longest day will draw to night, and the lang line of Lauries maun have an end. And the mair's the pity, the mair's the pity; but wilfu' fowk, wilfu' fowk, aye gade east, and another went west,—aye gade to the north,—I wonder what he found there,—and aye to the south, and left a fair patrimony, and the hope of having a pleasant addin cut wi' my spade in the gowan knowe of Dalgarnock. They were a frank-handed race,—but their race is run;—they were a liberal people, and good to beast and body, and they never forgot me at either bridal or burial,—a silver crown piece afore ever I wet a spade,—and on the marriage day a drop of drink, and the roast and the boiled, made it little waur than a dredgie. They were a liberal race. I would count ye some sixteen of them all side by side, ready to rise when heaven's will is,—but they are sae covered wi' memorial stones, Symie, my lad, that the rising will be a kittle ceapier;—the Dargavels, and all the names that nae body cares for, will be up and through Enterkin afore a Laurie can rise." And the ancient man of Dalgarnock kirk-yard stept upon a gravestone, looked round, and began to count with his finger the graves of my ancestors. "Sixteen beds all in a row," he said, "wi' the green grass waving aboon them, and one gaping there for the coming morsel,—a bonnie sight." I stept upon another gravestone, and surveyed the line of graves; Ichabod saw me for the first time, and said in a tone more of surprise than pleasure, "Grace guide us, here's a Laurie risen afore another's well ready to lay i' the grave."

"A Laurie risen!" said Symie, coming to my side, and examining me with a look of vacant consideration,—"Tronth, he's arisen, that I can avouch,—for he was twice killed in battle, thrice drowned in the sea, and sax times dead wi' fair straw death,—or else there's nae truth in country clatter. But risen or not, it's my ain bonnie Andrew Laurie. Ah, Andrew, my man, what have ye made of Whitefoot, and Whaupie, and the pet hawk?—and how did ye live without me?—ye would not find a daft lad in every country to do ye a good turn,—there's no the like of me at every dyke back. Wherefore d'ye no speak? have ye been deaf, as well as dead? and that's say likely, for there was my ain grandame, when she went to the kirk-hole, and ill Bauldy Beattie basted me wi' his strap, I ran and tauld her on't, and she ne'er minded her poor bairn, but lay as quiet as the mools aboon her."

"Whisht, ye born fool," said Ichabod, "this is aye of the queer gentlemen who never love a house till the riggings off't,—a tree, till its dead i' the top and rotten i' the heart,—nor a kirk, till the howlets forhoor it for fear it falls. I ken them bravely. Give them three or four rusty coffin nails, and an auld bane, and the tram of a wheelbarrow, and a worm-eaten quagha, and the snout of a steel bonnet, and an auld parritch spurtle, and a lang stane, wi' twa or three scratches upon it, and they'll make a book as big as Boston's Fourfold State, wi' a hundred pictures o' a' the straps, and straes, and knocking stanes in the parish. This is aye of them."

"Ah! Andrew Laurie, man," said Symie, "d'ye mind how ye hunted me to the top of the Hazelbrae, and made me lie all night among the heather, for fear of your dog Whitefoot? But then ye gied me two apples and a saxpence at Thornhill fair,—sae lay that and that together,—kindness clears a' scores wi' daft Symie. And then, man, d'ye mind how ye put a living burchin in the ae meal powk, and a howlet i' the fether, and sent me crying round the parish, 'fidum, fadum, our cat has kittled two magpies and a moudie?' Nae act of kindness cleared that score,—sae take ye that, Andrew Laurie, for what ye did to me lang syne." And stooping suddenly to the ground, and snatching up the remains of a skull, he hurled it at my head—and this unexpected missile narrowly missed the mark. I thought if Symie visited every little deed of early mischief upon me, I was in a fair way of being stoned to death, so I threw him a crown-piece; which he caught as it flew. When he saw it was silver he gave a leap, then ran round like a pair of yarn widdles, and shouted out, "Goodsouth, Symie Crosstree, it's a crown-piece,—it shall work while I sleep,—It came frae the hand of a Laurie,—a frank free hand,—the same hand that chased me wi' stones from the top of Topstarvet down to the mains of Closeburn, and made me climb into the top of Monteth's oak, where I sat till it took six men and three ladders to bring me down again. Nae kindness ever salved that sair,—sae take ye that, Andrew Laurie, ye ken what ye did to me lang syne;" and he threw a shank-bone, with a bitterness which my late present gave me no reason to expect, and I found some trouble in eluding it.

"I'd brain ye wi' my spade, gowk," said the gravedigger, "if it werena I would have your grave to bowk gratis, and that for misusing a man wi' a frank hand, and siller in his pouch. And you, sir, wha throw away mair coin on a coof than I would dig ye three full size graves for, d'ye no see that he's half knave and fu' fool, wi' as much cunning as will cause him to throw dead men's bane at you, while ye throw siller at him. But take ane's counsel, who never saw a penny of your coin, and gang and sit down aside the burial bread and wine, there where they stand. Daft Symie respects burial drink, when he respects nothing else." I seated myself as Ichabod advised, and Symie came quietly and sat down beside me.

The spot where I sat was full of summer beauty and sanctity, but the desolation of the kirk, and the home of my youth, pressed upon my heart. I thought on the sabbath mornings when I had stood by the gate, and seen all the way to the house of God moving with the grave, the beautiful, and the young,—when I beheld the seats thronged, and many fair eyes glancing modestly to and fro, and that interchange of silent and holy greeting which passes among friends before worship begins. I thought too on those who bore my name, and shared kindred blood with me; and I saw the graves of many I loved growing green beside me, each headed by a memorial stone. And I said in my heart, of the seven Lauries whom I left, lo! six are sleeping there,—and as I looked I thought on the new dug grave, and I saw it was for a tall person; and as my eyes dwelt upon it they filled with tears, and my heart throbbed, and I would fain have gone away but I had not the power.

Ichabod now came to my side, "Deil mend their speed," said he, "here am I standing as stiff wi' cauld as a crutch, and as hungry as the grave at a green yule,—but they're near now,—I hear the neighing of their horses." Symie started to his feet, and laying down his ear to the earth, and listening for a moment, he clapped his hands and shouted out, "Oh! the burial bits,—the burial bits,—dads of bread and touts of wine. I wish other sax would die. Men are far kinder to poor demented Symie when they have their timmer top coats on, than when they sit at the board head. A piece of sour bread, and a drop of wyated milk, from the living,—but waughts of red wine, and wamefuls of white cake, from the dead. I can gang fustling and sorrowfu hame frae a reeking house, but frae the kirkyard I have to grope my way,—and the wine has whoomeled me owre a grave, and left me to cool, and come to myself among the morning dew. Oh! the burial bits,—the burial bits,—dads of bread, and touts of wine. Yonder he comes, yon-

der he comes, in his braw black chest, with siller whirries on the sides, and the parish cloak trailing o'er him. Well may he bruik the new."

I stood up and saw a long train of horsemen descending the western bank of the river, and approaching to Dalgarnock kirkyard, by a narrow, and woody, and unfrequented way. They were all dressed in black, and riding slowly and mournfully along. In the middle of the line of horsemen two rode abreast, bearing a coffin across the shoulders of their horses, over which a mort-cloth was thrown, which reached nigh the ground. They passed the river, and halting at the little gate, bore the coffin to the brink of the grave beside where I stood, and all gathering around gazed mournfully on it for a minnte's space or more, in silence so intense, that I thought the very throbbings of my heart were audible. At length a very old man removed his hat, smoothed down a few white hairs which time had left about his temples, and looked in the grave, and in the faces of his companions, till the tears started in his eyes. As he looked round he saw me, he eyed me for a little space, and said, "His dying words are come to pass,—one has come from a far land, who will lay his head in the grave,—never, he said, would the head of one of his blood be laid low in Dalgarnock, but the hand of one of his name would lay it,—and his words are come to pass."—And he came and took me by the hand, and leading me to the head of the grave, said, "Mine old eyes deceive me much if thou art not Andrew Laurie,—stand there,"—and he placed the silken cords of the coffin in my hands, which the love of some antique mind had wreathed with flowers. All eyes were turned on me,—my eyes wandered from face to face,—I dreaded to speak, and the same dread seemed visible in every one.

The old man came forward, and said,—“Let us not lay in the grave, with superstitious rites and observances, one of the kindest, and gentlest, and simplest spirits which ever breathed among us. Devout himself, and one who walked in the austere meekness of the pure Scottish kirk, we should insult him were we with uplifted hands, with beads held down, and with smooth words, and studied sentences, to offer up supplication for him. Shall we pour a prayer less than inspired over him who so often poured over others the warm and unsolicited overflowings of a tender heart and a gifted mind? Afar from me be all the vanity of such devotion, and in a homely way will I speak of a homely heart. There he lies, who for seventy years never gave a pious heart pain, nor denied an honest man's request,—he thatched the roof of the widow's house,—he put food between the lips of the orphan,—his door stood ever to the wall, that the needy might enter,—and at his hearth was found the soldier's wife and her helpless children. He was not vain of his influence among men, nor was he proud of his wisdom,—his wit was kind and pleasant,—his humour was chaste and free,—and he read a song sweeter than others could sing it. His sayings became proverbs, and his proverbs are laws in the land. He was proud of his descent,—and he said none of his blood or his name ever begged bread. The beggar will bless his house as he passes, though the hearth shall be cold and the table unfurnished. He goes where all shall go,—but he goes blessed,—for him the grey headed and the wise weep, and the fool sheds tears.”

The old man had elevated his hands in fervour,—his voice was waxing melodious,—a flush was coming over his brow,—matter bold and figurative was flowing in, and he was about to pour out one of those simple and affecting characteristic prayers which I have heard uneducated men utter over the dead, when he was suddenly interrupted. Poor demented Symie, with tears streaming down his cheeks, burst through the band of mourners, leaped into the grave, and cried out with a voice of unsurpassable agony, "Oh! Luke Laurie,—Luke Laurie,—I will be buried for thee." The old man looked on him for a moment, dropped his hands, and said, "Thus men may 'know when the righteous and the kind-hearted die. Andrew Laurie, there lies thine uncle,—long he looked for thy return; the last look he gave was with the hope of seeing thee,—the last wish he uttered was that thou mightest lay his old white head in the grave,—and he died in the belief that all this would come to pass. Now let us lay him in the dust. All has been said that Christians ought

to say over the clay mansion, out of which the immortal spirit has passed; and the wisest man's words are but folly compared to those of this poor simple fool."

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Land of my Fathers, dearer to my soul
Than all the teeming fruitfulness of climes
Or wealth of nations, when stern death shall take
Me to himself, may I in slumber rest
Within thy firm embrace.

ANON.

I do not know any thing which takes hold of the powers of man with a stronger grasp than reflection, when he visits the scenes of his childhood endeared by fond recollection, and tender hope. They recall the days of other years, when the wanderer was wont to traverse over every brake, and pry into every secret inclosure; when the old mansion resounded with the voices of parents and friends; and when the hum of the school boy alone disturbed their morning's repose.

I have now, after an absence of ten years, returned to my native village; but, alas! where are those scenes which were once so familiar to me? where is my father's house, the pleasure grounds, and the little garden in which the first years of my infancy were spent?—they are no where to be found! My parents are both dead—the old sexton has pointed out their graves;—and my brother—the same sod which covers my parents rests upon him! My sister has long since left the old hamlet; and I, the only one of our family remaining, wander, as it were, a stranger, and an outcast from the place of my birth!

During the month which has now elapsed since my arrival, I have found but one of my old friends, the grey-headed sexton of our parish church. Poor old man, he is not a whit changed since the days when he used to occupy his accustomed seat in the corner of our kitchen, when placed in the high arm-chair he drank the nut-brown ale and puffed his frequently replenished pipe, excepting that his hairs are grown whiter, and his face seems reduced into a smaller compass! My school companions are all dead, saving one, and he, after being buffeted for years, a mere football for Fortune to vent her spleen upon, has left his birth place, and, like myself, tired of the world, sought out a remote corner of the globe in which to pass a few years in ease and tranquillity.

My first visit was to the house of one with whom I once lived in the dearest ties of friendship.—Those indeed were happy days, oh years of my youth, could ye but return, how differently would I spend ye! how—but hold, time, time bears us down its stream, let me look forward, and smooth the rough path through which I am gliding fast into Eternity, and not waste the precious moments in bubbles, which must surely burst and sink me under their weak support. Leoline was my friend, and his sister Mary, on her had I fixed my affections, and well do I remember when we parted exchanging our mutual vows; but Fate prevented their completion! When I visited the cottage an old domestic who had often nursed me opened the door, and to my enquiries for my friend told me—and a tear, in spite of her endeavours to prevent it, showed itself,—that he was dead—and that only a few weeks before! The old nurse knew me not, time had wrought such a change that even she who had so often tended me, had forgotten my features.

How the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks when I announced myself, and she beheld him on whom her late master had so often called in

his illness. The poor creature led me as it were instinctively to the room in which the once lovely Mary was reclining. But how changed! the glow of health was flown—that figure which had a few years before attracted the general gaze was reduced beneath anxiety and sorrow—and her features were care-worn and emaciated.

She was seated, or rather reclining on a couch, which stood opposite to a window commanding an extensive view over a delightful lawn, at the extremity of which rambled the babbling brook which was shaded by the broad-leaved sycamore and spreading elm—the flowering branches of a luxuriant woodbine, which covered the front of the cottage, had found their way into the room through the half-opened window, and mingled sweet perfume in the breeze of evening.

As I advanced to behold those features which were so altered since I last gazed upon them, she cast a glance upon me which I first interpreted as a recognition, but was soon undeceived by her gently enquiring my name.

Vain would be any attempt to picture our feelings, or to pourtray the scene which took place when my name was announced. I shall pass it over; but the struggles of nature against the pain which tortured my beloved were too strong for her, and she fainted in my arms. The old servant soon removed her to her chamber, and I reluctantly bade "Good night," with a promise to return early in the morning.

Need I say that scarcely had Aurora tinged the mountains, nor had the lark arose to offer its orisons, when I was hastening towards the habitation of sickness, nay of loveliness—of perfection—of every thing dear in this world. The lamp was not yet extinguished, and I could discover by its beams several forms passing to and fro in the chamber of the invalid. With a tremulous and unsteady hand I lifted the knocker, which was soon answered by the old domestic, who welcomed me with a heavy countenance. I could but too well perceive the news that was detained, I anticipated, she was indeed alive, but her spirit seemed to waver betwixt heaven and earth, though still clinging to its frail tenement. After taking a little refreshment I was admitted into her chamber, and there found the lovely Mary even more beautiful than I had fancied her before. I began to hope, to feel that nature might sustain itself a little longer, but as I urged the idea she only more forcibly represented the impossibility of recovery.

The room in which we then were looked towards the village church, and she kept her eyes intently fixed upon this prominent object. Ere I had sat long, the passing bell reverberated along the lawn and brought its sound to our ears. The knell seemed to ring ominously at such a period, and it had its effect. Finding conversation tedious, when the physician made his appearance I retired, and bade a temporary farewell, promising the next morning to revisit the gentle Mary. I took a circuitous route for my road home, and lingered among the ruins of my Father's house; never was devastation more complete. With some difficulty I discovered the spot on which the small library once stood, and in which I took a last farewell of my aged parent. Well do I remember the affectionate distress of the old man, as the tears ran down his wrinkled face, and he in vain endeavoured to say "Farewell." I left him before the parting word escaped his lips. As I sat upon the wall which then in part fenced our garden, I allowed my thoughts to wander to past time, and to events, which though they took place

some years since, appeared to my memory as vivid as when I actually engaged in them.

Shortly the sweet warblings of a flute sounded on my ear, and as the tones grew louder, I exclaimed with the Poet:

"If music be the food of love play on."

But the transport into which this melody had carried me, broke the spell, and the cause of these delightful feelings was removed. As I gazed upon the spot whence the notes arose, I observed the figure of a youth reflected upon a small stream, along which he wandered; but ere I could reach the spot where he stood, he had vanished, and was lost to my sight in the shadow of the trees which surrounded the wall where I had taken my seat.

The shades of evening had now deeply set in, and the cold breeze warned me that the time to seek repose was at hand. I obeyed, and returned to the house where I had fixed a temporary abode. My sleep was heavy, and a deep oppression hung upon me during the night; frequently did I awake with a difficulty of breathing, and frightful dreams hurried my fancy into the most painful excess. The break of day was to me an hour of relief, and I then looked to the approaching time when I should again behold the suffering Mary. There was a heaviness in the atmosphere, and I endured a considerable depression of spirits during my walk; the mist still hung upon the valley, and the blades of grass shone luxuriantly as they lay tipped with dew beneath the rays of a rising sun.

I found the door open, and heard a noise unusual in the dwelling of the sick; but little did I anticipate the fatal news. The curtain of life was drawn for ever—the short scene of her pilgrimage was terminated! Painful were my feelings as I gazed upon the remains of all that was once lovely and happy: happier far was she then, but her features were insensible to joy, and those eyes which were once wont to flash so brightly were closed for ever! The old and faithful domestic gave me a paper in Mary's hand-writing: she had penned it immediately after my departure the preceding evening, and scarcely was the task completed when she fell into a deep sleep; it was her last—long and untroubled! The paper contained the following lines:—

Another pilgrim is gone home
To his lone dwelling-house, the tomb;
Another soul has wing'd its way
From the small tenement of clay;
For, hark! the sound o'er yonder dell,—
It is the awful passing bell!

A few short hours, and I shall be
Wrapt in a like Eternity;
A few short hours and I must fall
Beneath the common lot of all;
And you mayhap shall hear my knell
Toll'd by yon awful passing bell!

Then let me 'neath yon tree be laid,
My grave be covered by its shade,
But let no tomb or stone proclaim
The resting wanderer's style or name;
The last, the parting sad farewell,
Mayhap you'll sigh with yonder bell!

She now rests beneath the weeping willow in the corner of our church-yard;—the yew shall grow over her grave, and the white rose shall blow upon her ashes, but she excels it in purity, In heaven is her resting place!

Liverpool.

IGNOTO.

THE FLORENTINE MOTHER.—A TALE.

Theresa Balducca, a lady of a noble Florentine family, had not been long a widow, before she beheld her two sons, the inheritors of an ample patrimony, independent of her. To a mother, endued with every

virtue, and awake to the nicest touches of maternal sensibility, the independence of her sons, exposed by their very opulence to all the variety of temptation, must have been extremely alarming; even if their dispositions had appeared, at their outset, to be the most happy and promising. But what must have been her anxiety, what her terrors, when all Florence soon distinguished them as foremost among the profligate and abandoned. In vain did she repeat the most earnest expostulations; in vain have recourse to entreaties, or give vent to her agony in tears. Her voice was no longer heard; nor did the affecting effusions of maternal grief make the slightest impression. Her eldest son continued at Florence, while the younger left that city, in order to make the tour of Italy.

One evening, this disconsolate mother being alone, now lost in thought, and now weeping at the recollection of the licentiousness of her sons, she was surprised on a sudden, with the appearance of a stranger, with a bloody sword, with looks of horror and distraction in his countenance. Terrified at this unexpected and frightful object, she uttered a loud scream and rushed out of the room. The stranger hastily followed her and threw himself at her feet; "Oh! madam" said he "pity an unfortunate man." "Who are you," exclaimed the affrighted Theresa. "I am the most wretched of human beings. But deign to listen to my unhappy story. I am a Roman. I have been in this city two days, and having finished the business which brought me hither, I was going to my inn, in order to prepare for my departure, when a person passing by me, kicked me with great brutality. On remonstrating with him against this incivility, he added insult to outrage. On resenting this treatment he grew more abusive than before, and threatened me with such insolence that I could no longer contain myself. I drew my sword: he drew his, and in an instant fell, pierced by my first thrust. Heaven can witness my grief at this involuntary murder. Distracted, scarce sensible of what I did, not knowing whither to fly, I have ventured to seek an asylum in your house; the door of which I found accidentally open: Oh! madam, pity an unfortunate man. Permit me to take refuge here till the pursuit is over, and the darkness of the night may allow me to retire with safety. At this recital the Lady trembled with horror. An unaccountable presentiment filled her mind with a thousand cruel apprehensions. Nevertheless, attentive only to the impulse of compassion, she conducted the stranger to a closet, in which she carefully concealed him. The forebodings of this unfortunate mother were, alas! but too well founded. In a little time, she was again struck by a sudden bustle and noise. Pale and trembling, she hastened to the hall, and there beheld (what a sight for a mother!) her eldest son brought before her, pierced by a deep wound in his breast, and weltering in his blood. She uttered a wild and dreadful shriek. Her son, almost lifeless, perceiving himself just expiring, made a last effort and turning to his mother, "Alas! said he, 'you behold in me an example of the justice of heaven. I have deserved my fate. Let my death serve at least as a warning to my brother. If the person who killed me is apprehended, I entreat you to undertake his defence. O my mother! he is innocent, I alone am the aggressor. O my mother! I am dying, can you forgive me?" "Heaven knows I forgive thee my child," sobbed his unhappy parent. A ray of joy for a moment beamed upon the countenance of the wretched youth, but was immediately succeeded by the pallid hue of despair. Large drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks; he tried to speak but could not; his lips quivered, a deep groan burst from him, and he breathed his last. The unhappy mother sunk senseless on the body. Her attendants at last forced her from the bloody corpse; uncertain, however, for a long time, whether she were yet living. It was with the greatest difficulty she was recovered. When she was brought to herself, her grief must have been fatal, had not nature found relief in a flood of tears. She kept calling every moment for her son; she repeatedly insisted upon seeing him again; and it was not without violence that she was removed from the mournful scene.

What in the mean time must have been the grief and consternation of the young stranger, who, from the place of his concealment, heard the whole tragical;

scene of which he had been the cause! In the distracting idea that he was the author of the calamity of this respectable mother, he regretted that he had not fallen by the sword of his adversary. On the other hand, the fear of being discovered chilled his blood at the least motion, or at the slightest noise.

He remained in this perplexity till about midnight. All being silent and still, and the first emotions of maternal grief having given place to reflection, Theresa went to the closet: she opened it: the young man prostrated himself at her feet: "I call heaven to witness," said he, "that I would give"—"Rise!" said Theresa; "you have made me the most wretched of mothers; but I know your innocence. My son has charged me to protect you, and it is my duty to do it. A carriage will be here presently, and one of my servants shall conduct you to the frontiers. This purse will supply your wants. May Heaven grant you that peace of which you have deprived me." The young Roman, inexpressibly affected by this exalted instance of generosity, felt a deeper impression of grief: "Alas," said he, "I can never forgive myself for having involved in misery such a mother, such an excellent woman." He poured forth a thousand wishes for her welfare; he kissed again and again her beneficent hand: and he left her all in tears, resolved to seize every opportunity which fortune might offer to prove his regret and gratitude.

Nor did he long wait for this opportunity. When he had passed Viterbo, he beheld a young man attacked by two robbers, against whom he defended himself with difficulty. He leaped from the carriage, and flew to his assistance. The robbers fled, but the young man was wounded. He took him into his carriage, and returned with him to Viterbo. Fortunately, the wound was not dangerous; it was soon healed; and a thousand times he thanked his deliverer. But who can describe the joy which the young Roman felt, when he found he had saved the brother of the man whom he had killed at Florence! He embraced him affectionately. "What thanks," said he, "do I owe to Heaven, which has thus graciously afforded me the means of acknowledging in some degree, the goodness of your adorable mother! It will be impressed for ever on my heart. Hasten to see her once more; your presence is necessary: she impatiently expects you. Tell her that the man whose life she preserved, has had the happiness of exposing it for you; and that it is still his ardent wish to employ the remainder of it in the service of both."

Arrived at Florence, it was a painful surprise to young Balducci to hear from his mother an account of all that had happened. He could not recollect, in the same person, the destroyer of his brother, and his own deliverer, without feeling the most contradictory emotions. But the proofs which he had of his innocence lessened the horror with which he at first regarded him; and the gratitude he had felt for his own preservation resumed all its force. While he lamented the death of his brother, he was not less assiduous to procure the acquittal of the young Roman.

In the mean time, the death of his brother, and his own imminent danger, made a deep impression on young Balducci. He perceived all the perils to which youth is exposed from a rash and inconsiderate conduct. He entirely changed the course of his life; and by a virtuous and exemplary conduct, from that moment he consoled his excellent mother, at last, for the great loss she had sustained.

GO DIG YE A TOMB!

Go dig ye a tomb! For the joys of the earth are
More frail than the vanity fore-doomed of yore;
Youth has nought but wild passion, and middle-age care,
And the ripeness of years is a fate to deplore:—
Hot, hot and vanishing all our first pleasures,
Which yield to the struggle of life and its gloom,
And then, to complete what the earth counts its treasures,
Come the pains of decline—oh! Go dig ye a tomb!

Go dig ye a tomb! Though the magic of loving
Gives to earth its sole gleam of a transient bliss,
Though a moment may pass, perfect happiness proving—
'Tis the moment the kiss lasts—it dies with the kiss.
What though heaven swells in the bosom you cherish;
Though no Persian rose like that sigh's fond perfume;
That bosom so beauteous is formed but to perish,
And that sigh to a groan changes—Dig ye a tomb!

Go dig ye a tomb! But be honoured in story,
Let the trumpet and laurel illustrate your fame;
On the blood stream of battle establish your glory,
And bid dying gasps your high triumphs proclaim,—
With the hurra of victory mingling proudly—
Oh how the soul beats in its poor mortal room!
But the hour is at hand: let it rise e'er so loudly,
The applause is unheard; and ye sleep in the tomb!

Go dig ye a tomb! Yet for wealth are ye pining!
Have ye bound the dull power in your chains as a slave,
Till luxury pants to invent what is wanting—
Death strikes,—can ye carry your gold to the grave?
No! youth, age, love, glory and wealth, are the dreaming
Of idiot schemes that our short span consume;
Existence is only a flash hardly gleaming
On thy dark edge, eternity! Dig ye a tomb!

SONNETS.

I.

Ah let me if I can forget
The light that leads my soul astray. MOORE.
Tis vain! Love seeks and finds me every where!—
In vain I've pierced the shade of this deep wood,
Sacred to everlasting solitude,
Where sun beams come like strangers, and the deer
Find safest refuge from the hunter's spear!
In vain I strive to gain the lofty mood,
Musing on what is glorious great or good!
One trembling influence hovers ever here,
That takes my heart a captive!—gleaming eyes,
Looking thro' parted locks of raven hair,
Flash on me from the shade, and these old trees
Bat half conceal white arms and bosom fair,
Twining and heaving to long amorous sighs.—
And trembling tones float to me on the breeze!

II.

Here let us sit! what lovely openings break
To beauteous prospects round us! what a sky
Spreads its wide arch in glorious majesty,
Above our heads! And see yon moveless lake,
Scarce murmuring through its slumber, seems to take,
(Like some deep dream descending from on high),
That heaven into its bosom, and to lye
In a still smile, as fearful it may wake!
Perhaps on this same spot at such an hour,
Hath Wordsworth sat, and gazed upon this scene,
Wrapt in his heart's most bright imaginings:—
For Oh! upon that spirit of high power,
How kindling must its influence have been,
Which draws such beautiful thought from "random things."
Manchester. E. S.

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

This prodigy was born at Elmton, near Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, in the year 1704. His grandfather was vicar of Elmton, and his father was school-master in the same village. Notwithstanding this, Jedediah's education was so much neglected, that he was never taught to write; and, in respect to any other knowledge but that of numbers, he seemed almost as ignorant as a boy of ten years of age. How he became acquainted with the relative proportions of numbers, and their progressive powers, he did not remember; but to these he applied the whole force of his mind, and upon these his attention was so intensely fixed, that he seldom took any notice of external objects, except with regard to their numbers. If any space of time was mentioned, he would soon after say it was so many minutes, without any question being asked, or any calculation expected by the company. A variety of questions, too numerous to be inserted here, he solved in a very short time, by the mere force of memory; for when he once understood a question, he began to work, with amazing facility, after his own method, without the use of pen, pencil, or chalk, and without understanding the rules of arithmetic, as taught in the schools. He would stride over a piece of land, and tell the contents of it, almost as exactly as if it had been measured by the chain. In this manner he measured the whole lordship of Elmton, of some thousands of acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents, not only in acres, roods and perches, but even in square inches. His power of abstraction was so great, that no noise whatever could disturb him; and when asked a question, he would immediately reply, and return to his calculation, without any confusion. A person who had heard of his astonishing performances, proposed to him the following question. In a body whose three sides are 23,145, 789 yards, 5,642,782 yards, and 54,965 yards, how

many cubical inches are there? After once repeating the several figures distinctly, this self-taught calculator fell to work, amidst his fellow labourers; and the proposer, after leaving him a few hours, returned, and found Jedediah ready with his answer, which was exactly right. His memory was so great, that, while solving a question, he could leave off, and resume the operation, at the end of a week, a month, or several months, and then finish the business. His mind would perhaps have been equally retentive of other objects, if he had attended to them with equal diligence; but his intense application to figures prevented the acquisition of any other knowledge. He was sometimes asked, on his return from church, whether he remembered the text, or any part of the sermon; but it never appeared that he brought away a single sentence, his mind having been busied, even during divine service, in his favourite operation, dividing either some time, or some space, into the smallest known parts, or resolving some question that had been given to him, as a test of his abilities.

The life of this extraordinary man was obscure, and nearly uniform. Time, with respect to him, changed nothing but his age; nor did the seasons vary his employment, except that in winter he used a flail, and in summer a ling-hook. In the year 1754 he went to London, where he was introduced to the Royal Society, who asked him several questions in arithmetic; and he gave them such satisfaction, that they dismissed him with a handsome gratuity. In this walk to the metropolis, the only object of his curiosity, was his desire to see the King and royal family; but they having just removed to Kensington, he was disappointed. During his residence in London he was taken to Drury Lane theatre, to see Richard III. when it was expected that the novelty and splendour of the show would have fixed him in astonishment, or that his passions would in some degree, have been touched by the power of action, if he had not perfectly understood the dialogue. But Jedediah's mind was employed in the theatre, just as it was in every other place; during the dance he was counting the steps; and he declared, after a fine piece of music, that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments, had perplexed him beyond measure: and he attended even to Mr. Garrick, only to count the words that he uttered, in which he said he perfectly succeeded. Jedediah returned to the place of his birth, where, if his enjoyments were few, his wishes did not seem more. He applied to the labours by which he subsisted, with cheerfulness, and regretted nothing that he had left in London; for, to him, a slice of good bacon afforded the most delicious repast.

He lived to about 70 years of age, but the exact time of his death is unknown. He was married, and had several children.

THE CABINET.

SUMMER.

Through the scenery echo sounds,
Bats and beetles fly their rounds.—
Summer! praise to thee redounds.
In season.
Hay and corn are ripening fast,
Skies are fine and cold is past,
Farmers' hearts are light and last
With plenty.
Days are long and nights are short,
Thousands meet and kiss and sport,—
O how dear is love's resort,
So happy!
He who rules earth, sky, and air,
Deigns to hear the fervent prayer,
And rewards hope's constant care
In summer.

THOMAS CORIATE.

It was not until the year 1608 that the use of a fork at table was introduced into England. That singular character, Thomas Coriate, of Oldcombe, thus speaks upon the subject. "I observed a custom is all the Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation in Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always, at their meals, use a little fork, when they eat their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut their meat out of the dish, they fasten their

fork, which they held in their other hand, upon the same dish. So that whatsoever be that, sitting in the company of others at meal, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at table does eat, he will give occasion of offence to the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, inasmuch that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding is generally used in all places in Italy. Their forks, for the most part, being made of iron or steel, and some of silver, but the latter are only used by gentlemen. The reason of this, their curiosity, is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers—seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meat, not only whilst I was in Italy, but in Germany, and oftentimes in England, since I came home. It were to be wished that this 'curiosity,' or rather delicacy, had spread more rapidly, and been universally adopted: for it is not yet common for those who mix in various companies, at what are called elegant repasts, to be shocked and disgusted by the use of fingers, instead of forks—particularly by fish eaters. The pun of Joseph Miller might be well applied to such persons—"You have been a great traveller, I see, all over grease." Dr. Johnson says of Coriarte, "He was an humourist about the court of James the First. He had a mixture of learning, wit, and buffoonery: he travelled through Europe, and published his travels; he afterwards travelled on foot through Asia, and had made many remarks, but he died at Wandoa and his remarks were lost." The length of his journey on foot was one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five miles, more than half of which he performed with one pair of shoes!!! These memorable shoes were only once mended; and on his return to Oldcombe, were hung up in the church there. He was of a respectable family, and lived in the house of, and received a pension from, Henry Prince of Wales. The quaint, but sensible Fuller, says of him, "Sweetmeats and Coriarte made up the last course of all entertainments. Indeed he was the courtiers' anvil to try their wits upon. And sometimes this anvil returned the hammers as hard knocks as he received, his bluntness repaying their abuse. Such as conceived him a fool *ad alio*, and something else, *ad decem*, were utterly mistaken: for he drove on no design, caring for coin and counters alike. So contented with what was present, that he accounted those men guilty of superfluity who had more shirts than bodies."

ROYAL CLEMENCY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Margaret Lambrun, a native of Scotland, had, together with her husband, a foreigner, been several years in the service of Mary, Queen of Scots. On the tragical end of that unfortunate princess, the husband, penetrated with a sense of her many favours, did not long survive the loss of such a bountiful mistress; and Margaret as an affectionate wife and servant, determined to revenge the untimely death of two persons so dear to her. Disguising herself in men's clothes, by the name of Anthony Sparkes, she repaired to Queen Elizabeth's court, with two pistols about her, one to dispatch the royal victim, and the other designed for herself, as an escape from the hands of justice. Making her way through the crowd to get within reach of the queen, one of the pistols happened to drop; on which the guards seized her, and were for dragging her away to prison; but the queen, taking her for a man, would question her, and asked her name, country, and condition; to which the assassin composedly answered, "Madam, though in this dress, I am a woman, my name Margaret Lambrun; I was several years in the service of Mary, Queen of Scotland, my honoured mistress, who was so unjustly executed; and by her death you farther caused that of my dear husband, who pined away with grief and abhorrence at so worthy a lady being executed like a malefactor: and I, bearing inexpressible veneration for both, resolved, at the risk of my own life, to avenge their death by yours. I have, indeed, gone through unpeppable conflicts, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to divert myself from a purpose, which, though inevitably fatal to myself, could be of no benefit to my mistress or husband; but my rancor was insurmountable, and I am an instance that no reason nor

danger can stop a woman's revenge, when stimulated by love." Irritating and malignant as such a speech was, the queen, without any emotion, made the following answer:—"So you thought killing me a point of honour, and my death a retaliation, which regard to your mistress and husband called for from your hands; but how think you it now behoves me to deal with you?" Margaret replied, "I will freely declare my mind, if your Majesty will first let me know whether you put that question as a queen or as a judge?" "As a queen." "Then your majesty should pardon me." "What security can you give me that you will not abuse my goodness by a second attempt?" "Madam, a favour granted with such precaution, ceases to be a favour, so your majesty may proceed against me as a judge." Here the queen, turning towards some of her council who were present, said, "Thirty years have I been a queen, but do not remember ever to have met with a person who gave me such a lesson; and, in return, she has my full and free pardon, without any precaution." The lords of the council strongly urged the punishment of such premeditated guilt; but the queen stood to her word. The pardoned delinquent then desired that she might be conveyed out of the kingdom, and landed in some foreign country. This request was looked upon as a stroke of singular prudence, which farther recommended her to royal clemency.

RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.—At dinner in Russia, soup is universally the first dish, and without it they never dine; but it is often made sour, and in that case not much relished at first by an English palate. Fish, if to be had, comes next, and then from six to eight or ten dishes follow. It is impossible to tell of what many of these are composed. A joint of meat is never sent to table whole, but cut into slices, and handed round to each person, beginning with the ladies who are visitors. Poultry and game are also served in the same way; pastry is scarcely seen except in patties, which are sent up to eat with the soup, or a tartlet at the conclusion of the dinner.

Previous to the dinner, olives, caviarre, or some sort of pickled fish, with common and bitter brandy, are sent in on a tray, to whet the appetite for that which is to follow. The Russians sit long at dinner, and wine of different sorts is placed on the table, each person helping himself: the dessert, which finishes the dinner, is eaten without the cloth being removed; and the whole party then adjourn to the drawing-room, where coffee is immediately served.

The Russian salutation is very contrary to our etiquette. The ladies in meeting, kiss each other on the lips and cheeks; and a lady and gentleman meeting, the latter kisses the hand of the lady, and inclines his cheek towards her, which she kisses: and omitting to do this, is a proof of great distance of manner, arising from either superiority of rank, slight acquaintance, or offence.

The following article appears in a recent number of the *Pandora*, a literary work in ridicule of the *Anglo-mania*, which is so prevalent in Paris.—

THE FASHIONABLE.

The name of Benoit-Denis, which was given to him by his godfather, has been changed for that of *William Gregory*. He calls his valet de chambre, groom, and the driver of his tilbury a jockey.

He enters a café, and calls the garçon, boy; but he no longer visits the French *Restaurateur's*, since the quarter of the Rue Vivienne possesses its little *Garra-way's*. There you will see the fashionable getting drunk with porter, Jamaica rum, and Cape wine.

He does not know a word of the English language; but, wishing to pass for learned, he attempts to pronounce words sentences, and is daily subject to some *qui pro quo*—thus, when he wanted soup, he asked for soap, and the latter article is brought to him. When he leaves the table, he pays in shillings, guineas, and pence, which he has purchased in the Palais Royal. He drinks tea, though it makes him ill, because it is an English fashion; and overloads his stomach with plumb-pudding, thinking his digestion as strong as that of an Englishman. He has English horses, and talks of races: though he never saw any, except in

* An English coffee-house, kept by a person named Ashby.

the Champ de Mars, where he backs *Drake's* mares against the field. *Palmer* and *Legros* supply him with articles of the toilet; and he has an English riding coat with steel buttons.

At the Louvre, he notices the pictures only to remark that they are not equal to those of West and Reynolds; and he has the works of Byron, Scott, Moore, and Shakespeare, in English, without knowing how to read them, and yet he tells you they are worth reading only in the original.

There has been recently published in Paris, a *Russian Anthology*, in imitation of that of Mr. Bowring. The author is M. Dupré de Saint Maure; and whatever his other qualifications may be, no one can doubt his fitness for the office of rendering Russian poetry into the French language, since he professes to be wholly ignorant of the Russian language. It is a great thing, however, to know half of one's business.

† An English horse-dealer. ‡ English shopkeepers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A VARNISH FOR WOOD THAT WILL RESIST THE ACTION OF BOILING WATER.—Take a pound and a half of linseed oil, and boil it in a copper vessel, not tinned, suspending in the oil a small linen bag, containing five ounces of litharge and three ounces of minium, both pulverized, taking care that the bag does not touch the bottom of the vessel. Continue the ebullition till the oil acquires a deep brown colour; then take out the bag, and substitute another bag containing a clove of garlic. Continue the ebullition, and renew the garlic seven or eight times, or else put the whole in at once. Then throw into the vessel a pound of yellow amber, after having melted it in the following manner. To a pound of well-pulverized amber add two ounces of linseed oil, and place the whole on a strong fire. When the fusion is complete, pour it boiling hot into the prepared linseed oil, and let it continue to boil two or three minutes, stirring it well. Let it rest, decant the composition, and preserve it, when cold, in well-stopped bottles. After having polished the wood on which this varnish is to be applied, the wood is to have the desired colour given to it; for example, for walnut tree, a slight coat of a mixture of soot with oil of turpentine. When this colour is perfectly dry, lay on a coat of varnish with a fine sponge, in order to distribute it equally. Repeat these coats four times, always taking care to let one coat dry before the next is applied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GRASS PLAIT FOR BONNETS.

A friend of ours has favoured us with a letter from which we make the following extract:—

"Londonderry, 16th August, 1823.

"The papers you gave me (*Manchester Iris*, No. 75) have been of use, several young women being now engaged in this neighbourhood in the Manufacture of plait for bonnets; our Agricultural Society has offered premiums for the Manufacture of Grass in place of Straw, and it promises to be very beautiful."

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have this day seen a copy of the Death Warrant of King Charles, from Mr. James' lithographic press, and should be glad if any of your readers could explain why the erasures which appear upon the face of it were made.—I have compared Mr. James copy with the engravings in both Rapin's and Smollett's history, and a manuscript copy, and find it very correctly written: but should respectfully suggest to Mr. J. to be more particular for the future in heading his works, as from the specimen of the Roman printing, any one who is a judge would naturally suppose, that if the title be badly executed, what follows must be the same, of course, which in this instance is not the case.

Manchester, 19th August, 1823.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."
Old Ballad.

RIDDLE.

BY A LADY.

I'm often heard, but seldom seen,
For so repulsive is my mien,
I seldom choose to shew my face,
At any time, in any place;
But still in close seclusion dwell,
Like some lone hermit in his cell.
Yet not like him condemned to fast,
Since many a delicate repast
Under my roof each day appears,
Provided by my caterers.

My taste and judgment are so nice,
You mostly follow my advice;
And whenever you snip or dine,
Ask my opinion of the wine,
And whatsoever I refuse,
'Tis ten to one you do not choose.
But these are vulgar qualities,—
I've talents far surpassing these:
Sometimes I counsel and advise,
And then appear exceeding wise,
And men of learning and of sense
Will listen to my eloquence.
I am of use throughout the nation,
In every trade and occupation;
Sometimes I'm sharp, sometimes I'm blunt,
Witness the patriot, *Mister Hunt*,
With him I quaff the flowing bowl,
And neither feel nor fear controul;
Though some, who do not pass for fools,
Would tie me down to forms and rules;
But all such vile restraint I hate,—
I love the freedom of debate;
And, ladies, I appeal to you,
Who know that what I say is true,
And will, I'm sure, with hand and heart,
Stand by me still, and take my part.
Then let the lords of the creation
Settle the business of the nation,
I know you never will agree,
They should abridge my liberty;
But spite of all their rules and laws,
Will still maintain my righteous cause.
Nor need you any counsel ask,
You're all-sufficient for the task;
And should it come to litigation,
You'll carry it by acclamation.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING JELLY.—Press the juice from the fruit: add the proper proportion of sugar, and stir the juice and sugar until the sugar is completely melted; put it into jars, and, in twenty-four hours, it will become of a proper consistence. By this means, the trouble of boiling is avoided, and the jelly retains more completely the flavour of the fruit. Care should be taken to stir the mixture until the sugar is completely melted, and fine sugar should be used.

RAW COTTON A REMEDY FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—The Baltimore Medical and Philosophical Lincum contains an account of an accidental discovery of this virtue in cotton by the wife of Captain R—, who in a fright, caught up a large bundle of cotton, and applied it over the whole of the scalded parts of a beloved child, upon whom a large kettle of boiling water had fallen while she was standing before a kitchen fire. Soon after this, the tortured and screaming infant became perfectly quiet, and fell into a gentle and easy slumber. The cotton was suffered to remain on several hours, and when it was removed, there was not the least appearance of inflammation remaining. Several other persons, who at first had no faith in this remedy, have also tried it in similar cases; it is likewise supposed to have some efficacy in removing rheumatic pains.

VARIETIES.

THE MULLET.—When the mullet is dying, it changes its colours in a very singular manner till it is entirely lifeless. This spectacle was so gratifying to the Romans, that they used to show the fish dying in a glass vessel to their guests before dinner.

JEW'S WEDDING SHIRTS.—A curious custom is related of the New Russian Jews, by a Polish gentleman. The Jews, when first married, wear a shirt of finer texture than ordinary, which, after the wedding-day, is carefully put by unworn till the time of their deaths, when they are uniformly buried in it. So valuable is this shirt in their estimation, and so indispensable a part of their possessions, that in money transactions, when

they require to borrow, and have no pledge in gold or pearls to give, they frequently deposit this shirt, which is always a satisfactory security to the lender, as the Jew could not die happy without redeeming it.

NEW INVENTION.—Thomas Hesmonbalgh, of Fonnay, near Ribchester, has constructed a saw which is calculated to work by water or by machinery. The liberality of the inventor is equal to his ingenuity. We understand he exhibits it freely to the curious, and bar-bours no intention of deriving from it any exclusive benefit. An instrument of this nature is made use of in America, and also in Italy, in the vicinity of marble quarries.

DENTIFRICE.—It is a fact, not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and that its juice, without any preparation whatever, dissolves the tartarous incrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeably.

MATRIMONY.—Mr. Thomas Moore compares a man going to be married to one that puts his hand into a sack, in the hope of drawing out a single eel from among a hundred vipers. "It is a hundred to one," adds he, "but he will pick out a viper." Lord Bacon maintains a direct contrary opinion, and asserts, "that in this marriage sack the eel would be in a ratio of a hundred to one of the vipers."

COMPLIMENT.—A more elegant compliment was perhaps never paid, even in the peculiar land of politeness, than that involved in the reply of the celebrated Mercier to the modest author of a very affecting Tragedy, who begged he would tell him what faults he observed in the work. "How could I see any faults? My spectacles were always too wet to allow me to discern them."

SINGULAR WAGER.—A young woman had laid a wager that she would descend into a vault, in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously bid himself in the vault, and, as the girl seized a skull, cried in a hollow voice, "Leave my head!" "There it is," said the girl, throwing it down, and catching up another. "Leave my head!" said the same voice. "Nay, nay," said the heroic lass, "you cannot have two heads," so brought away the skull, and won the wager.

HAND-BILLS.—The classical ancients had white walls on purpose for inscriptions in red chalk, like our hand-bills, of which the gates of Pompeii show instances. Pintarch mentions expedients similar to our hand-bills used by tradesmen for custom. Houses were let by a writing over the door; the *inscripti illico* odes of Terence. Auctioneering bills ran thus: "Villa bona beneque edificata—to be sold, a good and well-built house; and—Julius Proculus will have an auction of his superfluous goods to pay his debts." But then, as afterwards, the crier was chiefly advertiser; and we hear of mayors keeping criers and a common horn or trumpet used. Ben Jonson somewhere says, he will not have the titles of his works affixed to the walls or stuck upon a cleft stick.

A HERMIT.—About 12 miles above the junction of Spoon and Illinois rivers, immediately on the banks of the former, there has been living, for three years past, a man who had entirely secluded himself from the world, and dwells in the midst of the wilderness alone, and upwards of 60 miles from the residence of any human being. His name is Davidson, is a physician, was formerly a surgeon in the United States' army, and was pupil to the celebrated Dr. Rush. He has a number of medical books, two guns, and a dog, and a quantity of clothing. He has erected himself a small hut and has about an acre of ground in cultivation—at the back of his garden runs Spoon River, in which he has a fish trap. His food is wild turkeys and other game, fish, and the produce of his garden. He appears displeased at the sight of a human being. My informant saw him at his residence, being impelled by curiosity to visit him, and enquired of him particularly of his strange seclusion. He said he had done so, and would do so ever, to keep clear of the wretched white people. His father lives in Pennsylvania, and he has received many solicitous letters from him and other friends, to return, but he has never answered one, and declares it to be his determination to remove from his present situation as soon as the whites approach too near him. As soon as his present stock of clothing wears out, he says he will dress himself in skins.—*American paper.*

THE DRAMA, ETC.

THEATRE-ROYAL.—In the representation of the *School for Scandal* on Saturday evening, Mr. W. Farren as Sir Peter, and Mrs. Faucit as Lady Teazle, gave proofs of their talents in the higher walks of the Drama.—The whole performance was received with the most flattering applause.—A new farce, entitled—"The Duel," followed, in which Mr. Farren very effectively supported the principal character. However, the piece went off rather indifferently, and is not likely to become very popular.

MINOR THEATRE.—Mr. Wilson's performances on the Tight-Rope have proved very attractive during the week; the agility and daring exemplified in his different evolutions, are equally extraordinary and interesting.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—MISS PATON, MISS J. PATON, and MR. SAPIO.—Mr. RENNEY begs leave most respectfully to announce to the Inhabitants of Manchester, Salford, and the Neighbourhood, that it is his intention to give a CONCERT, on FRIDAY the 5th day of September next, at the THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER; on which occasion he has, at very considerable expense, engaged, exclusively for this Concert, that highly celebrated Singer, MISS PATON, from the Theatre-Royal Covent Garden, (being her first appearance before a Manchester audience); MISS J. PATON, and Mr. SAPIO, from the Nobility's Concerts, London.—Several of the most popular and esteemed Songs, Duets, and Trios, will be sung in the course of the Evening; and the above eminent Singers will be accompanied by an Orchestra, both numerous and select, and comprising most of the Instrumental Performers of talent in this town and neighbourhood.

Mr. CUDMORE will lead on the occasion; and will in the course of the Evening play a CONCERTO on the VIOLIN. In offering the above Concert to the notice of the Inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, Mr. Renney begs to observe, that neither pains nor expense have been or will be spared in forming it, and making it worthy of the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public.

Further particulars of the evening's performance will be given in future advertisements.—Tickets may be had on application to Mr. Beule, St. Mary's Gate; at the Iris Office, St. Ann's Square; or to Mr. Renney, No. 8, Kennedy-street, where places for the Boxes may be taken until Wednesday the 1st September; and in order to prevent inconvenience and delay at the door, Mr. Renney begs respectfully to solicit the favour of tickets being previously taken by those Ladies and Gentlemen who intend honouring him with their presence.—Lower Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Pit 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Horatio will find the division of the Iris to which he is allowed open to such articles as agree with the introductory Paper.—He had better retain his present signature.

C. T.'s Translation is inserted.—Further favours will be esteemed.

Risph, the daughter of Alah, is in our possession.

Geoffrey's new version of the hint from the Bristol Mercury, is not very complimentary to the ladies.—We think the point in the third article not felicitiously developed.

Microse's communication in the "Friend, No. IV." shall appear in our next; nevertheless, being led to consider it as containing more fact than fiction, we cannot but remark that the Guardian is much too severely aimed at.—This hint we consider sufficient at present.

Paul Pry; Beta; I. L.; and Harmonious;—are received.

MUSIC.—In consequence of the demand for the *QUADRILLE*, which appeared in last Saturday's Iris, entitled "THE ROSE-BUD OF CHEETHAM," a second impression has been struck off, and it may not be bad with any number preceding that in which it appeared.

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The Manchester Iris:

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

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No. 83.—VOL. II.

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POETS!

IN a commercial town, like this, how frequently do we find the exalted character of a Poet derided and scorned. He is generally looked upon as an idle drone in the hive; one, who would willingly live upon the fruits of others; one who is to be treated to dinner in remuneration for his company and his wit. Poverty is attached to him, as his shadow,—the rich merchant cannot picture him in any other garb; in his eyes poetry and poverty go hand in hand. If he observes his favourite son indulging his giddy muse in telling the world that

A tender kiss
Is Heaven's own bliss!

he rebukes him severely, bids him attend to warp and weft, instead of prose and verse, to look over the pages of the ledger instead of Byron and Scott; and like Mrs. Malaprop, is convinced "this all comes of his reading and writing." I do not here wish to advocate the cause of every young sprig who thinks proper to neglect the business he is intended for, and launch forth his divine strains in the *Iris*, or our chronicles of news,—it is of the true Poet, the Poet of nature, I would speak—the soul of genius and of song! I remember once passing along the busy streets of London in company with a friend whose long residence in the city caused him to be acquainted with several of these little stars. We had rambled much, it was still very sultry although afternoon, and being fatigued, we turned from the bustle and overwhelming noise of Fleet-street into a snug office-house to quietly enjoy a cup of real *focha*. How soon were we in the midst of serenity. There was not a single gaze as we entered, all intent upon their respective feasts, devouring the news, or still more eagerly devouring hot rolls and butter. We sat down in retired box, and both commenced with equal dexterity. I had scarce swallowed my second cup, when a neatly dressed old gentleman brushed quickly past, without observing or casting a single glance upon any one present; with a newspaper in one hand, and occasionally a cup of coffee in the other, he sat him down, and read wrapped in himself alone. My friend then remarked him: "that" said he, "is C—— the Poet, I am acquainted with him, and you all have an introduction." I soon found him aided by me, in as free and affable conversation though we had known each other from childhood. He was respectably habited in black, and neat, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman. He ordered another cup of coffee, and then dashed into the ocean of literature. How his eyes sparkled; with what emphasis, with what warmth he expressed his thoughts, which were as an eternal fountain, for ever springing, new and brilliant. He praised, he demurred;—pointed out the beauties of several publications; particularly his last new Poem, ready in the press, and which he hoped soon to usher into the world a perfect *rara avis*. On Moore, Rogers, and the rest, upon whom I had been accustomed to look as upon

beings of a superior order, were, in his eyes, but as other men.—I felt delighted in his presence—I could have asked him a thousand questions, and yet durst not break in upon his continual flow of entertainment and information, for fear of losing a single idea. In the evening we retired to my friend's house; he was a widower, but still blest with the recollection of his endeared partner by the presence of two lovely daughters. The harp and piano-forte were in turns accompanied by two of the sweetest voices, and the purest taste. My little poet was now if possible still more at home. "Music hath charms to wake the soul!" he cried, "play o'er, play o'er, that rapturous strain again;" the soft tones of the harp wound him to the highest pitch of romantic imagination—he sung, he listened, sung again, sighed, applauded:—wit and eloquence burst from his lips:—there is no idleness here, thought I; a soul like this can never sleep. The imagination still lives and dreams of hours and scenes unknown to the dull plodding worm, that grovels in the dust for a few grains of gold, then sinks into the grave—the ocean of time rolls over him, and how soon he is forgot! But the Poet still lives in the melody of his impassioned soul, and rears a memorial that time makes still more dear; he rises from decay, as the Phoenix from ashes! What a pride, what a light of glory to our present generation, when we contrast the lives of our ancient to our modern writers. They are now men, esteemed and respected, and in some instances—of wealth. They now bear their heads like men. A cause may easily be assigned for the poverty of those who have sunk into the tomb; they were poor because neglected; they were generally men of a liberal education—it was the only fortune they possessed, and launching upon the world with this gift, they deemed themselves proof against the frowns and buffets they should have to contend with; not however being able to cringe and bend or fill the rich man with obsequious flattery, they became neglected, and soon overwhelmed with poverty. Their minds were of too exalted a nature, and gave the world a too romantic colouring. They looked upon it as we look upon an extensive landscape where all is fair and beautiful. We see not the many dangers with which it abounds.

What is there that so much amends the heart, as true genuine Poetry?—to muse over the inspired ideas of a man who sets up the image of virtue as the subject of his adoration! who adorns her with the ever blooming flowers of his imagination; who tears the subtle mask from hypocrisy—blunts the dart of slander,—rears a temple to honour,—and breathes the soft voice of love. I do not know a happier man than my friend Wilmot. He has retired from the town to the delightful scenes of Cumberland; there, at the base of the towering Skiddaw he has fixed his residence, a neat and humble white cottage—before him is the glassy silver-boomed Lake or Water of Derwent, at the extremity of which a large fall dashes down its foamy waters, whilst mountains upon mountains rise gradually

above each other far as the eye can trace, until lost amidst the ever-varying, ever-rolling clouds. He has a good taste for poetry, and writes well. He rambles into the dark wood, or fertile vale,—he mounts the highest hill, and casts his eager gaze over the extended prospect before him, whilst his thoughts wander also, to the many joys, hopes, cares or fears that may be hovering over the bounding hearts within that varied scene. There is not a star shoots, a leaf that falls, a sky that changes, but gives his mind some pleasing and melancholy imagining. His heart is open, free, and generous, the companion of inspiration. His home is more welcome than the palaces of kings; his wife, his children, his cottage, and his dog, are to him so many sources of enjoyment. I have spent many happy hours in his company, and never left the cottage in Cumberland without envying the feelings of—a Poet. PAUL PRY.

THE FRIEND.—(No. IV.)

THE following letter, which, I think, is calculated to be of some utility, I received, a day or two ago, from a channel which it is needless to explain, as the observations and reflections it contains, would neither acquire any additional importance nor lose any of their present interest by such an explanation. I shall, therefore, without any further remarks, give it to my readers, as it came to my hands.

To the Friend.

Sir,—As you have solicited contributions from the readers of the *Iris*, I shall not waste time by apologizing for the liberty I take, in addressing this letter to you. Indeed, though I am convinced that friends are too often insincere—that 'tis only when the sun of prosperity shines upon you, that you can rely on the attention of others, to you, Sir, I think I may pour forth my sorrows, secure of your sympathy, your commiseration, and perhaps in a future paper of your advice.

It will be confessed by all mankind, that happiness is the "end and aim" of human endeavour, and that the sum of our wishes, is to obtain it as the "one thing needful." But the ways in which they who seek after that phantom (for after all, who will deny that happiness is fleeting and unsubstantial?) hope to obtain its possession are so various, that it is a difficult task to many, to discover which road is the most likely to satisfy their wishes. Yet it must be evident to every reflecting mind that there can be but one path to true happiness, and that thousands live and die ignorant of it, their whole lives being spent in delusion and error.

I write this for the purpose of pointing out to the young, to those who are entering on the world (confidently expecting to meet, evermore, with its smiles, its favour, and its protection), one road that leads not to peace. And I sincerely hope, the virtue of the intention will be a sufficient apology for the inadequate and imperfect manner of the execution.

There cannot, Sir, be a more powerful argu-

ment against the indulgence of vicious passions than the fact, that the more you yield to them, the more strongly and deeply do they seize and fasten on the soul, encreasing "by what they feed upon."

It is because I opposed not the impulses of passion and withstood not the inordinate desire of self-gratification, that I am now a miserable outcast from society, tormented with the stings of a guilty conscience, and agonized with reflections which are of themselves sufficient to embitter life almost beyond endurance. My father, who was possessed of considerable property, died, when I was too young to be left to my own guidance, and on his death-bed he nominated one whom he had long regarded as a faithful friend for my guardian and protector. But alas, the trust which from honest conviction, my father unhesitatingly reposed in his acquaintance was, unfortunately for myself, betrayed by the person who, of all others, ought to have evinced paternal care and kindness towards me—for he was under manifold obligations to my parent.

I would not that my readers should surmise from what I have said, that Mr. W—robbed me of my fortune, or that he in any way encouraged me to dissipation by extravagance or prodigality. No. What I complain of, was the utter unconcern he manifested about the principles of virtue and moral rectitude, which it was his duty to have inculcated on my youthful mind. He suffered me to live without any regard for religion, in open disobedience to the rules of conduct it prescribes. Every evil inclination of my heart was gratified, merely, I believe, to prevent any complaints which a denial of my wishes might have momentarily called forth. And rather than endeavour to point out to me the danger of the indulgence, which I constantly expected, he strove to procure me every bauble for which I clamoured. When I had attained my 21st year, I was, of course, no longer the protégé of Mr. W. Then, it was that finding myself free from all restraint, and in the possession of about £2000 per annum, I gave full scope to my passions and studied only their gratification. I soon became acquainted with a company of gamblers, and I began to feel a fondness for play, which in a very short time, predominated over every other feeling. O ye who wish to avoid destruction and misery, guard, I entreat you, against this vice. Remember, that the passion for gaming, when indulged, is like a foaming torrent, which nothing can resist or turn aside. It bears you to inevitable ruin, and too often entails on others with whom you are connected the woe and distress which should be your own. How many virtuous wives—how many helpless infants, have beenwhelmed with want and wretchedness by the fatal propensity of husbands and fathers!—The tears of unprotected innocence—the cries of injured love and abused fidelity—avail nothing when a passion for gaming has taken deep root in the heart—its victim stands unmoved amidst the desolation he has spread around; nor sheds a tear of penitence or remorse though his dearest friends perish by his side!

Such was my case.—Whole nights have I passed with my guilty companions, and I have not unfrequently lost, before I separated from my brother gamblers, more than a year's income. This conduct, which may in a great degree be attributed to the neglect of my guardian, could not, my readers must be aware, be continued without affecting my fortune, and making destructive inroads upon my constitution; it indeed plunged me into debt, and that torment of

mind, which those who are under the dominion of like passions must ever experience.

It were, perhaps, an useless, and I am convinced it would be an unpleasant task, to trace my career of dissipation and infamy, from my first entrance into the world, as the master of a large fortune, to the hour when by the treachery and villainy of others, I was stripped of nearly all my possessions, and left to roam, followed, wheresoever I go, with "compunctious visitings of conscience," rendering every moment of life loathsome, and more terrible than death itself. But need I inform my readers, that my inordinate love of play overcame every good resolution which in moments of reflection I formed. I swore a thousand times to forsake my companions, the authors of my wretchedness, but, alas! I had too long pursued the path of folly and destruction, to be able to retrace my steps, and I continued my ruinous course until I became unconscious of enjoyment—deprived of all rest on earth—driven almost to madness by reflection on my fallen and lost condition, and supported only by the hope that my wretched fate might prove a warning to others, and shew them the necessity of checking unlawful desire and of curbing vicious passion. To sum up all in a few words: by gaming I have lost a very ample fortune, which should have been devoted to the relief of my poor fellow-creatures; I have been precipitated from the summit of expectation into the depths of despair and misery—my only hope is in the grave—and instead of being a useful member of society, I am now wandering from place to place, "seeking but finding no peace," no solace. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MISERUS.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Liverpool, August 9th, 1823.

DEAR SIR, Again—as erst, I take the pen,
To write my cogitations—to my friend,
Hoping your patience, and your praise to gain,
As nought but your amusement I intend;
If I assume the Mentor in my strain
I hope I shall not, by that means offend;
This much premis'd my Muse shall take her wing
(My pipes are tuned—here followeth the spring).

Don't think that I can write you sense for ever,
I can't afford it—I've too small a stock
To finish every verse—with something clever,
Whatever you may think on't—is no joke
So ill as I am too—of a brain fever,
You must expect some firing at half-cock—
In any book you know—you'll own there scarce is
Nonsense more genuine than the following verses.

"Great actions may be done by Mr. Petty—
"And weakness may be felt by Adam Strong—
"Losses may happen ev'n to Mr. Get-ay—
"Shortness of breath may stop short Mr. Long.
"Who better temper'd is than Mrs. Fret-ay—
"Home to a T. you'll always find Sue-Sheng;
"Gas lights black night—which brightness let me say
"Is rivalled by the blacking made by Day.

"Of candour it is known I am not lacking,
"So I expect to be allowed to say—
"Those who would undervalue Turner's Blacking
"They don't deserve, to have the light of Day.
"Oh! 'tis a wicked falsehood, huge and whacking,
"That 'when 'tis kept a week, it turns quite grey.'
"But if on trial, this should grow your creed,
"You may have some—that can be Warren-ted."

I've really lost the thread of my discourse—
Where left I off, last time I wrote to you?
After I told you, I had stole a horse—
It matters little—any place will do:
My Epic thread is not a bit the worse
Of being for a short time snapt in two.
I'll just plunge in—slap-dash—and make no doubt
In a short time—the murder will be out.

To Gall, and eke to Spurzheim—my apology—
For not believing—is—my scull's so thick—
I cannot comprehend their cran-i-o-lo-gy
How bumps can rise on heads—without a stick

* Hereby hangs a tale.—See *Mysteries of the Abbey*: Liverpool, published by Johnson.

Yet (more than once) with care I've read the whole of G.
But can't discover—if they mean a trick.
My great objection to their scheme—in full—is
Is placing all the organs—on the scull.

I purchased one, and had it nicely marked—
By Gall himself, (the Golgothetic chief)
My faith was lively, when I first embark'd
I gave the science, my most firm belief.
I first was stagger'd, when a friend remark'd—
His observation gave me great relief—
"If bumps upon the head—be signs of knowledge,
"Then Donybrook's the place to build a College."

I do not say, that there is no such thing
As craniology, I say they're wrong
And I am right, I do not wish to bring
My system against theirs—however strong
Their arguments, before mine they'd take wing;
I'll give the world my Ology, ere long,
At length—and then they'll have a means to judge
If mine or Gall and Spurzheim's—most is—judge.

I'll state to you the outlines of my plan,
Not thoroughly digested but the rough—
(And ask of any reasonable man—
If Organ-building is not wretched stuff
Compar'd with mine—deny the name you can)
"I call the nose, of spectacles, and snuff—
"The organ—now you ask me what says Gall—
"He never mentions you're a nose at all.

"The teeth are organs—by whose means we chew—
"I call the tongue—the organ of our speech—
"The mouth—the aperture, to let it through,
"By means of which we threaten and beseech,
"Kiss, spit, yawn, laugh—(how strange a rhyme) and cough,
"Swear rudely sometimes—sometimes pray and preach;
"All these in front—the organs placed behind
"I need not handle, as they go—by wind.

The feet, of dancing, and of walking, are
The organs—and rank lowest, in their station;
Or if high sounding names you would prefer,
Call them the organs of pedestriation:
The bumps upon the ——— argue fair
A predisposition for flagellation—
The lips, the eyes, the elbows, and the toes,
Are organs—and their use each owner knows.

Fingers as general organs—we may view,
(This will hold good—from Cork to Coromandel)
Of fencing, fighting, flogging, music too—
Ay and the best of music—that by Handel.

Then A—y—never let me once suppose
(If all the other vowels their faith should fix)
That U or I should be led by the nose
By any German Doctersw/vels tricks;
No! let us rise at once—'twill take few blows
To crush the system of these empirics—
And if for bumps upon the scull they're pining,
A rung* a-piece—and these shall not be wasting.

Thus all Gall's blether is knock'd on the head—
Spilt—by its total in-sig-ni-fic-ance
It speaks its founder's brains to be of lead,
Gravely such arguments to dare advance
As they who bolt the athanasian creed
Alone, could think convincing—at one glance
With half an eye—the great superiority
Of mine is evident—so Gall good-morrow t'ye.

"May plenty pour her cornucopia
"Into thy lap, thy basket and thy store—
"And peace dwell with thee in thysonie proprie,
"Now that she's banish'd from the Spanish shore;
"Health—and what'er would realize Utopia—
"Be thine, and may you reach hale eighty-four,
"And dance thy children's children on thy knee,
"Nor grudge my wish—that I be there to see!"

You'll say—I am a "fishmonger" in this,
That is a self-fish fellow—let me see
Mandeville says (I think the saying's his)
"No act of man from selfishness is free."
I can't define exactly how this is,
But it appears quite evident to me
That if I cannot trace it and be can
He sure must be the devil of a man.

And so farewell—I prithee give a hint
To Chalmers when you see him, I expect
That tale of his yclep'd "the tange is tint,"
The which he promised—and that his neglect
Will grieve me—I do wish it was in print,
By this time he'll have made it quite correct:
Some lines too, when from horseback he was thrown
"And broke a button's neck—and sav'd his own."

The shocking weather during winter time
Has crush'd me—never more to raise my head,
And cleaver though I be at finding rhyme,
I can't make beef—at all to rhyme with bread;
Thus hamper'd can I soar to the sublime—
Small heart have I to sing a song—indeed

* A cudgel.

It takes my care—a moment from my eyes
For my poor weans—but that way madness lies.

I wish again that summer days were prime
And I within a gunshot of your place,
I'd have a crack in very little time—
I'd soon go off—and flashing in your face,
Repeat—what's not so fit to put in rhyme,
And all my wayfarings—and wand'ring trace:
But should I never more thy visage see,
Still let me hope—thou wilt remember me.

E. GERARD, P. P.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

Addison considered nothing as more mysterious than the natural instinct of animals, which sometimes rises far above reason, and at others falls infinitely short of it. He could not venture to pronounce it a property of matter, neither could he, on account of its extraordinary effects, regard it as an attribute of an intelligence. He therefore looked upon it, like gravity in bodies, as an impression of the First Mover, and as the Divine Power operating in its creatures.

There cannot be a more judicious comparison than this. As gravity imparts to a body the skill to pursue, invariably, the shortest way to the centre of the earth, without having the least consciousness of this action; so instinct directs animal bodies to their natural destinations, as though nature herself had thoroughly instructed them in the secrets of her views; and thus they perform actions which are consonant with the laws of wisdom, without knowing any thing of the matter. As nature has endued physical bodies with peculiar properties, such as gravity, attraction, and the like, so she has bestowed others on animal bodies; and, if I may be allowed the expression, incorporated the most essential maxims of her wisdom into living machines, just as an artist makes an automaton that performs certain human actions, but, in other respects, can do no more than any other machine. The whole animal kingdom is full of instances of this sort. It is not out of respect, as every reader will easily believe, that a certain beetle, described by naturalists, buries the dead moles and toads which it finds, but the instinct which teaches it to subsist upon those animals, and to deposit its eggs in them, impels it to this action. The pigeons which are trained to carry letters to distant places are not more sensible than other pigeons: nothing but the blind instinct to return to their young governs them in this proceeding. It is requisite that they should have left young at the place to which they are to fly; and lest they should take a fancy to stop by the way to drink or to wash themselves, their feet are dipped, at their departure, in vinegar. The Soland geese in St. Kilda steal, as Martin informs us, the grass out of one another's nests, not for the sake of stealing, but they pick up grass wherever they find it, to form a soft depository for their eggs: and as the geese live together in flocks of many thousands, they find it every where in the nests of their companions. Highly intelligent as the almost human caution and intelligence manifested by the mules in America descending the lofty mountains, yet a closer examination will show that it is nothing but the fear of falling at the sight of the precipices, which occasions all their caution, without any other consideration. If, at Lima, they stand with their legs wide apart when they hear a subterranean rumbling, this proves nothing more than an habitual mechanical action acquired by frequent repetition; because when the earth shakes, they are obliged to assume a firmer position with their burdens, and they take the noise of the earthquake for one and the same thing,

since one invariably accompanies the other. Such is the real history of the supposed intelligence and cunning of animals. Nature must have known how far it was necessary for the skill which she conferred on animal bodies to extend, in order to the attainment of the purposes of self-preservation, self-defence, and the propagation of their kind. So much is certain, that all these instincts have their appointed limits, beyond which no animal can go; and hence it is, that the animals, so long as they follow their instincts, perform actions of apparently astonishing intelligence, but, in other respects, are so stupid as not to manifest the slightest trace of cunning in their operations. A hen, whose providence and perseverance we admire, when she lays her eggs in some sequestered spot, where she sits on and turns them, and almost sacrifices herself in her attention to them, bestows the same pains upon a lump of chalk which is put under her. She leads her chickens about that they may learn to scratch up the ground and to seek worms and insects. At the same time she will tread upon one of them, and, affrighted at the cries which the pain extorts from it, she chucks to warn and to soothe it; but yet has not the sense to raise her foot and set it at liberty. A lobster will, with inconceivable dexterity, snap off his leg when one of his fellows seizes it with his claw; but if you put one of his legs between his own claw, he will not have the sense to open his claw and to remove his leg, but break it off, as if there was no other method of releasing himself. The ostrich hatches her eggs, as it would appear, for the purpose of having young ostriches; she, nevertheless, quits them for every trifle, and leaves them to perish; nay, she will even break most of them herself, for the purpose of feeding with them the young ones which she already has. This bird has, moreover, the silly instinct to swallow every thing that comes in its way, without discriminating, like other animals, whether it is hurtful to it or not. An ostrich swallowed, in Shaw's presence, several leaden bullets hot from the mould. It will greedily devour its own excrements, and those of other birds, and, of course, manifests not the least choice in obeying the instinct of appetite. The crocodile would multiply with dangerous rapidity, were it not so stupid as to devour its own young, according to the testimony of Ulloa. Thus, too, the male tiger destroys his own species in its young; and it is observed of one of the bug family, that the female is obliged to use the greatest precaution to defend their eggs and her young from the male. The ascent and descent of larks are the result of an instinct implanted in those birds, which they follow without any consideration; for they do the very same over the sea as upon land, and hence frequently perish in the water. A thousand other examples of this kind might be adduced. They prove that these actions, which seem to manifest so much intelligence, are but the actions of a machine, adapted to certain particular purposes, and that to those purposes alone this apparent intelligence extends.

FEMALE ECONOMY.

'You have no reason to complain of my expensiveness,' said *la belle Eugénie* to her fond and confounded husband; 'no lady in Paris goes so simply dressed as myself; no cachemires of a thousand or two thousand crowns value (her husband looked affrighted!) no ball dresses to last but one night; no lace veils, the price of which would pay a year's rent; nor do I even, like the Countess of Clarion, require a pair of silk shoes and two pair of gloves daily; shoes once per week suffice for my unsambitious dress, and I can make a pair of gloves

do twice; besides I do not ruin you either by the jeweller's bill, or the change of the furniture of our house yearly, or oftener; four times a week satisfies me of public places; I never gamble, and my ordinary attire is a gown of coloured cotton or muslin à l'Anglaise, and a white one when more dressed; one hat or bonnet lasts me eight or ten days; in short, Auguste, you know not how to appreciate a good and saving wife (here she panted, and looked fond); and it is a pity that you have not Madame Grandpré for your wife, who would spend your small fortune in fans and feathers only, and would—(a pause)—do something worse to you besides.' He rubbed his forehead.

'Dear Eugénie!' cried her contrite partner, 'never more will I reproach you, I am convinced that you are right'—(here he sighed); 'I only regret my small means, and see that a young man should not venture upon matrimony without an ample fortune; a pretty woman (Eugénie smiled) must be dressed at least neatly, and it is not a trifle which can afford even that style in these extravagant times; they, not thou, sweet one, are to blame, nor should I have uttered a word of complaint did I not find myself terribly in arrear this last half year, and could I account for the deficit in any way but by the numerous bills of dress-makers, marchandes de modes, shoemakers, laundresses, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera (Eugénie smiled contemptuously). Twenty-one gowns in one year!!!' continued he.—'Aye,' replied Eugénie, 'at a paltry twelve or twenty francs each.'—'The making, Eugénie, perhaps two Napoleons each, (Auguste's colour increased;) the getting up, or washing,' added he, 'five or six francs each (he elevated his eyebrows,) to be worn'—'Only once, you simpleton.'—'And,' observed he, 'then you scarcely dare sit down for fear of discomposing flottans, volans, falls, flounces, and falbals.'—'What of that?'—'Why nothing; then again, twenty four francs for a pocket-handkerchief, and the cart-loads of fichus and linen which go to your blanchisseuse, with whom you quarrel every week, as also with your ironing woman, who alleges that one of those cheap dresses takes her a whole day to get up.'—'To be sure'—and a whole day for you to wear,' ironically cried the suffering husband.—'Why surely you would have me go clean!' tauntingly added madame. 'Well, love,' concluded Auguste, 'I have no objection, but it certainly cleans out my coffers.'—'Why did you marry then?'—'True, darling, I was wrong, but we will go on quietly as long as we can.'—'How seldom do I require silks and crapes!' observed the lady, 'or new jewels, or costly entertainments at home, or—' Here he tried to stop her, but the female tongue is not thus suddenly controlled.—'do I, like your neighbour, break your rest by late hours?'—'No, dove.'—'Or break your heart by flirting with the men?'—'No, dear.'—'Or—' Kiss me, my dear Eugénie, you shall have it all your own way, try to be as economical as you can.'—'Nobody can be more saving,' answered she. Her husband resumed, 'Don't be out of temper, I will go out and try to borrow a thousand crowns upon my country-house, and (he looked fondly) I only regret that I am not richer.'—'Staff,' exclaimed his wife; 'and (saluting him tenderly) if thou dost borrow the money, thou wilt buy me an amazons (or riding habit,) and let me get that great bargain of lace, recollect it is only second hand, and will be sold at a third of its value.'—'Comme tu commandes,' meekly replied the fortunate husband. They embraced, exchanged the adieux of the eyes, and parted. The husband proceeded to a Jew's, and his fond spouse went out to purchase an embroidered trimming cheap and simple, as she styled it. How different from lace or artificial flowers. Happy Auguste, to have such a moderate wife!

With this scene in my view (for I happened to be present at it,) I began to reflect upon the subject deliberately. Eugénie's style of dress was truly '*simples mœurs*;' she had not a dozen of costly ornamental combs worn in turn in her glossy hair; her fingers moved gracefully with only two rings on each hand, instead of being in the unbending armour of sixteen circles composed of all the gems, and set in the most expansive style; she preferred flowers to jewelled tiaras and to birds of paradise, to ostrich and other proud and nodding plumes; she was not ruinous in perfections, baths, waiting-women, boudoir furniture, and boxes at the theatre, and yet—

she cost poor Auguste a pretty round sum annually; the very simple gown lasted a very short time, and was soon worn and washed out; it might have been said of these dresses,

"Materiem superabat opus;"

for these light articles of humble price were corded and festooned, trimmed and ornamented up to such a pitch, that the matter was the least of the affair, and the manner all. To purchase such a piece for a gown was a trifle, but before it was fitted to the elastic form which was to grace it, the bill swelled to a most imperceptible expense. Suppose, for instance, a printed cotton or muslin of fifteen francs, what a bagatelle; but then, to trimming (twenty-five, making ditto, ditto; three washings eighteen francs, and it then was only fit for the *femme de chambre*. These little articles too, so often repeated, must have a little effect on the revenue of the happy man who has to pay for them. For cheapness and simplicity, a man might as well purchase a bed of straw, and, when bought, adorn it with a cambric covering, and overhang it daily with a chintz pattern curtain.

But far be it from me to deprive the fair sex of their neat and humble toilet! my intention is merely to convince the marrying swain that the provisions necessary for a wife are many. When a man has got his bride to support, he must not forget the milliner, the mantua-maker, the florist, the jeweller, the attendant, nor even the clear-staroher and *blanchisseuse*, who will aid madam in making head against him (no pun or improper allusion is made to the front, and much less an affront;) and whilst the splendid, high-born dame's claims comes *en gros*, he must not forget that an humbler partner has her detail expenses, which are like the numerous items of an attorney's or an apothecary's bill. Happy, thrice happy, the wedded he who can answer all these demands; and who, being previously aware of them, has nothing to suffer from surprise, inability, or female upbraiding; whose well-stocked purse dreads not these ambush attacks, and whose even mind and temper can meet the lengthy weekly, or monthly account (*annuale* suit the great alone;) for

"Vires acquiritur etasdo,"

a man of retired habits, and long accustomed to order, regularity and calm, would be completely overturned by such surprises: as to the unworthy writer, they would be death to him. Yet let it be well understood, that this *exposé* is not meant as a *preventive*, but merely as a caution to those who, of social habits and light spirits, may not wish to be a solitary, a recluse, or even

A WANDERING HERMIT.

A FRAGMENT.

CHANGE.

And this is what is left of youth! - -
There were two Boys, who were bred up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board;
Each tried the other's sport, from their first chace,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
Two silver trout stream, watching as the sun
Played on the bubbles; shared each in the store
Of either's garden; and together read
Of him, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they parted
With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes which shed them,
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.
They met again, but different from themselves,
At least what each remembered of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gathered it; each with a brow
And heart alike darkened by years and care.
They met with cold words, and yet colder looks:
Each was changed in himself, and yet each thought
The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet thoughts
That lingered yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,
Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt; and when they spoke,
Their speech was wornwood! - - -
- - - And this, this is life!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

--- "Coast of Africa, Sir? Why aye I've been there too, and once knew a little about it—but 'tis many years since. Poverty is no disgrace, Sir, and so I'll tell you what took me there. My father was a dissenting minister—a worthy, pious man—had his peculiarities, to be sure; but there's few warm hearts that have cool heads. He taught me bits of Greek and Latin, and them there sort of things, and he used to praise me for my progress; but, bless you, I knows nothing about it now. I've been nearly all over the world, so I mingles Dutch, Italian, German, Spanish, Hindostanee, French, Portuguese, all together, and makes a confusion of tongues. 'Tis true I can remember Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, and something about Tupto, but there I sticks fast. Then there was bio, hæc, hoc, and Amo Amas, but I knows nothing about 'em now. I was left an orphan at eleven years of age, and mother's brother—that's my uncle—was Captain of a Guinea-man, and so he offered to take me with him to sea; though says he, 'I suppose his larning has spoiled him. However he'll have plenty of opportunity to practise his humanity in a slave ship; and as for his grammar, he'll meet with some rum articles, and no doubt often decline his duty, take up a preposition in the cook's caboose, make an interjection in his hammock, form a conjunction between his mouth and a dough-boy; and for pronouns, aye, aye, he'll soon get hold of them, for our service is the worst in the world for swearing;' and so I found it. I parted with my mother, and never saw her afterward—but we shall meet again. I shall forbear telling about my first entry on board—the many privations and cruelties I suffered, as often getting thrash'd for not doing wrong, as for committing a fault; but there's little compassion in a slave-ship. I should have sunk under it but for the conviction that there was a Power aloft that kept watch for poor Jack; and my good father used often to tell me, 'Boy, bear this always in mind: he who eyes a providence will never want a providence to eye.' Well, Sir, we arrived on the coast, and all my troubles were awhile forgot. Oh what a scene for a young enthusiastic mind! It was all enchantment to me. Well, we brought up at —, near Congo, and alongside came several canoes full of natives; the decks were soon cover'd with 'em. 'Haugh, Captain, how he do, eh? Look dere, you see my King—King Tom—he tan upon de beach. Haugh, Captain, fire one salute for my King.' The salute was fired, and fresh demands made. 'Haugh, Captain, what he got for my King?'—'I've got some fine chintz,' replied the Skipper. 'Ha, chintz, eh!'—'Some cotton and other articles.'—'Ha, good dat! What hab got a brandy?'—'No.'—'Rum?'—'No.'—'Rack?'—'No.'—'What for dat, eh? Haugh! hear him—Captain bring chintz, bring cotton—no bring brandy, no bring rum. What for bring tuff for de back and no bring tuff for de belly!' Well, Sir, we began to trade, and the poor creatures were brought aboard in droves. Oh it would have melted a heart of stone to have seen them stowed away below—many of them in irons! and then I thought of their father's curse, and pitied the poor descendants of Ham. And so I crept out on the bowsprit into the fore-stay-sail netting, and pretended to lie asleep, that I might ease the anguish of my heart in secret; but when I came in again they found me out, and so I got a rope's-ending for being a lubberly sniveller—but indeed I couldn't help it. In about three weeks our cargo was complete—two hundred and forty, and we left the coast in a hurry. I fancy my uncle had cheated some of the traders, and was glad to be off. A limited number of slaves were permitted to be on deck at a time, and there was one, a youth of interesting countenance, rather sickly. Ah! I shall never forget his looks, as his native land receded from his view! At first it was calm dejection, mingled with a melancholy idea that he should always keep it in sight; but still it sunk lower and lower. He could not account for it, though his sudden starts express'd his anger and astonishment; but when it lessened to a dim speck just darkening in the horizon, he burst out in all the agony of despair, raised his clenched hands above his head, shook them at his oppressors, and utter'd a yell that

fill'd me with horror. He was answered by the lash across his bare back, to keep him quiet. I see you shudder, Sir, and well you may—'tis all as true as gospel. There was a young mother, too, with her infant at the breast: she look'd at the shore, and then at her babe, and then at the shore again, but she shed no tear. Her forehead was wrinkled up, and her eyes red and swollen, and every now and then she press'd her hand to her head as if it was scorch'd and the burning anguish had dried up the source of tears; but she sigh'd—no, 'twas not a sigh, but a groan, as if her heart was bursting. What she was, or who she was, I couldn't learn; but on the passage her baby died. Well, she conceal'd it for some time, but it was discover'd at last, taken from her, a shot tied round its middle, and thrown overboard before her face. I got another taste of the tarr'd gingerbread for snivelling; but I'm sure, Sir, you could'n't have help'd it yourself if you had seen the poor unfriended mother. After she lost her child she refused her allowance, and would sit huddled together in one spot, nor could my persuasion move her; so the lash was applied, and in a day or two she grew more calm, and would look over the side, for the hour together, on the dark waters that entomb'd her babe. One morning, on mustering, she was missing, and couldn't be found. There was no doubt but she had gone overboard in the dark, though no one could give any account of the matter. I didn't cry this time, for I began to get insensible, and now can readily account for the hardness and depravity of heart evinced by the crew,—they had been brought up to it from childhood. But this was not all: both officers and men were so rejoiced on hearing Barbadoes, that they indulged too freely in soaking their biscuits, and got completely groggy, excepting the second mate, the carpenter, the two apprentices, and myself. The negroes discover'd it by some means, seiz'd and kill'd the sentry over the hatchway without noise, and got possession of the arm-chest. They rush'd on the deck, some descending to the cabin; my poor uncle fell first, but not till he had laid two at his feet to rise no more. The chief mate, after a hard struggle, was thrown overboard: he was a good swimmer, and though severely wounded, got hold of the mizen channels; here he clung some time, but was seen at last, when a Black made a blow at him with a cutlass, which separated his hand from his wrist, and he dropp'd again, shriek'd, and sunk! A sudden shock will sometimes rouse a man from drunkenness: this was the case now: several of the crew conceal'd themselves, and were saved; the others were easily destroyed. On the first alarm the second mate and myself got into the main-top, and the carpenter and two apprentices into the fore-top. Here we remained for some time undiscovered, while the negroes, who had broken open the steward's room and got at the liquor, were tearing about the decks with all the fury of wild beasts seeking their prey. At last they caught sight of us, and several mounted the shrouds. The mate kept encouraging me to persevere to the last struggle. There was an old case of empty bottles stowed away in the top, and armed with one in each hand, we waited their attack. The first who showed appear'd above the top-brim was instantly knock'd overboard by the mate; the second grappled him, but as quickly followed his companion, on a blow from a quart bottle which I gave him on his head with all my might. God forgive me, Sir; but life's precious! In the same manner five, one after the other, follow'd their leader; and the two apprentices joining us by the top-mast-stay, they gave over the attack. The last knew nothing of the carpenter, and so we concluded he was massored. The slaves now ransack'd every place for powder and ball; and though there were several cases of cartridges in the arm-chest which they must have handled, yet providentially their contents were passed over. All at once we heard the most dismal yells, and saw the carpenter and two of the men, each with a bayonet in one hand and a cutlass in the other, driving the howling slaves along the deck, and cutting all down before 'em. We joined as quick as possible, and had the satisfaction of seeing our numbers increase, so that we soon retook the ship. The carpenter had watch'd an opportunity—got down the fore-stay on to the bowsprit. Here he found the two men stow'd away under the stay-sail; they descended the bobstay, and got along outside of the ship

to the gangway, without being noticed. Cutlasses and bayonets were lying on all parts of the deck, so they were arm'd in an instant. But what most contributed to our success was a box of—of—I forget now what they call 'em, but they resemble a ball; only instead of being smooth, are cover'd all over with spikes like a hedge-hog, or like the ball one of the gisots holds in Guildhall.* On such occasions as these they are strew'd over the decks, and the poor wretches, with their bare feet, unable to step without treading on them, are easily overcome. A box full was in the stern sheets of the long-boat; the carpenter knew it, got 'em out, and spread them around; and oh how the slaves shriek'd as they pierced their feet. After securing them all below, we found the Captain, chief mate, seven whites, and about twenty blacks, killed, and a great many wounded. Among the latter was the youth, who died shortly after; indeed few of the hurt survived. We were now reduced to the second mate, who took command, and fourteen hands; and after a toilsome passage, in which we were obliged to be on deck night and day, armed, and burying upwards of sixty slaves, we arrived at the West Indies. Here, Sir, I could give you such a horrid picture of misery as would harrow up your soul; but I forbear, Sir, I forbear—I can see your heart is suffering severely already at the recital. But to witness it! God bless Mr. Will-be-foroe! he made a noble stand in the cause of Humanity, and deserves her thanks, aye, and the thanks of every lover of freedom. But why can't the trade be abolished altogether? only because in other countries, as Corporal Trim says, 'they have nobody to stand up for them.' But oh, Sir, could the nobles of the land see the poor African as I have seen him—pinioned on his back without sufficient room to turn—little food to eat—brought on deck, and, though weak and exhausted, compell'd by the whip to run, and dance, and submit to the caprice of his cruel masters—could they see this, every nerve would be strain'd to prevent the inhuman traffic. Arn't they flesh and blood, Sir, and sha'n't we all have to appear together at the last great day before the same unerring tribunal? God is no respecter of persons; and so the heart be right, no matter if the skin be black, white, or copper colour. I have been telling you a long story, Sir, but bless you it isn't half what I could tell you; and some other time, if you please, I'll give you another about it. I am sure you'll not value it the less for coming from

AN OLD SAILOR."

* Star shot.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The *Vigilante*, sailed from Nantes on a slave voyage, and was captured by Lieut. Mildmay in the river Bonny, on the coast of Africa, on the 15th of April, 1822.

Her burden was 240 tons, and she had on board, at the time of her capture, 345 slaves. She was manned by thirty men, armed with four twelve-pounders, all of which were brought over to one side of the ship for the attack.

The circumstances of the case are thus stated: Sir Robert Mends was commander of a squadron on the coast of Africa, stationed there by the British Government to prevent the infraction of the laws for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. He sent out Lieut. Mildmay, with the boats belonging to his vessel, to reconnoitre the river Bonny, a place notorious for carrying on this traffic. The boats having crossed the bar soon after day-light, about seven o'clock, six sail, two schooners, and four brigs were observed lying at anchor off the town of Bonny. When the boats were about four miles off, they displayed their colours; and, as they advanced, the slave-vessels were soon moored across the stream, with springs on their cables, all armed, with apparently about 400 slaves on board, and the crews fully prepared to resist any attack that might be made upon them. The two schooners and three of the brigs opened a heavy fire of canister and grape-shot and musketry upon the English boats as they advanced.

When the latter were near enough for their shots to take effect, the firing was returned. They advanced, and in a short time took possession of all the vessels.

The other ships proved to be, the *Yeanam*, a Spanish schooner from the Havannah, of 360 tons, and 380 slaves on board; the *Vicua*, a Spanish schooner from the Havannah, 180 tons, and 325 slaves on board; the *Petite Betsey*, a French brig from Nantes, 184 tons, with 218 slaves on board; the *Ursule*, a French brigantine from St. Pierre; Martinique, 100 tons, and 347 slaves on board; all manned and armed in such a way, as that they might fight desperately if attacked. The *Theodore*, a French brig, had no slaves on board; but a cargo was on shore, in readiness for embarkation.

Many of the slaves jumped overboard, during the engagement, and were devoured by the sharks. On board the *Yeanam*, which made the most determined resistance, the slaves suffered much: four were killed, and ten wounded.

Of the wounded, three were females; one girl about ten years of age, lost both her legs, another her right arm, and a third was shot in the side. Even after the vessel had been surrendered, a number of the Spanish sailors skulked below, and, arming the slaves with muskets, made them fire upwards upon the British. On board this ship, Lieutenant Mildmay observed a slave girl, about twelve or thirteen years of age, in irons, to which was fastened a thick iron chain, ten feet in length, that was dragged along as she moved. He ordered the girl to be instantly released from this fetter; and, that the captain who had treated her so cruelly might not be ignorant of the pain inflicted upon an unprotected and innocent child, the irons were ordered to be put upon him.

The Spanish schooner *Vicua*, when taken possession of, had a lighted match hanging over the open magazine hatch. The match was placed there by the crew, before they leaped overboard and swam for the shore: it was seen by one of the British seamen, who boldly put his bat under the burning wick and removed it. The magazine contained a large quantity of powder. One spark from the flaming match would have blown up 325 unfortunate victims lying in irons in the hold. These monsters in iniquity expressed their deep regret after the action, that their diabolical plan had failed.

The slaves, at the time of the capture of the vessel, were found in the most wretched condition. Some lying on their backs, others sitting on the bottom of the ships. They were chained to each other by the arms and legs: iron collars were placed round their necks. In addition to these provisions for confinement, they were fastened together by a long chain, which connected several of the collars for their greater security in that dismal prison.

Thumb-screws, to be used as instruments of torture, were also found in the vessel. From their confinement and sufferings the slaves often injured themselves by beating, and vented their grief upon such as were next them, by biting and tearing their flesh. Some of them were bound with cords, and many had their arms grievously lacerated. Upwards of 150 of the slaves died on their passage to Sierra Leone. The Spanish schooner from the Havannah was separated from the other vessels in a dreadful storm, as they were proceeding to that colony, and sank with 380 slaves on board. The other vessels reached their destination.—*Report of the African Instit.*

INDIAN PROWESS.

In the intervals of the dances, a warrior would step forward and strike a flag-staff they had erected with a stick, whip, or other weapon, and recount his martial deeds. This ceremony is called *striking the post*, and whatever is then said may be relied upon as rigid truth, being delivered in the presence of many a jealous warrior and witness, who could easily detect and would immediately disgrace the *striker* for exaggeration or falsehood. This is called the *beggars' dance*, during which some presents are always expected by the performers, as tobacco, whiskey, or trinkets. But on this occasion, as none of those articles were immediately offered, the amusement was not at first distinguished by such activity. The master of the ceremonies continually called aloud to them to exert themselves; but still they were somewhat dull and backward. Ietan now stepped forward and lashed a post with his whip, declaring that he

would thus punish those who did not dance; this threat from one whom they had vested with authority for this occasion, had a manifest effect upon his auditors, who were presently highly wrought up by the sight of two or three little mounds of tobacco twist which were now laid before them, and appeared to infuse new life.

After lashing the post and making his threat, Ietan went on to narrate his martial exploits. He had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Konzas; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omawhaws, and once from the Poncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards and penetrated into one of their camps; the Spaniards, excepting a man and boy, fled; himself being at a distance before his party, he was shot at and missed by the man, whom he immediately shot down and struck. "This, my father," said he, "is the only martial act of my life that I am ashamed of." After several rounds of dancing, and of striking at the post by the warriors, *Mi-a-ke-la*, or the Little Soldier, a war-worn veteran, took his turn to strike the post. He leaped actively about, and strained his voice to its utmost pitch, whilst he portrayed some of the scenes of blood in which he had acted. He had struck dead bodies of individuals of all the red nations around Osages, Konzas, Pawnee, Poncas, Omawhaws, and Sioux, Padoucas, La Plais or Bald Heads, Ietans, Sauks, Foxes, and Ioways; he had struck eight of one nation, seven of another, &c. He was proceeding with his account when Ietan ran up to him, put his hand to his mouth, and respectfully led him to his seat. This act was no trifling compliment paid to the well-known brave. It indicated that he had still so many glorious acts to speak of, that he would occupy so much time as to prevent others from speaking, and put to shame the other warriors by the contrast of his actions with theirs.—*Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.*

STANZAS

In memory of Robert Bloomfield, who died at Sheffield, Bedfordshire, Aug. 19, 1823, aged 57 years

His breath the last long gasp expired,
His friends knelt round his death-bed weeping;
That form, which once bright genius fired,
Is now a corpse and in silence sleeping.
The bell in his parish tower was toll'd,
The village peasants the tidings spread;
They praised the man that is stiff and cold,
And sigh'd, when they whisper'd, "BLOOMFIELD'S DEAD!"
A chaster minstrel,—a sweeter lyre,
Never wakened joy, or melted sorrow;
He raised Britannia's virtues higher,
Gave night-sad hearts, Hope's lighter morrow.
The 'Milk Maid's' song, at an early age,
For a merry May morn he garlanded;
Then his 'Farmer's Boy,'—that youthful sage,
O'er the rural lands, he so blithely led.
His 'wild Flowers,' cull'd from their pastoral beds,
Surpassed the exotics by learning shaded;
For NATURE had painted their beautiful heads,
What Nature paints can never be faded.
His 'broken crutch,' was a ballad of truth;
His 'hourglass' quietly warn'd the living;
The 'Fakenham Ghost,' a sweet tale for youth;
And 'The Widow Jones,' instruction giving.
The 'Banks of the Wye,' descriptive and lone,
Telling legends of barons and castles grey;
When CAMILLA was girl in her feudal zone,
And maidens by knights were stolen away.
'May-day with the Muses,' lovelily beamed,
The tenants met their landlord smiling;
'Andrew Hall,' to his wife repentant seemed;
The 'Soldier,' returned, past scenes beguiling.
'Blind Helen' could sing, she could play and chat,
And her gentle heart with love was beating;
She felt the quick pulse of her Lover's pat,
When they kiss'd at parting, or meeting.
'Hazelwood Hall' invited the guests;
In turn we smiled, and in turn we grieved;
So pure were the poet's domestic nests!
Like him they contented loved and lived.
As the name of BURNS in Scotia's clime
Is dear to her sons, by poetry's ties,
BLOOMFIELD, so dearly, shall flourish through time,
And bloom in the fields of his native skies.
Jellington Green, August 25, 1823. MARIA PRIOR.

AN ICE-BERG.

Extract from a private Journal of a recent voyage from the United States to Liverpool.

'It is unnecessary to dwell at length on those singular appearances, which accompany or distinguish the Gulf Current throughout its turbulent career;—the next incident of any interest which occurred on the voyage, was the prospect of one of those polar phenomena, which are commonly denominated ice-bergs. At the moment at which this exile from the north was discovered, we were either upon or skirting the Great Bank of Newfoundland. When first observed, it was somewhat obscured by a fog, and resembled a huge rock, protruding to the elevation of fifty feet from the surface of the ocean. A little to the east of it was seen what every spectator pronounced to be a ship, which, finding herself suddenly in the immediate vicinity or in actual contact with this unwelcome intruder, had unfurled all her sails to the wind, in order to escape from so terrific an apparition. But this was altogether an illusion. The total dispersion of the fog soon exhibited this arctic formation in all its horrid reality. The western extremity of it preserved the aspect already mentioned; but what was mistaken for the ship, was, in fact, an immensely lofty column of ice resting on the same substratum or foundation. Its height, being much greater than that of the utmost limit of our vessel's mainmast, could not be less than one hundred and eighty or two hundred feet. Its shape was conical, and bore, from the distance at which we viewed it, a striking similarity to a Chinese pagoda or an Egyptian pyramid. It is probable that both points of the ice-berg were at one period connected; but, from its long exposure in comparatively southern latitudes, it had been severed into two separate flakes or eminences. It would be idle to attempt estimating, with any accuracy, the magnitude of the aggregate mass; but if it be true, as asserted by writers on the Polar regions, that only one third part of an ice-berg is apparent above water, it is not difficult, from this datum alone, to form, in the present instance, some crude idea of the stupendous character of the original dimensions. These floating mountains generally appear on the banks of Newfoundland, about the end of May or beginning of June, and continue to drift in every direction, as the wind or tide may impel them. If they descend so far to the south as the Gulf Current, they are, from the high temperature of its water, speedily dissolved. If they remain to the north of it, it is impossible to conjecture their probable durability. So prodigious, sometimes, is the proportion of them immersed, that they are known to ground on the banks; and in this situation, as indeed in every other, they constitute one of the most dreadful perils to which a vessel or mariners can be exposed. I should be sorry to repeat, on this subject, the tragic story of the loss of the ship *Jupiter*, which it is more agreeable to forget than to revive;—but the very knowledge of the existence of such a species of danger in latitudes the most frequented, must enchain that sentiment of esteem, or of affection, we are accustomed to entertain towards a profession which has elevated Great Britain to such a pitch of commercial prosperity and naval glory, as to render her an object of envy or of admiration to the world.'

THE THREE CROSSES.

[Lines descriptive of the Cross of our Saviour, with two supporters, spear, and dice; also two other crosses, on which the two thieves were crucified: the whole being folded of one piece of paper, and cut at one time, with a pair of scissors.]

Behold the Cross whereon the Saviour bled,
What time he suffered in the Sinner's stead;
The sacred Tree, two wondrous Stones bear ap,
Cut from Salvation's Rock, the sinner's hope;
See, too, the cruel Spear which pierc'd his side,
Whence flowed a crimson and a watery tide.
Those fatal Dice the Roman soldiers threw,
When for his robe the lot foretold they drew.
Christ to fulfil all that the Scripture saith,
Was number'd with the Wicked in his death.

Manchester, August, 1823.

X.

FLAGELLATION.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The annexed is from the French work entitled "A collection of celebrated causes." Yours, &c.
Manchester, August, 1823.

The Lady of Liancourt, the subject of the narrative, was originally born of parents of a low rank. Having had the good luck to marry a rich merchant, she had address enough to prevail upon him to leave her, at his death, the bulk of his fortune; and, being now a rich and handsome widow, she married the *Sieur*, or Lord, of Liancourt; a man of birth, whose fortune was somewhat impaired, by his former extravagant way of living. The lady of Liancourt used to reside, during the summer, at the castle, or estate, of her husband, near the town of Chaumont; and in the same neighbourhood was situated the estate of the Marquis of Fresnel. The manner of living of the Lady of Liancourt, together with the reputation of her wit and beauty, excited the jealousy of the Marchioness of Fresnel, who, on account of her birth, considered herself as being greatly superior to the other; and a strong competition soon took place between the two ladies, which became manifested in several places in a remarkable manner, especially at church, where the Marchioness went once so far as violently to push the other lady off her seat: the Lady of Liancourt, on the other hand, was said to have written a copy of verses against the Marchioness; and in short, matters were carried to such lengths between them, that the Marchioness resolved to damp at once the pretensions of her rival, and for that purpose applied to that effectual mode of correction a *Flagellation*. Having well formed her plan in that respect, and resolved that her rival should undergo the correction, not by proxy, but in her own person, the Marchioness, one day when she knew the Lady of Liancourt was going to dine at a castle a few miles distant from her own, got into her coach and six, accompanied by four men behind, and three armed servants on horseback; care having been previously taken to lay in a stock of good disciplines, which were placed on the coach box. Having arrived too late at the place on the highway, at which she proposed to meet her antagonist, the Marchioness alighted at the house of the Curate of the parish, in order to wait for her return, and staid there, under some pretence, several hours, till at last a servant, who had been on the watch, came in haste, and brought tidings that Lady Liancourt's coach was in sight; the Marchioness thereupon got into her coach with the utmost speed, and arrived just in time to throw herself across the way, and stop the other lady; when the servants, who had been properly directed beforehand, without loss of time, took the latter out of her coach, and immediately proceeded to execute the orders they had received; and, from the complaint afterwards preferred by the suffering lady, it really seems they endeavoured to discharge their duty in such a manner as might convince their mistresses of their zeal to serve her.

The affair soon made a great noise, and the King, who heard of it, immediately sent express orders to the husbands of the ladies to avoid meeting. The Lady of Liancourt applied to the ordinary courts of law, and brought a criminal action against the Marchioness, before the Parliament of Paris; the consequence of which was, that the latter was condemned, both to ask her pardon in the open court upon her knees, pay £2000 damages, and was moreover banished from the whole extent of the jurisdiction of the parliament. The servants, who are generally very severely dealt with in France, when they suffer themselves to become the instruments of the violence of their masters, were condemned to the galleys: and Miss De Villamartin, who had been co-spectatrix of the *flagellation*, in the same coach with the Marchioness, and shared her triumph, was summoned to appear personally in court, there to be *admonished*, and condemned to pay a fine of 20 livres, "for the bread of the prisoners."

EXTRAORDINARY CHILD.

An account of Thomas Hills Everitt, an extraordinary large child, born at Enfield, February, 1779:—

'This child was the son of Thomas and Susannah Everitt, who resided at Scotland Green, and though

not remarkably large at the time of his birth, began, when six weeks old, to grow to a very extraordinary size. At the age of nine months, he was considered a phenomenon, and the curiosity of the country, for some miles round, was so much excited, that it was with some difficulty he could be seen. His dimensions, when he was nine months and a fortnight old, were taken by Dr. Sherwen, and were as follow:

'Girth round the wrist 6½ inches; above the elbow 8½ inches; girth of the leg, near the ankle, 9½ inches; of the calf of the leg, 12 inches; girth round the thigh, 18 inches; round the small of the back, 24 inches; and the girth under the armpits and across the breast, 22½ inches.

'The mother could not be prevailed on to have the child weighed, being impressed with the vulgar prejudice against weighing children; but his weight was guessed at nine stone. His height was three feet two inches; he had eight teeth and a fine head of hair; and when his limbs were exposed to view, it was impossible to be impressed with any other idea than that of seeing a *young giant*. The child had a clear skin, free from pimples or blemish, was exceedingly lively, with a clear eye, the pupil not in the least dilated, and, excepting a pair of broad cheeks, his head was rather less in proportion to the other parts of his body. The extraordinary size of this child tempted his parents to carry him to London and exhibit him to the public. But the confined situation had such an effect on his health, that he was soon taken back to his native air. He was, however, soon taken to London again, and exhibited at Mr. Owen's, confectioner, No. 66, Cornhill. He subsisted entirely on the breast.

'His dimensions, given in the printed hand-bills distributed at the place of exhibition, were those taken when he was eleven months old; his height, then, three feet three inches; his girth round the breast, two feet six inches; round the loins, three feet one inch; round the thigh, one foot ten inches; round the leg, one foot two inches; round the arm, 11½ inches; round the wrist, nine inches. He died about May, 1780.—*Robinson's History and Antiquities of Enfield.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A most extraordinary Anagram, and one of those perhaps not possible to be imitated, is a verse I find in *Misson's Voyage in Italy*, vol. 2, part 2, p. 676, edit. 1714, 8vo.

Sacrum pinque debet non macrum sacrificio.

This at the old cloister of St. Maria Novella, at Florence, was applied to the sacrifices of Abel and Cain. The above is adapted to Abel, but read backward it will produce a Pentameter applicable to Cain, thus:—

Sacrificio macrum non debet pinque sacrum.

This, as I said, appears to me to be inimitable, and one may challenge the whole world to produce the like. In the first place it is exceedingly difficult to form a Latin Hexameter, which when read backward will give us a Pentameter.

It will be more difficult to do this and to exhibit it at the same time a tolerable sense. But what makes it most wonderful is, that in the third place the sense is well adapted to the different characters of the parties that are supposed to utter, one the Hexameter, and the other the Pentameter, viz. Abel and Cain.

Few persons I believe will choose to spend their time in framing a like gimcrack upon any subject, but I am really of opinion that a man might try a whole year before he would be able to succeed as well as the monk who composed the above line.

PLATO.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that the young men in Manchester who are generally considered to be eager after the arts and sciences, should be totally ignorant of the art of oratory. What can be more pleasing to the ear than to hear our own language spoken purely and fluently. The man who can communicate his views with clearness, precision, and effect, has an evident, great advantage over the person who hesitates and stumbles in discourse, and it is a generally received opinion that oratory is considered to be the second end of our academic labours, of which the first

and is, to render us enlightened, useful, and virtuous. The principal means of communicating our ideas are two—speech and writing. The former is the parent of the latter—it is the more important, and its highest efforts are called—*oratory*. If we consider the very early period at which we began to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in oratory. In any enlightened community, you will find numbers who are highly skilled in some particular art or science, to the study of which they did not apply themselves, till they had almost arrived at the age of manhood. Yet with regard to the powers of speech, those powers which the very second year of our existence generally calls into action, the exercise of which goes on at our sports, our studies, our walks, our very meals; and which is never long suspended, except at the hour of refreshing sleep—with regard to those powers how few surpass their fellow creatures of common information and moderate attainments! how very few deserve distinction! how rarely does one attain to eminence!

The causes are various—but one will suffice—It is our neglecting to cultivate the art of speaking—of speaking our own language. We acquire the power of expressing our ideas, almost insensibly—we consider it as a thing that is natural to us; we do not regard it as an art—it is an art—a difficult art—an intricate art—and our ignorance of that circumstance, or our omitting to give it due consideration, is the cause of our deficiency. In the infant, just beginning to articulate, you will observe every inflection that is recognized in the most accurate treatise on elocution. You will observe further, an exact proportion in its several cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones—I say, you will observe these things in almost every infant. Select a dozen of men—men of education—erudition—ask them to read a piece of animated composition—you will be fortunate if you find one in the dozen, that can raise or depress, his voice—inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires. What has become of the inflections, the cadences, and the modulation of the infant? They have not been exercised—they have been neglected—they have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might apply them to their proper use—they have been laid aside, spoiled, abused; and, ten to one, they will never be good for any thing.

In my opinion either composition or debating societies are the most rational, useful, and ready way for attaining a knowledge of oratory; surely it must be ascribed to the want of those or to their being improperly conducted, that the young men here fall so far below mediocrity in this polite art. Perhaps another reason is, that the recent party spirit which was so prevalent here a few years ago may have operated against debating societies; but surely there are plenty of subjects without politics or religion, the only articles that could cause dissension or alarm, and I am certain none but grovelling minds would fear the effects in the idea that the knowledge so acquired would be pressed upon the public. It must be allowed that we have all a particle of brains, and where is the man who could calmly bring himself into notoriety for his oratorical powers alone (unless in an official situation)? I cannot think any one would or could so far demean himself. Is it that the taste of this large and populous town is so much forgotten, or is it that it thinks it is not worth acquiring. With regard to composition &c. classes, besides the knowledge acquired from the subjects that come under consideration, we would be able to discriminate more nicely the truth or falsehood of statements made by others, a more noble expansion of the mind would inevitably take place, there would be less rioting and drinking, and the young men in Manchester would feel a more solid and lasting impression from either composition classes or debating societies, than from all their gay evenings spent in folly and dissipation. By your giving this a place in your amusing and instructive work, and if any of your correspondents would be kind enough to favor me with a reason, both will confer a favor on

TICKLE TOBY.

Manchester, August 27, 1823.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CEDAR AT ENFIELD.

In the garden of the manor-house is a cedar of Libanus, which was considered one of the finest in the kingdom:

the contents of which, in the year 1770, were as follows:—girt, at the top, three feet seven inches; second girt, seven feet nine inches; third girt, ten feet; and the fourth girt, fourteen feet six inches. The height of the tree was forty-five feet nine inches, but the original height was fifty-three feet nine inches, eight feet of the top having been broken off by a high wind, in the year 1703. The large arm which branched out near the top was three feet nine inches in girt, and several of the boughs were three feet five inches in girt. The branches extended in length from the body of the tree from twenty-eight to forty-five feet, and the contents of the tree (exclusive of the boughs) was about two hundred and ninety-three cubic feet. It was measured in the year 1788, by the late Mr. Liley, and was found to have increased in girt and length of branches. At this time it was a very handsome tree, and continued so till the night of the 5th of November, 1794, when a strong gale from the north-west deprived it of the whole of the upper part, which fell with a tremendous crash, and, in its fall, several of the lower branches were much injured. In 1793, at three feet from the ground, it measured twelve feet in girt; and, in 1816, at one foot six inches from the ground, fifteen feet eight inches.

This fine cedar was destined to be grabbed up by the late Mr. Callaway, soon after he purchased the old palace. The saw-pit was prepared, and the trench already dug round it ready for the axe; but the admirers of the tree, particularly the late Richard Gough, Esq. and Dr. Sherwen, interfered, and, at their request, the tree was spared. This circumstance gave rise to much versification at the time; and there appeared, in the St. James's Chronicle, some high-flown compliments addressed to Mr. Gough, composed with all the irregularity of school-boy genius, which were considered to be at the expense of the other inhabitants of the parish. The lines were signed "Euterpe," to which Mr. Gough replied, under the signature of "Clio," quoting Drayton's "Polyolbion" for a panegyric on Enfield. These gave rise to the following lines, which were signed "Melpomene," and sent to Mr. Gough, but never published:—

Ye sister muses, cease your idle strains;
Oh! cease in sportive lays to sing,
To torture Enfield, or Castalia's plains,
But strike, oh! strike with me the doleful string!
Too much, too much Camdenius hath been prais'd,
Divine Euterpe, in thy glorious lines;
Enough hath Enfield's character been rais'd,
Which now in Clio's sportive numbers shines.

Far other subjects on your labours call,
Far other subjects ask your tuneful aid,—
For lo! the pride of Lebanon must fall—
The stately cedar—in the royal shade.

Not in the vulgar groves such cedars grow,
As erst in Lebanon's most holy land;
But near Eliza's royal dome they shew
The cedar planted by her milk-white hand!

Weep! weep, ye Muses, at the mournful deed,—
Ye Hama-Cedroids, join the plaintive tone;
With mighty Callaway, oh! intercede,—
The fate of lofty Lebanon bemoan.

This tree was planted by Dr. Uvedale: and tradition hands down to us that the plant was brought immediately from Mount Libanus in a portmanteau, probably by one of his scholars.—*Robinson's History, &c. of Enfield.*

THE SUGAR CANE.

The soils adapted to the sugar-cane are the various rich loams and moulds, and clay with a superstratum of mould. The former are turned up with the hoe, about four inches below the surface of the earth, and formed into ridges, called cane-holes—in the spaces between which (four feet in breadth) the canes are planted. The manure is conveyed by the slaves in baskets, and from twelve to fourteen pounds weight is put into every cane-hole. An easier, and perhaps, for some soils, a still more effectual mode of enriching the fields to be planted, is what is called *penning* them over—that is, penning or folding the cattle on successive divisions of the land, until the whole field is gone over, at the rate of about 2,000 head of cattle for one acre; the land being forthwith holed and planted on the removal of the pens. Three lengths of the top part of the cane, each having three, four, or more germs, are laid in each hole, with the germs placed sideways, and covered with a thin layer of earth. The lower and middle parts of the cane, when fell

grown, do not produce shoots, so that nothing is lost; the top of the cane, which alone is fit for planting, being unfit for sugar. The returns of the land are various, according to the soil, seasons, manuring, and, on exhausted lands, the standing of the cane. A plant from a good soil, well manured, will yield four tons of sugar; while what is called a third rate, on an exhausted soil, will not produce half a ton. In six or seven weeks after their being planted, the young cane plants have shot up to about the height of a foot, when they are weeded. They receive three or four subsequent weedings or cleanings, and, as the cane advances in height, the dry leaves are removed from it. Canes planted in November are fit for the mill in fourteen or fifteen months; if planted in May, they are usually cut the succeeding May. The harvest commences at different periods in different districts, the planters being mainly regulated in this by the seasons, or periods of rainy and dry weather. December, January, and February, are the usual times. The canes, when cut down, are tied up into bundles, and conveyed by carts and mules to the mill; where they are passed through iron cylinders, which press out the juice: this is conveyed to the boiling-house, where it is converted into sugar. The molasses is taken to the distilling-house, and, along with the scum from the vessels in which the sugar is boiled, made into rum. The stem of the cane, after being expressed, is dried, and used as fuel for boiling the sugar. The operations in the mill and the boiling-house go on both night and day, the negroes being formed into what are called *spells*, or divisions (two or three, according to their number), which relieve each other in the nocturnal part of the duty. The getting in of the crops lasts from three to four months.—*Stewart's Jamaica.*

VARIETIES.

FRANKING LETTERS.—This privilege was first claimed by the members of the House of Commons in the year 1660; and so paltry was the measure thought in those days, that when the question was called for, the speaker, Sir H. Grimstone, declared he was ashamed to put it.

THE BIBLE.—In the year 1274 the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was 30*l*. It is said that the building of two arches of London Bridge cost only 25*l*. being 5*l*. less than a copy of the Bible many years afterwards.

GOOD MARCHING.—A publication has recently appeared in Paris, called "Remarks on the French Infantry." The author seems to be strongly impressed with the truth of Marshal Saxe's maxim, "that the Art of War lies in the legs." Among other anecdotes, he mentions that a great General having asked a young Colonel whether his regiment marched well, and having received for answer, that all the inspecting officers declared that its manoeuvres were admirable, observed, "You misunderstand me; when I ask if a regiment marches well, I mean, can it march at the rate of three leagues an hour?"

WATER IN THE HEAD.—An extraordinary case of hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, is just now exciting the interest of the medical gentlemen of Salisbury. The head of an infant, before any operation was performed, at the age of six (now only seven) months, was of the following astonishing dimensions:—Round the forehead and back part of the head 30 inches, and from ear to ear across the vertex 21 inches; which measurement will be better understood by stating, that the largest circumference of the adult head averages but 22 inches, and from ear to ear but 12; and of a healthy child of six months old the largest circumference averages 16, and from ear to ear 9 inches. The infant, belonging to respectable parents, is under the immediate treatment of one of our surgeons, and is submitted to a novel practice, viz. the removal of the water by degrees, through the means of operation, and at the same time the employment of pressure. The infant has undergone the operation five times, and 110 ounces (nearly seven pints) of water have been removed. The present state of the infant, and the effects of the operations and treatment are such as afford well-grounded hopes that for this disease, considered hitherto hopeless, a remedy has at length been found.

BEDFORD MISSAL.—The following anecdote relates to the library of the late King, now become the property of the public. At the time the Bedford Missal was on sale, with the rest of the Duchess of Portland's collection, the late King sent for his bookseller, and expressed his intention to become the purchaser. The bookseller ventured to submit to his Majesty, that the article in question, as one highly curious, was likely to fetch a high price. "How high?" "Probably, two hundred guineas!" "Two hundred guineas, for a Missal!" exclaimed the Queen, who was present, and lifted up her hands in astonishment. "Well, well," said his Majesty, "I'll have it, still; but since the Queen thinks two hundred guineas so enormous a sum for a Missal, I'll go no further." The bidding for the Royal Library did actually stop at that point; and Mr. Evans carried off the prize by adding three pounds more. The same Missal was afterwards sold, in April 1815, and purchased by the Duke of Marlborough for £687. 15s.

ANECDOTE OF SANTEUIL, A CELEBRATED POET OF LAST CENTURY.—Returning one night to the Abbey of St. Victor, at eleven o'clock, the porter refused to open the door, saying he had orders to admit no one at that hour. After much altercation Santeuil slipt a Louis d'or under the door, and he obtained immediate admittance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone, upon which he had been sitting while he waited for the door opening. The porter animated with the poet's generosity, ran to get the book, and Santeuil shut the door upon him.—Master Peter, who was half naked, knocked in his turn, when Santeuil started the same difficulties as he had done against admitting any one at that time of night, and that he would not disobey the prior. "Ay, but master," said the porter, "you know I let you in very civilly." "And so will I you as civilly," said Santeuil, "if you please—you know the price—is or out is the word, and I will dally no longer." The porter, finding he was like to sleep in the street, half naked, and also ran the risk of losing his place, slipt the piece of gold under the door again, saying, "I thought the poet's money would not stay long with me," and purchased his admittance.

PREMIUM FOR THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS FROM STAGE-COACHES.—The society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures have just offered, among their premiums, one "To any person who shall invent and discover to the Society a method for preventing accidents arising from Stage-coaches; the Gold Medal, of Thirty Guineas. Ample certificates of its efficacy, and a description of the method, with models of the machinery used, to be produced to the society on or before the last Tuesday in February, 1824. The society wish to impress strongly on the public the necessity of turning their attention to the above premium, from the number of accidents that daily occur; and suggest whether they might not, in some degree, be prevented, by an alteration in the manner of placing the luggage."

POLAR SEAS.—Accounts have been received of the progress of the *Griper*, on board of which Captain Sabine sailed from the Nore, in the month of May last, for the purpose of carrying on the series of observations on the pendulum, in the high latitudes of the Polar seas. They arrived at the North Cape, after a tedious passage, the beginning of June, and proposed to remain at Hammerfest about three weeks. From that place they would go to Spitzbergen, as the second station of observation; and then to the Eastern coast of Greenland, intending to make their way to the most Northern part of that unexplored coast, as far as the obstruction of permanent ice would permit the ship to pass. It is intended to land the instruments for observation at the highest point they should reach in Greenland, and afterwards to navigate down this hitherto almost unknown coast Southwards. On quitting Greenland, they would visit Iceland, and then cross to Drontheim, in Norway, where a fourth series of observations would be completed, previous to their return in the month of November.

A MASTER MANUFACTURER.—A Mr. Hatton, of Duffermline, has had two mice making thread for upwards of twelve months. Each of them twists and reels from 100 to 120 threads every day, Sunday not excepted. To complete this task, the little pedestrian has to

run 10½ miles a-day. It lives five weeks upon a half-penny worth of oatmeal at 15d. a peck, and in that time it makes 3850 threads of 25 inches. At this rate the mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is a farthing a-day, or 7s. 6d. a-year, and taking off 6d. for board, and allowing 1s. for machinery, a profit of 6s. a-year remains. The same mechanical genius tried the experiment of making a rat perform the like office, but he turned out a mere idler, all Mr. Hatton's ingenuity could not make him attend his work, and the rat mill was necessarily relinquished.

TRANSLATIONS.—Within a short period the following translations from the English have been made into the Polish language: Rasselas, Young's Night Thoughts, Tom Jones, Paradise Regained, Pope's Essay on Man and the Rape of the Lock. Extracts from most of our Essayists, and especially the Spectator, have been published in different periodical works. The Poles already possess a translation of Ossian, which has been multiplied in several editions. Shakespeare is in great vogue; his principal pieces, nearly literally translated, are constantly performed at Warsaw, Wilna, Cracow, and Leopold. The study of the English language is very widely diffused over Poland. In some of the Universities there are professorships of English; several of our modern poets have likewise been translated, and, among others, Lord Byron.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.—Miss Paton, of Covent Garden Theatre, will in the ensuing week make her debut before the Manchester public in Mr. Renney's Concert. Considering the eclat of this lady's performance and the competition which subsisted between her and Miss M. Tree, we shall be solicitous, (and thank Mr. R. for affording us an opportunity) of judging for and satisfying ourselves. Miss J. Paton and Mr. Sapio are also engaged, and upon the whole we anticipate a delightful treat.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

THEATRE-ROYAL.—On Saturday night the New Play of *Nigel, or the Crown Jewels*, was produced. The plot, though taken from the novel called the "Fortunes of Nigel," differs from it very considerably, and is stated as follows:—"Lord Dalgarno wishes to possess himself of Nigel's lands, and for this purpose lends him money on a mortgage, through the medium of Skourlie, and at the same time employs the influence of Buckingham to prevent the payment of a large sum due to him from King James. Herriot, however, undertakes his cause with the King; and as the needy monarch has no funds for the repayment, he desires the goldsmith to borrow the money on the crown jewels, for which purpose the latter applies to Trapbois, who gives a receipt for the diamonds, and a promise to procure the gold at an early hour the ensuing day. Nigel is now informed of the snare laid for him by the treachery of his friend, and in the very heat of his passion at this discovery, he meets Dalgarno in the park, just as he is forcibly carrying off Margaret, the niece of Herriot. A rencontre takes place between the two noblemen, and Margaret is saved from her ravisher, but Nigel is forced to seek a refuge in Whitefriars, where chance makes him an inmate of old Trapbois. In the mean time Dalgarno has learnt from his solicitor the result of Herriot's interference, and at Skourlie's suggestion resolves to rob Trapbois of the jewels, that his rival may have no means of redeeming his lands. The old man awakes during their attempt to open his strong box; a struggle ensues, which ends in Dalgarno's strangling him, and taking away the jewels which he finds about his person. The suspicion of this murder is thrown on Nigel, who is now confined in the Tower, whither he is followed by Margaret and Bridget; and in the very moment that Herriot has redeemed his lands, he stands before the King as a murderer. For a time Dalgarno triumphs; but the sudden appearance of Martha Trapbois, who had been absent only to procure the money to redeem the mortgage, proves his innocence, and he is happily wedded to Margaret, while his rival stalks off in a towering passion, but to what purpose the conclusion omits to tell us."

The Skourlie of Mr. W. Farren, and the Trapbois, of Mr. Meadows, exhibited genuine lineaments of knavery and usurious exaction; and the Martha Trapbois of Mrs. Faucit was a most spirited performance.—The other characters were generally well supported.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, FRIDAY, the 5th September, 1823.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS:

MISS PATON, from the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden;—MISS I. PATON;—MR. SAPIO, from the Nobility's Concerts;—and MR. ISHERWOOD.

PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Leader,—MR. CUDMORE;—Harp,—MR. HORBIN;—Flute,—MR. RENNEY.

Principal Second Violin, Mr. Ward; Tenor, Mr. E. Sudlow; Violoncello, Mr. Sudlow; Double Bass, Mr. Hill; Oboes, Messrs. H. Hughes and Smith; Flutes, Messrs. Renney and Fern; Clarionets, Messrs. Tipping and Blomeley; Bassoon, Mr. Lee; Horns, Messrs. Waddington and Greggs; Trumpets, Messrs. Hyde and Hanson; Trombone, Mr. Hanson; Double Drums, Mr. Roundtree; together with an Orchestra comprising upwards of Twenty other performers.

In offering the following selection to his Patrons and the Public, Mr. Renney ventures to express the hope that it will be found worthy of their support, and that it will be conducted in such a manner as to meet with its most anxious wish to merit and obtain—its entire approbation.

PART I.

Overture, (first time)... "Tancredi"... *Rossini*.
Song, Miss Paton, "...In native worth"... *Haydn*.
Song, Miss Paton, "...Elena Obi"... Cavatina and Polacca from the celebrated Opera of "Donna del Lago"... *Rossini*.
Song, Mr. Isherwood, "...Tis when to sleep"... *Bishop*.
Duet, Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio, "...Donald"... *Bishop*.
Concerto (Flute), Mr. Renney... *Drumet*.
Song, Mr. Sapio.
Duet, Miss Paton and Miss I. Paton, "...Tell me where is fancy bred"... *Sir J. Stevenson*.
Fantasia, (Grand Piano Forte) Mr. Cudmore, in which is introduced the favourite Air of "Farewell Manchester" (M.S.). *Cudmore*.
Glee, Five Voices... "Blow gentle Gales"... *Bishop*.

PART II.

Overture... Promethea... *Brethorn*.
Duet, Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio, "...Giovonette"... *Mozart*.
Introduction and Polonoise, Violin, Mr. Cudmore. *Mayer*.
Song, Miss Paton, "...Lo here the gentle lark"... accompanied on the Flute by Mr. Renney... *Bishop*.
Concerto... Harp... Mr. Horabin.
Trio, Miss Paton, Miss I. Paton, and Mr. Sapio, from the celebrated opera of "Zoride"... *Rossini*.
Song, Mr. Isherwood, "...The Battle of Hohenlinden"... *Smith*.
Solo, Flute, Mr. Renney, "...God save the King"... with Violins... *Drumet*.
Song, Miss Paton, "...Mary of Castle Carey"...
Finale Glee, Three Voices, "...Mynheer Van Duynck"... *Bishop*.
Tickets may be had on application to Mr. Beale, St. Mary's Gate; at the Iris Office, St. Ann's Square; or to Mr. Renney, No. 8, Kennedy-street, where places for the Boxes may be taken, and books containing the words of the songs had, until Wednesday, the 3d. September; and after that day at the Box Office of the Theatre.—In order to prevent inconvenience and delay at the doors, Mr. Renney begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of Tickets being previously taken by those Ladies and Gentlemen who intend honouring him with their presence.—Lower Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 8s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.
Doors to be open at six, and the performance to begin precisely at seven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Euclid's Communication shall appear in our next.—T. S. H.; Philo; Caswin; Adolescents; X. A.; and Q. are received.

MUSIC.—In consequence of the demand for the *QUADRILLE* which appeared in the *Iris*, No. 81, entitled, "THE ROSE-BUD OF CHEETHAM," a second impression has been struck off, and it may now be had with any number preceding that in which it appeared.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE AND DR. GREGORY.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have read with much interest the Memoir of Dr. Gregory, which is inserted in the last number of the Imperial Magazine. It contains, however, several passages which have given me some surprise; and upon two of these passages in particular I shall be glad to make a few remarks in the Iris.

Speaking of "those honours which posterity will award," the writer of the memoir says, that "in the metaphysical department we read the name of Dugald Stewart, in the chemical that of Sir Humphrey Davy, and in the mathematical, holding a conspicuous rank, appears the name of Dr. Olinthus Gregory." This association is really ludicrous, and must, assuredly, be very painful to the Doctor's feelings if he chance to hear of it. It has too much the appearance of burlesque. It furnishes another example of what a man sometimes suffers from the intrusive and injudicious officiousness of those who wish to be thought his friends. I willingly give the biographer full credit for the best intentions. But the Dr. has no claim to the very elevated situation in which it is proposed to place him. He has in several instances, been a useful writer in treating of what was already known; but I am not aware of more than one instance in which he has extended the bounds of science, and that is, on the relation of solid angles, a discovery certainly curious, and formerly thought to be impossible. This discovery does not, by any means, warrant us in placing him at the head of the British Mathematicians. The Doctor's warmest admirers must allow that in inventive genius, which can alone entitle a philosopher to any thing like preeminence, he is far inferior to Ivory, Herschell, Leslie, Woodhouse, and a number of others. I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of Dr. Gregory. He is the author of a number of valuable elementary works, which, if they do not exhibit much genius, are of considerable utility. If he does not possess great originality of mind; he has deservedly acquired credit for his exemplary application.

It has given me some concern to see the writer of the memoir attempt to raise the reputation of Dr. Gregory at the expense of that of a superior character. The termination of the Doctor's intercourse with the illustrious Biot, in the severe and dreary recesses of Shetland, is imputed, gratuitously, to the "impetuous disposition," and "national prejudice," of the French philosopher. These are charges which I have reasons for believing are altogether without foundation. The Dr. had, doubtless, good reasons for "abstaining from giving any public exhibition of the unpleasant circumstances which then occurred." But if, from prudential motives, he did not choose to defend himself, when he must have known that strange reports were in circulation upon the subject, it is rather hard for persons, who speak as if they were in

the Doctor's confidence, to come forward to traduce one of the most active and inventive philosophers of modern times. Biot is unquestionably the best writer on Philosophical Science, in Europe; and his zeal for the promotion of Science was conspicuously shewn, when the British Mathematicians left him, one after another, to brave and surmount alone, the appalling difficulties which he met with in the bleak and frozen climate of the Shetland Islands. Such a man deserves better of this country, to which in his various works, he has always seemed disposed to do justice, than to be sneakily assailed by unjust and unsupported imputations. The talent and perseverance which M. Biot displayed while, deserted by his associates, he discharged an arduous undertaking, affords an instance of decision of character, which must excite the respect of every ingenuous person. It is hoped, that, if ever he happen to see the silly invective of mortified imbecility, he will not, for a moment, mistake it for the sentiments of the British nation. Their opinion of him has been long since recorded by the eloquent pen of the celebrated Playfair.

Dr. Gregory has many admirers, and I am of the number. They will, I am sure, be glad, as I am, to receive, from a confidential source, the following communication.—"Notwithstanding such incessant labours, and although Dr. Gregory devotes much time to the improvement of apparatus for his lectures on natural philosophy, delivered at the Royal Military Academy, he still meditates other publications. Already has he made preparations for their appearance, having numerous papers which require little more than mere arrangement to prepare them for the public eye. At present we understand he is carrying through the press, an improved edition of the second volume of the Course of Mathematics regularly employed in the Woolwich institution." I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CIVIS.

Manchester, 3rd September, 1823.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Your correspondent Tickle Toby expresses his surprise that the young men of Manchester should be totally ignorant of the art of Oratory, and concludes with a wish that some one would give him the reason. This, I think, is very easily done, by simply stating—they have no occasion for it. No attainment can be of sufficient importance for any one to bestow that application and time requisite for its perfection, but what may at the present or at some future period of his life become an object of either honour or interest to himself, or utility to that portion of public society in which he is destined to move. Oratory is a study the most difficult to obtain the mastery of. It is the rarest gift bestowed on man. Such a combination of excellence moral and physical, the adornments of both mind and body requisite to form a great and good orator, so seldom unite in one person, that while we find the pages of history give ample records of taste and

genius—while the arts among the ancients, and the sciences among the moderns, produce such numerous candidates for superior fame, a truly great orator is the boast and ornament of only a favoured age. The senate, the bar, and the pulpit are the genial atmospheres where oratory can be displayed with reputation to the speaker and advantage to the hearer; and this country is the only spot where opportunity is given, in two of the three, to expand itself in the fullest charm of brilliancy and lustre; and what a rare avis a good orator is, even with these wide and open fields for the display of prowess, need not be mentioned. Who, then, in a commercial town like this can be expected, and what a waste of time and talent would that young man make who bestows his abilities in learning the art of talking, when his duty imperiously calls him, for the benefit of himself and society, to learn that of acting. In a corporation town that has its little senate, I will allow some pains may be taken to enable its members to deliver their sentiments with fluency and precision, where a topic is to be argued before an assembly of its best and wisest men sitting as a deliberate body; but as our police is constituted, what additional light can oratory produce on the subject of gas, or what flowers of rhetoric are wanted before the Commissioners of house and window duties.

If by oratory your correspondent means the power of conveying the ideas in a plain, simple, concise, and manly method, I do not see any censure this town has a right to submit to, as may be implied by recommending oratory as a study for its youth, more than any other. I have occasionally attended the public meetings here, and have listened with pleasure to the various speakers, and have heard their sentiments given in an open, sincere, and distinct manner, all that is wanted, with no little *vis comica*, an excellent thing in public speaking, such as would not disgrace any assembly. And the young men may take a good lesson, sufficient for all the purposes that may be required from them, without the aid of debating societies, if they, when opportunity offers, would attend such meetings. Long harangues often tend to elucidate into obscurity, and in many cases this is all they are really designed to do. Men of business learn to talk little and do much; and the wisest regulations are generally made where there is least said upon the subject. Common sense, common integrity, and common ability, form the strongest palladium, for the promotion of common welfare, common security, and common happiness. If, as your correspondent states, the young men of Manchester are considered to be eager after the arts and sciences, I sincerely congratulate both them and the town in such a prospect of future excellence. *Hæc studii adolescentæ alunt.* The pursuits of such studies in youth adorn and elevate the human mind, they render the possessor eminently useful to his fellow men, and more virtuous, consequently more happy himself; they are valuable in public, delightful in private life, a never-ending source of amusement and enjoyment of the high-

est order, and confer a rich and abundant harvest of intellectual pleasure to the latest hour of existence. If you think the above worthy a place in the *Iris*, it is at your service.

Manchester, Sept. 3, 1823. TIM BOBBIN.

ANCIENT WRITINGS AND INKS.

Parliament, it appears, has taken this subject under consideration, and in an examination before a committee of the House of Commons to ascertain whether the plan of engrossing bills might not be abandoned for the common hand,—

Mr. Hewlett, of the Common Pleas, gives it as his opinion that we do not now know how to make ink, as he has observed that the ink of the later records has given way; and, that though in some old records the ink has chipped off, yet there was a bluish tinge left where the ink had been, which enabled them to make it out though the ink was gone: and he thinks if an infusion of oak bark was added to the common ink, it would render it more stable than it is now; he has observed, that the records of the Court of Exchequer are certainly more black, and, consequently, more legible than the others.

Mr. Bailey also gives it as his opinion that the present ink is not half so good as that used a hundred years ago; and says that in the rolls of Chancery there are frequently whole lines in which not more than a few letters are perfect; that the ink for the last hundred years, and from the time of Henry the 8th, has been of a glutinous nature and peels off, which was not the case with respect to the earlier records; for a piece of parchment might be put into water and left for two or three days, and it would not be injured: that it has been tried: that for several years there have been attempts made to wash them with soap and water, which had not the least effect, but that the ink remained brighter and firmer than it was before: that there was more iron used in the ink in former times than there is now, which has eaten more firmly into the substance.

One of the witnesses, Mr. Wm. Tubb, gives the proportions of ingredients used in making the Exchequer ink, which is said to be highly prized.

With regard to writing on parchment, it must be allowed that the above complaints are well-founded; but with respect to writing on paper we have not fallen off, as I do not remember ever to have seen any old writing on paper, of which the ink was of a good black: possibly our forefathers had one sort of ink for parchment and another for paper. It has been observed that the parchment of ancient deeds and records is thicker and stronger than the parchment of the present day, and the ancients might, perhaps, have some other method of preparing it for writing than we have, as rubbing it over with pumice stone or some substance by which the surface should not be much abraded; as ancient deeds and records have generally a smooth and glossy appearance: at all events there cannot be a doubt that the chalk or whitening with which we now prepare the parchment for use, must in a great measure decompose the ink, particularly if it contains any quantity of acid, as may be easily proved by making a trial with the Japan ink of the shops, the menstruum of which is vinegar. Another reason for our falling off may be that we are now more apt to study expedition than durability; and a full bodied durable ink must be a great drawback on expedition, as it generally

happens that perfection in one thing is destructive of perfection in another: the necessity of fine and neat writing was in a great measure suspended by the invention of printing.

In the present state of chemical science, it may be expected we can obtain an ink which shall possess the necessary requisites, viz. fluidity, blackness, and durability. One of the above-named witnesses suggests that if government would grant some encouragement, a durable ink might be invented.

Many have turned their attention to the forming a good writing ink, and others to the forming an indelible ink; amongst the former are M. Ribancourt, Van Mons, Dr. Lewis, and Mr. Desormeaux; and amongst the latter are M. Westrumb, M. Bosse, and Mr. Close.

I shall now give the results of some of their endeavours, in the hope that some of our townsmen will turn their attention to the subject; for which I have not either leisure or opportunity, and besides there are many others in whose province it more properly falls.

M. Ribancourt directs eight ounces of Aleppo galls, and four ounces of logwood, to be boiled in twelve pounds of water till the quantity is reduced to one half; when the liquor should be strained through a linen or hair sieve into a proper vessel. Four ounces of sulphate of iron, three ounces of gum-arabic, one ounce of sulphate of copper, and a similar quantity of sugar candy are now to be added: the liquid should be frequently shaken, to facilitate the solution of the salts. As soon as these ingredients are perfectly dissolved, the composition is suffered to subside for 24 hours; when the ink may be decanted from the gross sediment, and preserved for use in glass or stone bottles well corked.

This ink exhibits a purplish black colour in the bottles; but the writing performed with it is said to be of a beautiful black cast, which it retains, unaltered, for a considerable length of time.

Van Mons has observed that the sulphate of iron, when calcined to whiteness, always gives a most beautiful black precipitate. The following is his method: four ounces of galls, two ounces and a half of sulphate of iron calcined to whiteness, and two pints of water. The whole must be left to macerate cold for 24 hours; then add gum-arabic ten drams, and preserve it in a stone jar open, or covered merely with paper.

Mr. Desormeaux, of Spital-fields, who has been in the habit of making large quantities, gives the following directions. In six quarts of water, beer measure, boil four ounces of the best campeachy logwood, chipped very thin across the grain (the boiling may be continued nearly an hour); adding from time to time a little boiling water, to compensate for waste by evaporation. Strain the liquor while hot; suffer it to cool, and make up the quantity equal to five quarts, by the further addition of cold water. To this cold decoction put one pound avoirdupois weight of blue galls, or 20 oz. of the best galls in sorts, which should be first coarsely bruised, 4 oz. of sulphate of iron calcined to whiteness, half an ounce of the acetate of copper, which should be triturated in a mortar, moistened by a little of the decoction, gradually added till it be brought to the form of a smooth paste, and then thoroughly intermixed with the whole mass. Three ounces of coarse brown sugar, and six ounces of good gum senegal, or arabic, are also to be added; as gum, however, is dear, three or four ounces will be found sufficient, with only one and a half ounce

of sugar, unless for particular purposes it is wanted to bear a higher gloss than common.

The following is the recipe for preparing the Exchequer Ink above mentioned, viz.—40 lbs. of galls, 10 lbs. of gum, 9 lbs. of copperas, 45 gallons of rain water.

The following is from Mr. T. Brande's manual of chemistry; finely bruised galls 3 oz.—sulphate of iron, logwood shavings, and gum arabic; of each 1 oz.—vinegar 1 quart: put into a bottle and agitate them occasionally during 12 or 14 days; then allow the coarse parts to settle, and pour off the ink for use.

Dr. Ure of Glasgow objects to the sulphate of copper; as it is apt to injure the penknife, on account of the stronger affinity which the acid contained in it has for the iron of the penknife. He objects also to vinegar as a menstruum, as it softens the pen so much that it requires frequent mending: from both which objections Mr. Desormeaux's recipe, which I decidedly prefer, is free.

M. Westrumb's indelible ink is thus prepared: boil one ounce of brazil wood and a similar quantity of gall nuts in 46 ounces of water till the whole be reduced to 32 ounces or about two pints. This decoction is to be poured while hot upon half an ounce of copperas, or green vitriol; a quarter of an ounce of gum arabic and a similar quantity of white sugar. As soon as perfect solution of these substances has taken place, 1 ounce and a quarter of indigo finely pulverized is to be added; together with three quarters of an ounce of the purest lamp black, previously diluted in 1 ounce of the best brandy. The whole is to be well incorporated; and after it has subsided, M. Westrumb asserts that it will form an ink absolutely indestructible by acids.

M. Bosse gives the following:—1. Boil 1 ounce of brazil wood with 12 ounces of water for a quarter of an hour, add half an ounce of alum: evaporate the whole to 8 ounces, and mix with the liquor 1 ounce of exceedingly soft finely pulverized manganese, mixed up with an ounce of pulverized gum arabic; or,

2. Boil 4 ounces of brazil wood and 3 ounces of coarsely pulverized galls, with 9 ounces of vinegar and as much water, for the space of 8 minutes: in the liquor, after being strained, dissolve 1 ounce and a half of sulphate of iron, and 1 ounce of gum arabic, and then add to the whole a solution of half an ounce of indigo in 1 ounce of concentrated sulphuric acid.

Mr. Close recommends 25 grains of copal in powder dissolved in 200 grains of oil of lavender, by the assistance of gentle heat, and then mixed with 2 grains and a half of lamp black and half a grain of indigo: or,

120 grains of oil of lavender, 17 grains of copal, and 60 grains of vermilion. A little oil of lavender or of turpentine may be added if the ink be found too thick. Mr. Sheldrake suggests, that a mixture of genuine asphaltum dissolved in oil of turpentine, amber, varnish, and lamp black, would be still superior.

Not having tried any of these indelible inks, I am not prepared to give an opinion as to their merits.

L. N.

Manchester, September 1, 1823.

LUCY.

It was the close of winter. The snow had departed from the ground, and the frosts were over; already had the grey bushes assumed their infant green, the birds warbled sweet hope, and all nature was starting into existence. It was in this spring, so gay, so promising, that Lucy

died; often, my dear friend, have you requested the particulars of the last melancholy scene, but hitherto I have never had the courage to begin. But now, that the phrenzy of despair has subsided into a deep and settled grief, I am more competent to the task: nay, I even feel a kind of melancholy pleasure in brooding over my sorrows, and retracing those times, when all was love, peace, and happiness. You remember that Lucy was in a rapid decline when you left me; day after day she drooped away, her strength wasted, and she was fast waning to an early grave. Yet, in all her health and bloom, never had she looked so lovely; never had I felt myself drawn to her by such tender ties. So soon to lose such innocence and beauty—the thought is distracting.

She knew the state she was in, and she anticipated all, yet she gently soothed my sorrow, and endeavoured to assuage my grief; she did not entertain me with vain hopes of recovery, but she talked of Heaven, and our meeting there, till, in that hope, I almost thought that I could unreluctantly resign her. Too soon was my firmness put to the test.

'Twas a fine evening in the same spring, the day had been beautiful in the extreme, and the sun had just sank in the bosom of the west. The windows were thrown open, and reclining on a sofa near the balcony, lay the expiring Lucy. Little did I know she was so near to heaven as she languishingly admired the delightful scene. Suddenly the wild strain of a distant flute fell upon the ear, then it was silent—again it was distinctly heard, thrilling with the richest melody, till it receded into distance. When the last strain had died away upon the breeze, she sighed—"such," said she, "I have often thought is the music of heaven; often have I heard the touching melody of that flute, and ever has it excited the same ideas; but Francis, I distress you. Exhausted, (for her weakness was now extreme) she dropped into my arms insensible—in agony I called upon her name—again, and again; she at length recovered—but alas

I resume.—The physician and my mother were now in the room, but I could bear the suspense no longer. I stepped out on the balcony; she was not expected to live till morning, for by over-excitement she was much weakened, quiet was her only chance for life. The moon was sailing through the dark clouds, occasionally throwing her pale light on the vale below. How calm, how peaceful was the scene, as though in mockery of my grief—I re-entered the room, Lucy was no more!

The bell tolled, and the procession moved along the dark avenue—all passed as a dream, a dream from which I now awaken.

Such, my friend, is the relation of my sorrow; my decline is fast approaching—I feel I am descending to the grave, there under the same sod the same earth shall receive our bodies, but we shall meet in the regions of the blessed to separate no more. F. M.

LINES TO A LADY.

How sweet the bliss where kindred hearts,
In mutual love and peace agree;
But nought to me that bliss imparts,
Since, Alice! I'm bereft of thee.
When sleep invites my soul to rest,
Imagination bears me to thee;
And in these arms thy heaving breast,
Responsive throbs the whilst I woo thee.
But ah! the morn, and with it care,
Thy fitting form evades my view—
'Twas but a dream—and stern despair
And grief, o'erwhelm again thy

Manchester, 23rd August, 1825.

EDRED.

AFTER THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

The blue hill rises in mist, and damp is the tomb of the hero. He fell beneath the arm of the chief from the mighty waters. The dust of the hero gives fame to the mountain whose blue head bears his bones. The grey stone of his narrow house looks proudly up to heaven, and the clouds shed their dewy tributes as they pass. The tall firs wave their green sadness round him, for ever fresh and young, yet dark and mournful. Lofty as his soul in life, is the tomb of the hero in death.

Sad is the song of woe that moans in the mountain wind. The flowers shrink from it in their loveliness, as it sighs over their drooping heads. Like a dark cloud, it moves heavily along on the tired wings of the winds. 'Tis a song of soul. As the lightning breaks from the sable cloud, it flashes with words of vengeance, when thoughts of his mighty deeds come over the hearts of the mourners.

SONG OF THE MOURNERS.

In battle he was as a rock in the day of tempest, unmoved amidst commotion. His fame was like the snow storm, spreading its whiteness afar: shall it melt away and be as soon forgotten? His love was like the summer wind, breathing freshness and beauty around. He hath fallen in his loveliness and strength, like a young oak struck by the hand of the storm. But the hand that struck shall be withered, like the brown leaves of the woods that dance to the whistling winds. Unburied shall his bones whiten in the blast. No sounds of sorrow shall make music round his narrow house; but the voice of execration shall break on the still ear of night. Peace to thee, fallen hero, peace! Erwald hath risen in his might to seek the water-chief. He shall lie at thy feet in death, as the foes of thy father's land were wont when might was in thy arm.

Thy love weeps for thee—the fair-haired daughter of Ira weeps. She is lovely in tears, as the white lily of the waters. She moves in beauty, like the mist of the lake in the paleness of the moonlight. She mourns in solitude like the night wind of the far-off cavern. She comes with the harp you loved, to soothe your spirit with her song of sorrow.

ENNA'S LAMENT.

Hearken, oh shade of my beloved—hearken, oh Edred! to my voice. I will tell my sorrows to the harp thou lov'dst, and thy spirit shall joy in my truth. Gently, oh harp, thy strings I touch, for sad is my soul with grief. Thou tremblest at the sorrows of thy mistress. Thou hast sounded to her songs of joy, when her lover drank thy sweet notes in moonlight. Oh give, then, thy saddest strain to her lament, for he is with the sounds that have been, and the forms that have fled—now seen but in the floating mist, and heard in the passing wind; Sweetly comes thy sadness over my soul, like a cloud o'er the weeping moon, when she drops her dewy tears on the graves of the young and lovely. I can sing to thee now of my beloved. He is gone: he is cold as the breath of the northern blast; him I loved as the flower loves the dew. His death to me was like parting the willow from the stream that nourished it. 'Twas like severing twin blossoms that had grown together, and that, parted, must wither. He was dear to me as the dawn to the weary and benighted. His absence was the gloom of night—his presence the brightness of day. Still art thou beloved, even in death, oh Edred! and the woods and caves you joyed to wander in, shall often be awakened by my sighs, and the sound of the harp you loved.—*Lit. Chron.*

THE HERMIT OF MONGIBELLO.

(From the *Battle of the Bridge*, a Poem, by S. Maxwell, Esq.)

"Rhodoro call'd to bid me ride,
Where, far on Mongibello's side,
A lonely hermit did abide;
Beneath the forest's darkest shade,
In cavern 'twixt huge hills embay'd;
Forest that seem'd by nature placed
As girdle to the mountain's waist;
Huge hills that rose like hillocks round
The vast wide-based far-spreading mound.

"Near half the night I rapid rode,
When tired I reach'd his wild abode,
Told in brief terms my master's need,
He bade me come where he should lead.
So strange the scene I pass'd with him,
I soon forgot my wearied limb.
Far under ground we went, where ray
Of light was none, from fire or day;
But only such there coldly shone,
As if from rotten wood, or bone,
The moon—a glow-worm—or the spark
Struck from the keel-plough'd sea by dark;
Or rather such as if one glare
Were mix'd of all these cold lights there.

"In spacious subterranean room,
Capp'd by the lofty form of dome,
By viewless chain, hung moon-like ball,
Shedding its ghastly light o'er all.
Things stuff'd of every kind were there,
That live on earth, in sea, and air,
From hugest monsters of the deep,
To smallest tribes that fly and creep.
Of every kind a skeleton;
Each kind of plant, earth, metal, stone;
And every extract art could draw
By restless toil therefrom I saw:
In many colour'd rows, all seen
Glistening beneath the ghastly shewn;
All which, the hermit said, were store,
For works of scientific lore,
Which in these caverns refuge sought,
In times with persecution fraught.

"Then stopping short and turning round;—
But thou'rt on other errand bound!
Thy master deems he is betray'd,
And asks my counsel and my aid.
He asks too late, e'en now he lies
Begirt with foes;—perhaps he dies.
Nay more; 'disclosing, as he said,
A prostrate form,—'perhaps he's dead!
I look'd; before me seem'd to lay
My master, stiff and cold as clay.

"Lady, I need not tell of now,
The drops that started on my brow;
How my hair bristled, and how cold
My blood ran; nor boots now be told
What then my mind surmised of guilt.—
My hand was on my faulchion's hilt,—
Mine eye glanced round its mark to find,
When sudden, as if struck stone-blind,
A total darkness o'er me came.
Quench'd was the ball of ghastly flame;
And I did stand as in a trance;
Nor sight, nor sound, to rouse my sense;
But all so still and dark, I thought,
As if I'd been crush'd into nought;
Till sudden, through eight openings wide,
Peer'd gleaming vaults on every side,
Which, far diverging through the gloom,
Branch'd like an ancient catacomb.
Along each vault, on either hand,
A rank of spectres seem'd to stand:
Some robed; some arm'd with shield and spear
And helm; all shedding light so drear,
As 'twere a grand procession show
Assembled by the powers below.
O'er each spear-arm hung brittle-bit;
A fiercer glare was cast from it.
In long perspective all array'd,
Straight as a temple's colonnade
They seem'd to stand, ghost beyond ghost
Far lessening till the sight was lost.

"Lady, I marvel not to spy
The oreless aspect of thine eye;
For, by my faith in holy law,
Myself scarce believed what I saw.
As round my senses dizzy flew,
From avenue to avenue,
At once the branches closing round,
And all again in darkness bound,
Forth, clad in robes of ghastly light,
The hermit stood before my sight.
This more appall'd me than the host;
My tongue cleaved, and my voice was lost;
Till with Heaven's name I strove to arm
Its power against unholy charm."

THE NUNS AND ALE OF CAVERSWELL.

A SKETCH.

CAVERSWELL, ancient Caverswell, the residence of the Cradocks, renowned in romance, of Jervis, famous in maritime story, and esteemed over the east for thy delightful ale and thy beautiful women; I think of thee with reverence and awe. Can the lovers of romance forget that Cradock's lady alone, of all the dames of Arthur's court, wore, without suspicion or reproach, the charmed kirtle of chastity; which, by its shrivelling and curling like a November leaf, showed the lightness of Queen Guinever and her ladies? Can the lovers of beauty forget, that in a later day the lady of George Cradock brought him at a birth, if I read the legendary inscription in the church aright—"a pair-royal of incomparable daughters, Dorothy, Jane, and Mary;" and that, for her sake, the Castle of Caverswell "was beautified even unto beauty," as the same singular authority bears? Or can we forget, that in Caverswell church kneels the devout Countess of old brave St. Vincent—praying in the ripeness of beauty and pride of youth—stamped off in the eternal grace and perpetual loveliness of art—her hands folded over her bosom, and her head bowed down with such an expression of meekness and benevolence as would inspire a preacher—if preachers were not inspired, and keep from slumber a congregation, if the pleasant people of Caverswell ever slept at a sermon? But Caverswell, fair and ancient Caverswell, thou hast other attractions. Thy daughters are passing-fair, with unt-brown locks and hazel eyes; and thy sons love dancing, mirth, minstrelsy, and ale. If thy maidens are fair and excellent—so is thy ale, surpassing all other potations, whether dribbled through a distillery worm, or poured out free and foaming from the mysterious union of hops and barley. It is called ale by the dull and gross peasantry at festivals and bridal—*but it is not ale—it is drink for the lesser divinities and mitred divines.* The art of brewing it was no happy labour of man's brain—there is a mystery about the manner of its being communicated to earth; it was dropt in a receipt from the moon. It was Staffordshire ale that I once saw two bards drink out of an antique silver flagon—at each alternate quaff their eyes grew brighter, their faces became flushed with a ruddy light resembling a July morn—their forms seemed to dilate into what statues call the heroic standard—at each glut of the divine beverage they had more and more the port of the demi-gods, and there they sat superior to the sons of little men—the dabbles in the blood-royal of the grape—and seemed

Posepet beyond the Muse's painting.

Such is the true Caverswell nectar, known among men by the name of Staffordshire ale. I thirst afresh at the remembrance, and long to renew my intercourse with the frothing and foaming flagons which welcomed me into happy little Caverswell. Those who would view this village aright must not go in the company of the moon, as a poet somewhere recommends—let them trust to a less capricious influence than that of a planet—let them wipe the foam of their second flagon from their lips, and then go forth and look on its ladies and on its towers. Ale, like the fairy's eye-salve, will purge the sight of its grossness—things will come in their true shape and native hue—nor will they be deceived by the magic of book or spell which can make

A cobweb on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.

Those who admire beauty will love thy maidens; and those who love themselves will drink thy glorious ale, old Staffordshire!

But besides its ale, and its native maidens, Caverswell has other attractions for which it is indebted to Spain and France; there is a refuge for ladies whom unhappy love or devotion has stung, and driven to seclusion and penance. Beneath the church-yard wall, I observed a little plat of greenward, redeeming from a wood, and bestrewn by Nature's lavish and hasty hand with violets and daisies and other flowers of summer. I saw two long narrow ridges—one green and flourishing in its grass and flowers; the other appeared with its turf newly turned, and the flowers had begun to lift afresh their heads and revive. Small crosses of wood stood at the head of the nuns' graves

—for such they were—on one the hand of some unbidden but not uninterested villager had written, "alas Julia."—the other no writing had appropriated—it was a plain cross, white and pure. The old castle of Caverswell threw its shadow in the descending sun as far as these two solitary graves. I looked up and beheld many young and beautiful faces at the latticed windows—saw female forms gliding among the trees, and beheld a grave and staid lady looking on me with an eye less of benevolence than suspicion. I left the two graves; and seeking my way to a distant lawn, passed over part of the castle garden-ground. It skirted the margin of a fosse or lake, and was filled with fruit-trees and blossomed shrubs and flowers. Part of it was portioned out into small plots; and here the secluded daughters of devotion amused themselves in sowing and in planting, and sought, in the beauty of the flowers they nursed, some solace for their removal from the pleasant cares and gentle solitudes of domestic life. But the world is not so easily forgot—and a stung spirit is not so readily soothed. A shirt of hair—self-denial—rigid penance—the torture of daily confession—the presence of one who comes to teach suffering rather than pleasure—high walls and the curses of the church, all serve to bring to mind the joy and the gladness they have forsaken. To be a daughter of God—I say it with reference—is less acceptable above and praiseworthy below, than to be the mother of man. To be carried away from a convent, may be the hope of many a sister; and I believe many a homely maiden has been stolen from the sanctity of a cloister, whose charms would never have obtained a husband in the common way of courtship. To overleap a high wall, to overreach the vigilance of the godly—to ascend to a turret window, and from that giddy height bear away a more giddy lady, is altogether very romantic. She can be no common spirit whom the love of relatives consigned to religion and the protection of the saints; and she can be no ordinary beauty for whom we would risk breaking our neck in this world, and the pains of punishment in the next.

While these reflections passed over my mind, I stood on the limit of the little domain within which religious jealousy had penned up so many fair faces and ardent spirits. I leaned over a little gate, and pondered more deeply on the hopes and the passions which were smothered and spell-bound in the cloister. Something as a shadow darkened the greenward beside me. I looked up, and a young lady—tall and slender—attired in black—seated on a small mule, appeared before me. I say appeared, because I almost imagined her a creature of fancy—her air was not of the ladies of this land—she seemed from a far country—for though a dark veil descended over her whole person, it could not conceal her elegant shape, nor lessen much the brightness of two large dark eyes, which from below a white forehead beamed full upon me. We stood for half a minute's space—I with my eyes half averted:—at length I thought to address her; but her looks were not on me—I am not sure she even saw me, though I could have caught her bridle. The gate commanded a fine view of groves, and lawns, and enclosures; it might resemble a place in her native land where she had loved to wander—perhaps to meet some one whose looks had influenced her youthful heart and continued to haunt her thoughts. Her mule, accustomed to bear her to this solitary place, stood motionless—she raised herself in her seat—and her mind, overleaping time and place, consecrated the homely groves and grassy lawns of old Caverswell, and made them into the scented pathway and the citron-grove of her native Spain. Her form seemed to dilate with joy; with both hands she raised her veil—and showed me such a face as Corregio saw in his inspirations—a countenance of light and beauty, beaming amid a cloud of sable drapery. The enthusiasm lightened up her face for a moment's space or more—she gave a sigh—her hands dropt gently down—the mule turned slowly, and almost compassionately round, and the fair Nun of Caverswell vanished among the groves.—*Lord. Mag.*

MADAME BULL.

If John Bull be a great object of misrepresentation abroad, Madame Bull has her full share, although she

is regarded with less jealous and severe eyes. Every foreigner who has visited the British capital is convinced of the beauty of its women, and I heard a painter, who is an inveterate enemy to the government of England, nay even to the nation collectively, assert that "the British females excelled all those whom he had ever seen;" he even added, that "the women were goddesses, and the children angels," and could not help esteeming both sexes individually. English ladies are certainly seen to most advantage at home; there they shine transcendently as fond wives and tender mothers, as dutiful and affectionate daughters, and hospitable and graceful mistresses of a house and family; there, too, in the higher classes, a little Parisian elegance of dress has a double effect from its rarity, whilst the native simplicity of attire is not rendered unbecomingly by the comparisons of rivals in the arts of the toilet. The young Quaker pleases in her plain, modest, and retiring air and garb, and the fine complexion (as *beau sang*), so justly praised by strangers, seems to need no ornamenting or tricking out; no rich habits and coquettish airs. The travelled English lady will always captivate, and even she who has not that advantage, will, with beauty and youth, candour and sincerity on her side, have a hold on the traveller's heart; and her obliging efforts to express herself in his language by boarding-school French, or Italian, her extensive accomplishments and education will amuse and be grateful to him in every intercourse of society. Direct the British beauty of all the auxiliaries of trains, boucles, lace, falbalas, flowers and feathers, &c., and her native excellence will stand the test. But the eye may be misled, and the heart may balance when her powerful rival of the opposite shore enters the lists against her in all the *recherche*, or studied superiority of fashion; with eyes of tender, yet consuming fire, the artillery of which conquer and dazzle at the same time; whose attitudes are symmetrical, whose form often aids its proportions by a thousand allies supplied by high dress; whose silken shoe and delicately turned ankle, seem like the base of a statue which has cost much study to render perfect, or, being otherwise, still strikes and attracts from the many graces *flung over it* by the hand of taste, and by the manner which comes in so powerfully to the aid of matter; a foot of moderate dimensions pleases in a slipper, which reminds one of that of Cinderella; lips not putting the opening rose to shame, are yet inviting when finished by a smile, and contrasted by the lily of France which peeps from between them.

An ordinary figure gains by its motions being harmonious; youth and sportiveness banish cold calculation, and put to rout the scrutinizing cold examiner. There is method in every thing abroad, even to the management of a lady's fan, to her brushing a butterfly from her forehead, or guarding against a bee about to invade the honey of her lips; all these manoeuvres leave Madame Bull, fair though she be, in the back ground, and exercise the enchantress's wand over the astonished Briton, or other traveller. At the same time, the affectation of the French ladies leans so much towards ease and good-breeding, that it passes sometimes unperceived and almost always uncensured; whilst Madame Bull has certain stern principles, national adherence to stiff proprieties, cold looks and defensive gravity, which astonish without pleasing, and estrange without meriting blame. Madame Bull, too, when she visits the continent, comes not only in all her simplicity, but assumes something not very unlike stupidity from a singularity of appearance, often preserved with the most obstinate tenacity; she so frequently utters the word *shocking!* that it first terrifies, and next creates ridicule; she cannot feel that relying confidence in the gentlemen of France, so as to dance with them as if she was quite at home, or walk with them with an air of kind acquaintance; she hops very often in the quadrille, and looks like a serjeant's pike in the waltz; she has none of the bounding activity, the elastic lightness, the playful air and countenance, *ce doux abandon*, of the daughters of Gallia; it rarely occurs to her to clothe her countenance in a half-dress, to arrange a smile for her partner, to delineate an attitude for her vis-a-vis, there is no exquisite yet innocent flirtation allied with the feats of her agility: in a word, she does not seem born for that *aimable folie* which is a term unknown, or at least not understood by the nation

sex of Albion's isle. Her walk is not studied, nor always in harmony with her ensemble; for instance, she may trip in courtly robes, or hobble in a light morning dress; drag a half train in the mire sooner than elevate its border well above the heel, or a little higher; and walk round-shouldered, cat-backed, and half-double, rather than move erectly on, under the apprehension of being "stared at by the men." A Frenchwoman has something of—

"Nor bashful, nor obtrusive"

in her deportment, the play of diffidence grafted on self-confidence, a withdrawing to be followed, a retiring to advance with more effect, the generalship of which beats the

"Malo me Galatea petit"

of Virgil, out of the field.

These angings with the heart are not unknown to the fair of Britain, but they are only practised on great and serious occasions; whilst all these little skirmishings with admiration and desire are brought into play in every incident of social life, by the Paris belle, at the toilet, at the breakfast table, at the banquet, and at the ball; nay even at church, there is no peace for the amateur of the soft sex in France; but in England, neutrality, or a suspension of amatory hostilities may long be observed, and even a non-intercourse bill may be obtained, which the provoking glance of a Parisian Galatea would destroy in a few seconds. The foreign beauty has another and a last advantage over her of domestic growth, it is the *talent de plaire*, the way to please, not only in the dance and in the other exhibitions of her fair proportions, but, in familiar chit-chat; and whilst Madame Bull is deep read and generally well informed, the light transient flowers of French conversation leave a more pleasing effect, and prepossess the hearer in favour of her who has said so many gay and agreeable things to him;—now, as men rather expect to be delighted than instructed by female converse, Madame Bull comes off second best, and all her study and quotation, her memory, wit, and understanding are wasted on the desert air.

Having said thus much in the way of comparison, it is but justice to add that when Mrs. or Miss Bull do fail to please, it is from a want of attention, not from a want of means; take off the thick black leather shoe, or cumbersome half-boot, and supply its place by the silken buskin, or thin *chassure* of the French, and the state of affairs is immediately changed; replace the cottage bonnet, like the *sombrero* of a bravo of Italy or Spain, or the flapped articles of the *forts de la Halle* (the strong corn-porters), by the smart tricked out hats and bonnets of the rue Vivienne, and other streets filled with milliners, and the countenances of these good ladies will be vastly cleared up; a little manner and a little sprightliness added to this will so improve the picture, that it will be difficult to recognise it; the imitation must, however, be well done, or the portrait will be entirely spoiled.

Ere we take leave of Madame Bull, it must be remembered that this article, which is made (by invidious critics) a mere caricature, is not a being of high life, but rather the inhabitant of Bishopsgate-without, or Bishopsgate-within, the prosperous tradesman's wife of East-cheap or Fleet-street; the travelling companion and partner of ambitious retailers, who must needs take a trip in the steam-rocket to Calais or Ostend, or be packed with the other live luggage of a day-coach to Brighton, and there cross to Dieppe. The cheap rate of travelling has given a whet to female curiosity, and *Meister Figgins* is no longer allowed to view foreign parts without the accompaniment (often inharmonious) of wife and daughter, who just stay long enough in Paris to miscall every thing, and to bring back with them a number of absurdities judiciously gleaned and grafted on the homely stock. Such representations of English dress and manners have doubtless brought them down in the scale of consideration, but the estimate is falsely taken, and I have often wondered at the unfortunate exportations which have produced those ill effects, and which are always regretted by

THE WANDERING HERMIT.

* A French gentleman, viewing a *Ptarmigan*-like group staring at the Louvre, observed to me, "I am told that you have the most beautiful women in the world in England, but you certainly keep them at home."

CIVIC SPORTS.

(Extracted from the Journal of Simon Swandown.)

SHOOTING.

"The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes." GAY.

Monday, Sept. 1. 9 A. M.—Took down from back attic my legacy gun, so called because mine under the will of Sir Diggory Drysalt, my maternal uncle. Used by him, with tremendous effect, when a grenadier in Colonel Birch's Loyal London, in the battles of Shad Thames and Primrose-hill. Thought it prudent to ascertain the death of this Gunpowder Percy: drew out the ramrod and thrust it down the barrel; felt a soft substance at bottom, and trembled; screwed up my courage and the soft substance, and found the latter to be a doll's pincushion, probably pushed in by little Sally. Borrowed Bob's duster and Molly's scowering-paper, and rubbed off the rust. Looked about for a game-bag, and luckily alighted on my uncle's havresack, in which I moreover found seventeen old cartridges. Put on my shooting-dress, viz.—my white hat, my stone-blue coat and velvet collar, my white Marcella waistcoat, my India dimit under ditto, my nankeen trousers, and my ditto gaiters, not forgetting my military boots and brass spurs. Jammed down ramrod till it rang again, to the great terror of Mrs. Swandown, of whom I took leave, singing—

"Adieu, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee."

Set off, in high spirits, to meet Jack Juniper, Kit Cursitor, and Tom Tiffany, by appointment, at half-past nine, at the Cumberland Arms, opposite St. Luke's Hospital, in the City Road. Saw a poll-parrot at a window in Carpenter's Buildings: longed for a shot, but housemaid too sharp. Terrier puppy barked at a bedstead in Broker's Row: looked round, and found that she had made a point at a bulfinch—cocked and levelled, but broker kept walking to and fro. Arrived at place of appointment without seeing any more game. Found Jack Juniper and Kit Cursitor discussing a plate of biscuits and a couple of glasses of brandy and water. Waited twenty minutes for Tom Tiffany; Jack in the mean while, to pass the time, said he would play "Water parted" with his finger upon the rim of the rummer: could not catch the tune, probably because it was all in one note. Examined our pieces: Kit's wanted a flint, and Jack's look too rusty to go, though he pulled till he nearly sprained his fore-finger. Borrowed some oil, with three wasps in it, of the barmaid, and got a flint from a bald pavier in the road. Rang the bell to pay, when who should turn up but Tom Tiffany, in high dudgeon: back up, like the half-moon at Lower Holloway. Told us his brother Sam had walked off with the family fowling-pieces across Shoulder of Mutton Fields, to slaughter snipes in Hackney brook. Asked Landlord if he could lend us a gun, but he had nothing but a horse-pistol. Hobson's choice, so Tom had nothing to do but to take it. Too short to bring down the pheasants, but quite long enough to do for the little birds.

10 A. M.—Marched up the City Road singing—

"By dawn to the downs we repair"

Looked sharp to the right and left, and saw a hen and two chickens pecking under a wheelbarrow on the road side. Jack Juniper seized the three dogs by the collar that they might not run in and frighten the game. Kit and Tom stole upon tip-toe to within six yards of the barrow, when the Tally-ho Paddington coach sent hen and chickens scampering into a front garden in Pleasant Row. Swore that Tally-ho should never see another eighteen-pence of my money. Halted to rest ourselves upon the bridge on the Regent's Canal. Looked over the parapet and pointed our guns downward to nab the sea-gulls as they came through the arch. Saw something red steal out: took it for a pheasant, and cocked: proved to be a bargeman's cap: grounded arms again, and saw him steer his vessel into a sort of water pond. Asked baker's boy about it: boy said it was in the lock, and that the bank on the other side was the key. Threatened to shoot him if he gave me any more of his sance, kept an eye on barge, and saw it begin to sink. Wondered at the coolness of the Father Red-cap, who walked from stern to stern, smoking his pipe as if nothing was the matter. Kit Cursitor said they had scuttled it

on purpose to chouse the underwriters, and that he had known the captain of a Dutch schooner hanged for similar practices. Kit talked of advising the underwriters to defend the action, and pay the premium into court: when lo and behold the barge took a lower level and slid off through the water-gate. Strolled on to Sadler's Wells, and halted at a lamp post to read play-bills. Betted Jack Juniper a shilling that he would not hit the words "Water dead" at ten yards off;—fired, and lodged two shots in the W. Stood for ten minutes looking into the New River, and counting the straws that floated down it, and now and then a child's paper-boom by way of a change. Tom Tiffany choked a boy's hoop-stick into the stream—black poodle jumped in after it, and brought it out, wagging his tail—shook his coat and splashed my nankeens;—thought of calling Tom to account for it, but did not like the looks of his horse pistol.

11 A. M.—Pushed our guns under an old woman's wheelbarrow, and started a Tom cat—game made for Pentonville, we following—fired my piece, and brought him down in the chapel-yard—looked about for churchwarden to borrow keys—luckily, Deputy Dewlap's funeral just entered at South gate: followed in the wake of mourners, picked up cat and popped him into Cursitor's blue bag. Trotted on to Islington, swerved to the right, and entered fields at the back of Cannon-bury-house: saw five strange-looking birds trying to hide themselves in a glass case. All four fired: Tom's pistol flashed in the pan, but the guns went off: down went the birds, and up ran a tall fellow in a blue apron, swearing that we should pay for shooting his stuffed birds. Found to our surprise that they were dead before we came near them. Man in blue apron asked for our license, but Lawyer Kit gave it as his opinion that none was legally requisite to shoot a dead bird. Subscribed for a purse of nine and sixpence, to quiet the proprietor, and resolved to be more cautious in future.

12 M.—Strolled up Highbury-place, wondering at the beauty of the gentlemen's seats on our right, which lay so thick that you could not push a brick between: charmingly contiguous to the city: nothing wanting but a speaking-trumpet to ask the news at Baston's. Heard a rumbling in our rear: looked round, and beheld the Highbury coach, which stopped alongside of us, and let loose a woman from the inside and a boy from the box. Woman with luggage enough to stock the Barnet van. Saw her give a canary-bird in charge to the housemaid: loitered about premises, and in about two minutes saw the cage stowed on the dresser of the kitchen: prepped down area: half-cocked uncle's legacy, but could not get rid of confounded cook chopping parsley in the window. Scrambled over five-barred gate to join my companions, who had made a short cut for Holloway: obstructed by a dry ditch; took a run to leap it; forgot my spurs, which caught in each other and sent me on my hands and knees on the opposite side of the gap. Piece went off in my fall, and killed a duck. Crammed the defunct into my havresack, and came up with my cronies close to the turnpike. They took the pathway, but I followed the Bedford coach through the gate. Stopped by gate-keeper, who demanded three half-pence: would not pay, and referred it to Lawyer Kit, who gave it in favour of gate-keeper, pointing to the board upon which rate of tolls was printed, viz. "For every horse, mule, or ass, three half-pence." Tossed down the coppers and walked on. Halted at corner of Duval's Lane: drove of geese: called a council of war: Jack Juniper offered the driver two shillings to let him fire among the flock: bargain made: Jack let fly, and missed: geese set up a general hiss, and Kit advised us to discontinue the action.

1 P. M.—Turned down a green lane on our left, thinking that the game on the high road might be too wild. Drove a gander before us, holding out our guns in a slanting direction, while Tom Tiffany with his horse pistol kept the dogs at bay. Looked over our shoulders, and we found ourselves out of view from the road, fired a volley. All missed: gander screamed, and was making past us back to the highway, when, with admirable presence of mind, I knocked him on the head with the butt end of my piece. Gave him a thump each to secure ourselves of his demise, and crammed him into Kit's blue bag, which he filled choke full, like a bill in Chancery.

2 P. M.—Steered on towards Pancras, wondering at

the romantic beauties that met us at every turning : caught a peep at the Small-pox Hospital, and longed for a pop at a patient. Put up a couple of gipsies and a donkey : recovered arms just in time : had my fortune told, viz. that I should stand upon some boards that would slip from under me : walked back to Kit for a solution : could make neither head nor tail of it : resolved to ask the exciseman at the club : determined to make a knot in my handkerchief as a memorandum, and found gipsies had eased me of my yellow Barcelona. Walked back to shoot them for the larceny, but found, as Kit expressed it, the writ returned *non est inventus*. Arrived at Holywell Mount : read printed notice, "It is lawful to shoot rubbish here." took the hint, fired, and blew Jerry Benthum off a book-stall.

3 P. M.—Dinner at the Adam and Eve, Camden Town. Pigeon-pie at top, and lamb-chops at bottom. Tom Tiffany in the chair, and I deputy. Asked Tom for a piece of the pie : carving-knife slipped, and in went his fist through the top crust, penetrated the pigeon, and stuck in the beefsteak sod at the base. "Now your hand's in," said Jack Juniper, "I'll thank you for some of that pie." Tom wiped the gravy from his wristband, and did not seem to relish the joke, but all the rest of us laughed ready to kill ourselves. Asked the waiter if he had any ginger beer : answered "Yes, Sir," and rushed out, retreating instantly with a stone bottle. Began to loosen wire : bottle biased and spit like a roasting apple : all looked on in awful silence : at length out boomed the cork and hit Tom Tiffany on the bridge of his nose : Tom cocked his pistol to return his adversary's fire : but the other bawling out "Coming, Sir," bolted through the door like lightning : poured out foaming liquor into a glass, meaning to take a delicious draught, and found that I had swallowed a concern, in which vinegar, brickdust, and soapuds, were the working partners.

4 P. M.—Prowled round the brick-fields near the Newington-road, to start birds that love a warm climate. Saw a hopping raven with its left wing clipped : went up within a yard of it and brought it down : clapped the black game into my havresack, and told a milk-maid that the brood came over from Norway every autumn. Eyed Deputy Firkin's apple-tree that hung over the New River : felt very desirous of bringing down a leesh of pippins, but saw a little man in black on the watch. Jack Juniper shut both his eyes and pulled his trigger : down dropt the man : all took to our heels, with our heads full of the new drop. At length says Lawyer Kit, "Let's go back and get him an apothecary ; if he dies after that, it will be only *felo-de-se*." Back we stole, in sad tribulation, and found to our great relief that Jack had shot a scarecrow. Tom changed trousers with the deceased, his own being a little the worse for wear : Canonbury clock began to toll, and we made the best of our way towards the Shepherd and Shepherdess, firing in the air to take the chance of whatever might be flying that way. Saw a fine turkey under a wicker enclosure : rammed down cartridge : presented and pulled trigger : no effects : remembered Gargle's prescription as to pills—

"If one won't do,
Why, then, take two."

and rammed down another cartridge ; still no effects : ditto with four more : at last bang off went my musket : thought there was an end of the world : fell senseless upon my back, and when I opened my eyes found Tom Turpentine smacking my palms with an old shoe, taken from an adjoining dust heap, and Jack Juniper pouring water into my mouth taken from an adjoining ditch.

5 P. M.—Felt much soreness about my left shoulder, and determined to poach no more upon Finsbury Manor. Climbed up an Islington coach : took a seat on the box, and put my fire-arms between my legs and my bag in the boot. Descended at the back of the 'Change, crossed into Lombard-street, and, having arrived safe and sound in Bash-lane, gave Molly the game to dress for supper, and walked up stairs to drink a comfortable dish of tea with Mrs. Swandown.—*New Month. Mag.*

SONNETS.

III.

How all things breathe of loneliness! the flowers,
Like timid birds, seem shrinking half afraid

From human notice, as they had displayed
Their delicate loveliness thro' summer hours,
But to their gentle sisters mid these bowers,—
In unperturbed beauty! the dim glade
Slumbering beneath the quiet air in shade,
Seems sacred to the tutelary powers
Of silent contemplation and deep peace!—
I breathe a purer air, lifting the heart
To deeper, tenderer thoughts of human kind,—
And hopes of better times, which 'mid the press
Of thronging crowds, were "combined and confined"
Mid stifling toil and dark self-seeking art!

IV.

TO — COTTAGE.

Oh! thou dear spot that com'st before my eyes,
Amidst the throng of men, like dreams of heaven
To the o'er-tortured spirit, thou wast giv'n
Unto my boyish hours, to harmonize
My soul with nature's sweet serenities ;
And now with all thy winding slopes and dells,
Green covets, sparkling streams, and sylvan cells,—
(Where eve came on me with a sweet surprise
As I have wandered conning some deep tale
Or song of elder days—) thou still pour'st forth
New freshness to my heart in thoughts of thee,
And kindest up my cheek and brow, all pale
With dreary task work, while my boyish mirth,
And youthful thoughts return with their old glee!

V.

How dainty sweet it is to lie at ease
In the deep herbage, 'neath a moving shade
Of murmuring boughs, that flutter overhead,—
Fanned by the rich breath of the luscious breeze,
And revelling in dainty fantasies,
That fit in fine accession to the eye,
Like delicate clouds across the summer sky
Tinted with rosy light, and by degrees,
To sink, half conscious, to embalm'd sleep,
That laps the spirit in voluptuous dreams,
And melts the heart to deeper tenderness,
As o'er us an entrancing vesper gleams,
Showering its thrilling glances sweet and deep,
And steeping the full soul in draughts of bliss.

Manchester.

E. S.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LISBON IN THE SPRING OF 1823.

Persons in general, very erroneously, suppose that the characters of the two nations inhabiting the western peninsula of Europe are essentially the same, whereas there exists a decided difference between them ; and in early times their political constitutions as little resembled each other as their character. In Spain the female sex enjoy unrestricted freedom ; in Portugal they are subjected to great restraint. The Spaniards are particularly hospitable ; the Portuguese exhibit a jealous reserve towards strangers. In Spain smoking is a universal custom ; while the Portuguese reject it as a filthy practice, and only strangers are seen to smoke in their coffee-houses. The Portuguese, on the contrary, are universally addicted to snuff-taking, a habit in which the Spaniard rarely indulges. The Spaniard is attached to foreigners ; but in Lisbon it is very difficult for a stranger to be admitted into respectable society. Notwithstanding, too, the close resemblance between the two languages, the names of all public tribunals, political offices, and of almost every article of daily life, are entirely different. Even in their cookery there is a marked difference between the two nations ; and an Englishman or German would assign the preference, in this respect, to the Portuguese. Other examples might, if necessary, be adduced to prove the striking contrariety of customs and habits between the two countries, although they are, in this respect, usually confounded together.

Society, in the best meaning of the word, can hardly be said to exist in Portugal, where it is the custom for the two sexes to keep as much asunder as possible, the ladies assembling together in one apartment, while the gentlemen occupy another ; and where a formal etiquette acts as a perpetual restraint upon all intellectual converse, and thus precludes any desire for a more liberal education. What are termed the foreigners' balls, which are supported by subscribers, who are mostly English, French, or Germans, afford the most agreeable society to be met with in this city. The apartments are excellent, and furnished with much taste. There is, besides, no invidious distinction of rank ; while there prevails an easy, polished tone, and an urbanity of manners that render this a most delightful place of rendezvous.

The Portuguese language being here universally

spoken, in every circle, its acquisition, which is by no means easy, on account of its peculiar nasal sounds, becomes indispensable to a foreigner, and the want of a due knowledge of it may induce him to judge even more unfavourably of Portuguese society than it is fast deserves. Once acquired, however, the language is found to be peculiarly rich, and admirably adapted to the lighter graces of conversation. Another circumstance which tends to alienate the affections of the stranger, and which probably has arisen from the cautious reserve of the Portuguese, is, that the foreigners residing in this city form, as it were, a little republic of themselves, attached to their own habits, and caring little to adopt any of the national customs. They distinguish themselves by their hospitality, and reject that studied etiquette which the Portuguese so anxiously keep up. Their language, too, is a mixture of half a dozen different tongues. All this tends to draw a line of demarcation between the foreigner and the native, to keep them apart, and to render the access to good society among the Portuguese very difficult for a stranger.

If among the upper classes social intercourse does not appear to be conducted upon the best footing, the lower orders of the people are not better provided for, with respect to amusements, if we except the ball-fights. These have lately been attempted to be suppressed : a motion to this effect was made in the Cortes, but this national amusement found too many advocates ; and the people are still permitted to retain this their favourite, and, indeed, sole diversion. The late Fernandez Thomas spoke warmly in their defence, and began his speech by observing that he had grown up in the midst of bulls. It must be confessed that this sport is not so sanguinary and cruel as it is in Spain, the horns of the animals being tipped with rump knobs, which render a blow less dangerous. These fights are continued during the whole summer, and the profits arising from them go to defray the expenses of different hospitals ; thus the sin of them is in some respect covered by charity.

An English populace runs mad every six or seven years at a general election, or on some occasion of general political interest ; here the multitude annually get on a hobby of nearly the same breed, although of a dissimilar appellation, it being called the Carnival. The strong excitation, the pleasure of being mad, the enthusiasm, the phrensy, the mental inebriety, seen not much unlike in either instance. We should say that this last after a powerful mental and animal stimulus was natural to man, under every modification of education, of circumstances, or of political constitution. Whether it vents itself in war, or politics, or gaming, in saturnalia, elections, or carnivals, it is still the same ; and happy is it for the peace of society when it contents itself with assuming a shape so safe and undignified as the *tom-foolery* of the last mentioned. During the three last days of the carnival, the populace appear absolutely frantic with folly. It is dangerous to venture into the streets, for no one can pass with impunity through the showers of eggs, oranges, and other missiles, that assail the passenger on every side. Rank seems to lay aside its dignity ; female delicacy its reserve : for the balconies are filled with ladies, who eagerly sprinkle the passers-by with copious aspersions of water. This exquisite foolery is succeeded by a farce of graver description. It is now the season of periodical devotion ; and even they who have lived all the year entirely regardless of moral duties and restraints, exhibit all the external forms of repentance. It is by no means rare to see penitents of this description going barefooted, or kneeling in the streets ; and during processions (of which there is now no end) they throw themselves frantically in the dirt ; and by such acts of unseemliness and violation of decorum do these wretched bigots think to atone for their violation of morality.

After Easter, every one who can afford it, returns into the country, mostly in the immediate vicinity of the city, where there are a great number of villas. The most pleasant season is that which precedes June, for after that time the drought and the dust, which covers the fields, give to the landscape an arid and dismal appearance, very remote from the verdure which clothes our English lawns. Cintra, which is not more than a dozen miles from the capital, is a very favourite spot. It abounds in romantic scenery, and it is here

that the country-houses of the most wealthy inhabitants are situated. It is the custom to make excursions thither on asses, the roads all around Lisbon being so rugged and bad, that it is unsafe to travel in any kind of vehicle.

These rural parties of pleasure are conducted in so expensive a style, that the middling class of citizens cannot indulge in them, and having no amusements within the city, they live a very retired and uniform life. Occasions, however, sometimes occur, on which the most frugal break through their usual habits of economy. About two years ago, the image of some saint was discovered in a cavern, not far from Lisbon, and it was instantly reported through the whole city, that it had the power of working miracles, as efficaciously as any miracle-working had ever been known to do before, or even as his Highness of Hohenlohe. The image shed tears and exuded sweat; doubtless to the great edification of the multitude. But as neither crying nor sweating, entertaining as it might be, was found to be of any particular benefit, it began to work miracles more to some purpose, and cured both the blind and the lame. All Lisbon flocked to it in crowds: every soul must forthwith to witness the prodigy; and there was no family, however poor, that did not make a pilgrimage to *Nossa Senhora do Buraco*. Greater eagerness could not have been manifested by the good people of Lisbon, had they all been setting out direct to Heaven. There was no end of journeying and pilgrimages and presents, which latter, in a short time, amounted to an immense sum. It would be an uncharitable and most heretical supposition to imagine that any of these devotees were influenced by any other motive than piety; or to hint that they were instigated by any of that feeling which, in our less devout country, drives people in crowds to races, reviews, or any of those meetings so agreeable to the gregarious nature of man. Events, however, now and then took place, not very indicative of devotion; so, in order to prevent further scandal, the government ordered *Nossa Senhora* to remove her quarters, and she was accordingly conducted in a solemn procession to the Cathedral of Lisbon, where she remains to this very hour an object of devout admiration to the multitude who daily visit her.

To pass from these religious amusements to others of a more—or, if our readers please, of a less profane nature, it cannot help striking us that the Portuguese have nothing which can be considered as a national theatre; for, with the exception of wretched scurrilous farces, nearly all their pieces are translations. Such being the state of their drama, it is not to be wondered at if the performers are not very excellent, or held in much esteem. These people are mostly tradesmen: the hero of the evening is probably some shoemaker, or other mechanic; it is easy, therefore, to form some notion of the dignity with which the tragic buskin is worn: as for the ladies, a glance at their faces is sufficient to convince the beholder that they are votaries of other deities besides *Melpomene* and *Thalia*. The degraded state of the Portuguese theatre is the more to be regretted, as the people are naturally lively, and are endowed with no ordinary talent for mimicry and imitation: but, in a country where the expression of public opinion is studiously repressed, whatever shape it may assume, we ought not to be greatly surprised at finding that the drama also experiences the injurious effects of this intolerant system. The theatre of *San Carlos*, where the Italian company performs, is that which is most fashionably attended.

CREOLE LADIES.

The white females of the West Indies are generally rather of a more slender form than the European women. Their complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or bronzette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which, to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though the impression gradually wears off. Their features are sweet and regular—their eyes rather expressive than sparkling—their voices soft and pleasing—their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, are active and animated on occasion, particularly

when dancing, an amusement of which they are particularly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness, and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an intuitive taste for it, and fine voices. They are accused of excessive indolence; and *outré* examples of this are given by those whose object is to exhibit them to ridicule. These exaggerations, like all others of a national description, savour more of caricature than truth. The heat of the climate, joined to the still habits of a sedentary life, naturally beget a languor, listlessness, and disposition to self-indulgence, to which the females of more northern climates are strangers. The daily loll in bed before dinner, is so gratifying a relaxation, that it has become almost as necessary as their nightly repose.

To sum up, in few words, the character of the creole ladies,—they are so excessively fond of pleasure and amusements, that they would be glad if the whole texture of human life were formed of nothing else; balls in particular are their great delight: they are averse to whatever requires much mental or bodily exertion, dancing excepted; reading they do not care much about, except to fill up an idle hour; and diligence, industry, and economy, cannot be said to be among the number of their virtues.—*Stewart's Jamaica*.

ACROSTIC.

Written many years ago, on the first leaf of "The Farmer's Boy," by Robert Bloomfield.

R enowned youth, the wonder of the age!
O, how delighted I perus'd each page!
B right genius hail! thy merit claims esteem;
E v'n thy fair Name's an emblem of thy theme.
R eplete with Nature's beauty and perfume,
T hy RURAL POEM is a FIELD in BLOOM!
B orn a true Poet, simple, smooth and free,
L ike THOMPSON, Seasons are describ'd by thee.
O ne subject, and one genius appear,
O nly thou movest in a smaller sphere;
'M idst flocks and herds and agricultural soil,
F armers and Dairymaids' most useful toil,
I n all, thou mov'st with dignity and ease,
E nnobling all, and causing all to please.
L o, PRYTY and TRUTH, to crown the whole,
D isplay the sterling goodness of thy soul!

Manchester.

W. N. M.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

On Shrove-Tuesday last, I'll tell you what pass'd
In a neighbouring gentleman's kitchen,
Where pancakes were making with eggs and with bacon,
As good as e'er cut off a flitch.
The cook-maid she makes four lusty pancakes,
For William, her fav'r'te gard'ner;
"Pray be quick with your four," cries Jack, "and make more
For William won't let me go partner."
Being sparing of lard, the pan's bottom she marr'd,
In making the last of Will's four;
So she said, "Pry'the, John, run and borrow a pan,
Or else I can't make any more."
Jack soon got a pan, but he found by his pan,
That the first was more wide than the latter,
This being a foot o'er, whereas, that before
Was three inches more, and a quarter.
Jack cries, "Don't me cosen, but make half a dozen,
For the pan is much less than before."
Says Will, "For a crown, and I'll put 'he cash down,
Your six will be more than my four."
"Tis done," says brisk Jack, and his crown he did stake,
So both of them sent for a gauger:
The dimensions he takes of all their pancakes,
To determine this important wager:
He found by his stick, they were equally thick,
So one of Will's cakes he did take,
Which he straight cut in twain, twelve one fifth the chord-line,
And gave the less piece unto Jack:
"To the best of my skill," says the gauger, "this will
Make both your shares equal and true."
Will swore that he ly'd; so the point to decide,
They refer themselves, Sirs, unto you.
Then pray give your answers, as soon as you can, Sirs,
For what with their quarrels and jays,
We're afraid of some murder, for no day goes over,
But they fight and are cover'd with scars.

EUCLID.

• 1½ Inches.

THE CABINET.

FRENCH MANUFACTURES.

"In traversing the different apartments of the Louvre we are, it must be confessed, dazzled. Gold and silver shine at every part, and in a thousand different forms. Silk and the downy Cachemeres, captivate us with their brilliant hues. What a profusion of crystal, bronze and porcelain—what magnificence, what enchantment; it seems as if a nation of Fairies had brought its tribute to a nation of Kings. But are there only Kings in France? Does all the nation ride in carriages, or walk on carpets? Does all France drink champagne out of cut glass, and coffee out of porcelain cups, resplendent with gold?—Alas, no! These enjoyments are reserved for a few of her children, and it is for the infant of fortune that industry exerts all its powers and works all its miracles. In fact, however, the most useful miracles are the best, and we have always regarded with particular veneration him who with five loaves and a few small fishes, appeased the hunger of a famishing multitude. We are on the same principle disposed to grant our esteem to him, who reduced by 20 sous the price of a pair of shoes.

"However great may be the progress which industry has made in France since the Revolution, and that progress has been immense, it still feels the direction it received in the France of other days, when a single class possessed the whole wealth of the nation: it disposed also of all the labour, and labour was in consequence directed more to gratify whims than to supply real wants. Many whims yet remain, of which the Louvre furnishes too many proofs, but these whims do not exclusively domineer over the whole society, and a more equal distribution of wealth, without bringing with it the desire for luxury, has created a wish for increased conveniences, and to produce them has called forth an immense quantity of industry. This is, at least, a consoling truth, which no one will be disposed to contest or deny.

"The people who make chandeliers, who gild bronze, or who bake porcelain, will probably regard us as Vandals or Hotentots, but they will be in the wrong. After what is useful, we know nothing better than what is agreeable. We are not insensible to splendour, to riches, and to elegance. The eyes have wants as well as the stomach, though they are not so imperious. We would therefore do justice to these brilliant superfluities, but in their place, preserving their proper rank, and not allowing them to dazzle our reason, or make us forget the story of Mr. Fox and the knives."

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

Translated from the Dutch of Tollens.

Restless Time! who ne'er abidest,
Driver! who life's chariot guidest
O'er dark hills and vales that smile,
Let me, let me breathe awhile:
Whither dost thou hasten? say!
Driver, but an instant stay.

What a viewless distance thou,
Still untried, hast travell'd now;
Never tarrying—rest unheeding—
Over thorns and roses speeding,
Though lone places unfrequented—
Cliff and vast abyss between.

Five and twenty years thou'st pass'd,
Thundering on uncheck'd and fast,
And, though tempests burst around,
Stall nor stay thy coursers found:
I am dizzy—faint—oppress'd—
Driver! for one moment rest.

Swifter than the lightning flies
All things vanish from my eyes;
All that rose so brightly o'er me
Like pale mist-wreaths fade before me;
Every spot my glance can find
Thy impatience leaves behind.

Yesterday wild seeds few
O'er a spot where roses grew:
These I sought to gather blindly,
But thou hurried'st on unkindly:
Fairest buds I trampled, lorn,
And but grasp'd the naked thorn.

Driver, turn thee quickly back
On the self-same beaten track:
I, of late, so much neglected,
Lost—forgot—contemn'd—rejected—
That I still each scene would trace—
Slacken thy bewildering pace!

Dost thou thus impetuous drive,
That thou sooner may'st arrive
Safe within the hallow'd fens
Where delight—where rest commences?
Where then dost thou respite crave?
All make answer: "At the Grave."

There, alas! and only there,
Through the storms that rend the air,
Doth the rugged pathway bend;
There all palms and sorrows end;
There repose's goal is won—
Driver! ride, in God's name, on.

VARIETIES.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.—The Plymouth Gazette states that the Lord Exmouth, Captain Barrett, on the 4th ult., in lat. 44° 2' N., long. 27° W. picked up a bottle covered with barnacles, and containing the following inclosure:—"North Polar Expedition, Jan. 7, 1822.—This bottle was sent adrift in the North Polar Sea, by the officers of the North Polar Expedition, being then frozen up five degrees West of Melville Island.—All well."

A frog was caught in the East Croft, Nottingham, on Tuesday week, having five legs. The fifth leg grew from the middle of the throat or breast.

THE DIVING-BELL.—Jerom observes, that Alexander entered into a colympia, and descended to the bottom of the ocean, in order to know the difference of the sea; upon which passage Vossius observes, that it had a window of glass or some other matter. Divers, in the time of Aristotle, used a kind of kettle, which enabled them to continue longer under water. The first diving-bell was merely a large kettle, and the experiment made by the Greeks, its pretended inventors, in 1538, was apparently only its first appearance in Europe. A diving machine, not a bell, was invented by Mr. John Dethbridge, who died 1769.

ARABIC ALLEGORY.—A French translation, with notes, by M. Garcin de Tassy, has just been published at Paris, of "The Birds and the Flowers," an Arabic moral allegory, by Azzeddin Elmoocaddasi; one of the most enthusiastic members of the mystical sect of the Sofys. The object of it is to inculcate an ardent love of the Divine Being; and for that purpose, the author gives to every object of creation, in succession, a tongue; in order that it may vent its ecstasy in the language of adoration. The work abounds with poetical beauty; and the translator's notes are very interesting.

THEATRICAL EXPENSES.—The expenses of the larger theatres of London are known to be enormous. Those of Drury-lane and Covent-garden exceed 200l. per night. In 1765, those of Drury-lane were less than 70l. a night. The company consisted of about 160 performers, among whom were names of high celebrity. Garrick was at the head of the company, with a salary per night of 2l. 15s. 6d. Mr. Yates (the famous *Othello*) and his wife, 3l. 6s. 8d. Palmer and his wife, 2l. King (the celebrated *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Lord Ogleby*) 1l. 6s. 8d. Parsons (the famous comedian) 1l. 6s. 8d. Mrs. Cibber, 2l. 10s. Mrs. Pritchard, 2l. 6s. 8d. Mrs. Clive, 1l. 15s. Miss Pope (the first of chambermaids) 13s. 4d. Signor Guistinelli (chief singer) 1l. 3s. 4d. Signor Grimaldi and wife (chief dancers) 1l.

MARGAT'S ASCENT AT PARIS.—This aeronaut took his departure from the Champ de Mars on Sunday the 17th inst. at a quarter before nine in the evening. The air was calm, and the coloured lamps (which formed a crown) below the balloon, permitted the spectators to follow it with their eyes for a long time. Arrived in the upper regions, M. Margat experienced an intense cold, the gas in dilating left a humidity which soon converted into ice, and which gave the aeronaut much trouble in managing the valve. He succeeded, however, in overcoming this obstacle, and proceeded without accident through a very thick fog to the Forest of Villers-Coterets, in the commune of Fleury, twenty-five leagues from Paris. At midnight he effected his descent, and found himself perched upon a tree, which served as a base for his wondrous edifice. There M. Margat passed the night, notwithstanding the rain, which fell in abundance. The astonishment may be conceived of the Sieur Debary, keeper to the Duke of Orleans, when at four in the morning, on going his round, he perceived at the top of a tree our aerial voy-

ager and his immense baggage. M. Margat praises the conduct of this keeper, from whom he received every kind of aid; he was also very well received by the Mayor of Fleury, by the Curé, and by all the inhabitants of the village, who flocked to see him.

NUMBER OF THE KNOWN SPECIES OF ORGANIZED BEINGS.—From the collections in the Paris Museums, M. Humboldt estimates (Ann. de Chimie, xvi.) the known species of plants at 56,000, and those of animals at 51,000; among which, 44,000 insects, 4,000 birds, 700 reptiles, and 500 mammalia. In Europe live about 400 species of birds, 80 mammalia, and 30 reptiles; and on the opposite southern zone on the Cape, we find likewise almost five times more birds than mammalia. Towards the equator, the proportion of birds, and particularly of reptiles, increases considerably. However, according to Cuvier's enumeration of fossil animals, it appears that in ancient periods the globe was inhabited much more by mammalia than birds.

WATERSPOUT.—Saturday the 23d ult. the town and neighbourhood of Padisah were thrown into consternation by the appearance of a very large waterspout. When first seen, it seemed to have risen from clouds which were gathering thick round Hamilton: soon after it assumed a more terrific appearance, and veered to the north-west. In this quarter it displayed every symptom of immediate explosion, but suddenly made a rapid circuit to the west. In its passage, the noise which it created represented the distant roar of the sea on a rocky shore; but as it continued to ascend, the tone was altered, and resembled more the compressed discharge of steam from a boiler. The revolutions which it made in its transit were awfully grand; and its attractive faculties of re-uniting the volumes of mist which issued from its side were beyond description beautiful. After repeated ascents and descents, it varied its form with astonishing rapidity; at one period its longitudinal extent must have been very considerable, and in the next moment, the point, which left no more than eighty yards from itself to the earth, was embosomed in the mass. It continued these transmutations for an hour, and then was buried in the clouds. Immediately on its disappearance, the atmosphere became densely dark, and the most vivid lightning and tremendous thunder that has been heard in the neighbourhood this many years ensued.—*Blackburn Mail*.

POWERS OF MEMORY.—John Van Muller, a native of Switzerland, and author of a history of his native country, and a posthumous work on universal history, was a man of uncommon powers of memory. "He possessed," says Madame de Stael, "a mass of erudition altogether unparalleled: his acquisitions of this kind actually inspired awe in those who witnessed their display. It is difficult to conceive how the head of one man could contain a whole world of occurrences and dates. The six thousand years of authentic history were perfectly arranged in his memory; and his studies had been so accurate that his impressions remained as vivid as though he had been a living witness of the events. Switzerland does not contain a village or noble family whose history was not perfectly familiar to him. On one occasion he was requested, in order to decide a wager, to repeat the pedigree of the Sovereign Counts of Bugey; he performed the task immediately, but was not quite certain whether one individual of the series had been a regent or a sovereign in his own right; and he seriously reproached himself for this defect of memory."

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

MORNING DRESS.

Lavender-colour dress of gros de Naples or lute-string, ornamented in front with a pinnatifid satin trimming of the same colour; narrow at the waist, and extending in width till it reaches the trimming at the bottom of the skirt, where it is placed longitudinally; beneath is a satin rouleau. The corsage is made three quarters high, plain, with a satin band of French folds round the top, and fastens with hooks and eyes: corded satin *ceinture*, with a cluster of crescent-shaped points behind. Long sleeve, ornamented at the wrist with satin to correspond, and fastened with knots of folded satin: the epaulette is composed of two rows of crescent-shaped leaves; worked muslin ruffles, and muslin *chemisette*,

with Spanish vandyke worked collar, fastened in front with a gold buckle. The hair parted on the forehead, and in large ringlets on each side, plaited, and bows of ribbon of the same colour at the back of the head. Earrings and necklace of amethysts. Bonnet of pink *crepe lisse*; the outside fluted, and edged with three rows of pearl straw, and finished with blond lace; round crown, confined by a band of French folds, and decorated with a quadrangular trimming, edged with pearl straw and blond; one point is placed in front, and ears of corn, beath, and convolvulus, are fancifully intermixed.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of lemon-colour *crepe lisse*: the corsage made to fit the shape, and ornamented with five rouleaus of satin of the same colour; broad corded satin band round the waist: in front are seven corded rings or circlelets, through which rise seven leaves, each composed of several small folds of satin, and terminated with a folded satin knot; palmated corded bow behind. Short full sleeve, crossed by satin French bands confined by knots into squares, and having *bouffants* of folded satin round the centre of the sleeve, which is finished with a corded satin band, edged with fine blond lace, the same as the tucker. The skirt is decorated with a satin corded diamond trimming, each diamond cut across, and a plaited *bouffant* introduced, concealing the division, and fastening the corner of the next diamond: broad hem at the bottom of the skirt. The hair in full curls, and parted in front, confined by a wreath of anemones and convolvulus, and mixed with small white marabouts in front and on the right side. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of turquoise and amber. Lace scarf. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE-ROYAL.—On Saturday evening the musical play of *Rob Roy* was performed to one of the most brilliant and crowded audiences we ever witnessed in this theatre; the overflow may, in a great measure, be attributed to Mr. Salter's re-appearance, although that delightful vocalist Miss M. Tree, was a chief attraction. Mr. Salter, on his *entre*, was most enthusiastically greeted from all parts of the house; and (notwithstanding the fatigue of travelling from Birmingham on that day) his representation of the daring outlaw, *Rob Roy*, was sustained with his usual spirit and discrimination. Mr. Farren, as *Baillie Nichol Jarvie*, excited much laughter; but being entirely destitute of the Scotch accent, he is evidently not at home in the character. We have nothing to say for either Mr. Melrose's singing or acting, he is very deficient in both.—Mr. Dildar's *Rashleigh* was very creditable; in his performances generally we are highly pleased with his improvements, and, by continued attention, we may venture to assure him of considerable distinction.—Mrs. Fanci is an excellent representative of *Helen Macgregor*; her deportment is dignified and energetic, and her voice, although not powerful, is distinct and commanding.—On Miss M. Tree's singing enlogium is superfluous; her different songs were given in her best style; particularly "*Bid me Discourse*," and "*Rose d'Auvergne*," which were loudly and deservedly encored.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Grotius on calling shall have his request complied with.

R. T. S. has at all studied the point we esteem—criticism.—He is too austere and abstruse; and rather metaphysical.

Lydia must not "lament incessantly," she may possibly meet with another sailor.

Criticos must reconsider the subject, it may be materially improved.

S. T.; Timothy; Apollo; and Juvenis—are received.

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TO "THE FRIEND."

SIR,—As from your own account you are advanced in years, and consequently well acquainted with men and manners, it is to be hoped that the undertaking in which you have embarked will fully succeed, and that your strictures on the vices, follies, and levities of the age, will soon work a complete and thorough reformation. It was with no small degree of pleasure that I perused your first number, in which you declare your intentions, and I waited with intenseness of anxiety for the appearance of your subsequent essays. The acute and sensible observations contained in them, have not abated the warmth of expectation, but rather given additional proof of your capability to fill the office of *Censor* with credit to yourself, and benefit to society.

I have much pleasure, Sir, in accepting the invitation that you hold out for assistance, and in throwing together a few reflections on a *certain* prevalent weakness, requesting at the same time, that you will make them the subject of your early consideration, and oblige the public with your more lengthened observations.

Among the various subjects treated upon by those who have undertaken to improve and instruct mankind,—who have imposed upon themselves the task of censuring the vices, and ridiculing the follies of the age, perhaps there is none more deserving of complaint, and against which less has been directed, than pedantry. Whether authors have been apprehensive that the laws which they lay down for the correction and conduct of others, might aptly be applied to themselves; that the keenness of satire, and the force of ridicule might be returned with redoubled power; or that it is a folly in which few only indulge, because that few aspire to an eminence of station, or strive to shine in the lettered world; whatever be the reason, it is apparent that this parade of learning has either entirely escaped animadversion, or been touched upon in an oblique and cursory manner.

It would indeed require a nicety of discrimination, and a perspicacity which few possess, to discover the exact point at which pedantry begins, and to fix its definite and precise bounds. What would by one man be considered an elegance, force, and justness of expression, might by another be condemned as an unnecessary and vain show of words. But without troubling ourselves to ascertain its precise limitations, without subjecting ourselves to the liability of error by drawing too fine a line, there remains a sufficiency of opportunity whereon to ground complaint.

Youth is the season of life in which it behoves us to keep a strict and constant guard over ourselves, to be mindful that in our transition from academic shades into the busy world, we evince not a self-sufficiency and conceit in our behaviour,—that we blazon not forth our acquirements, or make an open and ostentatious display of erudition. Considerable extent of allowance, and great mitigation of censure, are undoubtedly due to the man, who has spent his whole life in the closet, whose head has grown silvery-white

with no other companions than his books, should he occasionally indulge in a display of knowledge, or should he in the quiet of the study, have contracted a peevish, dictatorial, and fastidious deportment. Whilst an excuse may, in some measure, be pleaded for those who have advanced in age, and who, by deep research and profound meditation, have rendered themselves competent to enlighten the world; nothing can be said in support and justification of that pedantic behaviour, in which too many young men of the present day, scruple not to indulge.

Bob Vain is a youth of this description, who plumes himself on the immensity of information, which, *he thinks*, he possesses, and who is constantly finding opportunities to exhibit it. Scarcely arrived at man's estate, and the down yet visible on his chin, he shrinks not from the herculean labour, but *assumes* to himself the office of instructor, and kindly obliges the community with his sage and sapient lucubrations, through the medium of the public prints. Did he confine himself to insert them privately in the publications of the day, without filling the ears of all around, with panegyrics on the beauties of his productions, it might perhaps be borne with, since all would then be at liberty either to peruse or pass them by unnoticed. But fearful that the elegance of his composition might escape unregarded among the heterogeneous mass of a newspaper; or if perused, his readers might not be qualified to appreciate the force and chasteness of his diction, and the newness and originality of thought, it is his constant employment for some time prior to publication, to pester his friends and acquaintance, by reading to them the darling effusions of his brain, and illustrating the various passages of brilliancy by occasional remarks.

An exuberance of language, and an overloading of common conversation with hard and unnecessary words—an affectedness in pronunciation, with a pomposity of manner, and a peculiarity of emphasis, are among the more prominent characteristics of this pretended philomath. Grammatical errors, however not unfrequently escape *his lips*, though he is amazingly quick in detecting the like in others, and equally imprudent in pointing them out.

That natural desire in man to exalt, and crown himself with the wreath of Fame, seems to have taken full possession of his breast, though perhaps the means he employs to twine the laurel round his brow—that is, of detracting from the abilities of others—is not the purest and most justifiable. Much policy is notwithstanding evinced in such conduct, since from the utter impossibility of ever rising to celebrity himself, he would soon be lost in the shade of his superiors, did he not continually prune their bays, by the language of detraction.

Hoping as a *Friend* to society, you will not suffer yourself to remain in idleness, but pen an essay in condemnation of such characters, and place them in a light best calculated to expose their deformity,

I am, &c.

B.

Manchester, September 4, 1823.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

If ever there were a poet of whom it might be said (and it was said of him) 'that the fields were his study, nature was his book,' that poet was Robert Bloomfield, whose 'Farmer's Boy,' displayed the most artless manners, yet a taste which no cultivation could have improved, and exhibited genius which placed him at one single step in the first rank of living poets.

That an unlettered unpatronized rustic should thus at once burst into the full sunshine of fame, is a circumstance very rare in the annals of literature, which record so many efforts of stifled genius; we have said unpatronized, but Bloomfield had a patron, and a warm one too, though his talent had reached its maturity, or at least nearly approached it, before his patron knew him.

Robert Bloomfield was born in 1766, in the county of Suffolk. He was one of six children of a tailor in middling circumstances, who was not able to give him more than a common education, for the acquirement of which he was indebted to his mother, who kept a school, and gave him all the instruction she was enabled to bestow. He learned to read as soon as he could speak, and his mother, having lost her husband remarried when Bloomfield was not more than seven years old. At the age of eleven he was obliged to accept the menial office of a farmer's boy, to attend the workmen in the field. In the intervals of his labours that native genius which sooner or later bursts the bonds of slavery, led him to peruse such books as came within his reach, and whatever newspapers he could obtain: even at that early age he wrote a small poem, which he sent for insertion to the editor of the 'London Magazine,' and had the pleasure of seeing it in print.

When he was thirteen years old, Bloomfield was sent to an elder brother in London, a shoemaker, where he was taught the gentle craft. In the shop where his brother worked, there were several journeymen, and young Bloomfield was often employed to read the newspaper, or any literary work they had procured, (and no class of mechanics we believe, are better read than shoemakers;) the journeymen contributing something towards his wages while he thus neglected his work.

He next turned his attention to poetry during the hours of relaxation from toil, and composed many pieces, even in the midst of his occupation; he had also a taste for music, playing very decently on the violin; his imagination, however, was heated with the fine descriptions which he had read in the poets of celebrity, particularly Thomson; and, disengaged from the bustle and care of a city, he planned and executed his 'Farmer's Boy,' a work which, as a descriptive poem, possesses original genius, and a happy facility in composition.

To Capel Loft, an amiable but somewhat eccentric individual, Bloomfield was indebted for his first introduction to the public. The

manuscript of the 'Farmer's Boy,' written in a common school copy-book, was forwarded to that gentleman, and he introduced the poet and his book to Messrs. Vernor and Hood, who, to the honour of the profession of booksellers, behaved liberally to the young poet. As soon as his first publication appeared, that truly great and good nobleman, the late Duke of Grafton, allowed him a gratuity of a shilling a-day, and the present duke generously continued it.

About two years after his appearance as an author, the Duke of Grafton appointed him under-sealer in the Seal Office; but his health still declining, he was forced to relinquish it.

The "Farmer's Boy," was revised, and prepared for the press by Mr. Loft, who printed it at his own expense, and wrote the preface. On its first appearance it was highly approved of, and passed through many editions in a very short time; it fully established the claim of the author to the title of poet, and stamped his name with the honour of genius.

Bloomfield afterwards worked some years at his trade (shoemaking). He also made Æolian harps, which many generous friends gave him a good price for, and this was a great assistance to him; but that cold and heartless disease, the dropsy, gained on him. The doctors say it was a liver complaint.

He removed many years ago into Bedfordshire, in hopes the country air might be beneficial. In his latter years he has been unable to work, and nearly blind from his frequent and violent head-aches. To his bodily sufferings were added embarrassments. The generosity of his friends and the public was kindly exerted in his behalf some years since; but, in his last days, his distresses accumulated upon him: he is, however, mercifully released from all his troubles.

To insure a house and home to his aged and revered mother and her husband, he kindly bought a cottage (his birth-place,) gave it a new roof which cost him 50*l.*, and gave the old folks their living in it. His mother died twenty years ago; his good old father-in-law died two years since. He then hoped to assist himself by the sale of his cottage. In this hour of greatest need, he sank into the grave, nor lived to receive one shilling!

Religion, *practical* religion, enabled him to bear up against the ills of life without a murmur! It was this made his life a lesson of morality to those who knew him best. This gave him that placid cheerfulness which attended him through life.

Bloomfield's constitution, naturally weak, had of late years become alarmingly impaired, every fresh attack left him still weaker, and he died on the 19th of August last, at Bedfordshire, in his 57th year.

Speaking of the comparative merits of Bloomfield and Burns, rurally estimated, the editor of the "Lyre of Love," says—"Burns was the Bloomfield of Scotland; Bloomfield is the Burns of England. Both were alike found, by the Muse, at the plough; both delighted to sing the loves and joys of their native plains; and both have obtained the reputation and dignity of poets."

Of all Bloomfield's published works no volume has alone so much interest as his "Wild Flowers," which was dedicated to his only son, Charles. "There can be no harm in telling the world," observes the poet in his dedication, "that I hope these *Wild Flowers* will be productive of sweets of the worldly kind; for your unfortunate lameness, should it never be removed, may preclude you from procuring com-

forts which might otherwise have fallen to your share. What a blessing, what an unspeakable satisfaction, would it be to know that the Ballads, the Ploughman's Stories, and the Broken Crutch of your father would eventually contribute to lighten your steps in manhood: and make your own crutch, through life, rather a memorial of affection than an object of sorrow!"

The poet's last production is entitled "Hazelwood Hall," a village drama, in three acts; and the preface is dated from the place of his dissolution, so recently as the 12th of April last.

Poor Bloomfield has left a widow and four children, in what circumstances we almost fear to ask; but they belong to the country, and ought to have national protection.

M. GARNERIN, THE AERONAUT.

M. Garnerin, the aeronaut, died a few days ago, in Paris. About a week before, he had a sudden stroke of apoplexy in the Theatre du Jardin Beaujon, in consequence of which he let go the rope of the curtain, which was in his hand, and the curtain fell on his head and severely wounded him. From the effects of this blow he never recovered.

M. Garnerin, though perhaps not the most scientific, was one of the most adventurous aeronauts that ever dared

'With wings not given to man attempt the air.'

He was the one who first made the experiment of descending in a parachute, and the British metropolis saw, with fear and astonishment, a daring individual at an immeasurable distance from the earth, separating himself from the hazardous balloon to take the chance of reaching the ground in safety by an untried experiment. This event took place on the 2d of September, 1802, from an inclosure near North Audley Street. At six o'clock the cords of the balloon were cut, and the balloon rapidly mounted to a great height. After hovering seven or eight minutes in the upper regions of the atmosphere, he meditated a descent in his parachute. Well might he be supposed to linger there in dread suspense, and to

'look a while
Pondering on his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross.
He views the breadth, and without longer pause,
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and wings with ease
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way"

M. Garnerin in his account of this descent, says, 'I measured with my eye the vast space which separated me from the rest of the human race. I felt my courage confirmed by the certainty of my combinations being just. I then took out my knife, and with a hand firm, from a conscience void of reproach, and which had never been lifted against any one but in the field of victory, I cut the cord: my balloon rose, and I felt myself precipitated with a velocity which was checked by the sudden unfolding of my parachute. I saw that all my calculations were just, and my mind remained calm and serene. I endeavoured to modulate my gravitation; and the oscillation which I experienced, increased in proportion as I approached the breeze that blows in the middle regions: nearly ten minutes had elapsed, and I felt that the more time I took in descending, the safer I could reach the ground. At length I perceived thousands of persons, some on horseback and others on foot, following me. I came near the earth, and after one bound I landed, and quitted the parachute without shock or accident.'

According to M. Garnerin's calculation, he had been to the height of 4154 French feet. The balloon fell on the next day near Farnham, in Surrey.

PRESENTIMENT.

'These wild and wailing winds can bode no good;
Their husband voices whisper in my ear
Of things unsanctified and strange.....
.....dark spirits are abroad.'

THE MAGIC RIVER.

It must, I think, have been in the November of 1783 that my occasions called me into the West of England, and, having accomplished the chief object of my journey, I was anxious to reach the little town of Bishop's Cleeve, which lay at but a few miles' distance, where my friend R—— had for some years resided, and to whom I had long promised a visit. Some little matters detained me until late in the afternoon, and I was half inclined, from my ignorance of the country, and the way lying, as I was informed, through cross-roads and some private fields (no unusual thing in those parts), to postpone it until the morrow; but the consideration of losing the intervening time, and the utter destitution of all society and entertainment, deterred me from remaining, and I accordingly started, about five o'clock, in the confident expectation of being soon comfortably seated by a good fire, and with those from whom many years had sundered me. The day had been gloomy and lowering, and promised little gratification in the ride; but my mind was too fixedly directed to the welcome reception I should receive, to be disturbed by the thought of a few hours' unpleasant travelling. The road was indeed most uninviting, and the current of my ideas continually broken by the obstacles which it interposed to my progress. Sometimes the lanes were nearly impassable, by the deep ruts formed by heavy waggon, and the soil, soft and clayey, was rendered almost liquid by the action of the late rains upon the surface, and not unfrequently terminated in quantities of muddy water, of whose depth or danger I could of course form no conjecture. At others, my course would be impeded by gates and hurdles, the rude fastenings of which might have defied all ingenuity to unravel; and the prostration of half a score of trees, now and then afforded a variety to the monotony of all around, most refreshing to the jaded spirits of both man and horse. My anxiety to get quit of this rascally route, was redoubled by the fall of large drops of rain, and the thunder, slight and distant as it was, which, at intervals, rolled above. Indeed, the constant moaning of the wind, as it passed through the tree-branches and scattered the yellow leaves that had withered upon them—the imaginable desolation of the surrounding country—the rapid increase of darkness—and the absence of every living creature, gave a savage wildness to the scene, and generated a melancholy and miserable depression to my feelings, over which all the energy of my faculties failed to obtain a mastery.

I had proceeded in this state for upwards of two hours, uncertain how far I was right in the selection of the track, and with no human-being near, to whom I could apply for guidance, when the rain began to descend with some violence; and, from the aspect of the clouds, I had little to hope in the way of a speedy cessation. I therefore thought it advisable to gain some point of shelter, until it should have, in some degree, subsided, and I fortunately gained a barn, or rather shed, the dilapidated state of which held forth, however, but slight refuge in case of elementary contention.

Oppressed and harrassed and anxious as I was to proceed, yet, with the storm increasing every moment in frightful vehemence, the pouring rain, the barking and tumultuous thunder which began to roar above me, and the lightning incessantly streaking and crackling through the heavens and the earth, it would have been madness to brave it, and it must, I am positively evident, have been three hours that I remained in this state of bodily assault and mental agitation, before the raging warfare of nature relaxed from its fearful force. It may readily enough be conceived that I availed myself of the first moment of comparative quiet, to push forward in all hazards and at all consequences, upon the desperate conviction that any change of situation

must be for the better. The night was intensely dark, and my chance course was alone perceptible by the flashes of light which casually gleamed over the wretched scene; but these, at length, became more and more inconstant in their succession, and then gradually sank into long intervals of darkness, of which, from the previous sun-like extremity of light, gave to my excited mind the idea that I was enveloped in a palpable blackness. The prospect of passing such a night in such a place, made me truly heart-sick, and induced, by its bleakness, a distressing apathy, from which I was unable to arouse myself. I had strained my sight so much in the endeavours to penetrate the distance for some house or cottage, whither I might direct my course, that the slightest exertion of my eye filled it with optical illusions, and stars and meteors were continually floating and darting every where before me; this, at length, became so painful, that I was compelled to resign myself to the consequences in which chance might involve me. How long or in what direction I thus wandered I knew not; but to me it appeared that the hours—but of hours I could form no conception—that the night would have lasted for ever.

I now felt that my horse was entering upon a deep descent, and, from the caution of its paces, I experienced a good deal of alarm; my imagination figuring forth a hundred different dangers, which my reason had no possible means of dissipating. The animal would, every now and then, stand still, as if to deliberate upon the next step, and as I had thrown the bridle upon its neck, my apprehensions were fearfully augmented by its frequent stoppages; but, as my own hand was incapable of guiding it with any degree of security, I chose rather wholly to rest upon his instinct, than to trust to my own, for reasoning was out of the question. After a while, the horse again stood still, and I found, by gently pressing its sides, that it was inclined to remain so. I therefore called out with all the strength of my lungs, weakened by many a loud cry before, and was somewhat startled, after a momentary interval, by a powerful and distinct repetition of my voice, occasioned by a neighbouring echo: in the irritated mood of my mind, I could not help feeling a little agitated, but this was soon quelled, by the appearance of a low faint light, moving very slowly within the casement of a small cottage, apparently at but a few yards distance. I scarcely believed that so slight a oanse could have produced so powerful an emotion, but I never before, nor have since, from any circumstances, experienced so strong and delighted an excitement of the mind as that little glimmer then effected. I eagerly dismounted, and after groping my way towards the place whence the light had issued, succeeded in finding the door; I discovered it to be unlatched, and pressed it open, but I found the interior in darkness. I again solicited assistance and shelter from its inmates, but received no answer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO EMMA.

A little cot beside the hill
Where slowly purls a limpid stream;
And where the lark sang loud and shrill,
Sweet Emma! was the fairest seen.

A robin to her dwelling came,
To pick the crumbs she for him laid;—
To him the lover did complain,
And gain'd the little warbler's aid.

The pretty bird before her door,
Began his doleful tale to utter;
With frantic bounds he cross'd the floor,
And round her chair began to flutter!

In tender accents then she said,
"Come! robin, to my bosom come!
No more the chilly winter dread;
No longer through the forest roam."

Enough! straight to the youth impart,
The tidings he but waits to prove,
He has possession of my heart,
My heart already his by love!

The happy lover cross'd the mead,
And o'er the dark moor bent his way;
And whirry flocks in sky and shade,
Beguil'd his steps with harmony.

Till by the bank, where gently flows
A willow brook—that turns a mill;
The favour'd lover blithely goes,
And gains the cottage—near the hill.

Manchester, 1823.

S. H.

THE CLOAKS.

The following tale is from a work by M. Loeve Veimars, entitled *Les Mantoux*. The scene is laid in Germany, and the story opens with the election of a magistrate of the little city of Birling. Full of his new dignity he repairs to his home, where he acquaints his patient wife, to whom he is in the habit of playing the tyrant, with the accession to his importance. His old friend, Waldau, the town-clerk, comes to ask him if he has any commands for Felsenbourg, the seat of the administration, whither he is about to repair. The new councillor requests him to deliver a letter to his younger brother, Maurice, who had quitted his home suddenly, and of whom he has heard nothing until very recently, and who has now applied to him for a share of their father's property, or some pecuniary assistance. The answer of the elder brother is at once unsatisfactory and unfeeling: he tells him that their parents died without any fortune, and concludes with a sneer at his youthful irregularities. The councillor's amiable spouse is affected by her husband's cruelty; Waldau's dress is more consistent with his scanty means than adapted to the inclemency of the weather, and she expresses a hope that his travelling costume is a warmer one.

"Alas! no," replies Waldau; "I had a cloak, but I have given it to my grandmother, who is confined to her arm-chair with the gout, and I am in truth setting off like the prodigal son."

"Dear Philip," said Marie to her husband, in a supplicating tone, "lend him your's."

"Mine!" replied the councillor; "indeed I cannot; but my late father's is somewhere up stairs, and I will look it out for you, Waldau."

Marie blushed at her husband's selfishness. "It is old, indeed," said she, "but it is large and stout. There is nothing splendid about it, Waldau; it is simple and useful, like its former possessor; and I beseech you, when you shall see our brother Maurice, give it to him in my name. It may be useful to him, notwithstanding its homely appearance; at all events, while it must recall to Maurice's recollection the memory of his father, it may also bring him wise reflections."

She bids him also tell Maurice how much she feels for him, and regrets that she is unable to offer him any assistance. Waldau wraps himself in the cloak, and proceeds to Felsenbourg, which he reaches, but not without being overturned on the road. He is rather hurt by his fall, but not so much as to prevent his repairing immediately to find Maurice.

The evening was somewhat advanced, and the streets of the city, very different from those of the obscure but peaceful town in which Waldau dwelt, were crowded still with passengers on horseback and on foot. Waldau observed directly before him a portico well lighted, over which he saw inscribed, in large characters, "The Palace of Felsenbourg." He entered with some timidity, and looked around for some one who might direct him in this vast building, when a young man, passing close by him, attracted his attention. He was clothed in a court-dress glittering with embroidery, and held in his hand the hat of a noble, adorned with large white plumes. The old town-clerk drew himself up hastily, but who can describe his surprise when he saw, in the half glance which his awe permitted him to cast upon this person, that he was the banished son, his early friend; in short, Maurice himself? Waldau was petrified with astonishment: could he believe his eyes, or did they abuse him? He wished to speak, but the words died upon his lips: all that he could do was to follow with his eyes this unexpected figure.

When he recovered the use of his faculties, the object who had deprived of them was no longer before him; but he saw him, as he withdrew beneath the shadows of the columns, by the splendour of his garments, the gems on which glittered beneath the lamps which filled the vault. A little man dressed in black now approached, and dispelled the ideas which were bewildering his brain. "Will you be so obliging," he said to this person, "as to tell me the name of the gentleman who passed just now?"

"It is Mr. Wiesel."

"It is Maurice, then! Good heavens! but tell me what part does he play here?"

"A very important part, sir; nothing less than that

of the prince's confidant," replied the little man gravely, and with a low bow.

The honest old man is overjoyed, and, without pressing his inquiries any further, he writes in all haste to the councillor to inform him of his brother's good fortune. Upon the receipt of the letter the elder Wiesel sets out for Felsenbourg, frightened to death lest Waldau should have delivered the unkind epistle, which he now wishes he had never written. Poor Waldau is, in the mean time, suffering from the effects of his fall; and, on the day following his arrival, he finds himself unable to rise from his bed. To crown his misfortunes, his money is exhausted; and, relying upon the generosity of Maurice's temper, and never doubting that the prince's confidant is well able to assist him, he writes to him for a small loan, requests an introduction to the minister, and his interest in procuring the remission of a tax. Maurice hastens to him immediately, and, after the first congratulations are over, the following conversation ensues:

"To speak seriously, my dear Waldau," said Maurice, "your request for money distresses me, because I am not in a situation to comply with it; but, as to your other request, I have laughed heartily at it. That I should introduce you to the minister! that I should procure the remission of a tax! pray for whom do you take me?"

"For whom? Good Heaven!" replied the old man, cursing in his heart all courtiers and their impudence; "why for the favorite of his highness, for his Jonathan, for the elect of the tribe, the *primus a rege*."

"My poor friend," said Maurice, "is more ill than I thought; and the joy I feel at meeting him again is damped at this discovery. It must be the fever, dear Waldau, which has thus troubled your judgment."

"Oh, yes," said Waldau, "I suppose so: *agri somnia*," said Waldau, bitterly. "It was one of those delusions which a fever works upon sick brains that I beheld yesterday traversing the palace of Felsenbourg to go to the court; it was in a delirium that I beheld him shining in gold and jewels, *gemmis atque auris*."

"I going to the court?"

"You, or who else is the prince's favourite?"

"The prince's favourite! Dear Waldau, am I to laugh or to weep at these extravagances?"

"*Auri sacra fames*, the thirst of wealth will soon render you incapable of doing either the one or the other."

"How can you thus deceive yourself?"

"He deceived himself too, then—the little man in black, who followed the glittering Wiesel under the portico of the palace."

"Ha, ha, what charming simplicity!" cried Maurice, laughing heartily. "Still the same honest, excellent, innocent Waldau.—I a courtier, I a favourite! this is indeed an everlasting joke. Know, then, my poor credulous friend, that I am a member of a strolling company who are engaged to play in the hotel of the Count of Felsenbourg. I played yesterday the part of the *Confidant* in the new piece; and the little man in black, of whom you speak, is the head tailor, who had just been fitting me with a coat of scarlet serge, covered with tinsel and spangles, and to which habit I am indebted for the respect with which you have overwhelmed me."

"God bless me!" cried Waldau, "and are you then a player?"

"A player, it is true, but of the Prince's company; and, I swear to you, vanity apart, not one of the worst."

"Then am I ruined—totally undone," ejaculated the town clerk; the councillor will certainly kill me."

Maurice ceased to laugh when he saw the terror of Waldau. He soon saw his brother's letter, which lay upon the table, and, opening it, found not only that Pierre was the same, but that his last hope—the share of his father's fortune—was for ever gone. He was burdened with debts, the payment of which could no longer be postponed. "Ah! my Louisa—ah, my promised happiness—farewell," cried he, mournfully.

This Louisa, of whom Maurice spoke, was the preserving angel of an infirm mother and two sisters, for whom she procured, by her own exertions, the necessities of life. The obscure chamber which they occupied was near that of the player: and they frequently saw each other, and the innocence of the young girl, her simple candour, and the boyish good temper of Maurice, soon gave rise to a tender and reciprocal feeling. Poverty has at least this good effect, that it

breaks down some of those obstacles which beset the more exalted ranks. Wiesel soon became the assiduous and indispensable friend of the family. Louisa, daily more attracted by his amiable character, and charmed by the frankness with which he expressed his affection, did not attempt to conceal that she loved him. The deplorable condition of their fortunes alone stood in the way of their union: they swore eternal constancy, and resolved to wait for better times; but the letter of Pierre seemed to make that time more distant than ever.

Maurice is obliged to quit the sick man to go to the theatre, and an old woman comes to take his place. The weather is excessively severe, and Waldan requests him to put on the old cloak which his brother has sent, and in which, he adds, "Your father breathed his last—" Maurice seizes it, and, kissing it respectfully, goes out.

The councillor arrives, and, finding from Waldan that his brother has had his letter, he runs, without waiting for an explanation, to the hotel Felsenbourg, where the porter, in answer to his inquiries for M. Wiesel, tells him he is in the theatre. He enters, and is first terrified by seeing an old man on the stage dressed in the grey cloak of his dead father; and no sooner has he recovered from his terror than he finds that his brother is a player. He rushes out of the theatre half mad with rage.

Maurice, in the mean time, has returned to his sick friend, where he finds his brother's wife, for whom he has a warm affection. Quitting the theatre to fetch some medicine from a neighbouring apothecary, he sees an old woman, who, after looking at him very attentively, passes her shrivelled hand several times over the collar of his coat. Maurice, not quite understanding this familiarity, draws back, and looks at her attentively. "Her thin and colourless features were strangely contrasted with the benevolent vivacity which seemed to animate them." She asks him to sell his cloak, and, on his refusal, expresses some surprise that he can be attached to such a rag.

"No matter," he replies; "rag as it is, it is dear to me."

"Not for its beauty, surely?"

"No, but, if you must know, it is my father's legacy."

"Your father's? Oh, my child, you ought to honour his memory; for no one can deny that you are his son. Every feature resembles him, excepting that you have a good-natured sort of smile in the corner of your mouth, which he never had."

"Oh, yes, he had once, but the world had deprived him of it."

"Say, rather, that years had, child; for they do every thing in this world: and even I, who now talk to you, if I had some few scores of years less, would you have let me stand here in the snow so long? Oh no; you would have whipped this precious cloak over my shoulders."

"Go along, you old gipsy—such nymphs are not to my taste."

"Well, my son, the frankness of your heart pleases me, and I will reward it."

"Oh, pray keep your rewards: I am not in want of them."

"How naturally that word *want* comes out of your mouth; and merely because your head is full of it."

"Who are you, infernal sybil?" said Maurice, drawing her towards the light.

"The sight of my wrinkled face will give you no great pleasure, my child, but perhaps my advice may. Listen to me, then. Go home to your own chamber, look the door, and rip up the collar of your cloak, and when you have done so you will have nothing more to do but to pray to God, as the great king Solomon did, to grant you wisdom." As she spoke thus, the old woman hobbled hastily away.

Maurice put his hand to the collar of his cloak, and thought he heard a noise like the rustling of paper. He hastened back to Marie and the town clerk, and told them of his adventure.

"Just Heaven!" cried Waldan, "it must be so. You remember your late father, Maurice, and his eternal apprehensions, which all the locks in the world could not have quieted. You know, too, that he was often obliged to come to this city for the purpose of

receiving large sums of money. What would a suspicious man do in such a case? He would convert his money, not into gold, but into paper, because that might easily be concealed. I do not doubt, from the story of the old woman, who has perhaps been his hostess, his housekeeper, or some faded flower of the mysterious garland of the past, that this cloak served your father for a strong box. Better acquainted with handling ducats than a needle, he probably had recourse to this old woman. You know it was upon his return from a journey that he died. Marie, open the collar quickly; Maurice, take my scissors, they are in my bag—quick."

Marie uttered a joyful exclamation, as she felt papers through the fold of the cloth. At the same moment a loud noise was heard, and Maurice rose.

The unhappy Pierre, upon quitting the theatre in a state of distraction, had fallen into the canal, and, although he was quickly extricated, he had only time to mention the place of his abode before he died. The noise was caused by persons bringing home his corpse. In the confusion which followed, the cloak, now become so important an object, was stolen, and inquiries for its recovery were fruitless.

When the first grief for the death of Pierre is over, Maurice finds that his father's property, which he divides with his brother's widow, is enough to enable him to marry his Louisa: he returns to Berling; and on the day fixed for the wedding, on which also Waldan is married to Marie, the old woman appears at the door in the old cloak. Maurice brings her into the middle of the room.

"Who are you?" said he, "and where did you get this cloak?—What brings you here?—Quick—speak—explain yourself."

"You put a great many questions at once," said the old woman. "What brings me here?—Your good stars. As to the cloak—it is mine, for I bought it."

While she spoke Maurice looked at her distrustfully. "This old woman," said he to himself, "has duped me once, and would willingly do so again. She has found the money in the cloak, and has now come to make a merit of restoring just so much of it as she thinks fit."

The old woman seemed to comprehend what was passing in his mind. "I see what you think," said she; "but why, Mr. Giddybrain, did you thus despise my advice? why did you so easily abandon this precious cloak? Did I not find it one fine day hanging up before the shop of my neighbour, the old clothes man, who told me he bought it of a porter? and what would become of the bills for twenty thousand florins which are sewed up in it, if I had not bought them at the exorbitant price of three silver pieces? There, take your own; keep it more safely for the future, and thank Heaven for having preserved the life of your father's nurse."

Maurice embraces the old woman, who receives the praises and thanks of every body present. "Well, children," said she, "since you are all happy, you must find some little corner among you for me, where I may end my days in peace."

"O yes!" said Marie, with warmth, "you shall never quit us."

A few days afterwards you might have thought that the old woman had never quitted the ancient dwelling, so much did the two families seem to look upon her as a mother. Their happiness was such as springs from humble virtue. Piety, innocence, and gentleness, adorned their lives, and their days had passed in an uniform and peaceable manner, when, about a year after the return of the old nurse, she appeared one morning before Maurice in the same attitude as on the day of his marriage, and covered with the same old cloak. He offered to embrace her, but, repulsing him, "Gently," said she, "take care." "Do you bring me another treasure, then, my good mother?" She smiled as she opened the cloak: it was a son, which his Louisa had just given him.

ALFONZO AND ELLA.

Close by yon mountain's high and rugged steep
A castle stands, in ruins widely thrown,
O'er mouldering walls the moss and ivy creep,
And there the night-shade's poisonous leaves are shown;

Of, as I've heard, shrill thro' the ruins sweep,
The night blast's hoarse and tempestuous groan,
It seems some wandering fiend's loud rick of woe;
That over midnight's hour their wretchedness throw.

Long ere these cloud-topp'd towers had known decay,
When splendour, rank, and power have held their seat;
And many a knight and many a lady gay
Here spoke of love and felt its balmy sweet,
As thro' d' happiness light pass'd the day,
Leaving no wish unbrought they could regret;
When—but I have heard a tale of other days,
While woe and war their haggard heads did raise.

These towers brave Egbert for their lord then knew,
And he'd a daughter most bewitching fair,
Upon her cheek the rose had press'd its hue,
And the bright sun had ting'd with gold her hair,
And on her lips steep'd in ambrosial dew,
A smile had left its magic influence there;
Her form in elegance so graceful shone,
In beauty's matchless grace, she stood alone.

And she was virtuous as the far fam'd Ruth;
And lov'd Alfonso of renowned name,
And tall, and handsome was the favour'd youth,
And many honors wore of knighthood's fame,
To handsome Ella he did plight his truth,
And she believed—

Ricardo, too, the lovely maiden woo'd,
Dark low'd his brow, and hungry was his mind,
He swore the maiden's credence should be rood;
(For Ella had his suit of love declin'd)
And that his dagger's point should be imbro'd,
Swift as the madd'ner's and destructive mind,
Deep in his rival's blood; and that the brave
Alfonso, soon should mould'ring in his grave.

And now the morn, the joyous morn drew near,
When to the altar Ella must be led;
Led by the youth, to her pure heart more dear
Than the sweet light the splendid heav'n had shed;
But on her cheek was seen a pearly tear,
For still her bosom heav'd with anxious dread.
She thought of stern Ricardo and his hate,
Dreamt of revenge, and trembled for her fate.

Now o'er the mountain's brow bright Phoebus beams,
And clear the bells upon the breeze sound;
When Ella 'woke from love's corrupting dream,
And hall'd the balmy loveliness around;
It to her gentle heart elysium seems,
All nature wears a smile, the verdant ground
A richer beauty bears; more sweet the wood-lark sing
And morn, delightful morn, enchantment bring.

Where rears yon rock, resort for birds of prey,
A dreadful chasm's seen; the waters here
Adown the gulf their madd'ning, headlong way,
And round the rooted trees in furious curl
And from the rugged sides with powerful sway,
The pond'rous fragments 'mid the current whirl:
Oft would Alfonso roam upon its shore,
And thoughtful listen to the loud uproar—

A pleasing sadness o'er my soul is cast,
Whenever the water's hollowing rush I hear,
It speaks of days which are for ever past;
It tells me such is mankind's wild career;
And to their pleasures thus they speed as fast,
And in the vortex roll, 'till death draws near:
Then, while on pallets stretch'd, repentance, fear,
And retrospection steep each hour in tears.

Far different scenes Alfonso's thoughts employ,
He dreamt on all a bridegroom's rapturous bliss,
And hung upon the soul-dispelling joy,
The fond embraces, and the melting kiss,
And hope's fair prospects shone without alloy
Nor told of dire misfortune's dread alloy,
But ere he'd yet his plans of comfort made,
Three ruffians issued from the lonely glade—

Bravely he fought, as wont on armed fields,
Now falls one villain writhing in his blood;
They tremble as the sword Alfonso wields
Till snapt his blade, and he defenceless stood,
They rushed upon him, yet he did not yield,
Till headlong hur'd amid the roaring flood.
His form, the refted rocks,
To atoms dashed—not e'en a limb remain'd.

The sun, replendent from the ethereal, threw,
His golden rays along the sylvan vale,
The lark, no more with voice mellifluous, flew,
The bull's last notes were dying on the gale,
When Ella's tender heart alarm'd grew;
Terror's image her thoughts assum'd:
"O! haste then, love," she cried, "Alfonso sped,
Or Ella's heart with agony will bleed!"

He comes not—and her mind's still more distress'd
Attendants search the woe-lane rocks around;
(To Elin's bosom anguish firmly press'd)
They reach the chasm:—when, lo! upon the ground,
A dying wretch the muffled deed confess'd,
And told where vile Ricardo cruelly was found.
She hears, her trembling limbs no longer feel his aid,
And to the earth now falls the heart-broke maid.

Not long in sad oblivion thus she slept,
She woke and mad as madness o'er her senses came,
And thrills of horror through her bosom crept,
She gain'd the rock, call'd wildly on his name,
And down the dreadful precipice she leapt!—
The peasants' cries the fatal deed proclaim'd,
The heart-ri'd father heard his daughter's doom,
And his grey hairs soon found a lonely tomb.

Where howls the dark wind o'er the barren plain,
Upon a gibbet vile Ricardo hangs;
The ravens there with dismal screams complain'd,
While on the blast the fleshless body swang;
Appalling spectres on the tempest reign'd,
And horrid shrieks to the dark forest rang;
The Nightingale flash'd their high and vivid glare,
And the loud thunder shook the turbid air.

Oh, when the stars their silvery glimmerings throw,
And balmy zephyrs woo the blooming land,
Celestial sounds upon the still air flow,
And the rapt soul to ecstasy command,
The lovers' spirits then are seen to go
Along the ivied walls, and hand in hand
O'er all their favourite walks of former love,
And former scenes of happiness they rove.
Manchester, 1833. N. LAWHECARSIS.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

We have now all sorts of clubs and societies, composed of all sorts of odd fellows, who meet upon all sorts of occasions, and transact all sorts of business: but "Jack was a son gone," and accordingly I shall, without further preface, introduce to your notice an assemblage of old Blue Bottles belonging to Greenwich College under the title of the 'Quidam Association,' who meet at the "Jolly Sailor" for the purpose of recounting past adventures, and fighting their battles o'er again. It would do your heart good to hear them, and afford a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, could he but take a sly glance when the enthusiastic crisis is on, in the description of an engagement. I join them sometimes,—and I remember once Jack Rattlin had gone through the battle of the Nile, till the moment they were called from their quarters to board their opponent; he did it so naturally and bellowed so loudly, applying his hand to his mouth by way of speaking trumpet, "Boards on the starboard bow!" that the whole company rose spontaneously, and with visages like the grim ferryman that poets write of, seized crutches, sticks, wooden legs, &c. &c., and presented so formidable an appearance, that I began to get alarmed, but was soon relieved from apprehension by three hearty cheers,—the enemy had struck! This was a signal for the landlord to replenish,—but wait, you shall have all their pictures, from the president (for they've got a president as well as the United States) down to the last old Pigtail admitted. And first for the President. Jem Breecching was gunner's mate of the *Ajax* when she caught fire and blew up in the Dardanelles. The powder had got hold of his face, and never was there a better barometer in the world. You have only to look upon Jem's frontispiece to know which way the wind blows and what sort of weather is to be expected:—in easterly breezes 'tis as blue as a dying dolphin; to the southward, a cerulean hue; westerly, a greyish pink; but at north, eye at north, 'tis a beautiful mixture of every tint in the rainbow. A pair of small squinting ferret eyes, and a nose like the gooson of a dial; but there's a sort of Listonish look with him, a *Jenny-sey-Quenish* curl of the lip, that tells you at once he's fond of fun. Jem has one standing jest—his wooden pin.—Next on the list is old Sam Quketoes: he was purser's steward of the *Bedford* when the enterprising Captain Franklin was a lieutenant in the same ship, and talks much about the plays they performed on board. Indeed he says the whole ship's company were very fond of dramas. Sam jokes himself on his learning, and has Shakespeare "con'd by rote, to cast into our teeth; and in his

brain, which is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd with observations, the which he vents in mangled form, with overwhelming brow gulling of simples." Sam has a huge red proboscis dangling from a face of scarlet, that appears like a joint of meat roasting before a good coal fire, or like the sign of the red lion over the door of a brandy cellar; but his eye (that's his left eye, for the other's gone) is a speaking one, and if any body is disposed to quiz his forehead, it immediately flashes, "Two respect teipsum NOSSE."—Who have we next? Oh, Hameish Megan from the Highlands, but known now as James Hogarth. He was brought up in the town of Ayr, and received all the little education he ever had from Burns the poet, of whom he speaks in raptures, and often repeats his verses, particularly his "Address to the Devil," with great precision and fluency. Hameish was bound apprentice to a tailor; but finding they'd make use for claymores than breeks in the highlands, he listed into the 42d regiment, and was with them in Egypt when they engaged and defeated Boney's Invincibles. He has all the fire and spirit of the Gael, and when relating the account of their pinning the French up against the walls of Aboukir castle with their bayonets, he erects himself as stiff as buckram, and screws up his mouth like a button-hole. "Eh, (says he,) we measured our ground and cut out our work well that day, though there was money a gude yard of braid cloth spoiled by the ugly bayonets." Poor Hameish had a seam ript in his head by a French trooper, and a musket-ball took up a seating in his hip; so he was invalided, for marching was out of the question, as he bobbed up and down like a barrow with a broken wheel. But still he would serve his King, so he entered into the navy, and was in the *Victory* at the battle off Trafalgar, when Nelson fought and Britain triumphed. Here he got another wound; relentless Fate displayed her shears, and nearly snipp'd the thread of life; but he stuck to his stuff, and was in the *Agamemnon* when she was wreck'd in the River Plate. From thence he was sent into the *Mutine* sloop, and was at Buenos Ayres at the first declaration of their independence. This vessel brought home the Spanish deputy to the Court of Great Britain.—Teddy O'Shaughnessy has been in almost every ship of the navy, either as master at arms or as his look'em ten-ends, i. e. a ship's corporal. Teddy is a perfect original, and when at sea acquired the name of *Mittimus Oramus*, the Irish attorney-at-law; and I much question whether the late Counsellor Curran could handle a cause, sport a rap-party (as Teddy calls it,) or, as a punster, make a pun stir with more beeh-la. His spectacles, which he declares will make any man see *no-lens co-lens*, are mounted on a huge *Domine dirige nos* that meets an aspiring chin, defying every joke that can be levell'd against them, and seeming to say, "Aye, aye, *Quis seper-e-bit*." He wears his hair close crop'd, and nature has rendered it so coarse that it shows like a plantation of young broomsicks; and thereby hangs a tail, or rather stretches away from his neck in an horizontal direction like a tangent-screw, which fastens his head to his shoulders, always retaining the same situation, for Teddy's tail never varies.—Now comes my old and worthy friend Ben Marlin. You have already heard of him through the wonderful account which was real-lie, true-lie, and faithful-lie, (Ben's own account) related some time since. He prides himself upon being a bit of a *cog-no-squinteye*,—a sort of a critic that sees two ways at once, and has a small collection of queeriosities which he calls his muse-he-bum; for instance, his bacon-stopper is made of one of Noah's cheek teeth given him by an old Arab, who had it from the Wandering Jew. His prickier, which has been made to go into the hollow of the tooth, is the identical needle (descended to him in the thread of lineal gin-and-sle-oigie as heirloom of the Twist family) with which the first Mr. Twist raised himself to opulence, by sewing up a rent in the seat of Julius Cæsar's small-clothes. This needle has occasioned much controversy among the members, Sam Quketoes affirming that the Romans were sans colottes, or only had 'em of cast iron or brass; but Ben insists upon the matter, and furthermore adds, "The job was so cleverly done, that Mrs. Julius Cæsar preserved them as a specimen of British neatness and industry." Teddy sides with Sam, and says Julius was a highlander and wore petti-

coats; and Dick Wills, who knows a little of history, asserts that the ancient Britons were clad in winding-sheets stuck together with skewers; while Ben declares, from undoubted authority, that the Agricultural society—the Antiquarian I mean, but 'tis all one—are hourly expecting the identical pair of breeches to be dug from the ruins of Herodlanum. Jem Breecching gives them a knowing look, and after a few hems—"Gemmen, it's my opinion—I say, gemmen, it's my opinion that if Mrs. Julius Cæsar took such a fancy to the small-clothes, it is more than probable that they actually belonged to her in their primitive state, and that her husband had slipp'd them on by mistake, being unable to find his petticoats. I say, gemmen, he might have slipp'd them on by mistake, or in a hurry, through the uncourteous reception our forefathers gave him, and that she was compelled to adopt the coats, and so it has continued ever since. And this is no fundamental error, for I'm borne out in my argument that the inexpressibles were originally the natural privilege of the ladies, by the struggles which many gentlewomen make for them even in the present day; nay, are they not worn by the softer sex (here Jem rolls his goggle eye) in many parts of the world to this hour?" But for Ben's picture: he is a short, thick, punchy man, one leg exceeding bandy, the other perfectly straight;—but that's his wooden one; a face like a dripping-pan, proving him to be of greasian extraction; a short, club, bas-relief nose, scarce a quarter of the face, and, you know, to be in due proportion it should be exactly one-third; and this may be easily ascertained by the thumb, for the thumb is equal to one-third of the face, and the nose equal to one-third of the face; ergo, the thumb is equal to the nose. Q. D. If any body doubt this, let them measure their noses; indeed I'm not joking. As a portrait-painter I must give the true standard, though by the rule of thumb. Some people's noses, to be sure, are longer than others, and that accounts for their being so easily led by them. Ben has a precious great head, increased in size by an enormous wig, from under which, spite of all his efforts to the contrary, the upper flaps of his ears thrust themselves out, and play at be-peep with each other. He was shipmate in the —, under Lord A— B—, with a learned physician who now keeps his carriage, &c. in London, but was then Captain of the sweepers. "This M. D. however, (says Ben,) was always a scheming genius, and once bought a little-thousand clock-wheels, and set 'em all in motion to find out the longitude: he is a clever fellow, and eminent in his profession, well worthy of his de-plamper." Ben lost his leg in the gallant action of the E— frigate, Captain P—, when she took the — off the Black Rocks. And now I must lay down my brush for the present, as they have just piped to grog, so I hasten to wet my whistle and clear my pallet; but you may rely on an early description of the remaining members, their rules and regulations, their debates and harangues, &c. &c.; with many a tough yarn of most disastrous chances; of moving accidents by flood and field; of hair-breadth 'scapes; of Andes vast and deserts wild, and mountain waves whose heads touch heaven; of flying fish and swimming cows; and genuine anecdote of many a brave Commander. We have our critics too: witness Ben's remarks on my reading your extracts from "Memorable Days in America." "Why aye, (says he,) this is, without dis-guys, a matchless production, and will strike a light upon the subject. Well, things shouldn't be viewed with a dark lantern; I dare say it will make a pretty blow-up among the Yankees, for they all stick up for A-merry-ke, that dear, delightful star-banner'd country. 'Tis a pity they're not all constellations. But about them there dead and dying fish—I should like to know whether they were red herrings or pickled pilchards—if not, it looks very much like a whale. I've been a great while in the New World, and know a little about it. I dare say he passed through the Straits of Baffelman, where you can't square your yards for monkeys, and tells about the land crabs as big as donkeys. I've seen the black boys cat-b, mount, and ride races on 'em many a time—it beats Newmarket hollow! I'll tell you—" "Grog a-hoy!" Aye, aye, I'm coming, like seven bells half struck—like a cuckoo-clock maker—Good bye, Mr. Editor—like a bunch of sheep's trotters tied in granny's knots—like—like—like—

AN OLD SAILOR.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FIDELITY AND ATTACHMENT OF SLAVES.

Soon after the breaking out of the insurrection in St. Domingo, when the unfortunate whites were every where hunted and massacred, and their dwellings given up to fire and pillage, a negro, who loved his master, hastened to him with the first intelligence of the revolt, and the imminent danger in which he stood; "but," said this faithful slave, "I will save you, or perish myself in the attempt." He immediately conveyed his master to a place of safety, where he could be concealed for a while. In the dead of night he put him into a sack, and, placing him across a mule, conveyed him to some distance before dawn of day, and again concealed him in the cavern of a rock: at night again he renewed his journey; and in this manner did this faithful creature safely conduct his master a distance of an hundred miles, till he brought him to a navigable river, where he procured a canoe, and at night paddled it down with the stream till he came to a post occupied by the whites, to whom he delivered his master in safety and unharmed.

The other instance occurred in Jamaica during the Maroon war, and is well attested by several respectable gentlemen, who were eye-witnesses of the transaction. During the ambuscade-attack of the Maroons on Lieutenant-colonel Sandford's party of dragoons and militia, at a narrow defile leading from the New to Old Trellawny Maroon Town, a gentleman's negro servant, being close to his master, and observing a Maroon's piece levelled at him, he instantly threw himself between him and the danger, and received the shot in his body. Happily it did not prove mortal, and the faithful slave lived to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his master's gratitude.—*Stewart's Jamaica.*

FRENCH MISERIES.

(From the Literary Museum.)

I write for the benefit of my countrymen, and therefore make no apology to them. I am an old man, and (as they say in one of the new tragedies) "a crabbed man;" but I have, notwithstanding, some good-nature in me, as was lately proved by my consenting to come over to France, merely to gratify a whim of my daughter. I had scarcely landed at Calais, when I repented my rashness: but what could I do? I had let my house for a twelvemonth, discharged my servants, and promised Julia. We had a long and sick passage from Dover; but I will not, like a celebrated tourist whom I could mention, trespass on your sympathy with the disagreeable detail. It was dark when we anchored; the sea was rough—the packet could not approach the shore—and a crazy boat, half filled with water, ran us aground, or rather a-mud, a short distance from the pier. A host of rugged, ragged rascals, who waited our approach, waded up to us to give us welcome, and muttering some diabolical civilities (as I suppose), they darted upon us like wild beasts. Two of them lunged me over the side of the boat, hoisted me up in their arms, and landed me up to my knees in water. Half a dozen of these fellows contended for poor Julia, who, drenched and terrified, was carried screaming through the surge, (with the loss of her pelisse and bonnet torn to tatters in the struggle), and flung, more dead than alive, into my arms. I pulled out some money to pay for this service, when a dozen dirty fists extended themselves for the spoil. I threw all the loose pieces with which I was furnished to the scoundrels, and was making my way through a crowd of little grinning ruffians, who with a thousand gestures made me know that they would conduct me to where I could eat, drink, and sleep: but a fierce whiskerandos with cocked-hat and long sword, clapped me on the shoulder, calling out "passport, passport." I rummaged all my pockets, but discovered that I had left my passport (a sort of national letter of introduction) in the packet. Julia, with the utmost difficulty, made our examiner acquainted with this. I was surprised that he did not at once understand her, for she used to chatter French as fluently as a magpie, with a young lady one of her schoolfellows, both being educated at the dearest, and of course the best "female seminary" about town. Julia assured me that the fellow spoke only "patwaw," she called it, which is I fancy, Sir,

(perhaps you know though) some Eastern language. Indeed, on reflection, I think this fellow must have been one of the Mamelukes, which Booy brought from the East-Indies. Nothing would satisfy the brute but taking us prisoners to a little miserable guard-room, where half a dozen of his fellow savages immediately began to toulze us about, under pretence of searching for contraband goods. In vain did I struggle, and Julia scream. They laughed louder than we cried; and by alternate pinching and tickling, made me cry and laugh like a mountebank. As for poor Julia, she was brought into a little closet close by, where she underwent the same operation from the hands of a huge monster dressed in woman's clothes, but who was, I verily believe, nothing more nor less than a grenadier with his whiskers shaved off. At length a gentleman appeared who spoke English, and with the real swagger of authority interfered in our behalf. He told us he was "the Commissioner," which high-sounding title dropped like sweet music on my ears, and seemed in itself a safeguard. He asked me for the keys of our trunks, graciously assured us of protection, slurred over the formidable affair of the passport; and, in short, led us through the horrid-looking fortifications and dirty streets, into the kitchen of a hotel, where we had the comfort of being half roasted before a blazing fire: for, let them talk of the French climate as they will, it was bitter cold and wet on the 26th of July. The warmth, and the savoury smell, began to bring us to ourselves. I thought of eating: but Julia protested against such a step, fearful that they would give us only fricaseed frogs or stewed cats, disguised as chickens and rabbits. The people around, waiters, cooks, and scullions, burst out laughing, for it appeared they all understood English (a good thing to be known by such of your readers as will commit the folly of coming to this odious country), and my daughter, out of shame more than any thing else, consented to join the party just sitting down to supper, at the *table-d'hôte*.

We neither of us liked the look of the soup, but thought we were pretty safe in venturing on a slice of a roast leg of mutton. Being resolved to share all perils together, we each at the same moment put a piece into our mouths. Oh! How shall I describe the horrid taste? Stuffed with all kinds of abominations, in the name of a clove of garlic: this first attempt had nearly stifled us. I strove to swallow my portion, but in vain. Julia shrieked, and sputtered the nauseous morsel into the soup of her opposite neighbour; and, indeed, I believe the poor girl thought herself poisoned. Then came the torturing civilities of the by-standers, dosing her with water, wine, and vinegar (which last two, are nearly one and the same thing in this country). They soon brought on a return of the worst symptoms of sea-sickness. Sympathy worked hard within me; and as the best preventive, I swallowed a bumper of the table wine which stood before me. Never shall I forget the detestable trash! The very memory of it gives me a griping. But to pass over the subject of my "eating cares," (as Milton or Shakespeare, or some such fellow says), I must tell you, Sir, that we were at last shewn to our sleeping-rooms—large, cold, and comfortless, with four beds in each; but they assured us, as a great favour, that no stranger should intrude upon us. They placed me shaking and shivering between the sheets, and prepared to light a fire in the huge and gaping chimney. They flung in some burning wood, and heaped on that several green faggots, which looked like so many young trees freshly felled. In a moment a smoke arose, which it would have been almost impossible to cut through, when the three or four shabby and noisy attendants, who were always bustling about, one in the way of the other, each threw wide open a window, that reached from the ceiling to the floor; as many streams of wind rushed in, and a furious contest arose between them and the ever-thickening smoke. I thought myself at my last gasp; and, as my only refuge, I darted my head under the bed-clothes, which brought on a violent fit of coughing, that stuck to me the whole night, and, added to the hardness of the villainous mattress, prevented me getting a wink of sleep. After some time I popped my head from out of the covering; the attendants were vanished, the windows shut, the smoke nearly dissipated, and the fire extinct. I called on

Julia: who answered me from the adjoining room with sobs. She spent the night in crying. I, as I said before, in coughing: and the screaming voices of the chambermaids, the swearing of ostlers, and rumbling of carts, ushered in delightfully the dawn of day.

The first thing I thought of, was making my way to the window to see about the weather. I cautiously crept out of bed, put on my slippers, and made a stride towards the attainment of my object, when I suddenly slipped upon the waxed and polished flag which formed the floor; my heels tripped up, and I fell with my whole length, stunned, stretched, and corpse-like, in the middle of the floor! Poor Julia, who had just dropped into a dose, started from her sleep at the noise of my fall, and hurrying into my room, had nearly shared her father's fate. She came wofully, yet gracefully sliding along, holding by every piece of crazy furniture which lay in the way. The people of the house, alarmed by her screams, rushed in, and I was soon again on my legs, being, as they say of children in similar circumstances, "more frightened than hurt."

At breakfast they gave us what they called tea; a horrible potation of which sloe-leaves formed the best ingredient, and to which they added a quantity of boiled milk. The bread was sour, and the butter offensive. There were, moreover, some ragoons made up, to judge from the odour, of the remnants of the last night's leg of mutton; of which an English puppy beside me ate most voraciously, declaring that "the world contained nothing like French cookery." I fully agreed with him as far as my knowledge went. Anxious to get forward on our journey, as Julia assured me all our sufferings would end at Paris, I hurried our arrangements for a carriage, a valet, and a waiting maid for my poor girl. The first of these necessities was furnished by a gentleman, who assured me (through my interpreter, one of the waiters) that it was one of the best waiters, and he himself one of the most honourable men in the world; that, in fact, he had no profit whatever in the transaction, but was always delighted to keep the wheels of his carriage from rust, and to deal with an English gentleman. The servants were recommended by one of the innkeepers of the town, who could set "on his conscience speak for any thing but their honesty, for that he would answer with his life." This being the grand point, we agreed with the valet—a sharp, but modest looking young fellow; and the maid, who was, I thought, a flaunting hussy; but Julia assured me that she was convinced the girl had quite a *Parisienne* air, and I was perforce content. We called for the bill, and I paid it: that's all I shall say on the subject, except just that we were charged for eight beds, on pretence of travellers being so very sufficient to occupy those which we kept vacant. After all was settled, housemaids, waiters, boot-boys, interpreters, porters, messengers, guides, lord knows how many; and just as we were stepping into the carriage, out of a little office in the court-yard popped a dirty-looking fellow, in a greasy flannel jacket and black night-cap, who I quickly recognized as our friend and patron, the Commissioner. He had previously sent me my keys; and now came to demand the return which all people I meet with here expect for their cursed hollow-hearted civilities. Who do you think he was? Why the clerk of the hotel, who takes charge of the travellers' luggage! The Commissioner! Hi! ha! ha!

Once fairly started, the first act of our miseries was over; but oh! what a crowd the curtain that rose upon our travelling unveiled! I anticipate, Sir, the heart-yearnings which this sad recital will awaken in your compassionate breast. I see the tear "all in your eye," and ready to blot out the record for ever. Keep it a little longer from falling, I pray you, dear Sir. I assure you I have wherewith to add to your good-natured unhappiness, and I am resolved not to spare you. Give me but a little time, and I promise you to fill up the remaining scenes of my tragi-comical detail. On a *tongue*, as we say in France, I must tell you that I am out of actual danger; I am free from the perils of the highways and the inns; and I hope I have said enough to keep the sober part of my countrymen from running the risks.

LUKE SPRIGGS, Citizen of London.

Paris, Aug. 10, 1823.

NATURAL HISTORY.

(From James' Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.)

PRAIRIE-WOLVES.—They are by far the most numerous of our wolves, and often unite in packs for the purpose of chasing deer, which they very frequently succeed in running down and killing. This, however, is an achievement attended with much difficulty to them, and in which the exertion of their utmost swiftness and cunning are often so unavailing, that they are sometimes reduced to the necessity of eating wild plums, and other fruit to them almost indigestible, in order to distend the stomach, and appease, in a degree, the cravings of hunger.

Their bark is much more distinctly like that of the domestic dog, than of any other animal: in fact the first two or three notes could not be distinguished from the bark of a small terrier, but these notes are succeeded by a lengthened scream.

The wonderful intelligence of this animal is well worthy of note, and a few anecdotes respecting it may not be amiss. Mr. Peale constructed and tried various kinds of traps to take them, one of which was of the description called a "live trap," a shallow box reversed, and supported at one end, by the well known kind of trap sticks, usually called the "figure four," which elevated the front trap upwards of three feet above the slab flooring; the trap was about six feet long, and nearly the same in breadth, and was plentifully baited with offal. Notwithstanding this arrangement, a wolf actually burrowed under the flooring, and pulled down the bait through the crevices of the floor. Tracks of different sizes were observed about the trap. This procedure would seem to be the result of a faculty beyond mere instinct.

This trap proving useless, another was constructed in a different part of the country, formed like a large cage, but with a small entrance at the top, through which the animals might enter, but not return; this was equally unsuccessful; the wolves attempted in vain to get at the bait, as they would not enter by the route prepared for them.

A large double "steel trap" was next tried; this was profusely baited, and the whole, with the exception of the bait, was carefully concealed beneath the fallen leaves. This was also unsuccessful. Tracks of the anticipated victims were next day observed to be impressed in numbers on the earth near the spot, but still the trap, with its seductive charge, remained untouched. The bait was then removed from the trap, and suspended over it from the branch of a tree; several pieces of meat were also suspended in a similar manner, from trees in the vicinity; the following morning the bait over the trap alone remained. Supposing that their exquisite sense of smell warned them of the position of the trap, it was removed, and again covered with leaves, and the baits being disposed as before, the leaves to a considerable distance around were burned, and the trap remained perfectly concealed by ashes; still the bait over the trap was avoided. Once only this trap was sprung, and had fastened for a short time upon the bot of a species, which was shot the following day at a great distance; it proved to be a species distinct from the prairie-wolf.

THE COQUIMBO OWL.—In all the prairie-dog villages we had passed, small owls had been observed moving briskly about, but they had hitherto eluded all attempts to take them. One was here caught, and examination found to be the species denominated *quimbo*, or burrowing owl, (*strix cucularia*.) This slow citizen of the prairie-dog, unlike its grave and wise eugenera, is of a social disposition, and does retire from the light of the sun, but endures the strongest mid-day glare of that luminary, and is in all respects a diurnal bird. It stands high upon its legs, and flies with the rapidity of the hawk. The coquimbo owl, both in Chili and St. Domingo, agreeably to the accounts of Molina and Vieillot, digs large burrows for its habitations and for the purposes of incubation; the former author gives us to understand that the burrow penetrates the earth to a considerable depth, whilst Vieillot informs us that in St. Domingo the depth is about two feet.

With us the owl never occurred but in the prairie-villages, sometimes in a small flock much scatter-

ed, and often perched on different hillocks, at a distance deceiving the eye with the appearance of the prairie-dog itself in an erect posture. They are not shy, but readily admit the hunter within gun-shot; but on his too near approach, a part of the whole of them rise upon the wing, uttering a note very like that of the prairie-dogs, and alight at a short distance, or continue their flight beyond the view.

The burrows into which we have seen the owl descend, resembled in all respects those of the prairie-dog, leading us to suppose, either that they were common, though perhaps not friendly occupants of the same burrow, or that the owl was the exclusive tenant of a burrow gained by right of conquest. But it is at the same time possible, that as in Chili, the owl may excavate his own tenement.

From the remarkable coincidence of note between these too widely distinct animals, we might take occasion to remark the probability of the prairie-dog being an unintentional tutor to the young owl, did we not know that this bird utters the same sounds in the West Indies, where the prairie-dog is not known to exist.

WOOD-TICKS.—These insects, unlike the mosquitoes, gnats, and sand-flies, are not to be turned aside by a gust of wind, or an atmosphere surcharged with smoke, nor does the closest dress of leather afford any protection from their persecutions. The traveller no sooner sets his foot among them, than they commence in countless thousands their silent and unseen march; ascending along the feet and legs, they insinuate themselves into every article of dress, and fasten, unperceived, their fangs upon every part of the body. The bite is not felt until the insect has had time to bury the whole of his head, and in the case of the most minute and most troublesome species, nearly his whole body, under the skin, where he fastens himself with such tenacity, that he will sooner suffer his head and body to be dragged apart than relinquish his hold. It would perhaps be advisable, when they are once thoroughly planted, to suffer them to remain unmolested, as the head and claws left under the skin produce more irritation than the living animal; but they excite such intolerable itching, that the finger nails are sure very soon to do all finger nails can do for their destruction. The wound, which was at first almost imperceptible, swells and inflames gradually, and being enlarged by rubbing and scratching, at length discharges a serous fluid, and finally suppurates to such an extent, as to carry off the offending substance. If the insect is suffered to remain unmolested, he protracts his feast for some weeks, when he is found to have grown of enormous size, and to have assumed nearly the colour of the skin on which he has been feeding; his limbs do not enlarge but are almost buried in the mass accumulated on his back, which extending forward bears against the skin, and at last pushes the insect from his hold. Nothing is to be hoped from becoming accustomed to the bite of these wood-ticks. On the contrary, by long exposure to their venomous influence, the skin acquires a morbid irritability, which increases in proportion to the frequency and continuance of the evil, until at length the bite of a single tick is sufficient to produce a large and painful phlegmon. This may not be the case with every one; it was so with us.

The burning and smarting of the skin prompted us to bathe and wash whenever we met with water; but we had not long continued this practice, when we perceived it only to augment our sufferings by increasing the irritation it was meant to allay.

It is not on men alone that these bloody-thirsty insects fasten themselves. Horses, dogs, and many wild animals are subject to their attacks. On the necks of horses they are observed to attain a very large size. It is, nevertheless, sufficiently evident that, like mosquitoes and other blood-sucking insects, by far the greater number of wood-ticks must spend their lives without ever establishing themselves as parasites on any animal, and even without a single opportunity of gratifying their thirst for blood.

STANZAS.

'Twas morning—the first sun-beam broke
O'er the young mother, sleeping there;
From dreams of future bliss she woke,
And woke to breathe a mother's prayer.

She watch'd the cradle where he lay,
Her first-born pride, her infant boy;
With night her hope had pass'd away,
For death had crush'd her bosom's joy.

She call'd the young babe by his name,
Call'd, but she heard no flapping voice;
No little hand towards her came
To bid the mother's heart rejoice.
She gaz'd upon him dead—and prest,
While from her lips a faint shriek broke,
Her clay-cold baby to her breast—
No tear she shed, nor word she spoke.

But in that sorrow, silent, deep,
She bent o'er her departed long;
She gazed on him, yet did not weep,
But strove to wake him with a song.
And when at last they laid to rest
That blighted flower beneath the sod,
She followed him she loved the best—
O'er both the passing stranger trod.

H. L.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

'Tis sweet to look out at the still hour of even,
And gaze on the almond-trees shining afar,
When the hills they adorn wear the beauty of Heaven,
And each silver blossom seems lit by a star:
Then I turn to the waves of The calm Band Amir,
And see how the stars in the water appear;

For the earth and the sky are so lovelily blended,
When the beam of Halaly first struggles to birth,
One might fancy the stars from the sky had descended,
To play with the flowers that bloom on the earth:
'Tis a moment whose glory is equalled by none,
When the lights of two heavens are mingled in one.

There's not a flower that gems the side
Of yon clear fountain murmuring by:
There's not a playful wave can glide,
Whose sun-lit beauties catch my eye;
There's naught of pure or bright I see,
But I am sure to think of thee.

When I behold the radiant blaze
Of Mihri just peeping o'er the billow;
When I behold his evening rays
Sink lightly on their gorgeous pillow;
When aught of pure or bright I see,
My love, my life, I think of thee.

There's not a bird whose varied wing
Displays a thousand glittering dyes;
There's not a beauteous cloud can fling
Its dawn of glory o'er the skies;
There's naught of pure or bright I see,
But I am sure to think of thee.

When I behold the stars of night
(A lonely hour at eve beguiling)
Pour down their stream of quivering light,
Like groups of youthful Peris smiling;
When aught of pure or bright I see,
My love, my life, I think of thee!

* The ancient Araxes. † The Moon.
‡ The Sun. § Imaginary beings, fairies.

FINE ARTS.

ANGERSTEIN GALLERY.—A celebrated picture-dealer is at present employed in providing the Marquis of Hertford with a collection of paintings for his Lordship's new mansion in Piccadilly. It is said that the Noble Marquis includes the Angerstein Gallery. The sum he is reported to have paid for this unique selection of *chef d'œuvres* is differently stated, some fixing it at 40,000*l.* and others at 45,000*l.*

VARIETIES.

COFFEE A SUBSTITUTE FOR WINE.—It is said in the *Almanach des Gourmands*, that the celebrated amateur, Dr. Gastaldy, prevented the return of the gout by frequent libations of coffee à l'eau, particularly after dinner, as it forms a much better digestive than wine, and prevents crudities and obstructions of the bowels, often the forerunners of the gout.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday, as a young lady was travelling on horseback from Hucking to Maidstone, she was greatly alarmed by the discharge of a gun over a hedge. Several shot struck her clothes, and she was nearly thrown off by the horse, but fortunately she escaped without personal injury. It subsequently appeared that the gun was fired by a young sportsman, who, seeing the lady's feathers above the hedge, concluded that they must belong to a bird.

MUSICAL INQUIRY.—A new mad-house has been erected at Milan, near the Port de Saint Celso, which contains a musical saloon, with different sorts of musical instruments, for the practice of the inmates. The object is to ascertain whether music has a beneficial effect over mental disease.

BEN JONSON.—As the workmen were excavating a vault in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, last week, to receive the remains of the Lady of Sir Robert Wilson, they discovered at the head of it a leaden coffin, in a perpendicular position, which they found upon examination to contain the skeleton entire of Ben Jonson, the poet.—Tradition states, that Ben Jonson, while he was seriously indisposed, was asked where he would be buried? He replied, "I will be interred in Westminster Abbey if I can get a foot of ground;" and that the Dean of Westminster gave sufficient ground, about two feet square to admit the coffin in a perpendicular position; and a square hole was dug and the corpse admitted head downwards.—At the top of the hole a stone, about eighteen inches square, was found, with the initials "B. J." upon it, in rather illegible characters.

GREEK PUNCTUALITY.—The master of a Greek vessel and his crew astonished the inhabitants of Marseilles a short time since by carrying the cargo of their small vessel, consisting of rice, to the market-place and distributing it *gratis* to the poor. It may easily be supposed that their customers increased hourly when the circumstances were made known; and several other cargoes might have been speedily disposed of on the same terms. These poor men, it seems, were caught in a dreadful storm in the Mediterranean; and having betaken themselves to prayers, according to the forms of the Greek Church, they made a vow to give their cargo to the poor, if Providence should be pleased to spare their vessel and their lives for the sake of their wives and families. The storm abated, and they gained Marseilles in safety, where they rigidly performed their vow. It is to be observed, that the master and crew of a Greek vessel are all joint owners, in certain proportions, of ship and cargo.

METHOD OF OBTAINING NATURAL FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you wish to preserve, such as are latest in blooming and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long: cover the end of the stem immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk, wrap each of them separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter or any other time when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds over night, cut off the end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre or salt has been infused, and the next day you will see the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colours, and breathe their agreeable odours.

A MASOR LONGBOW.—At a time when Matthews is making the world laugh with his Longbow stories, the following parallel may amuse:—"A friend, (says the relator,) lately returned from abroad, calling on me one morning, I enquired if he had seen any thing very particular during his travels? He replied 'No; with the exception, perhaps, of a curious mode they have in Siberia of procuring the skin of the Sable. Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water, and some carrion meat; he deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his elevation with incredible rapidity, his pursuer with a sharp knife cuts him transversely on the face. The Sable, from the excess of pain, taking an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin, of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter!!' Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animals, my friend assured me that he never could have believed it had he not frequently beheld it himself."

BONAPARTE AND ENGLISH SAILORS.—Napoleon and Maria Louisa returning from their journey in Holland,

arrived at Gevet on the Meuse, where several hundreds were at that time assembled. A sudden storm arose; there was a heavy fall of rain, the river overflowed its banks, and the postoon bridge was broken, and rendered impassable. However, the emperor, anxious to continue his journey, and not being in the habit of thinking any thing impossible, resolved to cross the river at all hazards. All the boatmen in the neighbourhood were collected together; but none would attempt to cross. "However," said Napoleon, "I am determined to be on the other side of the river before noon." He immediately ordered some of the principal English prisoners to be brought to him: "There are many of you here," said he, "are there any sailors among you?" "There are 500 of us, and we are all seamen," was the reply. "Well, I want to know whether you think it possible to cross the river, and whether you will undertake to convey me to the opposite bank." It was acknowledged to be a hazardous attempt, but some of the veterans undertook to accomplish it. Napoleon got into the boat with a degree of confidence that surprised us, and he reached the opposite bank in safety. He heartily thanked those who had rendered him this act of service, and ordered that they should be provided with new clothes. To this he added a pecuniary present, and granted them their liberty.—*Las Cases.*

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

FROM SCHILLER.

When Jove had encircled our planet with light,
And had roll'd the pure orb on its way,
And had given the moon to illumine it by night,
And the bright sun to rule it by day;
The reign of its surface he form'd to agree
With the wisdom that govern'd its plan;
He divided the earth, and apportion'd the sea,
And he gave the dominion to man.
The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,
And the husbandman seized on the plain;
The fisherman launch'd his canoe on the flood,
And the merchant embark'd on the main.
The mighty partition was finished at last,
When a figure came listlessly on;
But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast
When he found that the labour was done.
The men of disorder, the wreath which he wore,
And the frenzy that flash'd from his eye,
And the lyre of ivory and gold which he bore,
Proclaim'd that the Poet was nigh;
And he rush'd all in tears, at the fatal decree,
To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,
And complain'd that no spot of the earth or the sea
Had been given the Bard as his own.
And the Thunderer smiled at his prayer and his mien,
Though he mourn'd the request was too late;
And he ask'd in what regions the Poet had been
When his lot was decided by fate.
Oh! pardon my error, he humbly replied,
Which sprung from a vision too bright;
My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
Entranc'd in these regions of light.
It hung on thy visage, it bask'd in thy smile,
And it rode on thy glances of fire;
And forgive, if, bewilder'd and dazzled the while
I forgot every earthly desire.
The earth, said the Godhead, is portion'd away,
And I cannot reverse the decree;
But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,
And their portal is open to thee.

MANCHESTER.

MISS PATON.—This lady made her first appearance before the Manchester public in Mr. Kenney's Concert, in the Theatre-Royal, on Friday evening the 5th instant. Of Miss M. Tree we have formerly spoken in the highest terms—Miss Paton is entitled to equal praise. Speaking generally, the smiling, undistorted countenances, the agreeable compass and fine modulations of voice, and the unaffected and finished style, of these ladies, are peculiarly attractive, and we hang upon their sweetness of tone and distinct articulation with exquisite delight and inexpressible admiration.

Miss Paton's "Elena!" from the opera of "Donna del Lago" was, to us, as pleasing as vocal sounds could possibly be when wholly destitute of signification! The same may be said of "Giovinette" by Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio; but of "Bid me discourse," "Lo! here the gentle lark," and "Mary of Castle Carey," all by

Miss Paton, we must speak without restriction—our praise is unqualified, because our bosoms glowed with sensations which were sweet and undefinable,—with feelings which annihilated the scrutinizing vigilance of criticism, and placed us in the sphere of refined gratification and intense enjoyment. Mr. Sapio, who was much fatigued from long journeys, &c. acquitted himself in his usual masterly style; but we did not admire his selection.

Amongst the instrumental pieces the "Introduction and Polonoise" on the violin by Mr. Cadmore, very justly received great applause; as leader, his attention throughout the evening was incessant. Mr. Kenney's performances on the flute were excellent, although not in his very happiest style; Mr. Horrab's harp, in beauty and sound, had attractions, which, in our opinion, should at least rescue it from neglect, if not render it extremely fashionable. The house was in every part well, or comfortably filled—Boxes elegant, Pit genteel, Gallery very respectable, and all appeared much pleased and highly entertained; upon the whole, as Mr. Kenney received spirited and distinguished support and unequivocal approbation, we sincerely hope that confidence will grow out of his present experience, and that improved arrangements will still more clearly manifest his taste and exertions.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPUR's lucubration is rather too personal.—He might have done us the justice to remember the protest which we have made more than once, that we will never admit into the IRIS attacks on private character.—We are proud in having to say, that, notwithstanding an erroneous impression among some of our readers to the contrary, we have not, knowingly, deviated in a single instance from this principle.—If we have ever inserted in our publication any paper justly censurable in this point of view, we most discreetly lament the circumstance.—It is impossible for us to discover every little personal allusion contained in the papers which we daily receive.—The conductors of a public paper, like the IRIS, are, in this respect in particular, great claimants upon the candour and liberality of his readers.

We are unable to give *Publius* any information respecting the short-hand publications about which he inquires.—We agree with him in thinking that, a *Prayer-book*, or extracts from the Poets, in short-hand, would not be an unprofitable speculation.—A trial might certainly be made on a small scale, without much expence.

Concerning the translation of "*Pascal's Provincial Letters*," we have only to say, that we know of no one engaged to present in the undertaking.—Our columns will always be open to any intelligent correspondent who may send us a favourable specimen.—No person can think more highly than we of those admirable compositions.—The task would have been worthy of the pen of Addison, who, perhaps, could have done it justice.

The communications of G. D.; The opposite of a Bachelor; F.; and W.;—are received.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. GREGORY AND THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

[We are sorry that the following letter, which confirms our opinion of the liberal and gentlemanly character of Dr. Gregory, was not received in time for our last publication.—The Iris was at press before it reached us, otherwise we should have submitted to inconvenience to effect its insertion.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Your correspondent "*Civis*" is perfectly right in his conjecture, that the extreme commendation bestowed upon me in the "*Imperial Magazine*," is far from gratifying to my feelings. He would have been equally right had he assumed, as I beg to assure him he might have done with perfect safety, that I am not responsible for the biographical article to which he refers. Its statements are, with a few exceptions, tolerably correct; but it is more consistent with my disposition and habits to shrink from, than to court, the publicity into which they would seem to have thrown me. The highest reputation to which I have aspired, is that which "*Civis*" assigns me—the reputation of being *useful*; and I have simply to request that neither he nor the public will imagine that I am eagerly grasping at popularity, because some kind friend, whose memoir I did not see till it was in print, has spoken of me in a strain of panegyric which (as no person can be more conscious than myself) is far, very far, beyond my humble merits.

In reference to M. Biot's proceedings in the Shetland Isles, I may be permitted to say, that, so far as I can judge from his strictures, "*Civis*" is very inadequately acquainted with them, as well as with my reasons for having hitherto abstained from publishing any account of them. I have a growing repugnance to controversy, and believe, moreover, in the present case, that if I were to *publish* my narrative, as my friends who have read it have often urged me to do, it would not be found interesting to twenty persons in the kingdom. If "*Civis*," however, have any wish to be better informed upon this subject than he at present seems to be, and to learn in what manner M. Biot, by his most extraordinary conduct, defeated the main object of the expedition: should he ever visit London, and favour me with his real name and address, I shall cheerfully accede to an arrangement which will enable him to sit down quietly in my library, and read the narrative in question from my own manuscript written in 1817.

Should he ever accomplish this, and should he be, as I presume he is, a lover of truth, and a man of generous feelings, he will then, I doubt not, be eager to address to you another letter, in which he will speak both of the French philosopher and of his English associates on the Shetland expedition, in language very different from that which he has now employed.

Having thus proposed to your correspondent a way in which I shall be happy to assist him in ascertaining the truth, I beg to say that I shall

attend respectfully to any communication which he may make to me in his own name; but my time is too valuable to allow of my taking any further notice of anonymous animadversions.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your's respectfully,

OLINTHUS GREGORY.

Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Sept. 11th, 1823.

CIVIS AND DR. GREGORY.

The Biographer* of Dr. Gregory in that very interesting work, the IMPERIAL MAGAZINE, says, "in the metaphysical department we read the name of Dugald Stewart, in the chemical that of Sir Humphrey Davy, and in the mathematical, holding a conspicuous rank, appears the name of Dr. Gregory."—Now these are INDISPUTABLE facts;—Stewart is esteemed as a lecturer on Moral Philosophy; Davy is pre-eminent as an experimental and philosophical Chemist; and Dr. Gregory's official appointment† (independently of his valuable scientific works) is a decisive proof of his knowledge and abilities as a Mathematician. However, on the above extract, *Civis* remarks—"This association is really ludicrous."—What association? How is Dr. G. associated with Stewart in *metaphysics*?—Or with Davy in *chemistry*? *Civis* must re-peruse the paragraph, when his declamation will appear to himself, as it certainly does to every other reader—purely *gratuitous and unjustifiable*.

Civis not only derogates from Dr. G. on account of a *fancied* association, which, even in *reality*, could add nothing to the Doctor's professional reputation in the estimation of liberal and competent judges, but, he also assumes a comparative rank for the Doctor which is equally unwarranted from the Memoir. He says, Dr. G. "has extended the bounds of science on the relation of solid angles, a discovery certainly curious, and formerly thought to be impossible. This discovery does not by any means warrant us in placing him at the head of the British Mathematicians."—Who ever thought it did? Has Dr. G. made such a claim in consequence of his discovery? Has his Biographer even *implied* as much? Then why fabricate objections to obtain scope to disparage and calumniate? *Civis* must learn that, in the English language, there are certain degrees of comparison; and when he has thus learned, he will perceive the view of the Biographer.—For, Dr. G. is named as—"holding a *conspicuous* (not "*THE HEAD*" or *most conspicuous*) rank in the mathematical department."—That is, he is eminent; or, to

* To the credit of this writer I positively affirm that his account of the life of Dr. Gregory is one of the most impartial sketches I ever perused. The Dr. is (in the estimation of every unprejudiced and enlightened judge) one of the most eminent literary and scientific gentlemen in the British dominions, and they are, I presume, inferior to none in the world; in addition to this, from a knowledge very sufficient, and far superior to that possessed by *Civis*, I am confident that the Doctor is one of the mildest and least ostentatious men of the age.—To asperse such a man may be congenial to the views or disposition of *Civis* in his real character, but no conscientious, intelligent member of society would be guilty of such egregious folly.

† Professor of Mathematics, &c. in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

use *Civis*' own words, as "*he has extended the bounds of science*," and that too in a point "*formerly thought to be impossible*," he, most assuredly, is a man of DISTINGUISHED TALENT! This is consequent upon *Civis*' own admission; but *Civis* affirms that the Doctor "is in INVENTIVE GENIUS far inferior to Ivory, Herschell, Leslie, Woodhouse and a number of others."—Let "*Ivory, Herschell, Woodhouse and a number of others*" attempt the discharge of Dr. Gregory's OFFICIAL duties, (of which *Civis*, by the bye is *perfectly ignorant*) and I am pretty confident that they will readily confess that their "*inventive genius*" is much more easily attained than a competent knowledge of the less speculative and infinitely MORE USEFUL courses which are *elucidated and taught* by Dr. Gregory.

To conclude this scientific ordeal, I shall briefly notice, that, in addition to numerous and extensive literary and scientific works, Dr. Gregory is the author of a most interesting, comprehensive, and conclusive treatise "*ON THE EVIDENCES, DOCTRINES, AND DUTIES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION*."—In which work, *Civis* and the world may learn an infinitely more pure, valuable and sublime philosophy than any hitherto found in the lectures or outlines of Dugald Stewart.—A philosophy which dignified Locke and immortalized a Newton!

Dr. Gregory is extremely popular in his official connexions, and most amiable in all the relations of social and domestic life. Nevertheless, *Civis*, in moral, as in scientific, character, presumes to fabricate for Dr. G. a comparative standard.—He says—"It has given me some concern to see the writer of the memoir attempt to raise the reputation of Dr. Gregory at the expense of that of a SUPERIOR character"—meaning Biot, the French philosopher, who is charged with "*impetuous disposition*" and "*national prejudice*." Taking it for granted that *Civis* is wholly ignorant of the "*character*" of these gentlemen, and assuring him that however excellent the Frenchman may be, Dr. G. is still his EQUAL.—I would recommend *Civis* to obtain more accurate information, and to manifest a little more discretion in his future animadversions. And, lest he should consider my remarks unwarrantably severe, I beg to introduce a character from Mrs. More's Essays with a few parallel illustrations from his strictures.

Character.

"When the malevolent intend to strike a very deep and dangerous stroke of malice, they commend the object of their envy for some trifling quality or advantage which it is scarcely worth while to possess: they proceed to make a general profession of their own good will and a regard for him, and artfully remove any suspicion of their design, and clear all obstructions for the insidious stab they are about to give; for who will suspect them

Illustrations.

"I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of Dr. Gregory. He is the author of a number of valuable elementary works." "*Dr. Gregory has many admirers, and I am of the number.*" The declamatory "*stab*" arises from the extract in my first paragraph and proceeds—"This association is really ludicrous; and must, assuredly, be very painful to the Doctor's feelings if he chance to hear of it. It has too much the appear-

Character.

of an intention to injure the object of their professed esteem? The hearer's belief of the fact grows in proportion to the seeming reluctance with which it is told, and to the conviction he has, that the relation is not influenced by pique or resentment, but that the confession is extorted from him against his will, and purely on account of his zeal for truth."

HANNAH MORE.

Illustrations.

ance of burlesque. It furnishes another example of what a man sometimes suffers from the intrusive and injudicious officiousness of those who wish to be thought his friends. I willingly give the biographer full credit for the best intentions. But the Dr. has no claim to the very elevated situation in which it is proposed to place him." The vindication of names (which were never aspersed) is pleaded by Civis—"The Doctor's warmest admirers must allow that in inventive genius, which can alone entitle a philosopher to any thing like pre-eminence, he is far inferior to Ivory, Herschell," &c. "It is hoped, that, if ever he (Biot) happens to see the silly invective (impetuous disposition and national prejudice) of mortified imbecility (Is the Doctor or the Biographer the mortified foolish fool?) he will not, for a moment, mistake it for the sentiments of the British nation.—CIVIS."

Manchester, Sept. 1823.

J. M.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It has often been a matter of surprise and regret to me, that in a town containing so many scientific men as Manchester, there are yet no means of diffusing a general knowledge of Philosophy and the Sciences throughout the various classes of the community, and which might so well be effected through the medium of Public Lectures.

The Literary and Philosophical Society, which justly ranks high abroad as well as at home, affords its members the means of gaining information in the Arts and Sciences, and of acquiring the most perfect views of any recent improvement or discovery that has taken place in them. Comparatively speaking, however, there are few who have sufficient leisure to devote to these pursuits, in order to qualify themselves to become members of that Institution; yet many who labour under this disadvantage, would freely avail themselves of the benefit resulting from an attendance on public lectures.

Having been given to understand, that during the ensuing winter there will be lectures delivered on various branches of Science at the Philosophical Rooms, and observing a short time ago the announcement of a course on Chemistry by Mr. Davies, I hope such encouragement will be given to the different lectures, as may ultimately lead to the establishment of regular periodical courses. I am convinced, that to do good, lectures must be delivered regularly, for casual ones are more frequently attended from mere novelty, than from any real desire on the part of those who attend to be benefitted by them. Manchester, from comprising so many individuals interested in Mechanics, and every improvement which takes place in that science, affords ample scope for lectures on that subject; and this town, where machinery is so extensively employed, would derive from such lec-

tures incalculable advantage. Were there lectures delivered regularly on Chemistry, Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Optics, Pneumatics and the various branches of Natural Philosophy, I am sure that they would be well attended. The student who is in search of knowledge, would through these means acquire the elementary principles of the Sciences, and such general views as would lay a foundation for his private studies; and he whose chief or sole object is amusement, would have it in his power to fill up his leisure hours in a rational and interesting manner. Many, in place of spending their evenings so unprofitably as at cards, and in dissipation, would be induced to follow these more enlightened pursuits, and thus there would be diffused throughout the better educated classes of society, a higher tone of feeling, and more enlarged views than are capable of being produced by cards and such like amusements. Man surely was formed for noble and worthy objects, and to that individual every member of society is indebted, who endeavours to elevate him in the scale of being—to render his pursuits worthy of his nature—worthy of a rational, a moral, and an immortal being.

There is one class of students, the medical, who may be exempted from the preceding remarks, as we have able Lecturers on Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery; and few towns afford such advantages to the young medical man, as are furnished by the practice and other things annexed to our public Institutions for the reception of the sick. I cannot, however, suppress my surprise, that Anatomy, and Physiology, should be so little sought after as subjects of general knowledge, seeing their intimate connexion with Geology, and other branches of Science of a very interesting nature.

The Natural History Society, which has been so well supported since its commencement, and which is gradually extending its sphere, will, it is to be hoped, in the course of time afford the public an additional gratification, by the establishment of Lectures in connexion with that Institution.

Another project, with an auspicious commencement, has broken in upon us within these few days, namely, the formation of an Institution for the promotion and encouragement of the Fine Arts. Report and the public prints inform us, that such an establishment is already placed beyond a doubt, the extensive premises at the top of King-street known by the name of the Repertory, having been purchased for that purpose. The town will remain in a state of anxious suspense, until a detailed plan of the objects of the institution be made public. I trust that the projectors will take a more extensive view of what such an institution is capable of effecting than that which they seem now to contemplate. It may be made to embrace other branches of the Arts and Sciences of general interest, and thus by concentrating men of different pursuits, may lead to results honourable to this improving town. From the enlightened spirit, and cultivated taste, which are gradually gaining ground amongst my townsmen, I do not despair of very shortly seeing this evil removed, namely, THE WANT OF REGULAR LECTURES IN MANCHESTER, ON THE DIFFERENT BRANCHES OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES. I shall not take upon myself, however, to suggest the means of attaining this desideratum, having shewn the defect which exists, I shall leave to others the arrangements competent to its removal.

Z.

Manchester, 16th Sept. 1823.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—On perusing, in the Manchester Iris of the 13th instant, your interesting and very judicious remarks upon the several vocal and instrumental performances in Mr. Renney's Concert, I felt much disappointed on finding that this gentleman's flute accompaniment to Miss Paton's "*Lo here the gentle lark*" was passed over without remark; although, to me, it appeared not only exquisitely chaste, but also to display admirable taste, and very praise-worthy attention. With you I agree that Mr. Renney's pieces were all well executed, but his delicacy and solicitude throughout the accompaniment imparted an additional grace to this performance, and gave it a very superior cast. I shall feel extremely happy should your opinion confirm that of

AN AMATEUR.

Manchester, Sept. 16, 1823.

[Most cheerfully do we confirm the above opinion—it is perfectly correct. On our part the omission was unintentional, and we are happy in rendering Mr. Renney the praise to which he is justly entitled. An Amateur has our thanks. Es.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS HOWARD EARL OF ARUNDEL.

As a cultivator of the arts, a patron of their professors, and a collector of their finest monuments, the Earl of Arundel stands beyond all praise. His unwearied pains, and unbounded expense, in amassing the largest and choicest treasures of Greek and Roman antiquities that were ever possessed by an English subject, have perhaps procured him credit for more learning than he really had. Indeed, it is little probable that such a man, in such an age, should have been a minute scholar; but whatever was the degree of his literature, his sagacity and his taste directed it to the noblest means of national improvement. He had almost the sole merit of first diverting learned men from the wretched and unprofitable cavils of the schools to the classical elegancies of antiquity. He encouraged them by his example; supported them with his purse; placed full in their view the most splendid memorials of that ancient perfection which he wished to emulate; and founded a new æra in the studies of his countrymen. It is somewhat strange that he should not have taken all possible precautions to fix his unparalleled collection always in the possession of his male heirs; and, indeed, his apparent carelessness on that head might lead us to suppose that he rather wished it to be dispersed, as in fact it was within a few years after his decease. He divided his personal estate between his eldest and second surviving sons, Henry Frederic Lord Maltravers, and William, afterwards Viscount Stafford. Henry, second son of the former, and sixth Duke of Norfolk, about the year 1668, gave a part of his moiety, the celebrated *Parian Chronicles*,* as they are called, to the University of Oxford; and the remainder descended to his son, Henry, the seventh Duke, and were afterwards mostly possessed, we know not by what means, by his divorced lady. She sold the statues to the Earl of Pomfret (whose widow gave them also to that University), and left the gems to her second husband, Sir John Germaine, whose second wife, Lady Elizabeth (Berkeley), owned them in her widowhood, not many years since. Lord Stafford's portion remained with his heirs till 1720, and was in that year sold by auction, at his house, Tart Hall, just without Buckingham Gate, which was then pulled down. Some curious relics of the collection fell into the hands of the Hon. Charles Howard, ancestor to the present Duke of Norfolk.

* Called also, from the name of the Earl of Arundel, the Arundelian Marbles.

folk, as residuary legatee to his grandmother, the Dowager Countess Alatheia, and were by him carried to his mansion of Greystock Castle, where they still remain.—*Lodge's Portraits of the most Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.*

CHARACTERS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, AND HANNIBAL.—BY BONAPARTE.

Alexander, when scarcely beyond the age of boyhood, with a mere handful of brave troops, conquered a quarter of the globe. But was this achievement the result of a mere accidental irruption? No; all was profoundly calculated, boldly executed, and prudently managed. Alexander proved himself at once a distinguished warrior, politician, and legislator. Unfortunately, on attaining the zenith of glory and success, his head was turned, and his heart corrupted. He commenced his career with the mind of Trajan; but he closed it with the heart of Nero, and the manners of Heliogabalus.

Hannibal is perhaps a surprising character, from the intrepidity, confidence, and grandeur, evinced in all his enterprises. At the age of twenty-six, he conceived what is scarcely conceivable, and executed what must have been looked upon as impossible. Renouncing all communication with his country, he marched through hostile or unknown nations, which he was obliged to attack and subdue. He crossed the Pyrenees and the Alps, which were presumed to be impassable, and descended upon Italy, sacrificing the half of his army for the mere acquisition of his field of battle, the mere right of fighting. He occupied and governed Italy for the space of sixteen years, being several times within a hair's breath of possessing himself of Rome, and only relinquished his prey when his enemies, profiting by the lesson he had set them, marched to attack the Carthaginian territory. Can it be supposed that Hannibal's glorious career and achievements were the mere result of chance, and fortune's favours? Certainly, Hannibal must have been endowed with great vigour of mind, and he must also have possessed a vast consciousness of his own skill in the art of war, when, being interrogated by his youthful conqueror, he hesitated not to place himself, though subdued, next in rank to Alexander and Pyrrhus, whom he esteemed as the first of warriors.—*Last Cases.*

CHARACTER OF ALIA BHYE.

Her first principle of government appears to have been moderate assessment, and an almost sacred respect for the native rights of village officers and proprietors of lands. She heard every complaint in person, and although she continually referred causes to courts of equity and arbitration, and to her ministers, for settlement, she was always accessible; and so strong was her sense of duty, on all points connected with the distribution of justice, that she is represented as not only patient but unwearied in the investigation of the most insignificant cases, when appeals were made to her decision.

Aware of the partiality which was to be expected from information supplied by members and adherents of the Holkar family, regarding Alia Bhye, facts were collected from other quarters to guard against the impressions, which the usual details of her administration are calculated to make. It was thought the picture had been overcharged with bright colours, to bring it more into contrast with the opposite system that has since prevailed in the countries she formerly governed; but, although enquiries have been made among all ranks and classes, nothing has been discovered to diminish the eulogiums,

or rather blessings, which are poured forth when her name is mentioned. The more, indeed, enquiry is pursued, the more admiration is excited; but it appears above all extraordinary, how she had mental and bodily powers to go through with the labours she imposed upon herself, and which from the age of thirty to that of sixty, when she died, were unremitted. The hours gained from the affairs of the state were all given to acts of devotion and charity; and a deep sense of religion appears to have strengthened her mind in the performance of her worldly duties. She used to say, that she "deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power;" and in the full spirit of a pious and benevolent mind was wont to exclaim, when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, "Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty."—*Malcolm's Memoir of Central India.*

PRESENTIMENT.

(Concluded from our last.)

Necessity soon loses all ceremonious distinctions, and I then, yet giving due notice of approach, passed through the outer room towards another door, perceptible by a slight ray of light proceeding from behind it. Still, however, all continued silent, and I was altogether at a loss to account for this unaccountable silence. I listened, and fancied I could distinguish the sound as of two persons whispering, and, rendered valorous by distress, I was resolved to fathom the cause of this so rude a neglect of all common hospitality. I again listened, and perceiving that the same sound continued, went forward to the place whence it came, for the purpose of operating on the topic as well as on the aricular nerves of those who might appear within. The door was partly open, and I discovered an old woman sitting in a sort of chair beside the hearth, which was covered with the embers of what should have been a large fire, the dusky blue smoke of which still continued to ascend the chimney in large volumes, and gave a melancholy hue to all around. My curiosity was excited, and I examined, as narrowly as I was well able, the room and its decorations, and the nature of the employment in which she was so abstractedly engaged. It appeared to be furnished with two or three old chairs, and articles of ancient furniture, the uncouth appearance of which accorded well with the personage whom they surrounded. I could discover none of the usual accompaniments or appendages to the chamber of a common cottage, but every thing exhibited an air unaccountably strange and mysterious: the spiders seemed to have unobtrusively attached their universal webs, in thick and angular drapery, to all parts of the place, and the dust of years still covered, in undisturbed quiet, the things which were fast mouldering into decomposition. The old creature was busily engaged in her work; before her was a high stool, on which lay several oddly constructed implements, of whose use and application I could form no idea; and to the centre was fixed a loop of party coloured threads, which she seemed to be slowly and cautiously plating together. After first rapping at the door, I entered, and once more renewed my solicitation for shelter, but she gave neither look, nor answer, nor token of attention. I now began to ascribe this apparent unconsciousness to one of the afflictions of old age—deafness; and, lest I should too much surprise by my abruptness, advanced very slowly, to give her time to perceive my contiguity; but her eyes were too intently fixed upon the knotted threads to regard it, and I gently and gradually placed my hand upon the stool; yet, though within a few inches of her work, I was still unnoticed. As she prosecuted her labour, she continued to mutter, in a kind of sing-song tone, the same hoarse whispering which I had at first heard, and when I moved my fingers towards her hand, for the purpose of placing them upon it, and so to dissipate her deep absence of mind; as mine approached to a near contact, she suddenly drew back her form, without leaving the threads, and made a sort of hissing rattle in her throat, which, to me, under

the circumstances of the night, was inconceivably appalling. As soon as I withdrew my arm, she renewed her employment, and the horrible sounds relapsed into her former muttering, only in a more agitated distinctness. I now attentively surveyed her face and figure, which I was before unable accurately to discern, from the little light falling upon her: it seemed to be, much below the height of persons even at her advanced age, but whether from years or deformity, I could give no guess. Her features were large and bony, and the flesh of her face hung in loose foldings, as if unwilling to separate from the frame work to which it had been so long attached. The expression of her countenance was harsh, forbidding, and unnatural; and there was a pallid ashy whiteness of hue in her skin, most disgusting and unearthly. Although not much given to fearfulness or superstition, I could scarcely keep my gaze upon her without feeling an indescribable trepidation that every now and then stole along my veins in cold shudders. Her head was partly concealed by the hood of a dirty threadbare cloak, which, hanging loosely over the shoulders, exposed her lean, emaciated, and withering arms; and the thick skinny tubes over them, which had once been veins, assumed a black ugly tint, that rendered her colourless flesh still more frightful; her long horny fingers were employed in the various threads which she carefully and at intervals entwined, while her form continued in an oscillating motion, as if to keep regular time to the sentences she uttered. As she at length proceeded to the completion of her plating, her murmurs became more audibly articulated, and, when she arrived at the last knot, her body became motionless, and, with her glassy eyes directed to the stool, but yet looking at vacuity, she repeated, or, rather, sung, with a sort of lisping roughness, the words which even now seem to ring in my ear:—

'The fated thread, the binding spell,
Hath now been wrought and woven well;
And eyes shall see and hearts shall know
Deeds of sorrow, death, and woe.'

The great earnestness with which I listened to her voice, and watched the expressions of her face, for some moments prevented my observing the deep shade which was gradually spreading itself over the room. This at last increased so much, that I once more found myself enveloped in complete darkness. My mind became much troubled and alarmed at the extraordinary appearances of which I had been a witness, but my apprehensions, and the inexplicable desire which I nevertheless had to see the end of this strange scene, deterred me from retreating. I was not long, however, in this state of uncertainty, for by degrees the light returned; but it looked so unnatural and unholy that it only augmented the agitation I had striven to allay. The old beldam still remained in the same posture, excepting that her right arm was raised and her fingers pointing to some object on the opposite side of the room, and her body apparently under the influence of a violent emotion. I unconsciously directed my eye to the spot to which her hand was extended, and was greatly astonished to discover the distinct shadows of three or four persons figured upon the wall. I anxiously looked around the place, imagining that this must be produced by the intervention of other persons between it and the light, but no human creature was there except ourselves. I again turned my view to the wall, and plainly perceived the shadows to be in motion. I felt that this could be the work of no natural agency, and the cold sweat-drops started from all parts of my body. The circumstance was of itself sufficiently powerful to unman the strongest nerves, but there was something in the figures which indescribably afflicted me. They had the semblance of a female reclining in a chair, and another standing beside her; a boy appeared to be kneeling before the first, and a fourth was rapidly passing to and fro, as if in much anguish. The appearances were continually changing, and I imagined that the features, as they varied in outline, were somewhat familiar to me. I now fixed my eyes upon the female before whom the boy was kneeling, and, as I looked, I perceived the head of the shadow slowly to move. But, what were my feelings and my agitation as I plainly recognised the exact profile of my own wife!—I saw no more! My spirits, so long overpowered and distressed, could no longer support this scene. I rushed out heedless and regardless of every thing, and, mounting my horse

flow with all speed from a place so devilish and hateful—

A letter at my friend's address had for some hours awaited my arrival, pressing my hastiest and immediate return. My blessed Mary had been visited with sudden and dangerous illness. I instantly departed, and reached home after a lapse of comparatively a few hours—but—but I found her no longer one among the living!

[I should state that after an interval of some months, when time had in some measure abated the severity of my sorrow, and the oppressive pain with which I associated the event with the circumstances above detailed, I felt desirous to revisit the neighbourhood where the adventure had occurred; but, after the minutest search and the strictest inquiries, I was unable to discover any traces of the spot, or even learn that a person answering to my description had ever been known to reside there.]—

The following beautiful Lines are taken from the Literary Chronicle.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S FAREWELL.

The moonlight fell on hill and glen,
The silent world was wrapt in sleep,
Calm was each orb that glister'd then,
Calm was the ocean's billowy deep.
The blue-ey'd heav'n smil'd assuredly
On wood cloth'd land and gentle sea;
And it was sweet to view the scene,
It had an aspect so serene:
As if the age of woe were past
And happiness were now to last.
But hearts that feel enjoyment's sweetness,
Intensely feel its swift-wing'd fleetness;
Again grief pains,—and then we deem
All our past pleasure but a dream;
That bliss is only sent to shade
(Like the spring flowers that bloom and fade)
The hues and tints of that short span
Which guilt has circumscrib'd to man.—
Fair Ellen, in her woodland bower,
Imploring cast her eyes to heaven,
For it was then the wretched hour
When her sweet prayers to God were given.
If the deep incense of a heart,
The mild appealing of an eye,
Can to orisons strength impart,
They surely reach'd the list'ning sky.
Had stranger's eye young Ellen seen,
When unto God she breath'd her prayer,
That eye charm'd by her solemn mien,
Had deem'd a seraph worshipp'd there,
But now her heart was fraught with grief,
Nor e'en devotion gave relief:
Donald, her bosom's sole delight,
Might fall in the approaching light;
(For Donald, in the dawn of life,
Had led his warriors to the strife);
And he might press the blood-stain'd field,
For he would ne'er to foemen yield.
These rending thoughts her soul oppress'd,
And chas'd away the shades of rest;
From her swollen eyes the tear drops flow'd,
And copious left their blue abode;
On her blanch'd cheek shone glistering
The anguish'd drops of agony;
At last her sorrow silence broke
And thus the pensive maiden spoke:—
"Oh! Donald! lord of love and me!
Dearer than life blood to my heart!
No more thy form shall Ellen see—
With joy to meet, with hope to part.
Sad misery thy soul enchains,
And nought, oh, nought! but grief remains.
If I had gas'd upon thy face—
If I had ta'en one last embrace—
If I had sigh'd a last farewell—
I would not on these sorrows dwell.
But bliss is fled and thou art gone,
And grief with Ellen reigns alone.
But who is he that yonder leaps
High o'er the crags and rocky steeps?—
My eyes deceive me!—No! 'tis he!
My Donald comes to welcome me—
My care-worn heart is now at rest—
I am, oh Heav'n, I am blest!"
A warrior's plume now met her view—
She cried, "My Donald! is it you?"
"Yes, Ellen, dear!" the chief replied—
And swift as thought was at her side.
"Oh, Ellen! brief must be my stay,
The armies meet at blash of day;
But I have hasten'd to my dear
With wings that love hath given,
I thought perchance to find you here,
Sighing your Donald's name to Heaven.
But Ellen, tell me—tell me why
You heave that long and deep-drawn sigh?
And tears are stealing down your cheek—
Oh, Ellen, speak, I pray thee, speak!"

How pale you are! that eye's blue ray
Is curdling with your soul's dismay!
No more, my love, these vigils keep—
But cease, my Ellen, cease to weep!

"Oh, Donald! I have pray'd for thee,
The fair-hair'd Ellen trembling said,
"At this lone hour most ardently,
For I had deem'd that thou wert dead."

I dream'd I saw thee on the plain,
And in the mantle of thy gore
Wert wholly wrapt,—I can no more!
How oft with pleasure thou and I
Have gaz'd upon the blue-arch'd sky—
Have wish'd to soar to yon high dome,
To gain at last "a starry home!"
See Donald, see the silent deep
That in the moonlight seems to sleep:
View how the pale-fac'd rays are beaming,
And how the rippling waves are gleaming;
If winds arise these waves will roar,
And thus sweet scene will be no more;
If darkling clouds yon orb o'ercast,
This silvery beauty will not last.

'Tis thus with me when thou art nigh,
My soul is calm'd,—I cannot sigh.
Thou art my orb! my bosom's light!
Without my Donald all is night.
Yet e'en with joy's luxuriant flow,
There still will mingle thoughts of woe;
And all the bliss thy presence brings,
Departs from me on hasty wings,
Chas'd by cold fear's empoison'd stings.
But I'll subdue each dire alarm,
I'll sooth my throbbing heart to peace,
Trust that my love will nerve thy arm,
And deem that when war's strife shall cease,
Thou wilt return in victory,
And she whose fears will then be o'er,
Shall taste with thee felicity
That may not change or alter more;
But if at length my dear hopes fly—
And all my fond dreams prove untrue,
If on the field thou'rt doom'd to die,
I'll seek thy ashes where they lie,
And there I'll perish too!"
She fell into his arms—and he
Kiss'd the cold forehead tenderly
Of that belov'd and lovely one—
Ellen is senseless—Donald gone.

Edmonton.

J. J. LEATHWICK.

THE CABINET.

NEW PLAYING CARDS.

A correspondent in the Literary Gazette says, that he has "invented what may be called a 'National and Classical Pack of Cards,' which will not only give a taste for the Fine Arts, but will awaken those feelings of national pride which always tend to elevate the soul.

"By these cards ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, and IRELAND are to be symbolically represented; and instead of the quaint and rude conceit of clubs, diamonds, hearts, and spades, are to be distinguished by the appropriate emblems of 'the Rose,' 'the Thistle,' 'the Shamrock,' 'the Harp.' The leek might perhaps be considered as better fitted to represent Wales; but the leek conveys an idea beneath the dignity of the subject, and as being nearly related to the onion, ought not to be introduced into polite circles; I have therefore adopted the Harp, as more elegant and classical. The court-cards are to be arranged as follows: To begin with the Knaves—It is really distressing to think Knaves should so long have been tolerated in the fashionable world, though it is only at the card-table. At the time when cards were invented, it is well known that the word Knave had a very different signification from what it now bears, as it meant nothing more than Servant: thus the old writers use it—'Where be my Knaves?' and in France it is at this moment called 'Valet.' There are no Knaves there! How absurd is it that this antique phraseology should be kept up when the meaning is completely changed! Why should sound outlive sense? Let the Knaves, therefore, be succeeded by Peasants, not Servants, for the Peasant will be a more picturesque object, each in the costume of his country; let the characteristic features of his native land be strikingly illustrated in a landscape, and the appropriate emblem be represented on the corner of the cards in the same manner that the Knaves of each suit now bear it. The four Queens are to yield to beautiful allegorical figures of the genius of each nation, personified in a female form—Britannia, Caledonia, Hibernia, Cambria. The four Kings shall be converted into the tutelar Knights, or Champions—St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. David. The designs for these figures I intend to have drawn by eminent artists, and executed in a style of so much elegance that it

cannot possibly fail to excite the admiration of the connoisseur, and will as infallibly encourage a taste for the Fine Arts among people who have at present so little notion of the beauty of emblems and attributes, that I am confident they scarcely know a Venus from a Bellona, or an Apollo from a Hercules. Nor is poetry to be forgotten. The single Rose, Thistle, &c. which will take place of the Aces, will leave ample room for an appropriate motto. As for the national pride that will be called forth by these cards—can it be doubted? For my part I know I shall always play with most spirit when Shamrocks are trumps! The case of these cards, instead of being disfigured by the head of the Great Mogul, or Harry the Eighth, shall be embellished with a faithful and highly-executed portrait of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, surrounded by the united emblems of his four nations and accompanied by a motto."

THE ADOPTED GRANDSON

Robert, the youngest son of the late Rev. Newcome Cappe, of the city of York, was nursed in the country; and soon after he was brought home, being then about four years old, he was playing in the yard, when an old lady belonging to Mr. Cappe's congregation, happened to come in, and asked the child, if he knew her? Yes, replied the child, you are my granddams; an answer which so struck her fancy, that she said to him, Well, my dear, continue to call me so, and I will indeed be your granddams. From that time she insisted upon buying all his clothes; she made him a present of about £1000, in the three per cent, when he was about twelve years of age; and left him, at her death, her own very excellent house, in which she had resided, in the city. This pleasing anecdote illustrates a very important truth; that events of continually increasing magnitude, often take their rise from comparatively trivial causes, like a large and overflowing river from an almost imperceptible streamlet.

MR. EDITOR,—The preceding anecdote is extracted from the Memoirs of Mrs. Cappe, written by herself, and will, I trust, be deemed worthy of a place in the Manchester Iris. It is usual, in modern composition, to mark those passages which are spoken, with inverted double commas. It is remarkable that this practice has never prevailed in the sacred scriptures, such passages being distinguished only by beginning the first word of each with a capital. I have observed the same rule in transcribing the present extract; Yes, replied the child, may very properly be printed without the usual quotation marks, since the words, replied the child, sufficiently point out what is supposed to be spoken, though constituting, in fact, a part of the narration. Your's truly, S. X.

VISIT TO CINTRA, IN PORTUGAL, AND THE ADJACENT CONVENT.

From "Recollections of the Peninsula."

I was very anxious [says our Traveller] to visit Cintra, a spot celebrated by all travellers, and proverbial with the inhabitants of Lisbon, for its romantic beauty. Our party, consisting of six, set out at four o'clock one morning, in three cabriolets, and after a pleasant drive of two hours, reached Caluz, a sumptuous palace of the Queen's, with a small town attached. The country through which we passed to Caluz presented nothing in its appearance remarkable, if I except some fields of Indian corn, and some edges formed by American aloes, of prodigious size and uncommon beauty. The prickly pear, a very hideous plant, was here and there scattered among them. After visiting the palace, which is not fine, and the apartments neither magnificently nor elegantly decorated, we hastened back to our coffee, and, after breakfast, resuming our seats, we arrived, in less than three hours, at Cintra. The scenery, as you approach the town, is truly enchanting. The rich and variegated wood, which clothes the side of the mountain rising above Cintra, the sunny brown, or rather the golden tinge, of the mossy sword towards the crest of it, and the bare, grey, and rude-shaped rock, which crowns its lofty summit, form a picture, such as only the pencil of a master, or the pen of a poet, could attempt to sketch with fidelity. The town itself, though considerably elevated, lies far below the mountain; and all around is beauty, shade, and repose. The white and furrowed bark, and the

fantastic forms of the pale cork-tree, the low dark olive, the green leaf and golden fruit of the orange, the trelliced vine, and the wild geranium, all here combine to deck the face of nature with charms that have always new and interesting attractions. We soon left our inn, and mounted on asses, with two sprightly boys for our guides, set forth to visit the Convent, which is built nearly at the top of the Cintra mountain. You lounge at your ease on a large pack-saddle, covered with green cloth, and it is truly surprising to see with how much safety and activity these animals carry you up paths, rocky, uneven, and dangerously steep. A monk received us at the gate of the Convent, and conducted us all over it; it is a very perfect, complete thing; and the site of it, for singularity and boldness, is unrivalled. It is, in fact, utterly secluded from the world; and yet the eye may range over the vast Atlantic, far as aerial vision permits, or may rest on lovely vales and dark-bosomed glens beneath. The ear, too, may catch, on the one side, the hoarse voice of the rising storm; or may listen, on the other, to those pleasing and sweet sounds, which speak of rural occupations and of rural happiness.

If a man, at the age of sixty, stood alone in the world, without wife, relative, or friend, to such a spot as this, might he retire for life. When death carries off our little store of affection, by laying its cold hand on the hearts where that treasure was hoarded, whither can we go for comfort? The sad bosom, and the rayless eye, are ill calculated to inspire new loves, or to attract new friendships. Oh! I can imagine many cases, where the calm of a retired monastery would afford consolation to the wounded spirit!

On our return to the inn at Cintra, on a subsequent day, we found a comfortable dinner, cooked and served up in the plain English fashion; well-cooled wine of Colomae, very nearly resembling claret,—left the epicure nothing to desire; and somewhat fatigued, yet delighted with our journey, we retired to excellent beds in clean, well-furnished apartments.

There is another Convent, not far from Cintra, curiously built, among some wild and romantic rocks, the walls, doors, and furniture of which are all of oork. The Convent is inhabited by some poor humble Franciscans; they have a pretty garden, and a small orangery.

ENGLAND.

The increase of population which England has acquired is unequalled in any other country of Europe. It took place in a period of time exclusively devoted to war; a circumstance in general rather contrary than favourable to such an augmentation. In comparing it abstractedly with what happens on the continent, we may well be astonished; but reflection soon shows us, that what afflicts the continent like a plague, necessarily wastes its power against the barriers which nature and civilization have raised up for the defence of England. In effect, she is situated and socially constituted in such a manner, that what produces evil in others, causes good for her; that what causes others to retrograde makes her advance; that what thins the ranks of other nations, thickens those of England. War affects only the coffers of Great Britain; her cities and her fields are uninjured. Devastation, the usual companion of war, expires on her shore, and cannot mount those insulated citadels which give her the empire of the ocean. England chafes before her war and all its plagues, as we see those vessels which man has rendered the rivals, or rather the conquerors of the elements, scatter, with the thunder that arms their sides, those stormy clouds which heaven has formed from the vapours of the sea. Whilst almost all the capitals of Europe were occupied by the enemy; whilst twenty Princes were fugitive and wandering, or returning in humiliation to their dilapidated dominions, England remained immovable and invincible in the midst of her waves, and attracted to her bosom all the gold and merchandise of the world. She had clothed and armed friends and enemies; the arts, excited by necessity, grew up to perfection, and created at once appetite and attraction for their productions. Being incessantly applied to the gratification of a taste now become universal, they opened doors which force had kept closed. In such a state of things it is very evident, that for one man who falls in the field of battle, industry calls forth a hundred men to co-operate in a re-produ-

tion which without it would have been denied them. Thus it is that from the bosom of death, from the very abyss from which life is buried, life is re-produced and multiplied for England.—*Abbe de Pradt.*

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT IN CENTRAL INDIA.

The idea entertained of Dhakuns, or witches, is, that certain women (generally the old and wrinkled) are endowed with a limited supernatural power, which, though it does not enable them to see into futurity, or to obtain what they wish, empowers them, with the aid of their familiar, or Bheer, and by their incantations, to inflict pains, diseases, or death, upon human beings or animals, as they may desire to gratify their malice or resentment. The common mean to which they are believed to have resorted to accomplish their vengeance is, causing the gradual decay of the liver of the person or animal they wish to destroy. Their power of witchcraft exists on the 14th, 15th, and 29th of every month. It is also very strong during certain periods of the year, particularly nine days before Dusserah feast; but the Dewally is the time when they have most power. At other periods Dhakuns appear, dress, talk, and eat, like other women; but, when the fit is on them, they are sometimes seen with their eyes glaring red, their hair dishevelled and bristled, while their head is often tossed around in a strange convulsive manner. On the nights of these days they are believed to go abroad, and, after casting off their garments, to ride upon tigers and other wild animals; and if they desire to go upon the water, the alligators come, like the beasts of the forest at their call, and they disport in rivers and lakes upon their backs till near dawn of day, about which period they always return home, and assume their usual forms and occupations. Such absurd belief would not merit mention, did not the numerous murders (they can be called by no other name) which it annually produces force it into notice. It is calculated, and on tolerable data, that within the last thirty years, above a thousand women have been put to death as witches in this country, of whom a very large proportion have perished by the orders of Zalim Singh, regent of Kotah, who, with all his extraordinary talent, is remarkable for his weak, childish superstition upon this point. His reputation has gone far to confirm the belief of others, and in several late murders of supposed witches, his example has been brought forward, while the acknowledged superiority of his understanding has been urged as an infallible proof the existence of sorcery, and of its guilty supernatural agents. The usual mode of proving whether an accused woman is a witch, is through a religious mendicant of low tribe, who is termed a Bhophah, and is believed to have the talent of discovering those who have the latent power of sorcery; but, generally, for a woman of a village to be old and haggard, and bad-tempered, is sufficient to make suspicion fall upon her. If a man, his wife, or child, or any of his cattle, remain long in bad health, or die suddenly, and any old woman is supposed to have an ill-will against him or his family, she is seized, and red pepper is stuffed into her eyes: if this process does not produce tears, the unfortunate creature is condemned; sometimes she is flogged with the branches of the nox vomica, or with the root of the palma christi, or castor-oil plant; and if these (after other stripes have failed) make her call out, she is deemed a sorceress, for they alone can inflict pain upon such a being. On other occasions, the witch is tied in a bag and thrown into a pool, where sinking is the only proof of her innocence. If her struggles keep her afloat, she is inevitably condemned and punished, either by being obliged to drink the water used by the leather-dressers, which is a degradation from caste, or by having her nose cut off, or being put to death. The latter often occurs through the superstitious fears of princes; or among the lower classes, through the violent resentment of individuals; nor are the latter exposed to suffer for such crimes, when they can produce any ground whatever for their suspicion.—*Malcolm's Memoir of Central India.*

MR. EDITOR.—There is, off the northern part of the coast of Norway, a celebrated whirlpool, known by the name of the *Maelstrom*, which, even at the distance of eight or nine miles, is said to attract vessels, and impetuously and irresistibly hurry them to destruction. I have sometimes been tempted to compare the

MANCHESTER IRIS to this noted whirlpool. Its attractive power is generally felt and acknowledged; but, unhappily, many of the articles consigned, from time to time, to its powerful influence, are seen no more again for ever! This is apparently the unhappy fate of many a rare and curious article, without regard to sterling merit, or the age and sex of the respective authors.

The beautiful little poem, on Life, written by the celebrated Mrs. B., in her eightieth year, appears to have been swallowed up in this literary gulf. And yet it had many things to recommend it to your particular notice and protection. First, its own intrinsic merit; secondly, it was written by a lady; thirdly, by a lady in her eightieth year, the author of many admired pieces,—the Three Warnings, for instance; fourthly, it contains a very just and interesting picture of human life; and fifthly, as I have every reason to suppose, it has never yet appeared in print. Some of your readers, Mr. Editor, have been anxiously looking, week after week, and Iris following Iris, for this admired poem, this literary morsel, but have hitherto been disappointed. That you may not plead the Printers' usual apology, want of copy, I now send you a duplicate copy of this poem, and I flatter myself you will avail yourself of this second opportunity of adding to the gratification of your readers, generally, and, more particularly, of obliging your sincere friend, and occasional correspondent.

S. X.

LINES ON LIFE.

Written by Mrs. B., in her eightieth year.

Say ye, who through the round of foreshore years
Have known its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
Say, what is life, ye veterans who have trod,
Step following step, its flowery, thorny road?

Enough of good, to kindle warm desire;
Enough of ill, to damp the rising fire;
Enough of love and fancy, joy and hope,
To fan desire, and give the passions scope;
Enough of disappointment, sorrow, pain,
To seal the Wise-man's saying, *All is vain*,
And quench the wish to live these years again.

Science to man unfolds her various store,
And gives enough to prompt the wish for more;
Systems and suns lie open to his gaze,
Nature invites his love, and God his praise,
Yet doubt and ignorance with his feelings sport,
And Jacob's ladder is some rounds too short.

Yet still to humble hope enough is given
Of light from Reason's lamp, and light from Heaven,
To teach us what to follow, what to shun,
To bow the head, and say, *Thy Will be done*.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cure for Cancer.—Sheep sorrel, (leaf like that of clover,) express the juice on a pewter plate; expose it to the sun till it assumes the consistency of salve—apply this as a plaster to the cancer, and change it occasionally as necessity may require. It will fully and entirely extract the cancer. If the disease be really cancer, the application will cause pain; if not, no pain will ensue.

Cockroaches.—An infallible means to destroy them will be found in giving them the roots of the eratum vire, commonly called black bellebore, which grows wild in our country on marshy grounds, and may be got of our market people. Strew these roots about the floor at night, and next morning you will find all the family of cockroaches dead or dying, from having eaten it, which they will do with great avidity. They will never fail to eat it while they can get at it, and will as sure die. It causes them to froth at the mouth, and split in the back occasionally. The plant is in full growth.—*Bolton Express.*

Infallible Remedy against Bed Bugs.—Take one ounce of Camphor, wrap it in a linen cloth, and suspend it at the head of the bed, and as the camphor evaporates, the bugs will decamp. We are assured, by a person who has repeatedly made the experiment, that this is a never-failing remedy.—*American Paper.*

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

"The vessel while the dread event draws nigh
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly—
Fate spurs her on—"
Falconer's Shipwreck.

Why, Sir, sailors that know the construction of a ship, how the timbers and knees are jointed together, and where every treenail is drove, are far more timorous in a gale of wind, than those who are ignorant of her frame-work. By the same rule, I have known some surgeons who are skill'd in anatomy, apt to be nervous upon occasions. But howsoever, a gale of wind is no plaything, Sir. You have never witness'd one at sea; by mayhap you'd like a rough description from an old weather-beaten Tar, who, ever since he was the height of a quart pot, has been working against wind and tide and braved every billow, from the Bay of Biscay to the Bay of Bengal; but, bless you, what's the use on it—I went to windward like smoke. Well, Sir, I was in a Transport of 600 tons; a pretty ship, sail'd like a mermaid, and sat on the water like a duck; but no matter. Well, we sailed from St. Andero with sick and wounded troops, and women; there were some officers, too, with their families, and we were bound to our own dear native land; but before I proceed I'll just give you a sketch of our passengers: and, first, was Capt. R— of — regiment, a fine Dalgetty-looking old veteran, with flowing locks as white as a snow-ball; he had sought the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, but he'd no interest, Sir, and having buried his wife in a foreign land, was now returning home with his two daughters, lovely girls, the prop and stay of his declining age; they were sweet flowers, and when they used to sit on the deck at each side of their father, administering the balm of consolation to his wounded spirit, 'twas like the picture of Mercy and Benevolence soothing the sorrows of Time. Then there was Lieut. N— and his wife, a very interesting couple, and yet they were but one in mind. He had been severely wounded, and she had quitted her country to attend the partner of her heart, but now, through grief and too close attention to his wants, droop'd like a lily withering in the storm, and seemed fast hastening to that bourne whence no travellers return: they had one little boy about eight years old, the mother's darling and the father's pride. Next there was Doctor Mac I— a native of auld Reekie: he was a staunch kirk o' Scotland man, as kind a soul as ever broke the bread of life, and treated the poor fellows under his care with the tenderness of a parent: he had national prejudices, to be sure—call'd Doctor Johnson an "ig-no-ram-ess," and used to boast of his acquaintance with Rab Burns, who was an old croney of his father's: "I ken'd him fu' well (said he,) when biggit near the Brig of Ayr; he would come to the boose and sit with my gude feyther for the hour thegither o'er the brandy-stoup, and crack of auld lang syne; but they are gan the way of aw flesh, and we must prepare to follow." But I mustn't forget Lieut. B— he was what you call an in-fid-hell, I don't know what it means, but some of the sodgers told me he'd no more religion than a pope; he had committed a fox-paw by profaning one of the Spanish churches, but he got over that, for his uncle was a nobleman: however, one day his regiment was order'd on some dangerous and honourable service, and so he throws himself into the sick-list with a gum-boil in his throat; but it wouldn't do, and he was near getting an emetic which would have made him throw up his commission, so the General, to save him, sent him home to take charge of the troops; but he was much despised, particularly by the ladies. He would often fall foul of the Doctor, and one fine clear night, when the stars were all glowing, I was at the helm, and the good old Scot was pointing 'em out by name to one of the lassies, and says he, "The heavens declare the glory of God! Wha but a gowk wad suppose that yon bright orbs were produced by blind chance, and that they have continued preceesely in the same place nearly sax thousand years, without a superintending power?" Up comes the young spark, and overhaul'd a great deal of lingo; but I couldn't understand it; I recollect the Doctor saying "Hoot hoot, wait a wee mon—wait a wee—If there is a God I'm right, and if there's nae God I'm right still." Well, Sir, these were our principal cabin passengers: there

were others but I shall tire you to describe 'em all. The sodgers, poor souls, were most of 'em in a very low state, and the incessant quarrelling of the women deprived them of rest;—to be sure there were some exceptions, where the wife attended to the wants of her wounded but brave husband and sooth'd his harsh complainings with a voice of soften'd tenderness, and these were generally the youngest and prettiest amongst 'em. But to proceed: We had been out about ten days with tolerable fair weather, when just at the end of the dog-watch (that's about eight o'clock in the evening, Sir) a sudden squall hove the ship on her beam ends, and away went the main-top-sail clean out of the bolt-ropes—What a scene of confusion! The shrill howl of the wind—the shrieks of the women—the flapping of the fragments of the sail—the groans of the sufferers below, the dashing of the waters, and the yo-hoy of the sailors, with the bellowing of the captain—formed a concert which I dare say you have no desire to hear. We clued up till the squall was a little abated, and then all hands were employed in bending a new topsail: this occupied us till near midnight, and the gale continuing we furled the fore and mizen top-sails, and set the reef'd foresail and trysail. By the reckoning, we were at no great distance from Ushant, and the wind being fair, we entertain'd hopes of soon getting into Plymouth: indeed by the time we had got all snug, the storm abated considerably, so, instead of turning in, we were obliged to remain on deck and set the topsails again; but scarce had we loosed the sails, when the wind took us right a-head, and blew harder than ever. Of all places in the world, the Bay of Biscay is the worst for a cross sea; you never know where it will take you. "Hold on aloft!" roared the captain, who saw it coming, and clung to the weather-shrouds; "Hold on fore and aft; mind your helm; ease her, boy, ease her." The sea struck us amidships, and a whole body of water burst upon the deck: away went bulwarks, boats, hen-coops, and every thing moveable. "A man overboard, a man overboard!" was echoed from all sides, and as soon as our eyes were clear of salt spray we saw three poor fellows buffeting with the waves; one was the helmsman, the others were invalids, who had crawl'd on deck for air. Oh, Sir, 'twas a distressing sight. At first we could hear them hallooing for assistance, and then their voices were lost in the howling of the gale; but we saw them, Sir, a long while. The helmsman had got hold of a spar, and one of the others on the boat's keel; the third had sunk! We kept sight of the first nearly all day, but couldn't save him, for another sea had carried away the bowsprit and foremast; the second, after remaining some time on the boat's bottom, let go his hold; the boat still floated on the wave, but he was gone for ever! O what must have been my poor messmate's feelings—his ship in view, though leaving him—himself devoted to destruction—the dark waters yawning on all sides to receive their prey—every billow a threatening grave—no hope. Thought he then of home? his wife, his little ones? Oh, Sir, what must have been his feelings! As night approach'd, so darker grew each scene of horror, and its deep'ning shades fell heavy on the seaman's soul. We had but little command of the ship, and were fast drifting to leeward. Night came, and sky and ocean seem'd blended together in the distance, while the sea around was one white foam. Wave after wave washed over us; the well was sounded, alarm was pictured on every countenance—she had sprung a leak. All hands muster'd at the pumps, but the water gained so fast—death stared us in the face! From the commencement of the gale, all the hatches were batten'd down, so that the poor creatures below were in total darkness, and nearly without food or air: some had fallen out of their hammocks, and, unable to rise, had been dash'd from side to side with the motion of the ship till they expired. The good Doctor exerted himself to the utmost, but to little purpose. About four in the morning the water had gained so much that every hope had fled, and the ship was sinking fast. The passengers after many struggles crowded on the deck, but scarcely were they secured when a dreadful shock told us another fatal truth. The ship had struck! Men, women, and children, rush'd from below, and every breaker carried off its victims. Oh what a scene of horror! We saw our companions washed from our side—witness'd their struggles as a prelude to our own—heard the loud yell when the last

death-pang parted soul and body—and saw the children clinging round the parents as they sunk together! Every wave threw us higher on the rocks, and hope dawned with the day; but vain were our efforts to discover land, all was one raging foam. I had assisted to secure Captain R— and his daughters to the taffrail; the captain had done the same by Lieut. N— and his wife; the Doctor had shifted for himself, supporting Lieut. B— who clung round him in trembling alarm, till a sailor, observing his situation, gave him a lashing to the ring-bolt, and there he sat pale and quivering, wishing the bitterness of death had pass'd, yet dreading its approach, trying to pray, yet mingling curses with his pray'rs—shrieking as the roaring billows dash'd over us, and then laughing in all the convulsive agony of bitter despair. What a contrast to the worthy Doctor! there was no fear in his look, 'twas calm resignation, and an eye of tender compassion bent upon his fellow-sufferers: I heard him repeating to himself "I know in whom I have believed, I know that my Redeemer liveth." But oh the anguish of the grey-headed father, as each arm was thrown around those lovely plants, whose growth he'd watch'd from earliest infancy; and first he turned to the youngest—"Emma," said he—and then to the other, "Eliza," as if it was a dreadful dream whose certainty he fear'd; "Emma, Eliza, both my children—both doom'd to perish! Is there no hope? Great God, on me—on me inflict your wrath, but spare, oh spare my children." Mr. N— had suffered severely from his wounds, and since the gale they had burst out afresh: his wife hung round his neck, and feebly he grasp'd his boy between his knees—his hold relax'd—grew weaker—and the poor child was wash'd away! Shrieking, the mother shook her husband in all the anguish of maddening torture—no notice was returned—his spirit had fled! And now a tremendous breaker came rolling tow'rd's us, as if mowing all its force to close the dreadful scene: it struck the ship—the rending timbers separated, carrying away that part of the stern where the sufferers were lash'd—I saw no more and recollect but little, except the horrid crash and the gurgling waters in my ears, mingled with groans and shrieks. When I recovered, I found myself laying on an old sail in a fishing vessel. They had observed me clinging to part of the floating wreck, and at imminent risk to themselves had pick'd me up. Three others were likewise saved, a soldier and two sailors—all, all the rest had perished! We had struck upon those dangerous sunken rocks on the coast of France, called the Saints, several miles from land, and where many a gallant ship and hardy Tar have mingled their timbers together—and those sweet girls, too—but they are happy, Sir, they are happy in another and a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. AN OLD SAILOR.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

I.—TO THE KHAR-I-JARD, OR YELLOW THORN.

Sweet thorn of the desert,
Thy blossom appears
Like some lonely plant
That lightens the spheres;
The rose is less lovely,
Though fairer her flower,
Though morning has hail'd her
The queen of the bower.

She blooms where the lilies
Are blooming beside her,
She blows where no shadow
Hangs over to hide her,
But thou, where sad Nature
For ever has frown'd,
Where all things are gloomy
And desolate round.

Farewell! when thy beautiful
Blossoms I see,
Bright shrub, I shall borrow
This lesson from thee:
As thy flowers smile out
Thro' the thorns that entwine them,
So our pleasures arise
From the sorrows that shrine them.

II.

Yes, LAYLA, I had culled a flower
To place it in thy virgin bower;
But then methought no flower so fair
As when thyself art blooming there.

I fain would round thy bosom twine
A string of those bright gems that shine
Where Umman's* fondling billow curls
Around the beds of sleeping pearls;

But every thoughtful eye would see
A gem of purer light in thee,
And, lost in thy more brilliant ray,
How soon those pearls would fade away!

* The sea of Umman, the Persian Gulf, famous for its pearls.

THE VIRGIN CHIME.

There is nothing I regret more than the gradual disuse of those old customs with which my youth was so familiar, and which were preserved in my own parish when almost the remembrance of them had died away, and was forgotten even in the very neighbourhood. I well recollect the pride of the old sexton in keeping up these memorials of other years, and have frequently listened with pleasure to the simple arguments he brought forward to support his opinion, and the long harangue which used so much to delight the villagers, who gathered round to hear the venerable sage deal forth as it were his scraps of wisdom to the gaping throng.

With all the pedantry, which a village schoolmaster even though superannuated still retains, (and he had not forgotten that he once filled that honourable situation,) he would place himself under a venerable yew, which for centuries had graced the churchyard.—There would he hold forth in mystic lore, (for he still interlarded his speeches with latin and greek) to the great gratification of his rustic audience, and it was pleasing to observe with what attention the children listened to his discourses; the smiles of approbation which were visible on every countenance, and the low bow or respectful courtesy were to him ample acknowledgment. I have seen the old sexton so lost in admiration at the effect produced by his address, as to remain gazing upon himself with evident delight, yet so wrapt up and absent as only to recollect himself when heavy drops of rain began to penetrate the far-worn threads of a once black coat. Then, and not till then would he appear to remember that night was approaching; and when the owl had commenced its hootings from the ruins of a neighbouring barn, and perhaps affrighted at the melancholy noise, (for the sexton had his superstitious feelings) he would with quick pace regain his home, and there tell of the frightful visions and awful warnings that interrupted his delightful reverie.

It was on a cool but beautiful evening towards the commencement of spring, when nature arises from her bed of snow, and reanimates herb and plant, that I wandered along the fields to admire the beauties and the glories of the season. The crescent moon rode calmly along an unsullied sky, which was studded with myriads of fairest stars; the light was pale and quivering, and all was quiet below; the breeze had died away, the hum of the labourer and the whistle of the ploughboy alike had ceased, and night reigned in all her stillness. I strolled towards the churchyard,—to numbers a scene of terrors, but I had learned only to regard the many monuments of mortality which covered it, as reiterating the great truth which every work of God and man so loudly proclaims;—I felt the place congenial to my sorrows as promising a speedy relief and termination to my pains and troubles: and yet I repined nothing at my lot, but why should I thus burden the paper with my own feelings? When I gained the spot to which I generally resorted first—the grave of my parents, (and it was under the branches of the old yew) I saw the form of the sexton prostrate on the bench, gazing upon the star-lit sky; he seemed lost in meditation, and heeded not my approach; but, regardless of his reverie, I broke in upon it, and with a friendly salute soon aroused his wandering senses.

I found him in a most communicative humour, and he was already launching out on the miraculous powers worked by a comet upon an old cripple, in which he

placed implicit confidence, when we were interrupted by the appearance of a poor emaciated female; she came to request that the passing bell might toll the departure of her only child, who was burnt to death. With all the alacrity of a much younger man he went to make preparations for announcing the termination of another mortal's career. I requested the poor woman to rest herself, and give me a short account of herself and the cause of this melancholy event. She had lost her husband some months before by a malignant fever, which once threatened to deprive her of her only daughter, but the pang was spared for a short while, to fall more heavily at a future period. The poor child was only reserved as a small and passing comfort, soon to leave an afflicted and broken-hearted parent, bereft of every stay and every consolation. The poor woman had that morning gone out for a few hours to the funeral of her mother, leaving her infant, as she was accustomed to do, in the house. But on her return, instead of the usual welcome, all was silent, the door was open, but her child was not there; she looked in every corner but they were vacant; her mind became confused, after the melancholy task she had just performed: little was she prepared for the disappearance of her daughter, and the necessary uneasiness and pain it occasioned her; but had hoped to find relief and consolation in the innocent prattle, with which she always endeavoured to dry the tears and dispel the gloom from her mother's countenance. The poor woman distracted with the suspense was hastening to enquire from a neighbour whether she had seen her Alice, when, awful sight, her almost consumed body was lying in her path—when she had related thus far, her emotions became so excessive that I begged she would desist, and assisted her to gain her solitary home. It was a small but neat cottage, surrounded with a creeping rose, which shed its perfumes around, and gave a sweet breath to the night. The moon was shining full upon it, and I could discern by its light the neatness with which the small garden before the house was arranged; but there was a deadly stillness about the scene which sensibly affected me on approaching this scene of death. As I entered the cottage I saw the pallet upon which lay the remains of one of the most interesting works of our Creator; her features were not touched by the fire, but agony had contracted the brow, and the beautiful blue eyes were staring from their sockets. There was a look of the deepest pain upon her countenance, and her hair hung loose upon her shoulders. Her mother burst into a frantic cry as we entered the house, and it was a painful task to appease her wounded feelings. I left her, but promised to return and see that necessary preparations were made for performing the last offices to the dead.

I walked slowly and thoughtfully towards the church, the moon was bright in the cloudless sky, the music of a babbling brook which ran at my feet, seemed to lull my soul into a peaceful quiet, and to remove those deep and heart-rending feelings which the scene I had so lately witnessed called up. There was a peaceful serenity in nature which accorded well with my disposition at that moment, and I gained the church-yard ere I was aware of having trodden half the road. The sound that reached my ear was not that which is customary as the knell to announce the departure of our brethren; but, it was a peal I remembered to have heard when very young; it was on the loss of a playmate who was burnt to death on his birth-day; glad was his little heart as the morning broke, and bustle and joy stirred him as he made the preparation to see his friends, but melancholy was the close of that day, ere that sun, which he had seen rise in all its majesty, was gone to rest, his eyes were closed for ever,—his feeling heart was insensible to pity and to love, and that pulse which so often beat for misery and wretchedness was stilled in death;—his arm was nerveless, and his tongue was for ever silenced!

Such was the peal which then rung upon my ear, and awakened all the sympathies of youth within my bosom. I found the old sexton at his post ringing two of the three bells of our parish church, and his son, who had some time since arrived at manhood, assisting with the other. As I entered the place where they sat, the old man heaved a deep sigh, and I could see, by the faint light of the lantern (which hung close to his features,) a heavy tear start from his hollow eye and fall from his

wrinkled face upon the ground; another was succeeding, but as if ashamed of this expression of his finer feelings, he dashed it from his eye, ere it had fully shown itself. "Seldom," exclaimed he, "have I been called to this task, and only once since I remember has the virgin chime been rung by these bells; and may they never again sound so awful a note. True it is that the custom is dying away, but whilst I have strength to pull, the habits of our fathers shall be continued in my native place; but when death shall claim the shattered remains of an old man, his name and the customs he so long supported will alike sink into oblivion and not a trace remain of either." I tried to soothe his feelings, and when the hour had elapsed he accompanied me. We left the church, silent was the scene, and it seemed to have a like influence upon us, for not a word escaped our lips during the walk; still sweet and refreshing slumbers tranquillized my perturbed bosom.

Liverpool, 1823.

IGNOTO.

DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION IN MADRID.

The soldiers, after searching the apartments, entered some cellars, where daylight had never, or but faintly, been admitted. There they found human beings, more like skeletons, who had for many years been invoking death to put an end to their sufferings. They had been accused of crimes entirely unknown to them. The soldiers found many human bones of other unhappy beings, who had been sacrificed in this Tartarean abode; and where the prerogative of the king could not extend to protect them, nor justice interfere. The officer informed me that many foreigners had suddenly disappeared, and had never been heard of afterwards. Every one was fearful of enquiring about the fate of any of his friends, who might have disappeared, lest he should meet a similar fate. Age, sex, or wealth, claimed no exemption from the effects of this infernal power. Here the officer became animated, and continued with energy: "Religion alone is not the pretext for their displeasure and persecution; private hatred, jealousy, or a thirst for revenge have furnished reasons for the exercise of their demoniacal vengeance."

I repeatedly interrupted the narrative of the speaker manifesting some doubts of the accuracy of his statement, particularly as far as regarded the accounts he had heard of the tortures which had been inflicted by this tribunal; which would draw tears from the most inveterate tyrant, and can hardly, one would suppose, be a true description of any punishment decreed in the present century.

Some of the tortures alluded to were, according to his narrative, as follow: the victim was fastened on large planks with iron hooks, and was compelled to swallow, through pipes, great quantities of water. In the mean time they placed on his stomach heavy burdens, some of them as heavy as five hundred-weight. Others had their heads shaved, were chained to the walls, and cold water dropped in drops upon their heads. "This," exclaimed the officer, "must fill every human being with horror, when he reflects that such cruelty could be tolerated in the present enlightened age, and practised, too, in the name, and under the sanction of religion!"—*Bransen's Remarks on the North of Spain.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

St. Petersburg, August 1823.

On the 9th of this month the *Enterprise* corvette, of the Imperial navy, sailed from Cronstadt under the command of Captain Otto Von Kotzebue. This vessel was built in the course of last winter, expressly for this Expedition. It carries 24 cannon, and has a crew of 13 officers and 60 men, all of them volunteers from the royal navy. There are besides two Physicians, both well versed in natural history, an Astronomer, a Mineralogist, and a Naturalist. One of the Physicians is Dr. Eschscholz, who accompanied Captain Kotzebue in his voyage on board the *Rurick*. The astronomer is M. Preiss, assistant in the University of Dorpat. The mineralogist and the naturalist are Messrs. Lintz and Hoffman, both likewise from Dorpat. The ship is

bound to Rio de Janeiro, then round Cape Horn to the South Sea. This will be Captain Kotzebue's third voyage round the world. The first was twenty years ago, with Captain Krusenstern; the second on board the *Rurick* fitted out at the expense of Count Romanzow.

OBSTRUCTION OF BLOOD IN THE LUNGS.—The *Annals of Philosophy* of the present month contains a valuable communication from Dr. Williams, of Liverpool, on the immediate cause and effect of the obstruction of blood in the lungs. After remarking that it has not hitherto been shown by physiologists, how or upon what principle it happens, that immediately on the cessation of life, the arteries become comparatively empty and flattened, Dr. Williams gives an account of some experiments on the canine species; from which he draws the following important inferences:—"That the blood is obstructed in its passage through the lungs, on suspension of respiration, while its circulation through the other parts of the body continues.—That the blood is obstructed in the lungs, by suspended respiration, preventing it from coming in contact with the atmospheric air.—That the obstruction of blood in the lungs, on suspension of respiration, is the chief cause of the *vacuum* of the system circulating arterial blood, *post mortem*. And, that the immediate cause of the cessation of the action of the heart, is the privation of its natural stimulus, owing to the obstruction of the blood in the lungs." To these succeed some very legitimate and sensible remarks on the effects produced on the human system by impeded respiration; or in other words, from an inadequate supply of atmospheric air, for the purpose of decarbonating or purifying the blood. It has been long suspected that the oxygenous or vital portion of our atmosphere, formed the immediate *agent*, through the medium of the lungs, in restoring the dark venous blood to the vivid red of the arterial vessels; but the *modus operandi* have never previously been demonstrated in the manner here reported by Dr. Williams.

GAS LIGHTS IN INDIA.—The *Bombay Gazette*, of the 26th of April, states, that Mr. Barthgate, an eminent chemist and druggist of Calcutta, had illuminated his warehouse in a brilliant manner with gas. Crowds of the better descriptions of natives flocked round the place, expressing their admiration at the beautiful contrivance. Several apparatus had been carried from England, and as coal and oil are abundant in Calcutta, there can be no difficulty in their application.

VARIETIES.

QUAINT TEXTS.—Two young persons, whose names were Adam and Lowe, were, some time since, candidates for a vacant Lectureship in the Metropolis. Being appointed to deliver their probationary Sermons on the same day, they agreed to cast lots which was to preach first, and the lot fell upon Mr. Lowe. He addressed his audience from those words, "*Adam, where art thou?*" In the afternoon, when it was Mr. Adam's turn to preach, he selected for the theme of his discourse, the following text, "*Lo! I am here.*" The text seemed so very *à-propos* to the occasion, that he was immediately chosen to the Lectureship, to the great mortification of his competitor.

ABRAHAM AND HIS TREASURE.—The Talmudists relate that Abraham, in travelling to Egypt, brought with him a chest. At the custom house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duties for clothes, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold. Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspect it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls—in short, he consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest; and behold, as soon as the chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt—it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her up in this chest.

CHANCE.—When Isaiah Thomas, the printer, of Massachusetts, was printing his almanac for the year

1780 one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the 13th of July. Mr. T. being engaged, replied, 'any thing, any thing'; the boy returned to the office and set, 'rain, hail, and snow.' The country was all amazement—the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently. From that time Thomas' almanacs were in great demand.

THE IRISH MIRACLES.—The Dublin Patriot, speaking of Prince Hohenlohe's Miracles, accounts for them from "the power of imagination;" and gives a curious recital of the surprising and almost ludicrous effects produced by the excitement of the imagination on a number of persons in the General Hospital at Bath, and in the Bristol Infirmary, in 1799, when the American quack, Dr. Perkins, was performing his miraculous cures by his *Patent Metallic Tractors*, so scientifically formed of the precious metals, that upon being drawn over the parts affected by rheumatism, gout, and other chronic diseases, they gave instantaneous relief to the afflicted patients, and caused many wonderful recoveries from the effects of these diseases. In order to expose the humbug, Dr. Haygarth and Dr. Falconer, of Bath, caused fictitious tractors to be made of wood, which were painted so as closely to imitate Perkin's Tractors, with which they experimented upon the patients in the Bath General Hospital with precisely the same effects as those produced by the Metallic Tractors. Similar experiments were also tried in the Bristol Infirmary, by Mr. Richard Smith and Dr. Moncrieffe, the results of which clearly proved, to a degree which had never before been suspected, *what a powerful influence on diseases is produced by mere imagination.*

HOW TO ESCAPE THE PICKPOCKETS.—A gentleman at Queen-square Police-office lately mentioned, that, in the course of one month, he had been robbed by pickpockets of not less than nine valuable silk handkerchiefs. Mr. Markland jocosely observed, "You are a slow walker, Colonel, I believe?" Colonel: "Very much so, your worship." Mr. Markland: "I thought so, and this is the cause of your losing so many handkerchiefs; thieves always attack the slowest walkers. I, said the magistrate, never walk slowly in the street, and never had my pocket picked."

MONUMENT.—A handsome monument has been recently erected in the parish church of Henley-on-Thames, to the memory of the late General Dumouriez. The following is the inscription:

Hic jacet
Tardam expectans patriæ justitiam.
Carolus Franciscus Du Mouriez,
Qui Cameraco natus Januarii XXXIX. æ. A. D. 1739.
Ingenio Doctrina, et Virtute præclarus,
Ad summum militare imperium,
Fortitudinæ et prudentiæ pervenit,
Lodovico 16. consiliis præfuit;
Regem et Leges in rostris eloquentia,
In castris gladio, patriam et libertatem
Defendit.
Nefandis in temporibus,
Bis Galliam a depopulatione et servitute servavit;
Sed ab ipsa, eam servare conans
Proscriptus est.
Asylum exuli Germania primum,
Nobilem postea hospitalitatem obtulit
Britanniæ.
Gratus obijt Turville,
Die Martis XIV. A. D. 1823.

A Translation of the above is requested from some of our young friends.

One of our contemporary journals states, what would almost appear incredible among the reading population of Great Britain, that in eleven counties of Ireland there is not a single bookseller's shop!

LONGEVITY.—M. Neumark, of Ratisbon, has just published a curious Treatise on the means of attaining to an advanced age. The examples which he has quoted of persons who have lived to between ninety and a hundred years of age, are from twelve to twenty of every year in that interval. Those of centenarians, and up to a hundred and fifteen years, are more numerous; but the number diminishes of those who have attained the age of a hundred and twenty-three years, being not more than four to nine. The examples of persons of a greater age than a hundred and twenty-three years, are

naturally more rare. M. Neumark has quoted only one of two hundred, two of two hundred and ninety-seven, and one of three hundred and sixty. The individual who reached the last-mentioned age was called Jean de Temporibus; he was a querry to Charlemagne, and died in Germany in 1128. It is remarkable, that there are few people of rank and few physicians among the centenarians. Hippocrates and Dufoarnel (the latter of whom died at Paris, in 1805, aged a hundred and fifteen years,) are almost the only ones. Among monarchs, except Frederick the Second, who lived to the age of seventy-six years, few have passed seventy. Among three hundred Popes, only seven reached the age of eighty years. Among philosophers who have become old, may be reckoned Kelper, Bacon, Newton, Euler, Kant, Fontenelle, &c. Among poets, Sappho, Pindar, Young, Haller, Voltaire, Bodmer, Göthe, &c. The most numerous examples of longevity have been furnished by Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Hungary, and Great Britain.

M. Neumark will meet with many incredulous people who will not admit, without very positive proof, that any person ever attained to so extraordinary an age as this M. Jean de Temporibus.

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening we were much gratified with the representation of Dr. Hoadley's Comedy of "*The Suspicious Husband*," and the laughable Farce of "*The Liar*," both of which owed much to the exertions of Mr. ELLISTON, who was *Ranger* himself in the former, and an admirable *Wilding* in the latter. Mr. E., whose buoyancy of spirits seems still to bid defiance to the ravages of time, supported both characters with his usual excellence.

Mrs. W. West, who made her *début* before us this evening, was very well received, and contributed much to our entertainment. With a commanding figure this lady possesses elegance of style, and peculiar sweetness of countenance. Mr. Gattie performed *Papillon* in the *Liar*, and merited the warm reception he experienced. Miss Collins, as Mrs. Strickland, displayed considerable ability; we feel convinced that in a short time this lady will become a deserved favourite. Mr. Browne personated Jack Meggot. This gentleman, being on the eve of departure for a London engagement, was called upon at the end of the play—He took leave of the public in a short appropriate address, in the course of which he was so affected as to express his feelings and bid adieu to his old friends with considerable difficulty. The other characters were upon the whole well sustained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. X. is extremely humorous at our expense. However, if guilty, we are not inclined to utter even a syllable on our own behalf. Mrs. B.—has ever been a favourite with us, and we can scarcely conceive how we happened to neglect an article from her pen; we know but one way of ascertaining whether it ever before reached us; and that is, by our last Correspondent saying whether any other item was enclosed with it, and which subsequently appeared! Should this not have been the case, we must beg to appease our angry friends by roundly averring its non-arrival.

Ignoto will find "The Virgin Chime" in our present number. "The Rose of Lunedale" is received, and shall be inserted shortly.

"Susan" is measured prose; and, even as such, we consider it inferior to many prose articles which we have received from the same pen. The story is not well told, neither is it so interesting.—The innocent should not suffer for the guilty; nor should the departure from rectitude and innocence be so indifferently passed over.

Vindex will perceive that his communication is superseded by one which was received early in the week.

Scrutator cannot expect further particulars.

Romeo; Juvialis; Clio; H.; and A Constant Reader—*et* received.

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AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.	Leeds, J. Heaton.
Birmingham, Bellby & Knotts.	Liverpool, E. Williams & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.	Manchester, J. S. Smith.
Bury, J. Kay.	Nottingham, E. B. Roberts.
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The Manchester Iris:

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the Iris, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—With your correspondent Z. I am convinced that the diffusion of Scientific knowledge in Manchester would be an incalculable blessing to its inhabitants generally. But, how is this diffusion to be effected? For, if restricted to the higher and middle classes, the benefit will be, indeed, partial; too limited to merit attention!

I am not aware that it requires any extraordinary qualifications to render individuals of either of the above classes eligible to become members of the Manchester Philosophical Society; nor do I believe this Society to comprise more than a very small proportion of our literary and scientific townsmen: neither am I of opinion that its members are, in general, particularly distinguished for extensive and accurate knowledge in the Arts and Sciences. I readily admit that several eminent characters honour it with their presence and communications; but, I presume, it will not be disputed that much of its time is occupied with futile hypotheses, and unprofitable disquisition. And hence, I do not conceive that the Manchester Philosophical Society is at all calculated to effect the object under consideration.

Scientific Lectures are in most instances equally ineffective, on account of 1. Expense, 2. The too often questionable talents of the Lecturers, and 3. The impossibility that their apparatus for experiment and illustration, should co-extend with the great design in all its necessary ramifications.

If the wish of Z. be to interest and materially benefit our town in pleasing and profitable knowledge, a commensurate plan should be adopted, and that must be,—the establishing of almost gratuitous lectures, to be delivered and illustrated by men of experience and talent, and of a select library of easy access.

Cannot the munificent spirit of ANDERSON, the diligence and liberality of URE, and the attention and intelligence of the GLASGOW PEOPLE—be equally exemplified in Manchester?

The following outline most satisfactorily shows the basis and arrangement which can alone realize to the Individuals, Families, and Community of this town, the enjoyments and advantages so justly eulogised and well introduced by Z.

I am, &c.

A CALICO PRINTER.

Manchester, Sept. 22, 1823.

Outline of the ANDERSONIAN INSTITUTION, Glasgow.
DR. URE, Professor.

"The original design of the mechanic's class, was limited, as you know, to the exhibition and explanation of mechanical models. But the progress of machinery in your workshops, has now so far outrun the state of the models left by the venerable Founder of the Institution, as to render their display, with a very few exceptions, useless, except as historical documents of the rudeness of the times in which they were framed.

I have, accordingly, for ten years, employed chiefly modern apparatus, procured at my own expense, and by rendering the instructions miscellaneous, have adapted them better to the diversity of your pursuits. Besides teaching the usual elements of mechanics and their general combinations, I have made it my business to explain the properties of the atmosphere, on which the action of pumps depends; the nature of hydrostatic equilibrium, and hydraulic impulse, as subservient to the construction of Bramah's press, and water-wheels; the beautiful laws of heat so admirably applied to perfect the steam-engine, by our illustrious fellow-citizen; nor have I declined, in compliance with your wishes, to lay before you from time to time, such views of the constitution of nature, in electricity, optics, and astronomy, as might awaken the powers of your minds, and reward your attention to the less attractive branches of science. But a subject deserving particular attention, was that of the chemical arts, in which many of you are engaged; a knowledge of the scientific principles of which, as taught in the Colleges, circumstances permit few of you to acquire. You have listened to my chemical lessons with the keenest interest; and have applied your studies to conspicuous advantage. Need I adduce, among other things, the unrivalled beauty of the Adrianople madder dye, as executed on; the most extensive scale,* by individuals who have been my faithful pupils, for nearly the whole course of my public career. By a steady prosecution of this expanded system of instruction, your class has progressively increased in number and importance; so that, within the last twelve years, I have delivered twenty-one courses of lectures to upwards of six thousand students in this department alone."

The whole experimental means at present employed in carrying on this POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, have been derived from the exertions and sacrifices of the Professor, and the generous aid and contributions of his pupils. They have supplied him with much valuable practical information on their respective arts, with many curious models, and subsidiary instruments of illustration; while he, in return, has expended large sums of money, in framing popular representations of the scientific discoveries and improvements, in which the present age is so prolific.

To the mechanic's class a library is attached, consisting of the best treatises on the sciences and arts, with some valuable works on general literature, such as, history, geography, travels, &c. of which they have the exclusive management and perusal. The foundation of it was laid in the year 1807, by a voluntary subscription, amounting, I think, to about £80; and several books which I collected from my friends, with about 100 volumes from my own library. Many members of the class have contributed from time to time; and it has recently acquired considerable extension, from the receipts of lectures which I delivered for its benefit.

Besides the acknowledged and palpable effect of such a plan of tuition, on the improvement of the useful arts, it has another operation, more silent, but neither less certain, nor less important, namely, its influence in meliorating the moral condition of the operative order of society.

A taste for science elevates the character, and creates a disrelish, and disgust, at the debasement of intoxication. Philosophy dressed in an attractive garb, leads away from the temptations of the tavern. Thus, too, the transition from the drudgery or turmoil of the

* Particularly at the establishment of H. Monteith, Esq. M. P. where the sciences of mechanics and chemistry co-operate, in a degree of precision and elegance, which I believe to be unparalleled in the world.

week, to the tranquillity of Sunday, is secured by the preceding evening's occupation. The man indeed whose Saturday night is spent in rioting or drunkenness, will make a bad Christian on the Sabbath, an indifferent workman on Monday, and an unhappy husband and father through the week. To promote this moral operation of science, I have always taken occasion to point out the beneficent design which the whole mechanism of nature displays. If the contemplation of the miseries and crimes which stain the page of history, have led some speculators to cavil at the government of a benevolent Creator; the contemplation of the harmonious laws, and benignant adjustments which the science of nature discloses, must satisfy every candid student, of the presence and providence of a wise and beneficent Lawgiver.—URE's Address, April 1816.—See the Introduction to his Dictionary of Chemistry.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have read with much interest the frank and gentlemanly letter of Dr. Gregory, inserted in the last number of your publication. I wish it to be remembered that when I claimed superiority for M. Biot, I did so merely on account of his scientific character.

I certainly cherish no "feelings" towards Dr. Gregory, but such as are perfectly respectful; and I have no further knowledge of him (apart from the reports which I have heard on the subject of our present correspondence) than what I have derived from the perusal of his various interesting and valuable publications. My only object, in the observations which I have offered, was to defend the character of an enlightened foreigner, who, it appeared to me, had, in the Memoir of Dr. Gregory, been most illiberally and unjustly assailed. When I next visit London, which will probably be in a short time, I shall, if I have sufficient leisure for the purpose, have much pleasure in accepting the Doctor's invitation; and I beg to assure him that, convinced, by his statement, of the errors of the reports which I have heard, I shall be quite as ready to do justice to his character, as I have been to defend that of M. Biot. The Dr. will then be able to judge for himself how far a depreciation of his merits, "may be congenial to the views or disposition of Civis in his real character." I submit to him, in the mean time, whether this slanderous attack upon private character, which his advocate, who professes to know him well, seems to think necessary to his defence, may gratify his feelings, or suit his purposes. To the Doctor's private character I have made no allusion whatever; and it is for him to say, whether he is ready to sanction this unjustifiable attack upon mine.

I unite with the real friends of Dr. Gregory in suggesting the publication of his statement. The heavy charges which he has brought against M. Biot, whose works are much read, and whose merits are therefore well known in this country, seem to require something more for their support than even the Doctor's respectable authority. The statement might not only put an end to the misconceptions which exist at present on the subject; but, in some measure,

protect the scientific character of this country, which has, I believe, suffered much on the continent, from the small share that the English Mathematicians appear to have taken in the Shetland expedition, from which M. Biot alone, seems to have gained any thing like credit.

The quibbling and petulant attack of J. M. is, in every respect, unworthy of notice.

I should, indeed, be sorry to be compelled by any person who may force his friendship on Dr. Gregory, to say more of him than I intended. I entertain in this affair no feelings of hostility; and, had I been permitted, I should have dropped the subject after the publication of my first letter. I cannot see what J. M. can hope for in his advocacy of the Doctor, whose only defence in this instance is that contained in his own library. I shall not imitate J. M. by suspecting that he may have some reasons, "in his real character," for the extravagant compliments which he so awkwardly pays to Dr. Gregory, and to the editor of the Imperial Magazine! His "real character" is a matter of as little concern to me, as mine ought to be to him.

Those who may have read your correspondent's article with attention, will perhaps be as much amused as I have been, at his criticisms upon the style of my former letter. In a case in which your readers can so easily judge for themselves it is unnecessary for me to recriminate.

I shall at present only repeat that the very improper allusions to M. Biot, in the Memoir of Dr. Gregory, induced me to take up my pen on this occasion; and I now very willingly leave the public to determine, whether the character of the latter is likely to suffer more from my observations, or from his Manchester advocate's singular defence.

Civis.

Manchester, September 22nd, 1823.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—While myself and a friend were taking a walk a short time ago, towards evening, in the vicinity of Oxford Road, we were surprised on passing one of the large factories, to feel the specking of small rain on our faces, and to observe minute globules of water on our coats, though the sun was shining, and the sky clear, with the exception of a few scattered clouds floating in the horizon. We were totally at a loss to account for so singular an occurrence; however, accidentally observing a few minutes afterwards, owing to the rushing noise, that the steam was let off at the engine house, whence it arose abundantly in voluminous white clouds of apparently great density it struck us we had discovered the cause. The phenomenon was, no doubt, owing simply to the condensation, and consequent liquid form, of the vapour, which, while in a purely æriform state, had diffused itself in the atmosphere as far as the place where we were—a distance of perhaps sixty or eighty yards.

The formation of rain, I believe, is, at present, but imperfectly understood;—the above may possibly throw some light on that important branch of meteorology.

I am, yours, &c.

L. M. N.

Manchester, Sept. 1823,

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I send you for insertion the following extract from the last edition of Dr. Henry's "Elements of Chemistry."

"M. D'Arcet prepares gelatine from bones,

not by boiling, but by dissolving out the earthy matter by steeping the bones in diluted muriatic acid. The gelatine remains in a solid state, preserving the form of the bone, and thus furnishing a complete proof that it existed in the bone ready formed."

"Hence bones contain gelatine as one of their ingredients. But besides this animalized substance, another is discovered by the slow action of diluted nitric or muriatic acid. Either of these acids dissolve both the earthy salts and gelatine, and a soft flexible substance remains, retaining, in a great measure, the shape of the original bone."

The substance which remains after the action of the acid, is stated by Mr. Hatchett, its discoverer, "most to resemble coagulated albumen," which differs from gelatine in its chemical composition. If the information conveyed in the last extract be correct, M. D'Arcet has not been preparing gelatine, but coagulated albumen.

Perhaps some of your scientific readers may be able to reconcile the difference between the statements, or give such information as will satisfy, those, who, like myself, are but novices in chemistry.

TYRO.

September 24, 1823.

• Vol. 2, page 355.

† Vol. 2, page 454.

BANKERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

MR. EDITOR,—Some observations have been lately made, or rather repeated, in the Kaleidoscope, respecting a practice which generally prevails in some of the most respectable banks in Manchester, of persons remaining uncovered, during their visit there, for the transaction of business. But why should this practice appear singular, or be supposed, for a moment, to arise from 'pure reverence and respect to filthy lucre?' The doors of the banks are generally closed, and the whole interior is always, and at all seasons, sufficiently warm and comfortable to induce an Englishman, unless he is a Quaker, to take off his beaver, merely for his own personal comfort, and that he may feel the advantage of it when he goes out again; and sometimes, perhaps, from respect to others who, like himself, are come on business, not to mention the principals, some of whom are generally on the spot, and highly respectable, both publicly as bankers, and privately in their individual capacities. Whatever may have been the cause of the practice referred to, it is now become a regular thing,—just as regular as it is on entering a bookseller's shop, or any other common retail shop, to keep the hat on. And here a good reason may be assigned for not uncovering the head, as the doors of all such shops are almost invariably kept open, both summer and winter. When that is the case, would it not be unnatural and inconvenient to take off the hat? And this, I apprehend, constitutes the main difference between bankers and booksellers, which it should appear, had not occurred to the writer in the Kaleidoscope,—probably a stranger in Manchester, though he dates his communication from that place.

On entering a bank, every one finds himself in a warm and comfortable apartment, with closed doors; but on going into a bookseller's shop, the doors remain constantly open. But in either case, each individual is left to consult his own feelings. That the bankers themselves do not expect or wish their friends to take off their hats, is manifest, as no hat-pegs are provided, lest it might be supposed, as a matter of course,

that all who entered the bank should hang up their hats.

I am well aware that in London, the same practice does not prevail, as in Manchester, and some other provincial towns in the neighbourhood. But in London, as well as in the country, the practice is entirely optional; and the bankers, as already observed, do not prescribe any particular rule, but leave it to every individual to act as is most agreeable to himself, or to general custom, which, as in the present case, has commonly its foundation in reason and propriety.

Your's, &c.

S. X.

23rd Sept. 1823.

THE DUTCH MINSTREL.

Beside you oak which rears its rugged form
Above the solitary waste, (where thro' the night,
The owlets' cries are heard upon the storm,
And wizard beings sit upon the sight,
And sounds unearthly break from the dark wood;)—
An aged man care-worn and feeble stood.

Grey were the hairs that flow'd on his breast,
A mantle or cloak o'er his shoulders was flung,
And from the thick folds of his ample vest,
The lyre of the ancient minstrel was hung:
Dim were his eyes that to heaven were cast,
And seem'd the high ruler of all to invoke:
His thoughts were with years that long since had past,
And his voice on the silence thus pænefully broke:—

Star of the night, now brightly shining,
Thou'lt see my hills, on thy declining,
Thou'lt beam on the blue and the rolling ocean,
Where often I lay'd mid the waves' commotion.
And perhaps one glimpse thou may'st have of the spot,
Where one may be weeping the wanderer's lot,
And the boy of my hope may look upon thee,
And think of his sire in a far country.

Oh dear to the mother's the lip of her child,—
And dear to the blind would the heaven's light fall,
Could they view the bright scenes 'neath its influence mild:
But dearer's the land of our birth-right than all!

Batavia! my country,—when shall I behold thee,
When tread thy flower'd fields? when thy breezes shall
Oh when shall the arms I love dearest enfold me,
Nor longer the dart of misfortune assail!

In thy bow'rs, by thy streamlets again to recline,
While my own native skies their kind radiance shed,
To read thy sweet songs—for none sweeter than these
'Neath the vault of the heav'n's, my country, are read.

Hail birds of Batavia! an old man's tears
And blessings be with ye, wherever ye roam;
For the joys he has felt, where you woodland appear,
And the songs of his land have again borne him home.

For who the harp can tune with thy address,
Delightful Minstrel, Zwoll's acknowledged pride,
Ah who again the pensive chords will wail,
Raise the free soul where meditation wide
Her wondrous love displays, and gently take
The thought from earth to heav'n's—who can express
The music of thy song when fraught with love,
Which falls as night dews fall from clouds above,
And soft revive some drooping flower's tear:
Such as the saints might write and angels hear!

Or who the thrilling chords can swell
Of battles fierce alarms to tell,
That at the sound,
The warrior's round,
Start, as e'en now the war's rude death was near,
Each breast elate,
Disdaining fate,—
Wildly they brandish high the treacherous spear.

Hark—methinks the swords are clashing—
The cymbal's clang—the drum's dull beat—
The cannon's roar—the ship's round heat—
The loud hurra—the wounded's cry—
As o'er their forms the horsemen fly—
And banners high on air are dashing.

Now the babel noises rise,
Now the din ascends the skies,
And anon in murmurs dies;
O'er the plain imbued with gore,
Again the volleying cannon roars,
And victory joyous sounds from shore to shore!

In sorrow now the old man rose,
And while the lyre he touch'd again,
He breath'd a tale so full of woe,
That pity sigh'd to hear the strain:

And the lone minstrel as the chords he swept,
Thought of his home, reclin'd his head, and wept.

Manchester.

N. W. HALCERINIA.

• Rhynvis Feith, a gentleman and a scholar, whose name add new lustre to the literature of Holland.

THE ROSE OF LUNEDALE.

*Her in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, th' d in a cottage, far retir'd,
Among the windings of a woody vale.*

THOMSON.

The morning was dark and cold, and the bleak wind howled along the moor, large and heavy flakes of snow were borne upon the blast, nature was wrapt in the heavy mantle of winter, and the most expansive scene presented to the eye nothing but a dreary waste of frozen snow. It was the Sabbath morning, and man rested from his labour; not a human figure was to be seen throughout the village, and only here and there a shepherd moved slowly along to see his flocks secured from the biting blast.

My usual visitors the pretty redbreasts had received their morning repast, and had flown to the corner of the barn to pass the remainder of the day. I have long received the greatest pleasure from these companions of my solitary hours, and derive more amusement from their innocent chirping than from the more pompous conversation of many of my acquaintance. Solitude and reflection occupy the greatest part of my time, and days elapse without any other visitors than the harmless robins.

I sat by my fire perusing a production of one of our learned divines, till the bell should summon me to attend the Morning Service;—in the mean time the sky became heavier, the clouds collected into a larger and a denser mass, the wind raged more furiously and whistled louder than before, and the elements seemed to be suddenly convulsed. The walk to the church was short, but incommoded by branches of trees which lay across the path, torn from their parent stem by the whirling tempest. Few were the attendants in the House of God, and cold looked the scene as I cast my eyes around, and saw so small a congregation: and that too at a period when, from the shock, I had expected to behold my neighbours, prostrate at the altar of our God, offering up petitions for their safety.

But there was one who attracted, nay rivetted my firmest attention; wrapt up in devotion to her maker, knelt the form of a plain and modest female, the pride and joy of the whole village and the very joy and spirit of the children. I have seen her with the greatest cheerfulness lead the young train on May morning and join in the dance around the pole, she was always foremost in assisting with the decorations, and the garden of Jane Dobson was the chief resort of the neighbourhood on that happy festival. Last May day she was crowned their Queen; but in all her joy, and with the bright countenance she then wore, how far was she from the lovely creature I beheld her in the House of God! Piety, adoration, and a modest fear, alternately were predominant as she joined in the various devotional services. She sat, with the other poor of the parish, around the altar, and I could hear her melodious voice join, with loud, yet unassuming tone, in the morning hymn, as she diffidently led the youthful choir. When the sermon commenced she sat a monument of attention, a pattern, to the old as well as young, and a model which wealthy and poor might study to equal advantage. Yet there was a melancholy depicted on her countenance, and I could discern that something beyond what met the eye, was moving within her bosom: as soon as the service was concluded I followed her home, under the idea of seeing her mother, and in her learning the cause of her daughter's melancholy. By this time the clouds were dis-

persed, and a faint ray of sunshine gave animation to the scene, the wind had ceased, and the sea, which was in view from the church-yard, lay calm and still, nature seemed to have felt the force of divine worship, and to have settled into quiet on this holy day. Still the air was cold, and the trees hung with myriads of icicles which burst upon the sight in ten thousand of the brightest and most varied colours under the rays of the sun.

The walk was short, and a few minutes brought me to the door of a neat but humble cottage, bereft outwardly of every appearance which could give the faintest idea of the comfort and happiness of its inmates; the twining rose tree was devoid of leaves, and the sweet jessamin hung down its brown and bare branches, the eaves were covered with snow, and winter had thrown a sad and dreary mantle over the abode of peace. I arrived before the youthful Jane, and found her venerable parent, over whose brows the white locks hung in profusion, reading her family bible, she had it open at that part where the Psalmist so energetically and so beautifully exclaims "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters, these in the deep"—As I entered she drew her spectacles from her time-worn brow, and placing them carefully between the leaves to mark her place, closed the book. She wore a calm and peaceful countenance, but I fancied there was still visible a ray of resignation under some affliction, though little did it show itself. The customary salutations and enquiries over, I dropped a hint respecting her daughter, and ventured to ask the reason of her absence so long after the conclusion of the service. I could perceive a deep though half stifled sigh escape from her bosom, before she composed herself to answer me. She then began "The narrative I could tell you, and which relates to my Jane, is too long to go through at present, it would occupy me on the sabbath otherwise than I feel my duty, and I should deem myself wrong in neglecting the few hours of this blessed day by recalling scenes too worldly to admit of a communion with our Maker." It was in vain to make any further request, and indeed I should not have felt myself justified in pressing such a measure; but, had it been otherwise, the arrival of her daughter would have put a stop to the recital which I was to hear on the morrow.

From the great intimacy that had always existed between the family of my father and old dame Dobson, I felt an additional interest in the life of her daughter, towards whom I looked as a friend, the companion and playmate of my childhood, and into whose welfare I should always feel myself bound to see.

Monday arrived, it was calm and the sun threw a few partial rays upon the earth; the wind had totally ceased, and I enjoyed the walk to my old neighbours; having set off early, I found the dame and her daughter seated at breakfast, by particular request I joined them in the repast, and never was heartier meal made at the table of royalty, than I enjoyed with the happy couple. As soon as breakfast was finished, Jane, who seemed more lively than on the preceding day, prepared to walk to a neighbouring farmer's, whose daughter was to be married in the course of the week; they had been companions from their infancy, and had a sort of rivalry as to who should first enter into matrimony. And though her friend seemed to have been the more fortunate, the good tempered Jane tripped lightly along to congratulate her, and if possible, to add to her happiness.

When we were alone, Mrs. Dobson gave a recital which, to avoid her prolixity, I shall endeavour to curtail, without losing any incident. I fear it may be deemed trifling to many, but not being ambitious that this book should ever pass out of my own family, or at least from the hands of my friends, I feel a pleasure in conning over circumstances which call to mind those innocent, those happy days, when I knew no want, and when all my desires were bounded by the sphere of my acquaintance, and the village of my birth. Days that have passed like a dream, but to which I shall often look with pleasure and regret.

But to return; I soon had called to my memory a young man of considerable promise, Henry Atkins, who once entertained hopes of soon becoming the rightful protector of Jane Dobson, and with no less pleasure did Jane look forward to that time when she might rest in his bosom secure from the ills of the world, the affianced wife of her Henry.

It was on one of the finest mornings of the September previous to the time at which I sat with Mrs. Dobson, that Henry had risen earlier than usual to greet his Jane on her natal day, decked in his Sunday finery, and carrying on his arm a basket of the finest fruit and flowers of the season, as he approached the cottage he drew forth a flute and played a favourite tune which his beloved used often to warble, the door was open, and, as if visitors had been expected, the old oaken table was set in the middle of the room, on which stood a large bowl of new milk, and some fine specimens of those fruits which her garden produced and had been carefully preserved for the occasion. Delighted with the modest simplicity of her who dwelt nearest his heart, Henry likewise began to arrange the contents of his basket; but scarcely had he commenced when his arm was seized by the firm grasp of a man,—unprepared for any other company than that of Jane, and suspecting no danger, he started, but what was his amazement to see the place filled with a rude press-gang, treading down unconcernedly the trees which he had always looked upon with pleasure, because the rearing of one whom he loved. He was borne off without being allowed a parting word to any one in the village. The report soon spread; but the vessel had left the coast, and the broken-hearted Jane was left, a prey to anguish, suspense and despair.

Month succeeded month and the whole force of winter had commenced, but no tidings came to cheer the two inmates of the cottage; Jane seemed to exert herself for her parent's sake, but the canker-worm grief preyed upon her inwardly, and at the time I was favoured with this recital she was sinking fast beneath mental affliction.—Every rude blast brought to her mind the form of Henry tossed upon the billows, a sport to the heedless waves.

Spring returned, but her cheek, unlike the flowers of the season, grew daily more pale, her features fell, and I could scarcely distinguish her who had once looked so lovely; the Rose of Lunedale no longer bloomed in its beauty—it withered beneath the encreasing glories of the season! Ere summer had set in, Jane was in the grave, free from anxiety, and removed from the cares of the world. Years have now elapsed, but Henry was never more heard of, and his name is forgotten in the neighbourhood, and I myself followed old Mrs. Dobson (whose latter years passed in a second childhood) to yonder church, where with her daughter she lies in peace,—a pilgrim who had wandered for nearly

a century in this sphere of being, outlived her relatives and friends, and at last insensibly closed her eyes upon a careless world.

Liverpool.

IGNOTO.

MONTMARTRE.

(From the Literary Museum.)

It is glorious to stand on the brow of Montmartre on a summer's morning, while the sun rises over the horizon of houses far to the east. The stillness of nature, and the calm of the city, fill you with a pleasing awe; and you mark the rays falling through the pure atmosphere on the respective masses of building, proud to reflect on your advantage over the sleeping inhabitants. The wide-spread plain of St. Denis, the amphitheatrical range of hills from Montmorency to St. Cloud, and the winding Seine, possess infinite attractions for the eye; but when it again fixes, towards the south, on the mighty mass of buildings, spires, roofs, and columns of Paris, the fascination of sublimity is felt in its fullest force; and we sympathize with the Dutch poet, who thus exclaims:

And when, Montmartre, from thy lofty front
Thou mark'st the vale beneath, so thickly strewn
With towns, and palaces, and those blest homes,
Where the tired citizen in summer's shades
Seeks to forget the tumults of the world—
On Paris fixes still thy wondering gaze.

There is something awfully magnificent in the contemplation of this mighty arena, standing in silent and motionless dignity, yet filled with such splendid, such powerful, and such opposing spirits as are ever there in action. There is something unspeakably humiliating, yet at the same time elevating in the thought, that we are as but a sand-grain to the mighty whole, and yet we can grasp, as it were, that whole. With what clearness do we then single out any one given object, visible or imagined; handle, measure, or dissect it as we please, while an electrical sympathy brings us into close contact, and permits us to exercise, uncontrolled, our mental magnetism on the object we select. It is here that we fully enjoy that singleness of mind, the chief advantage of solitude. The lonely views of a boundless ocean, or a vast mountain chain, do not act upon us in so intense a degree as the one I now describe; the enthusiasm they excite has less of philosophy in it, for we are rather rapt and wildered, than excited or improved.

The hum of morning begins to be heard. The ponderous bells from a hundred steeples chime out for matin prayers, and the soul silently sends up its orisons. Noon comes on: and the busy noises of the city roll for monotonous hours round the foot of the hill. Evening approaches: the misty veil, rising from the river, is pierced by the radiance of the setting sun; you see him sinking behind the wooded hills of St. Cloud—a crimson globe canopied with burnished clouds—while his rays, passing over the lake-looking basin which the river forms beyond the Pont de Jena, seems to concentrate on the gilded cupola of the Invalids, blazing before you. The slated roof, stretching westward thence towards the Seine, shines like polished plates of silver; and hundreds of insignificant attic windows sparkle upon them with a diamond brilliancy.

A few minutes conduct us across the ridgy summit to the other side of the hill. There a teeming plain stretches far away, rich in every colour of vegetation. A home-bound sportsman is seen discharging his gun at a fluttering quail, which wings its flight across the corn. The tall spire of St. Denis is already melting from us in the dusk; and Montmorency, on the heights still farther to the north, is only visible in the recollections associated with it. La Butte de Chaumont on the east, catches the eye, and the mind rushes rapidly into the recollection of the fight it was the scene of, when the undisciplined youths of the Polytechnic school, on the 30th of March 1814, frowned from its acclivities on the united legions of Germany and Russia. Two hundred thousand men, and 600 pieces of cannon, were on this occasion opposed by twelve thousand regular troops, about 1500 unofficered and ill-armed national guards, and those Polytechnic boys:—

All furnished with arms,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun in Midsummer,

A few field-pieces were scattered here and there on the heights; while some redoubts, hastily thrown up towards the plain, and a broken line of ragged palisades, presented a ridiculous mockery of defence. The Maire of Montmartre, whom I knew well, told me that the imbecile Joseph made his appearance on the hill about noon, and with a most ludicrous mixture of pomp and ignorance, ordered him to arm the national guard of the commune. "Perhaps your majesty does not know that I have but seven muskets in the armoury, and four of them without locks?"—"Ah! arm them with pikes then."—"There is no such weapon here, your Majesty."—"Indeed! then do what you can with them, Monsieur le Maire—Bon jour!" With these words he rode down the hill, and in a little time escaped from Paris, leaving behind them a proclamation which told the citizens "Je reste avec vous!" Ballets were sent up for the cannon (which were commanded by the Maire, and manned by the labourers from the quarries!); they were all suited for guns of double the calibre! such were the preparations for the defence! yet it continued twelve hours; and it is said that no less than 8,000 of this Allies fell before the well-directed fire of *les enfans de Paris*, whose gallantry is the only redeeming virtue of this humiliating day.

In little more than a year afterwards, the same plains were covered again by hostile troops, and another harvest trampled under the tread of the invader. One feature marked a difference now—the British army was seen mingled with its northern allies; and its scarlet columns, defiling along the windings of the Seine, approached Paris by the westward, and marched through the indignant city ere they planted their standards on the heights of Montmartre. These were proud days for us, no doubt, but I now contemplate the landscape under a different and more soothing aspect. Those violent excitements are gone by, and the moon is rising on the gentle scenery. My attention is fixed on the high walls of a garden, and the silvery foliage which peeps above it. I heard a wild and plaintive air sung with that thrilling expression so peculiar to the voice of the maniac. I look towards the extensive mansion to which the garden belongs—it is a madhouse! A female sits pensively in one of the grated windows, "warbling her sweet notes to the moon." How little has fancy to act in persuading me that I gaze on Madame Lavalette, that matchless heroine, to whom history will atone, for the neglect that leaves her now wildered and forgotten in the madhouse of Montmartre.—Hark!

SONG OF THE COUNTESS OF LAVALETTE.*

I gave my love my cloak and hood,
To bide his face and fly,
And in his prison-place I stood,
When he was doomed to die.
They came to fetch my love away,
But only found his bride.
They made a bloody tomb for Ney,
And dug my love's beside.

I heard them dig the five-long night,
I knew their spades—and screamed;
But he was far beyond their spite
Before the morning beamed.
My love had gained the frontier land,
God bless the English name!
An 'twere not for their helping hand,
I'd been a widowed dame.

But Wilson was a gallant man,
My saving angel he;
And back the baffled death-bounds ran,
They did not come for me.
And Bruce and Hutchinson are dear,
To my poor memory yet;
But the soul they cheer is dark and drear;
Weep, weep, for LAVALETTE!

I again turn my looks towards Paris. The vapours of night are spreading over its wide extent, and give it the appearance of a vast inland sea; while the scattered light glimmering through the mist look like the reflections of the stars which cover the firmament. The rolling of a thousand carriages sound like the distant murmuring of the tide; the tall spires of the churches, penetrating the haze, seem so many distant vessels on its surface, and nothing is wanting to complete the illusion of this fanciful mirage. In the midst of the deception a loud report is heard, as if from the

* This song is taken from a recent pamphlet, entitled "Random Rhymes from Paris."

bosom of the waters, and a rocket immediately afterwards shoots up into the sky. This is the signal for the fireworks of Tivoli. The gardens of Reggieri, Beaujon, the Montagnes Suisses, and the various other public places, quickly follow the impulsion. The heavens are soon ablaze with all the varieties of artificial fire. Explosion succeeds explosion; rockets and blue-lights fantastically pursue each other through clouds of smoke, in perpendicular or lateral flight, producing that magnificent disorder which Burke remarks as so truly grand; then bursting far above, descend in showers of fire, which just became extinct as they reach the tops of the lurid trees. In the succession of flame which is every where visible, the stars literally "hide their diminished heads." The vapours seem to dissolve in the brilliant atmosphere, and every individual building of Paris appears to start anew, as if from the dried-up bed of ocean. Not far from the foot of the hill a balloon mounts majestically from the bosom of the shrubberies of Tivoli, and a female gracefully waves a white flag in the midst of a blaze of light. While we gaze on the dauntless aeronaut with breathless anxiety and admiration, a huge unwieldy object is seen slowly rising far to the right, and we recollect the announcement of the artificial elephant to ascend that night from Beaujon. At these final wonders of the evening a stunning burst of artillery reverberates on all sides; and the two concluding bouquets from the rival gardens are launched into the clouds. All the preceding splendours are eclipsed by this ineffable display. The flood of brilliancy which pour down, tinges all the firmament with bright blue radiance; but the sparks are quickly one by one extinguished, and a total darkness shuts out both heaven and earth.

Convinced that all is finished, I slowly descend towards the city, and looking back a moment at the heights, distinguish nothing but the windmills standing on the crest like giant centinels waving their arms in the air. Passing rapidly down the rugged by-path leading to the Rue des Martyrs, and approaching the barrier, the sounds of music float towards me from a pleasure garden on the left. A row of coarse lamps at the entrance throws its glare upon the wine-houses at the opposite side of the street, and many straggled reel joyously in the gaudy illumination. I enter the garden, and perceive under the shade of scissos and poplars, which are gaily lighted with coloured lamps, numerous parties of dancers, moving to the admirable music of an orchestra rising in the grove. In the hours around are tables for the groups who take refreshment. Organs and lemonade are served round by dexterous and bustling waiters; and twopenny is surely well spent in learning the delightful lesson of decorum and enjoyment, furnished in this resort of the lowest class of the people.

SONNETS.

I.

On seeing my mother's Portrait.

It is my mother's picture, ev'ry line
And feature hers, the pleasing glowing smile
Is there, which oft, with joyous heart, the while
I've gazed upon; the placid brow—'tis thine
My saluted parent, nothing there but life
Is wanting now the picture to complete
As late thou wert, the kind, the tender wife,
The anxious mother! never shall I meet
With love like thine again—thy picture draws
From my o'erflowing breast, the heavy sigh,
The startling tears bedew my weeping eyes
When I bethink me of my loss,—I pause
A while—'tis good affliction's hand to feel—
Submissive 'fore my God in adoration deep I kneel!

II.

On visiting the place of my Birth.

Scenes of my earliest youth, how chang'd since last
I view'd ye! that old sable mansion gone
Where first I breath'd, and not a single stone
Left to point out its site; and yet have pass'd
But ten short years.—Those trees, which shelter gave
Unto this wearied form, from the heat
Of a meridian sun I found a seat.
Beneath their shade, now hang upon the grave
Of my deceased parent; one small stone
Covers the consecrated spot in which she lies,
And all is darkness there, those beaming eyes
Which once would drop a tear and smile, are gone
Are now for ever closed, she hears me not,—
In death all thoughts of this world are forgot.
Liverpool.

IGNOTO.

THE GRAVE-STONE.

A party of young men had been carousing together one evening, and, amongst many other freaks which they thought of and put into execution, they determined to have their fortunes told. After drinking up all that remained on the table, in order to strengthen their resolution, they about midnight sallied forth, arm in arm, wild with their revelry.

The woman whom they resolved to consult lived without the city gates, in a small house; and, for the purpose of her prophecies, used a mirror, in which the inquirer might behold whatever scene of his future life he desired to have revealed. Many a story was related in which it was asserted that her revelations had come to pass. She had, however, been positively interdicted from continuing her dangerous occupation, and only carried it on now very secretly.

As the noisy party approached her house, she observed, by their demeanour, that they were elevated with wine, and she steadily refused to accede to their request. No promises, no money, that they could offer, caused her to waver in her resolution; and, at length, most of the young men believed her assurances that she had finally renounced the craft, and, leaving her house, agreed to parade the streets: one only, Leopold, who had drunk the least, but in whose character there was great natural enthusiasm, separated himself privately from his companions, went back to the fortune-teller, and renewed his solicitations under the most solemn assurances that whatever he might see should be kept secret. By gold and fair promises he succeeded at length in overcoming the scruples of the old woman, who, silently motioning, lighted him up a small stair-case into a room in which there was a large mirror placed against the wall, with a curtain before it. She set the glass on the table, hid the lamp in the oven, and then asked her visitor what he wished to see.

He reflected a while, and debated in his mind whether he should ask to behold his future bride, his future residence, or whatever else curiosity dictated. Whilst he was thus pondering he heard the call of the watchman. The wine he had drunk and his midnight excursion had had a singular influence on his mind: he looked up, and asked to see his grave.

In manifest alarm, and, moreover, with a certain sort of kindness in her manner, the beldam endeavoured to divert him from this, reminding him how often foreknowledge causes accomplishment: but in vain; he persisted in his wish, and after many refusals, the curtain was withdrawn from the glass.

In the dusky twilight which seemed to be retained in the glass, and not to extend without it, there appeared a long green quadrangle, surrounded by a wall. Within it stood many oak and elm trees, above which appeared the roof of a building resembling a cloister. In the back ground there were seen many hillocks, raised above the sod, with crosses and grave-stones: on one of these, not far from the wall, he, at first with astonishment, and then with constantly increasing horror, plainly read his own name.

He sat still and in silence before the glass until the curtain was again let down, and the old woman had taken the lamp from out of the oven, to light him to the door. He went home sunk in thought; every trace of his reveling had disappeared, but the image of his grave was impressed upon his mind in indelible characters: many days and weeks passed on.

In order to divert his mind, he now determined to go himself on a journey, which, on account of some disagreeable affairs, he had previously determined to leave to another. He rightly considered that a total change of scenes, places, and sensations, would have a beneficial influence. Visiting on horseback many charming spots, to him, hitherto unknown spots, his mind not only regained its former tone, but he became even more lively than the natural gravity of his character had hitherto allowed him to be.

Whilst travelling one day he was overtaken by a storm that constantly increased. He was already many miles distant from the place he had left, and had about as far to go before he could reach the one to which he was journeying. He soon became dripping wet, and, leaving his horse, he took a by-path, in hopes of reaching some village, of which he saw that the main road afforded no prospect: but the whole neighbourhood appeared alike solitary and deserted by men.

At length, however, he came in sight of a farm-yard, partly surrounded with trees, and enclosed with a pretty high wall. He perceived that he should be forced to alight, and tie up his horse, as he could only find a narrow footpath; and this he resolved upon, though the pity he felt for his steed made him for some time debate with himself as to the propriety of seeking another road. At length, however, he advanced. He came to a church-yard. He stood still with affright. The form of the spot, the trees, the roof which appeared above them, seemed to remind him of a well-known spot; and, pondering a few moments, the recollection flashed across his mind that this was precisely the spot he had beheld portrayed in the magic glass. He looked again at the wall: the spot was empty; but close by were seen the newly-made graves.

Horror rendered him for a time speechless, and immovably rooted to the spot. Alternate fits of shivering and of burning fever succeeded. Hastening back, he sprang upon his horse; spurring without intermission, he soon regained the highway; and, disregarding the business on which he had come, he took the direct road homewards. On the third day he reached his native town, which he had left ten days before. His excellent steed died from fatigue, and he himself was seized with a violent fever, during which, to the horror of those who attended him, he dwelt continually upon the frightful images that had taken possession of his mind. It was a long time before he recovered from the debility this malady brought upon him.

At length, however, he became convalescent; but every trace of his original gaiety seemed to have been rooted out by his illness, and he appeared in the circle of his friends the shadow of his former self—his youthful manly beauty gone. His eyes no longer beamed with that innocent confidence, which, in spite of all faults and weaknesses, so long remains when neither enormous sins nor an odious narrow-mindedness impair the graces of youth.

Unable to regain his wonted cheerfulness, he gradually became more and more an object of indifference to his friends; this wounded him, and caused him to reflect with greater earnestness upon the sad images that had taken possession of his mind. He shortly afterwards realised all his fortune, for he felt that he abode too near his burying-place, and that he was attached, as it were by an invisible chain, to the green and silent spot which lay within the cloister-wall. Amply provided with money, he left the town by a road directly opposite to the one he had formerly taken; and, after several days' journey, he stopped in a small Catholic town, where an agreeable neighbourhood, pleasant companions, and, more than all, a removal from all his former connexions, seemed to promise that oblivion of the past of which he was in search. He succeeded, in fact, in repressing the appalling images which had filled his mind; and, feeling himself better, he sought to perfect his cure by habitually taking part in every sort of amusement, in balls, fetes, and drinking parties. His wealth caused him to become the centre of a circle of gay young men, who drank deeply of the cup of pleasure, and, by mockery and laughter, drove away from him and from each other every serious thought. He was now looked upon as an exaggerated specimen of a gallant, gay, and reckless man of pleasure; and the elder citizens of the town privately warned the young of the sin of such thoughtless dissipation, and against the seduction of bad examples.

Leopold often heard of these cautions, of which he made a jest: not that his heart was corrupted, but he felt within him a stern necessity for acting as he did: he could not hide from himself how impossible it was for him to revert to a life of quiet and moderation, and that he must continue his wild career in order to escape from the horrid, the maddening, ideas which he could not overcome. It was in such a mood that he was one day looking on at a procession: he discovered, by the angry looks which both men and women directed towards him how displeased they were at his presence; but so this he cared but little, and therefore continued to walk up and down with one of his friends.

Amongst the train of young maidens there appeared one, of a slender make, clad in a gray dress, her heavy bosom confined by a white handkerchief. Slowly walking along, she bent her pale face over a hymn-book, just as we see St. Cecilia or St. Elizabeth designed in

old pictures. From the moment he saw her, Leopold's indifference was at an end. He gazed on the lofty, yet pious, cast of her features—her bright eyes, which indicated an ingenuous and elevated faith—that faint glow, like as of the morning, which seemed to beam from out her heart through her transparent skin: he saw how compassionately she looked upon him. At that moment he felt again the peace of infancy, so long, so very long, a stranger; and, unheeding the questions of his companion, he ran from street to street before the procession, and beheld her with increasing pleasure, as, passing by, she blushed at his gaze. When the priest, by giving his blessing, had ended the ceremony, and she was in a moment lost to Leopold's view, he was amazed at finding how completely the memory of the past, like a moment of inebriation, had yielded to the sentiment, hitherto unknown, which now possessed his soul.

Man only learns the worth, the importance, and the bliss of life, when he loves; but we are incredulous until this highest miracle of the mind is no longer a stranger to us. All that had hitherto engaged Leopold's mind was now unheeded. He was at first occupied exclusively in finding out the name and residence of the fair unknown; and, having succeeded in devising measures for again and again seeing and hearing her, he by this means occupied his mind and filled his heart with the admiration of her loveliness.

The parents of the maid, already advanced in life, and whose minds had never been highly cultivated, were well known and esteemed in the town for the scrupulous exactness with which they observed the forms of their religion: they saw, with pleasure, the visits of the young man to their house, without, however, venturing to disoblige the distinguished stranger by any marked incivility, although, as they were bigotedly scrupulous, they secretly, but closely, watched his conduct.

He, on the other hand, made use of all the amiability which was natural to him, and the polished manners which he had acquired in his early intercourse with society, to inspire them with confidence. He came oftener, spoke to his beloved more, and for a longer time, now and then even without witnesses; and observing all those attentions which are agreeable to the fair, he at length saw that his assiduous courtship had caused a tender partiality to spring up in his favour.

For a few weeks only was his happiness concealed from the watchful eyes of the parents. They had already learnt much as to his religion and former conduct. The growing inclination of their beloved child to the Protestant was as apparent as it was disagreeable to them; and, their suspicions being confirmed, they resolved upon taking a decisive step. A short time afterwards Leopold paid them many visits without ever finding their daughter at home: he inquired anxiously whether she was unwell or had gone on a journey: the parents seemed dejected, and returned an evasive answer. Tormented by doubts and the loss of her society, he waited a month longer; but his good angel came back no more.

Unwearied by his disappointment, he now redoubled his researches in private, and, at length, learnt that she had been sent by her parents to a distant religious establishment, the name and situation of which no one could tell him. He offered his domestics large rewards, if they could procure more positive intelligence: but this was for a long time useless.

One evening, however, his valet came to him with a cheerful and confident look, and said that he had learnt, from an old servant of the young lady, the name of the driver of the coach in which she had been taken away. With a joyful cry Leopold sprang up, threw him a handful of money, and hastened to the house that had been pointed out.

The driver made a great many difficulties, and declared that he had been obliged to take an oath that he would keep the road to the place a secret; but, by dint of constantly increasing offers, Leopold overcame his scruples. At length he avowed all: he did not know the name of the spot; but, if the gentleman wished, he would, for the sum promised, conduct him thither, provided he would travel alone, and engage not to stop in any town of importance. Leopold promised every thing, and impatiently required that they should set off the same night. The driver got ready, and within two hours they were in a carriage, travel-

ling rapidly along by the light of the bright harvest moon: the journey lasted several days, and at night they always slept in obscure villages.

The old man related that the young lady was accompanied by her father: that she had, throughout, been excessively dejected, had wept very much, and, at last, quite exhausted, had appeared to be very ill. The sanguine feelings of the young man inclined him to interpret this in his own favour; and, with the wild enthusiasm to which he had lately been subject, he determined to make her his in spite of parents, religion, or fate. The coachman, who had been well paid in advance, was now anxious as to the strength of his horses, and endeavoured to soothe the perturbed feelings of his companion by relating over and over the circumstances of his late journey. One day, about noon, they halted at a small village on the borders of what appeared to be a very extensive forest. The old coachman requested Leopold to alight, telling him that they had arrived at the inn where he had before stopped. He could conduct him no further: all that he knew was that the travellers he lately brought went thence into the wood, and that towards evening the father returned alone.

Leopold went into the inn in order to get further information, and to receive from the landlord a confirmation of what he had just heard. Enjoining the driver to secrecy, he permitted him, if he thought proper, to return alone; and then, without taking any refreshment, he procured a boy to be his guide, and sallied into the wood.

After walking for about a hundred and fifty yards through a very narrow path, they found the trees less thickly planted, and came in sight of a castle which appeared to have been converted either into a farmhouse or a cloister. Leopold hastened towards it, and knocked at the gate with a beating heart.

A sour old man with a shaven crown opened it to him, and asked, in a mistrustful tone of voice, what had brought him thither after sunset. He wanted to speak to the prior of the establishment. The priest remarked that the building was a cloister, and therefore under the direction of an abbess. Leopold begged more humbly for the favour of an interview. The chaplain went into the house, and, returning some time after, conducted him into the parlour, and requested him to wait there patiently until vespers were done.

Leopold's soul was so distracted by the variety of thoughts which alternately passed through his mind, that he became every minute more agitated. He now felt great exhaustion, which, however, there was nothing in the room to relieve, and he feared to leave it lest he should lose the opportunity of seeing the abbess.

She came, at last—an elderly lady, but who still retained great softness of manners. She looked at him with an inquiring eye, and asked his name and the object of his visit. He told both, and his anguish was greatly augmented as he observed how the countenance of the abbess was overcast with melancholy as he proceeded in his narrative. He had ended: he waited eagerly for her reply. "Young man," said she, deliberately speaking, "you must arm yourself with Christian fortitude: already eight days ago the novice went to her home"—meaning that she was dead. Leopold sank into a deep swoon: when he revived many others of the nuns were present assisting, as also the chief priest who had to perform the religious service of the cloister. On the return of recollection his first request was that they would conduct him to the grave of his beloved. The abbess consented, hoping that tears would assuage the convulsive anguish of his heart. At her request the priest preceded with a light: she followed, with the eldest of the sisters, both supporting Leopold's faltering steps.

The small door was opened: their way led over green graves. At length the father, having nearly approached a wall, stood still, and held the light over the newest-made grave. Leopold looked up: his face became alternately flushed and deadly pale: a mortal anguish possessed his whole frame. In the imperfect light he beheld again the still green long quadrangle, surrounded by the wall, which he so well knew. Overcome by the horror of the destiny which now burst upon him, he cried out, "Oh God! my grave!" and

fell senseless on the ground, thus sinking into the lap of death and doom.

A few days afterwards his grave-stone stood on the wall. His confession was not known, and they therefore buried him on the spot where he expired.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

Oh come, you beckoning Peri cries,
And shakes her starry wings,
While evening o'er the western skies
Her purple glory flings,—
I'll lead thee where, in coral cells,
Beneath the foaming sea,
The lonely Maid of Ocean dwells,—
Then follow, follow me.

I'll lead thee to some fragrant grove,
Whose roses ever bloom,
The haunt where youthful Peri's love
To banquet on perfume;
And where the restless nightingale
Shall weave her song for thee,
Whose tones of music never fail,—
Then follow, follow me.

Oh come, and I will lead thee where
Delighted Peri's play,
And bind their golden waving hair
To dance in Halal's ray;
Or where beneath a lovely sky,
Still lovelier thou shalt see
The clear blue night of LAYLA's eye,—
Then follow, follow me.

Ah, what is the voice of the bulbul to me,
And what are the roses that hang o'er the stream,
When the form I hold dearest no longer I see,
Nor the smile of my LAYLA the light of my dream.
Then wish me not, lady, to dream of those roses,
Nor the bulbul that warbles their branches among:
But of her in whose bosom my spirit reposes,
For whom I pour out all my soul in my song.

Yet were LAYLA and I, gentle lady, to meet
As the bulbul and rose-tree that blooms in the bower,
With its blushes so modest, its perfume so sweet,
When it breathes out its love in the scent of its flower—
Oh then let me dream, when my weary eye closes,
And sleep o'er my thoughts her enchantment has thrown,—
Oh then let me dream of the bulbul and roses,
And sing till those roses are withered and strewn.

Brighton.

G. B. H.

BIOGRAPHY.

PAINTERS.

JOHN ASTLEY.

This gentleman from the peculiarity of his good fortune, rather than by his exertions as an artist, has obtained a memorial in Adams' Biographical History, which appears to have been written by one who was well acquainted with him.

He was born at Wemm, in Shropshire, and received his early education in the country. His father was in the medical line. When of age to assume a profession, he was sent to London, and placed as a pupil under the care of Mr. Hudson. It is not known how long he staid with his master, but when he left him, he visited Rome, and was there about the same time with Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After his return to England, he resided for some months at a friend's house in London, and thence went to Dublin, where he practised as a painter about three years, and in that time acquired £3,000 by his pencil.

His next adventure may be narrated in the words of the writer to whom we have alluded: "As he was painting his way back to London, in his own post-chaise, with an out rider, he loitered with a little pardonable vanity, in his native neighbourhood, and visiting Knutsford assembly, with another gentleman, Lady Daniel, a widow, then present was at once so won by his appearance, that she contrived to sit to him for her portrait, and then made him the offer of her hand," a boon which he did not think it prudent to refuse.

The lady, by marriage articles, reserved her fortune to herself, but Astley's behaviour was so

satisfactory to her, that she soon gave him a portion of her property, and dying shortly after, settled the whole of the Duckenfield estate, (estimated at £5,000 per annum) upon him, after the death of her daughter by Sir Wm. Daniel.

Astley, after the death of his lady, who was his senior, lived not in the most economical manner, and, in a few years, he found his fortune diminishing, when, unexpectedly, the daughter of lady Daniel died while he was in treaty for a *post obit* of "the whole in succession to her life."

"The news of this event reached Astley at midnight, and he hurried instantly into Cheshire, and going thro' all forms, took possession of the estate, returned to town before his wife's relations knew what had happened, or could take the measures they proposed to counteract his alarm."

After this increase of fortune, he bought the house in Pall-Mall, of which Mr. Pennant, in his account of London speaks in the following manner:—

"In Pall-Mall, the Duke of Schomberg had his house; it was in my time possessed by Astley, the painter, who divided it into three, and most whimsically fitted up the centre for his own use."

He continued a widower for several years, until far advanced in life, when he married a third wife, a young lady, by whom he left two daughters and a son.

In the decline of his life, he appeared to be disturbed by reflections upon the dissipated conduct of his early days, and when near his end was not without apprehensions of being reduced to indigence and want. He died at his own house, Duckenfield Lodge, Cheshire, November 14, 1787, and was buried at the church of that village.

This gentleman's talents, as an artist, were by no means of an inferior class, he painted a half-length portrait of a Mr. Payne, about the year 1756, to which few of his contemporary artists could then have produced an equal; but he was not one of those who delighted in the art. Unlike Gainsborough and Sir Joshua, he estimated his possession only by his gains, and having obtained a fortune, treated all future study with contemptuous neglect. However, he gave some good proofs of architectural arrangement, both at his house in Pall-Mall, in a villa on the terrace at Barnes, in Surrey, and also at his seat, Duckenfield Lodge, all of which have been mentioned with much applause, as being excellent specimens of elegant domestic architecture.

He had a brother, a surgeon of eminence, who resided at Putney, and who was unfortunately run over by a waggon, and killed upon Putney common. His fortune, which was not inconsiderable, devolved on his brother John.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SPANISH CUSTOMS.

BILBOA.—The houses in the *Calle de Soto* and other lonely streets are shut, as soon as it grows dark; and as many of them are five stories high, and contain as many families, the person who wishes to obtain admission, must give a knock for each story. The person calling on one in the second story, must give two knocks; three for the third story; and four for the fourth, and so on. This often sounded in the night like the peals of cannon, and a person of late habits easily disturbs the peace of the other inmates, as well as that of the neighbourhood.

It frequently happens that a person may stay half an hour before he obtains admission; for if the inhabitants

of the upper stories are out, their servants have the conscience to allow a visitor to wait until it suits their fancy to descend. I was once tired of waiting, and gave one loud knock, in the hope that the servant of the first story would be more merciful, and give me admission, as it rained violently. It had the desired effect of bringing him down; but on opening the door, he very coolly told me, that should I ever make a similar mistake, and entice him down again to open the door, for his lazy fellow inmates, he would shut the door in my face.

In the day-time, most of the respectable houses have porters, sitting at the entrance, who are generally col- lers, and who appear to pay more attention to their craft, than to the cleanliness of the entrances, which are, on this account, totally neglected.

NATURAL HISTORY.

LILY OF THE VALLEY—

Convallaria.—Smilacina.—Hexandria Monogynia.

These flowers are so named from growing in valleys. —Of the Lily of the Valley, called also Lily Convally, and May Lily, and in some country villages, Ladder to Heaven;—in French, *le muguet*; *lis des vallées*; *muguet de Mai*: in the village dialect, *gros muguet*: in Italian, *il mughetto*; *giglio convallio* [lily convally]; *giglio della convalli*—there are three species: the Sweet-scented, the Grass-leaved, and the Spiked. The first is a native of Britain and many other parts of Europe. It flowers in May: whence it has been named by some the May Lily. Gerard calls it Convall Lily, and says that in some places it is called Liricenfadic. It is also called May-blossom.

The Lily of the Valley (says Mr. Martyn) claims our notice both as an ornamental and a medicinal plant. As an ornamental one, few are held in higher estimation: indeed, few flowers can boast such delicacy, with so much fragrance. When dried they have a narcotic scent, and, reduced to powder, excite sneezing. A beautiful and desirable green colour may be prepared from the leaves with lime. The distilled water is used in perfumery.

There are several varieties of this species: one with red flowers, one with double red, and one with double white blossoms. There is also a variety much larger than the common sort, and beautifully variegated with purple. It was brought from the Royal Garden at Paris, and flowered several years in the Chelsea Garden: but the roots do not increase so much as the other varieties.

The Lily of the Valley requires a loose sandy soil and a shady situation. It is increased by parting the roots in autumn, which should be done about once in three years. They may be gently watered every evening in dry summer weather. When the roots of this plant are confined in a pot, it may also be increased by its red berry; but in the woods, where the roots are allowed to spread, it seldom produces the berry.

The other species of the Lily of the Valley are natives of Japan.

—No flower could the garden fairer grow
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers."

—And valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love."

Keat's *Endymion*, p. 10.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Professor A. W. Schlegel, of the university of Bonn, whose Lectures on Dramatic Literature are so much admired in this country, and whose beautiful translation of Shakespeare into German has naturalized our immortal bard throughout all the North of Europe, has just arrived in London. Mr. Schlegel has been for several years engaged in philological researches, and his principal object in visiting this country, is the inspection of the Oriental Library of the East India Company, which is particularly rich in Sanscrit Literature. M. Schlegel is allowed to be one of the first Oriental scholars now in Europe, and he is understood to have been enabled, by his intimacy with Sanscrit, to throw great light on that curious subject, the Origin and Progress of Language.

William Roscoe, Esq., has presented Mr. Wiffen,

the Quaker poet, with a beautiful original painting of Tasso, from which an engraving will be made for Mr. W.'s forthcoming work.

One of the neatest specimens of lithography, on a small scale, we have seen, has just appeared: it is a map of the River Thames, from London to Margate, by Mr. Charles M. Willich, who, we understand, has rendered this art another service in obtaining a reduction in the duty on German lithographic-stones imported into this country, from 20s. to 30s. per cent. The map contains all the prominent objects and places in this little voyage, and also shows the roads, and the bearings of Canterbury and Dover.

Curiosities at Woolwich.—Among the models in the Rotunda, at Woolwich, is one of the Sea Horse frigate, formed from the mast of L'Orient, and is supposed to be the adjoining piece to that from which the coffin of the brave Lord Nelson was made. There is also a noble representation, on an extensive scale, of Quebec and the Heights of Abraham: a small stone, picked up from the spot where the gallant Wolfe fell, marks the precise situation of the place where that event took place. These, with some others, were much prized by his late majesty.

Paris, September 10, 1823.

The first volume of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, translated by MM. E. Didot and Mahon, has just appeared, to the great gratification of all the lovers of English literature. It is astonishing that a work so celebrated should now be translated for the first time in France; and this fact proves at once our past ignorance of the riches and beauties of the English press, and our improving state of inquiry and information.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of August, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.		Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....		29.69
Highest, which took place on the 31st.....		30.02
Lowest, which took place on the 16th.....		29.28
Difference of the extremes.....		.74
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 17th.....		.30
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....		2.15
Number of changes.....		11
TEMPERATURE.		Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....		59° 1
Mean of the 14th decade, com. on the 30th July.....		58.5
" 15th. ".....		59.
" 16th. " ending on the 27th August.....		59.3
Highest, which took place on the 13th.....		70.
Lowest, which took place on the 9th, 17th, 19th, and 24th.....		50.
Difference of the extreme.....		20.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 22nd.....		15.

RAIN, &c.

4.680 of an inch.

Number of wet days.....	24
" " foggy days.....	10
" " snowy ".....	0
" " haily ".....	0

WIND.

North.....	0	North-west.....	7
North-east.....	0	Variable.....	0
East.....	0	Calm.....	0
South-east.....	8	Brisk.....	1
South.....	0	Strong.....	0
South-west.....	9	Boisterous.....	0
West.....	12		

REMARKS.

Character of the month, cloudy and wet, with occasional sun gleams. Monthly temperature about one degree under a general average.

Bridge-street, Sept. 28th, 1823.

VARIETIES.

SHORT SPEECHES.—"The old blunt commander at Cadix," says Selden, in his *Table Talk*, "showed himself a good orator, who, having to say something to his soldiers, (which he was not used to do,) made them a speech to this purport: 'What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons.'" With this we may class the speech, more remarkable for its spirit than its elegance, addressed, by the commandant of a local regiment in Lancashire, to a lady, on presenting the colours to his corps: "Madam, we receiv'n 'em wi' gratitude, and we'll defend 'em wi' fortitude; and if ever we are called into actual service, and t'colours are shot away, we'll bring t'p'ows (poles) back again." The noble address of La Roche-Jaquelin to his soldiers, is one of the finest specimens of the laconic: "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

INTERESTING TO THE PROPRIETORS OF STEAM-PACKETS, &c.—We understand that Sir Humphrey Davy has, within the last month, discovered that the application of a certain gas, fifteen times heavier than the atmosphere, to the mechanism of a steam-engine, will produce a power fully equal to that which now results from the application of steam. The great obstacle which stands in the way of the general and immediate introduction into use of this gas is the difficulty of confining it. The task of constructing convenient vessels, sufficiently strong for that purpose, Sir Humphrey proposes as a problem, the solution of which must be attended with inestimable benefits to this country.

CATERPILLARS.—Ammoniacal liquor produced in the manufacture of gas from coal, will prevent these pernicious insects from attacking any kind of trees or plants. If already infested, it will entirely destroy them, and so far from injuring even the tenderest plant, it seems rather to invigorate it.

THEORY OF TIDES.—By observations continued for the last seventeen years at the Port of Brest, it is stated in the French Journals that M. de la Place has succeeded in perfecting the theory of tides, and explaining every apparent anomaly agreeably to the influence of the solar and lunar bodies.

A KNOWING HORSE.—A remarkable instance of malice in a horse owned by a person near Boston, in America, is related on good authority.—A person a few years since was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse, to take a quantity of corn in a measure, when, calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect his design—and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared his hind legs, and killed his owner on the spot.

LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.—They relate here (Bilboa) a remarkable instance of sangfroid, evinced by a young English traveller, who was in the stage from Irun to Madrid, when stopped by robbers. All the passengers were tied to trees. While they were plundering the stage, the English traveller requested the robbers to do him the favour to untie his hands, which they did, when he drew from his pocket a book and pencil, and began sketching the confused scene before him, to the no small astonishment of the robbers, who, observing his skill, untied him altogether, in order to afford him greater liberty for executing the ingenious undertaking.

A CERTAIN METHOD OF KILLING HORNETS.—Last week a great number of hornets having made their nests under the roof of a thatched cottage, within a few miles of Abergavenny, the cottager (not a little annoyed by this unexpected intrusion) determined on getting rid of his visitors, and accordingly thrust a red hot poker under the thatch. The hornets were certainly destroyed; but unfortunately the cottage took fire, and was burnt to the ground.

FASCINATION.—A very singular fact occurred at Manchester (U. S.) a few days since. As Mr. Chaever was at work in the field, his attention was arrested at the sight of a number of danglehill fowls, with heads erect and wings extended in a circular manner. On

going near to ascertain the cause, he saw a large black snake of five feet in length, within the circle, and his squamous head elevated eight or nine inches above the surface of the earth, while his posterior parts remained in a spiral form. And so complete was the fascination, that Mr. Cheever was under the necessity of getting a pole to disperse the fowls, in order to kill the snake, in which he happily succeeded.—*American paper.*

CURIOUS FACT.—A canary bird, in the possession of Mr. Cottell, Northampton-street, Bath, hatched a single egg, which produced two fine birds, both of which are now fledged and healthy.—*American Paper.*

MAIL TWELVE MILES AN HOUR.—It is said, that a Mr. Bangliss, of Birmingham, is offering, by means of a self-acting-machine, which he has lately constructed, to convey the Royal Mail through the kingdom at the rate of twelve miles per hour.

LE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.—A coloured Engraving of this much talked of picture is a striking feature in our print-shop windows. The print is by R. Cooper, and the effect of the colouring is such as to afford a correct general idea of the original; though we are still inclined to maintain our opinion that its finest niceties are beyond, or at any rate incompatible with the art of the graver. Taken *per se*, however, this is a beautiful ornament for the rich port-folio, or (being framed) for the gay apartment.—*Lit. Gas.*

SWIMMING.—From experiments made at Portsmouth, by Lieutenant C. Morton, R. N., it appears that, by artificially augmenting the surfaces of the hands and feet, the art of swimming is susceptible of being very much facilitated. The apparatus which Lieut. Morton has employed, and which, from its use, and facility and similarity of application, he denominates "Marine propelling Gloves and Slippers," possesses considerable buoyancy, and, therefore, while it enables the wearer to exert his strength to the best advantage as long as he retains any, it would still tend to support him if totally exhausted.

BALLOONS.—The French are as deeply bitten with this mania as we ourselves. The ascent of a balloon now forms a part of the nightly exhibitions of Paris. Every Sunday one or other of the public gardens of that city sends up an aerial voyager. We have not yet heard of any accidents, but their time will come. M. Margat ascended from the Gardens-Beaujon last Sunday at half-past eight, and after hovering for some time over St. Cloud and Versailles, descended about ten leagues from Paris.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.—A great many idle rumours have at different periods been circulated with regard to this expedition, with very little effect, except to agitate and alarm the friends and relatives of the officers and crews. Most of these reports have been proved false in regular succession. It is now stated, in a provincial paper, that "a vessel is about to be despatched to Lancaster Sound in search of Captain Parry. The North seas remain clear of ice until the winter is somewhat advanced, and it may not be too late to make the search." But of what advantage would such a search be? Capt. Parry's ships are fitted out, "as strong as wood and iron can make them," and provisioned for four years, only two of which have yet elapsed; neither idle curiosity nor idle assertions should be indulged on a subject of this sort.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF MUSICAL SOUNDS ON ANIMALS.—Sir Everard Home, V. P. R. S. has recently made some interesting inquiries by way of comparison, between the auricular organs of man and quadrupeds. The result of his researches seems to prove that shrill tones, or the upper notes of an instrument, have comparatively little effect in exciting the attention of animals, whilst the low fuller tones stimulate them almost to fury. Sir Everard observes, "that the effect of the high notes upon the piano-forte upon the great lion in Exeter Change, only called his attention, which was considerable, though he remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat or lower notes sounded, than he sprang up, lashed his tail, and yelled violently, and endeavoured to break loose; and became altogether so furious as to alarm the spectators present. This violent excitement ceased with the discontinuance of the music. The deep tones of the French horn also produced a similar effect with the lower tones of the

piano-forte, on the elephant and other animals, on which the experiments were made.

NEGRO SLAVERY.—On this subject some instructive inferences may be drawn from the public journals of several of our West Indian Islands; but the *Royal Gazette* of Jamaica only shall be adverted to on the present occasion. In the *Royal Gazette* of July 3rd last, there are *ninety-four* "runaways" advertised: some of which are thus described:—"George, a Creole, 5 feet 7 inches, marked apparently *WS* on several parts of his shoulders, with severe flogging marks thereon, and *CL* on left cheek; has a scar on right leg."—"James, a Congo, 5 feet 5 inches, marked *AMC* on right shoulder, with other letters not plain on both shoulders, and had an iron collar on."—"John, a Mongola, 5 feet 5½ inches, mark not plain on right shoulder, and has marks of flogging on his back."—"Sl. Gs. 8d. Reward—Absconded, a Creole Negro Girl, named Maria; she is supposed to have gone to Richmond Estate, in St. Mary's, where her father lives."—"John Wise, an Eboe, 5 feet 5½ inches, no brand mark, and has the scars of sores on left shin."—"Andrew, a Congo, 5 feet 5½ inches, no brand mark; has marks of flogging on his back, and a large sore on the small of his right leg."

CHINESE.—Two young Chinese have been placed at the University of Halle, by the King of Prussia, for the purpose of obtaining the means of scientifically studying the Chinese language. The following are particulars respecting these interesting individuals. One of them, As-Sing, who is thirty years of age, was born at Heong-San, a short distance from Canton. His father, who was a priest and an astrologer, died before As-Sing was five years old. He was brought up by his mother and his uncle, the latter of whom was in the custom-house at Canton. As-Sing, having received a careful education, and obtained some knowledge of the English language, he visited first Macao, then India, and lastly St. Helena; where he was for three years a cook in the house of Napoleon; after whose death he was employed for some time in English vessels, as an interpreter between the English and his countrymen. He went to London, and there met with his countryman Ha-ho, who is five and twenty years of age, and was born in the neighbourhood of Canton; being the son of a silk-merchant. These two young Chinese entered into a treaty with a Dutchman called Laethausen, by which he was authorized to exhibit them on the continent for money. It was from that abject state that they were rescued by the royal munificence. They begin to stammer out a little German, and are of great use to the young orientalists in the University, who, as well as the missionaries, attend at the lessons which the two Chinese receive, under the superintendence of the celebrated Professor Gesenius, assisted by two of his pupils.

HOW TO DIVIDE A JOURNEY.

Two Irishmen coming from Dorking,
By bad weather greatly bemired;
From morning till night had been walking,
And now both heartily tired.

To Barnet, it seems they were going,
And civilly asked for assistance;
"My friend, we would gladly be knowing
"To Barnet how great is the distance?"

"Ten miles," was the answer—one sigh'd;
Said the other, "'Tis soon in the reach of us;
"You know, Paddy Carey," he cried,
"'Tis only just five miles for each of us."

THE DRAMA.

The plot of *CLARI the Maid Milan*, is devoid of originality, and the most simple imaginable.—At the opening of the piece we find Clari (Miss M. Tree) the daughter of Farmer Rolamo (Mr. Andrews) in the mansion of the Duke Vivaldi (Mr. Diddear), to which it appears she was enticed by his protestations of love and promises of marriage. He still professes the former but represents the latter as being impossible from the meanness of her extraction. Clari (who retains her chastity) now resolves to return an imploring penitent to her loving and afflicted parents, and carries her determination into effect in the night whilst Vespina (Mrs.

Aldridge) who is charged by the Duke to strictly regard her mistress—is sleeping. The alarm is shortly after given, and the Duke and all his attendants set out in pursuit of the fair fugitive, who reaches her parents' residence just before them, and is on the point of being accused by her father when the Duke rushes forward, declares that virtue is with Clari unaltered, and demands her for his bride. The chief characters are all badly drawn—Females must never expect to find liberties with the integrity of Vivaldi, whose most offensive proceeding to Clari, even when in his power, is the declaration that their marriage cannot be looked for. Clari appears almost broken-hearted from a consciousness of guilt, when her greatest offence is that of listening to love-sighs and promises of marriage from a young, handsome, wealthy noble, and of remaining secluded in his domain when her escape is rendered impracticable. Rolamo is most sensitive, and unhappy, and, although an admirable reasoner, he determines without information, and remains most contemptibly implacable; We are told that this Drama was written expressly for Miss M. Tree, and we suppose the writer to be one who admires "Beauty in Tears"—but Miss M. Tree was designed to be a shrewd and fascinating, not a moping, plaintive, complaining, beauty; and (although her Clari was an exquisite performance and elicited tears in abundance, yet,) her Lydia in the *Force of Love Laughs* at Locksmiths (which followed) was infinitely more interesting—because to her less distressing, and to the audience much more delightful.

Mr. Diddear did not give us much satisfaction; because we are confident that his voice is susceptible of much better modulation, and more clearness; and that, as nature intended him for a fine imposing figure, it is manifestly unjust that he should reduce his altitude by a contraction of the chest and curve of the dorsal vertebrae. He possesses many excellent qualities, and all those of a good actor, are within his power. Mr. Foster's "Pleasures of a Play" and Mrs. Aldridge's "Love is a mysterious Boy" received much applause; Master Benwell is equally deserving of notice for his very creditable performance when tantalizing Vespina concerning her love for Jocoso (Mr. Foster). The house was respectable and well filled, and the entertainments of the evening gave the greatest satisfaction.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND PATHOLOGY.

MR. T. TURNER, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON, &c. &c. will deliver the **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE** to his COURSE, at the LECTURE ROOM of the *Literary and Philosophical Society*, George-Street, on Monday the 13th of October, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The course will consist of two parts—the first part will embrace the functions of the Animal Economy, illustrated by preparations and drawings. The second part will consist of the application of Anatomy and Physiology to the Science of Pathology. It is intended by the arrangement to accommodate the General, as well as the Professional Student. For Outline of the Course, &c. apply at 22, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. G.'s translation of the Epitaph on the late Gen. De Mowbray came too late for insertion in the present number,—it shall appear in our next.

A Constant Reader has been anticipated.

G. D.'s poetical version of a calamitous event of 1693 might be retouched to advantage.

G. I.'s impatience is at variance with the declaration that his "soul recoils at earthly joys, And seeks the midnight hour, and silent tomb."

I. W. will oblige us by stating whether his last communication be an original or selected version.—The Fiddle Case we of course laid aside.

T.'s Memoir is inserted.—The challenge is somewhat too bold. Communications from G. D.; Senex; A Friend; Helen; and Juba;—are received.

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The Manchester Iris:

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the Iris, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 88.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

"O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal."

PORR.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The public of Manchester must surely feel themselves very much obliged to your sagacious correspondent who signs himself a "Calico Printer," for his very shrewd and ingenious remarks respecting public institutions in Manchester; and if his advice be followed with proper spirit, and in a sufficient number of particulars, our town, which has hitherto been derided for ignorance and brutality, will soon be a model of intelligence and civilization, far exceeding (even among its lowest orders) the Elysium which Mr. Owen, of Llanark, once had in contemplation.

I need not attempt to enforce the very powerful attack upon the *Manchester Philosophical Society*; which my worthy friend has found to contain a number of members who are not "particularly distinguished for extensive and accurate knowledge in the Arts and Sciences," and whom the other members condescend to "honour with their presence and communications," a circumstance which I, who am not much skilled in these matters, suppose is not common to other similar institutions, the members of which are all of them of course first rate philosophers, as implied in the argument of my excellent friend: and I, therefore, agree with him in thinking it quite abominable that the *Manchester Philosophical Society*, of which he speaks with becoming contempt, should not require some "extraordinary qualifications" to render highly respectable persons eligible as members..

My ingenious friend has hit upon a very good expedient to promote knowledge in the town by the delivery of Lectures "almost gratuitously;" an expedient far superior to that resorted to in any other place, since even the diligent and liberal DR. URE receives a handsome remuneration for his labours, besides having the possession of the institution for his purposes of different kinds; whilst the Manchester Lecturers, who "with an apparatus for experiment and illustration co-extensive with the great design in all its necessary ramifications," must very properly combine great "experience and talent," are to labour for the love of God, as a sufficient reward for their exertions.

Now, Sir, I like the thing very much; and I think that a lecturer possessed of the requisite qualifications, will very soon be found to undertake the task upon terms so very liberal. I only complain that my munificent friend, who I am sure will pay largely to the new institution though he does not tell us that he is a sharer; I only complain, I say, that he has not carried his scheme far enough; for while these lecturers are lugging away "almost gratuitously" I think persons of other occupations should do the same; and then, Sir, it would be quite delightful to see the Manchester Calico Printers, who have hitherto been looked upon

as rather a close fisted generation, coming forwards and very liberally offering their Calicoes "almost gratuitously."

The plan might be further extended; our Shoemakers, Tailors, and others, who now tease us with their Christmas and Midsummer bills, would then furnish us "almost gratuitously" with their respective articles; and we, on our side, acting upon the sage and liberal principles of my shrewd and discriminating friend, might be as squeamish as we pleased in scrutinizing the "questionable talents," the "experience," the "intelligence," and the "diligence" of the several persons whose wares we might condescend to take "almost gratuitously"; and even you, Sir, who now charge us for every number of your publication, and for every advertisement, would be glad to supply us with both "almost gratuitously."

Such a change, is, indeed, Sir, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and, I doubt not, the public will be rejoiced to hear by what means such a change can be effected; a piece of information which "a Calico Printer" is of course prepared to afford. We have for some time taught the elements of learning not only "almost" but altogether gratuitously in public schools; but that is not all—we have in many instances taught something more than the elements! and one of the natural consequences has been that the clerks in many, if not in most of our warehouses, are persons who, (requiring less salaries than others,) have received a "gratuitous" education; while the sons of persons in middle life, whose education was paid for, and whose parents vainly hoped that their children would maintain a respectable middle station in society, are thus jostled from their situations, and left without the means of procuring a decent livelihood; and this consideration *maturely examined must make the heart of many a parent in middle life, ache for the fate of their offspring*; but such feelings are altogether unworthy of the consideration of the philanthropic individual who proposes to circulate every species of knowledge "almost gratuitously." I might also add that those who are conscious of their acquirements will not be very content to submit to manual labour even though they may have received their education "almost gratuitously." But such objections as these, *though there are many of them*, are, no doubt, beneath the notice of the philanthropic personage whose plans and arguments I have undertaken to uphold.

Hoping to see a full developement of the golden plans by which all the desirable changes are to be effected, I am, Sir, &c.

A BUYER OF CALICOES.

Manchester, October 1, 1823.

ON THE GREAT UTILITY OF PUBLIC LECTURES.

MR. EDITOR,—There are many persons, I should think, in this populous and scientific town, who will recollect, with pleasure, the interesting course of Lec-

tures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, formerly delivered here, by Mr. Richard Dalton, who is now, I believe, or soon will be, at Chester, for the purpose of giving a Series of Lectures on Mechanics. The following prefatory Remarks, with which he introduced his First Lecture on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, contain some excellent observations, of a general nature, and will, doubtless, be acceptable to most of your readers. It has been very justly remarked, that Public Lectures, on scientific subjects, form the most desirable supplement to the imperfect studies of early life, and furnish much valuable instruction on many favourite objects of pursuit, which is, in general, only accessible at academical institutions.—Without trespassing on the feelings or patience of the hearer, by any troublesome examination, the Lecturer communicates, in an easy and popular form, and when the mind is totally disengaged, both the elementary rudiments and the more finished superstructure of the science, which he undertakes to elucidate: he supplies lessons to the beginner, and provides the more advanced inquirer with useful references to those standard works which contain every recent discovery of learning. An apparatus of graphic or sculptured illustrations, of models of machinery, with experimental exhibitions and visible, tangible specimens of the various objects under consideration, are, occasionally, introduced, to assist both the understanding and the memory of the pupil; and such Lectures, whatever be their subject, supply a sort of *Royal Road to Knowledge*, in which difficulty is smoothed, and substantial progress, greatly facilitated. Yours truly, S. X.

P. S. I regret that you did not cancel an inadvertent mistake which I had made in a former communication, inserted in your Iris of September the 20th. Every one knows that the late Mrs. Pieszl, when she was Mrs. Thrale, was the Author of that celebrated and much admired piece, *The Three Warnings*.

Introductory Remarks, by Mr. Richard Dalton, formerly of Liverpool, to his First Lecture on Natural and Experimental Philosophy.

TAKEN, IN SHORT-HAND, BY S. X.

"The principal characteristics which discriminate human beings from the rest of the animal creation, is the inheritance of that knowledge, which the individuals of each generation are capable of receiving from their predecessors.

"The bee, of modern times, forms the cells of its hive exactly of the same form as the bee of remotest antiquity. Each species of birds build their nest after the same unalterable pattern, and sing the same invariable melody. The sheep, of the present day, has no better defence against the wolf, nor has the fly against its natural enemy, the spider, nor the smaller birds against the eagle, than those of former times.—The same wants, similar dangers, the like defects and unchangeable customs, are the constant attendants on each tribe; nor is any individual benefited by the experience or improvements of all its predecessors. The fiat of Nature is, *hitherto shall they come, but no further*. Man alone has derived from his divine Creator the inestimable advantage of being benefited by the knowledge of his forefathers, and of being able to impart that knowledge, together with his own improve-

ments, to his posterity; and they again, in like manner, to the children that are yet unborn.

"The accumulated experience of a long series of years, accurately recorded, or traditionally imparted from one generation to another, gradually exalts the state of human beings, supplies their wants, increases their security, and promotes their happiness. The plough, the loom, the forge, the press, the glass-house, and the innumerable other useful inventions of our predecessors, successively improved by constant use and experience, form the great and inestimable advantages of modern times; the combined effects of which actually elevate the individuals of a modern and civilized nation so far, so very far above the uninstructed, as might seem to render them of another and a superior species. We can constantly approximate to that which is perfect, and it is this power in man which essentially distinguishes him from all inferior natures. The elephant of to-day is not more sagacious, or more tractable, than the elephant of two-thousand years ago. Man alone is that being, who, "looking before and after," works upon the past, and calculates upon the future. There is always room for enlightened experiment, (for all improvement is experiment at first,) and the bold hand of superior skill, to enlarge, to refine, and to modify.

"Experiments, properly disposed under distinct heads, form the various subjects of knowledge: the arrangement and elucidation of each particular subject is called a *science*; the ultimate or practical application of it is called an *art*.—*Arts and Sciences* are too numerous and too extensive to be comprehended, in their greatest extent, by any single individual. But all these branches derive their origin from the same natural powers; they are all, in their principles, regulated by the same general laws of Nature, and almost all their applications may be subjected to calculation and demonstration. The investigation of their origin, and of their mutual dependencies on each other,—the illustration of their principles,—the methods of enlarging their limits by means of experiments and calculation,—and their application to our various wants, fall under the title of Natural or Experimental Philosophy."

MR. EDITOR,—I am really glad (pardon the egotism) that some public notice has been taken of the custom prevalent here, but I hope and verily believe in no other part of the United Kingdom, not excepting our old town of Berwick-upon-Tweed—I allude to the taking off the hat in Banking-houses. Your correspondent S. X. observes it is only optional; I aver the direct contrary, and maintain that neither in London where they do not uncover, nor here where they do, is the party attending to transact business at liberty, without the consciousness of deviating from the general and established practice, to use his own discretion at all in the matter: for while it undoubtedly here is considered disrespectful and indecorous to keep the hat on, in London (no mean example) was any one on entering a Banking-house to place his hat on the counter, he would be sure of a request to restore it to its proper station, with a look of no slight contempt for not knowing better. Did any one ever notice a Banker's counter on a market day, fronted from end to end with hats of all descriptions, and not smile at such absurdity? Did he ever when the weather was wet behold dripping hats in contact with bills and bank notes, books and blotting paper, and not grieve at such folly?

If complaisance be the motive urged for its continuance, we would almost imagine ourselves attending dancing masters, and not bankers, bowing before dress makers, and not in a place designed for transactions of such important moment as those which draw us thither. The idea of providing hat pegs to do away with the inconvenience is certainly ingenious as far as it regards the pegs—but for the hats there appears this

trifling bar to its adoption, that in the hurry of business, while the attention of most present is fixed in an opposite direction, a good hat might (I only mean by accident) be mistaken for a bad one, and one party retire equipped in a new chapeau and old coat, and another vice versa in a bright blue coat and a sombre dingy brown weather-beaten caster; such cases might happen.

I cannot conceive one rational motive for persevering in a custom so inconvenient to all parties—so "much more honoured in the breach than the observance," and which meets with the surprise and censure of every stranger attending the regular banks of the great and opulent town of Manchester.

A simple notice would produce the magical charm of immediate acquiescence, and no prayer to a petition would be more generally and satisfactorily complied with than "pray keep your hats on."

Oct. 1st, 1823.

Q.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A few scientific gentlemen of this town, with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted, have, during the last few weeks, been engaged in frequent discussions on the subject of pie-making. It appears from the experience of cooks, that when a cup, in an inverted position, is placed in a fruit-pie, its juice is less likely to boil over during the baking of the pie, than when no such expedient is adopted.—The cooks are of opinion that the juice of the fruit rises into the cup during the baking, and that it is, for this reason, prevented from boiling over. With this explanation, however, our philosophical friends are by no means inclined to concur; they affirming that it is only whilst the pie is cooling, that the juice rises into the cup, in consequence of a partial vacuum being formed therein, by the contraction of the air.

One of the persons, that I have just mentioned, proceeding upon this thought, ventured to deny altogether the beneficial influence of the cup; and gave it as his opinion that the cook always intending that to be a superior kind of pie, into which she puts the cup, will, very naturally, by her greater attention, prevent the overflow of any juice.

Another gentleman seemed to think that the principal advantage of the cup consisted in its supporting the paste, and, by this means, allowing the juice a greater play inside the pie, than it would have, were the paste permitted to sink. He agreed entirely, therefore, with a friend of his, who suggested that the cup would be of fully as much benefit, if it were placed in the pie, and were not inverted.

A third of my scientific friends was of opinion, that as the fruit is placed around, and not under, the cup, the quantity put into the pie, cannot be so great when the cup is in, as when it is out, and that the juice formed will, of course, be less, and, therefore, not so liable to boil over. He concluded that if equal quantities of fruit were placed in two similar pies, one containing the cup, and the other being without it, there would not be perceived any difference in the boiling over of the two juices.

I shall not, Mr. Editor, trouble you with any more of the many ingenious hypotheses, which were, at different times, brought forward, nor with the objections, which have been urged against them; but shall merely request your speculative readers to furnish solutions to the following queries, through the medium of your paper.

1st. Is a cup, placed in a fruit pie, instrumental in preventing the running over of the juice?

2nd. If so, does the juice ascend into the cup during the baking of the pie?

3rd. If the juice does rise into the cup during the baking of the pie, how is the fact to be explained?

4th. Or if it does not, by what means is the cup serviceable, in preventing the overflow of the juice?

5th. When the pie has no cup in it, is its juice more or less likely to flow over the dish, when a hole is left in the paste? and why is it more or less likely to flow over?

By inserting these remarks, Mr. Editor, you will confer a favour on

Yours, &c. A DESIRER OF INFORMATION.

Manchester, Sept. 26, 1823.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. MATTHEW BAILLIE.

This eminent Physician died on Tuesday last, at his seat near Cirencester, at the age of about sixty-two or sixty-three. His loss is in many ways entitled to a mourning niche in the columns of a literary record. He was the brother of Joanna Baillie; and nephew, by his mother, to the celebrated John and William Hunter. Thus connected with what is most respectable in literature and medicine, he was himself distinguished in both. His works on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Body,* and other medical subjects, and his frequent and valuable contributions to the best scientific publication of the period, rank him high as a professional and literary character.

His practice was like his reputation, universal: it had no bounds but the inability of his physical powers to do more than he did. He was consulted by none more anxiously than by his own learned brethren; and this we take to be the true criterion of great and acknowledged skill. Indeed he may justly be said to have been at the head of his profession.

Like many of his contemporaries, and we have pleasure in stating it to his and their honour, his liberality was equal to his judgment. Often were lucrative engagements with the exalted and wealthy deferred in order to afford time for visiting the low and poor, and alleviating the sufferings of those who added not one fee to the humbly-acquired fortunes of the Physician. Of this, though unacquainted with Dr. MATTHEW BAILLIE, we have known so many instances as to confirm us in the belief that such were his general habits—shall we say sacrifices? No; for he had his reward even here, in the esteem of all good men, and in the gratitude of beings rescued from death, and the deeper gratitude of those who loved them, saved from deeper misery. Let this be his memory. His example need hardly be held up; for our experience of life teaches us to repeat, that in all the liberal professions there is none where such a lesson is less needed than amongst the most distinguished Physicians in London.

* Several editions from 1793 to the present time.

PAINTERS.—No. 2.

SAMUEL FINNEY

Descended from an ancient family long settled at Fulshaw, near Wilmelaw, in Cheshire, where the artist was born.

He was of much celebrity as a miniature painter, both in enamel and water colours, and was

appointed enamel painter to her late majesty. In 1765, he exhibited two miniature pictures, one of which was a portrait of that august personage painted from the life.

At that time he lived on the south side of Leicester-square; but a few years after his circumstances were much improved by the decease of some of his relations, whose fortunes fell into his possession. By this acquisition he was placed in genteel independence, and therefore quitted painting and returned to his native country, where he died at the advanced age of 86 years.

BROOKING

Had been bred to some department in the dock-yard at Deptford, but practised as a ship painter, in which he certainly excelled all his countrymen; nor has any since Valdervelde equalled his productions in that part of painting: but his merits being scarcely known before his death, prevented him from acquiring the honour and profit which, by his abilities, he has a just right to expect. He died of a consumption at his lodgings in Castle-street, Leicester-square, in the spring of the year 1759, under 40 years of age. The following anecdote is given on the authority of the late Mr. D. Serres, to whom he was well-known.

Many of the artists at time worked for the shops, and Brooking, like the rest, painted much for a person in Castle-street, Leicester-square, not far from the Mews, who coloured prints, and dealt in pictures, which he exposed at his shop window.

A gentleman, who sometimes passed the shop, being struck with the merits of some sea pieces, which were by the hand of this artist, desired to know his name; but his enquiries were not answered agreeably to his wishes; he was only told, that if he pleased, they could procure any he might require from the same painter.

Brooking was accustomed to write his name upon his pictures, which mark was constantly obliterated by the shop keeper, before he placed them in his window; it however happened that the artist carried home a piece, (on which his name was inscribed, while the master was not at home; and the wife, who received it, placed it in the window, without erasing the signature. Luckily, the gentleman passed before this picture was removed, and discovered the name of the painter whose works he so justly admired.

He immediately advertised for the artist to meet him at a certain linen draper's in the city. To this invitation Brooking at first paid no regard; but seeing it repeated with assurances of benefit to the person to whom it was addressed, he prudently attended and had an interview with the gentleman, who from that time became his friend and patron; unfortunately the artist did not live long enough to gratify the wishes of his benefactor, or to receive any great benefit from his patronage.

VINCENTO RUBBIOLIARD,

A native of Italy. He came to England from Rome with Mr. Parry, in the year 1775.

He painted a portrait of Tenducci, the celebrated singer, who, not being satisfied with the performance, rejected the picture. In consequence of this behaviour, the painter surrounded the head with representations of a number of skeletons, exhibiting several ludicrous circumstances and accidents, that had befallen the poor castrato in Italy, at different periods of his life, and exposed the picture in a shop window in the Haymarket. How the dispute terminated is not known.

This artist, from disappointment, and the ef-

fect, lost his health, fell into a deep consumption, and died in London about two or three years after his arrival.

C.

MIND AND BODY.

Veluti in Speculum.

Says Mind to Body 't'other day,
As on my chin I plied my razor,
Pray tell me—does that glass pourtray
Your real phiz, or cheat the gazer?
That youthful face, which bloom'd as sleek
As Hebe's, Ganymede's, Apollo's,
Has lost its roses, and your cheek
Is falling into fearful hollows.
The crow's fell foot hath set its sign
Beside that eye which dimly twinkles;
And look! what means this ugly line?
Gadzooks, my friend your getting wrinkles!
That form which ladies once could praise,
Would now inspire them with a panic;
Get Byron's belt, or Worcester's stays,
Or else you'll soon be Aldermanic.
At sight of that dismantled top,
My very heart, I must confess, aches:
Once famous as a Brutus crop,
You now are baldier than Lord Essex.
Since Wayte's decease your teeth decline:—
Finding no beautifier near 'em,
Time's tooth has mumbled two of thine,
Well may they call him—"edax rerum."
Behold! your cheeks are quite bereft
Of their two laughter-nursing dimples,
And pretty substitutes they've left—
(Between ourselves) a brace of pimples!
The fashions which you used to lead,
So careless are you, or so thrifty,
You must neglect when most you need,
A sad mistake when nearing Fifty.—
Stop, stop, cries Body—let us pause
Before you reckon more offences,
Since you yourself may be the cause
Of all these dismal consequences.
The sword, you know, wears out the sheath,
By steam are brazen vessels scatter'd;
And when volcanos rage beneath,
The surface must be torn and shatter'd.
Have not your passions, hopes, and fears,
Their timent of clay outwearing,
Done infinitely more than years,
To cause the ravage you're declaring?
If you yourself no symptoms show
Of age,—no wrinkles of the spirit:
If still for friends your heart can glow,
Your purse be shared with starving merit:
If fet to sordid sins unknown,
No avarice in your breast has started:
If you have not suspicious grown,
Sour, garrulous, or narrow-hearted:
You still are young, and o'er my face
(How'er its features may be shaded)
Shall through the sunshine of your grace,
And keep the mortal part unfaded.
Expression is the face's soul,
The head and heart's joint emanation;
Insensible to Times controul,
Free from the body's devastation.
If you're still twenty, I'm no more:—
Counting by years how folks have blunder'd!
Voltaire was young at eighty-four,
And Fontenelle at near a hundred! H.

MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

(From Knight's Quarterly Magazine.)

"A lawyer," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this

homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shews a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries,—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love, too,) has perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief,—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow's wages; and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless.—The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters,—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you,—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; you curse the attorney's impudence and ask yourself if he meant to insult you.—Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well; they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes;—I was not long suffered to doubt: my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape,

met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. —. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were 'with me' would be convenient; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which he referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's Coffee-house, adjoining Westminster Hall. There was I, before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. — walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door, to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew — with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great —, our commander in chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, racked about, and sailed away. And thus ended first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that, from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length, the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn

to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet, my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet, they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length, my turn came. I was sitting among the back benches in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B — was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy 'learned friends' looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight,—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant: it was a 'phantasma or hideous dream.' They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders—and I also read, that "Mr. — followed on the same side."

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

Seen at *Stur-Cross*, in *Devonshire*, the 23d July, 1823.

(From the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

"'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance and an empty shade." POPE.

I am perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when in the present age of incredulity I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fullness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an Apparition. Impostor and visionary,

knave and fool, these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock-lane Ghost, down to the Reverend Mr. Colton, and the Stamford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public: or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth*, represents Berkeley as teaching us, "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independently of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that for any thing we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley's theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason, that such a man shall be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions, and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight, who, in conformity to the evidence of his senses, maintains the existence of disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard.

Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions; but the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agatho-dæmon of Socrates, and slight the avowment of Scripture, that Saul desired the Witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name; but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarrantable limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the ante-natal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible, when we quit life in the fulness of intellect, and return into the invisible world. In the first case, we ad-

vance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable development; and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly, degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of Ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so?—this may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can see them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious, that in dreams objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us, because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the “fools of our other senses, or worth all the rest;”—granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom; nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary; and every thing seems to harmonize with their affliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and graceful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantation strewn with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth: here a noble tree laid prostrate; and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dulness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression, not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out at his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day follow-

ing the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but, recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento-mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and, as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence: I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin for not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailing howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony. Mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognised the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but taken as I was by surprise, I confess, that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray

him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontrovertible that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it had vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—“that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure.” I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there in the full glare of day did I clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision, but summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—“In the name of heaven and all its angels, what dost thou seek here?”—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out his arms, replied—“A leg of mutton and caper-sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me.” “Good God!” I ejaculated, “what can this mean? Are you not really dead?” “No more than you are,” replied the figure. “Some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples, of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations, so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter.”

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised the chas-tiser.

THE OLD MAID'S SONG.

Written by a Lady, in her Fiftieth year.

On the downhill of life, though I find I'm descending,
Content shall my footsteps sustain;
For a heart that's at ease, with fair virtue befriending,
Has surely no cause to complain.
Though the loves and the graces may fly my approach,
Yet from care and from sorrow I'm free;
And many a gay wife, as she rides in her coach,
May look down with envy on me.

To be single at Fifty,—a dreadful disaster,
By many, no doubt, may be thought;
But it is not unpleasant to be one's own master,
And husbands are oft dearly bought.
Yet deem not, fair virgins, too lightly I prize
Love's pleasures, where hearts can agree;
But make a good use of your ears and your eyes,—
Or you'd better live single, like me.

Should some pert empty coxcomb, the mirror of fashion,
Implore you to render him blest,
Remember, self-love is his governing passion,
And fairly absorbs all the rest.
The miser will starve you, the prodigal waste
Your fortune, whate'er it may be;
So till you can meet with a man to your taste,—
Consent to live single, like me.

The pedant, who values himself on his knowledge,
You plainly may read in his looks,
Though he offers his heart—he has left it at college,
'Tis buried alive in his books.
Yet the blockhead, for whom you each moment must blush,
A more irksome companion would be;
Whene'er his mouth open'd, you'd long to cry, hush!—
And wish yourself single, like me.

By negatives only, I seek to advise you,
Yet here are my sentiments shewn;
Still in choosing for life, all the world will despise you,
If you have not a will of your own.
But a picture I'll draw of the man to my mind,
And then, if so happy you be,
In the list of your lovers, his likeness to find,
No longer live single, like me.

And first, let his morals be pure, but not cynical,
Still steady and true to his trust;
His dress and his manners, genteel, but not finical,
His principles, loyal and just;
His temper obliging, his intellect clear,
Your tastes and your talents agree;
And then, I confess, if his love is sincere,—
You've a chance to be happier than me.

* * The Author of the above composition was, in her day, for she is now no more,—one of the pleasantest and most respectable old maids that ever did, or, perhaps, ever will exist. Perfectly polite and affable to all, she indulged in the utmost freedom of conversation, and possessed, at the same time, much native elegance of mind, a remarkably playful and exuberant imagination, and a very superior poetical talent.

S. X.

FATHER BLIN, THE VINE-DRESSER.

From the Hermits in Prison.

I have said before (M. Jay writes) that the world is a large prison; I now say that St. Pelagie is a little world. Different characters are developed there, the investigation of which affords considerable pleasure. There one may study the human heart at leisure. For example, I have a neighbour, an honest vine-dresser of Vanvres, who is well worth the trouble of observing. Father Blin, for that is his name, cuts vines in a masterly style, and sings psalms to perfection. His fame has spread through the whole of the department of Sceaux, and his air and manners show that he is perfectly conscious of his merit. He is the proprietor of four or five *arpens* of vineyard, which he cultivates himself, and which have raised him to the dignity of an elector. He is nearly sixty years of age, and he has reached those years without ever having been in any trouble. How happens it, then, that he is in prison?

In the capacity of a singer, my neighbour has a particular affection for the bottle; he does not sell the whole produce of his vintage; and he has assured me that, upon solemn occasions, he never fails to get himself "in good condition," as he calls it. He is the wit of his neighbourhood; his good things are quoted even in the pot-houses of Vaugrard. His character is jovial: the young people love him; and there can be no good fête unless he is present.

One day, one unhappy day—it was a Shrove Tuesday—Father Blin had opened his cellar, and was tipping peaceably with some vine-dressers of his acquaintance, when he was told that some quarrels had caused a disturbance, and that, to prevent a similar scandal, M. Jouanin, the Mayor of Vanvres, had suspended the

village fête, had forbidden the rustic music, and had opposed his formidable veto to the immemorial law of the place, which ordered every body at Vanvres to dance on a Shrove Tuesday. Blin if he had been wise, would have obeyed the decrees of power; but his blood was warmed, and his imagination heated. The news which he received transported him with indignation. "Not dance on Shrove Tuesday!" said he, as he rose suddenly, "such a thing never was seen—never shall be seen! Follow me, my friends! I will dance—we will all dance."

Father Blin executed his bold project. He went to the place prepared for the ball. The lads, lasses, and every body, surrounded him. "What's to be done?" cried they to this Nestor of vine-dressers. "Dance, my friends," replied he, with a voice of thunder, "dance!"—"But M. Jouanin's orders!" Here Father Blin uttered an exclamation somewhat unguarded, and which was too much calculated to irritate the vanity of a country mayor. It was a word which the English call the extreme of indelicacy, and which I cannot venture to transcribe.

The musicians, who had before been dispersed, now assembled again. My friend Blin, by way of setting an example, and calling back the joy which had banished, seized a partner; his example was followed; the signal was given; all was in motion. But the vigilant M. Jouanin, whose authority was compromised, was not far off: he soon arrived with an armed force, and asked who were the authors of this seditious ball. All was discovered: Father Blin, in the midst of his triumph, was laid hold of by the *gendarmes*; being taken in the very fact, his *procès verbal* was drawn out, and Father Blin was taken before the correctional police, with two of the most vehement dancers. They were condemned to a month's imprisonment, and now they are at St. Pelagie.

What I have related is scrupulously exact: all Vanvres witnessed it. Conscientious, as an historian should be, I have made Father Blin tell me his tragic story, and he has never varied in the slightest circumstance.

My readers may, perhaps, be somewhat curious to know how my hero has conducted himself at St. Pelagie. During the first few days he was very meditative; he thought of his vines, which would suffer from his absence; he thought of his wife, a most excellent housewife, whose affecting supplications could not soften the heart of M. Jouanin; he thought of his son, whom he had a great desire to settle in the world, and who, wiser than his father, confined himself to the cultivation of the hereditary vineyard. He thought also, with emotion, of the singing gallery at Vanvres, to which he attached all his glory, and which had so often echoed with his powerful intonations.

These melancholy thoughts, however, were dissipated by degrees; frequent visits to his canteen charmed away his sadness, and he had recovered his good humour, when the Royal Court prescribed me, as a salutary discipline, a month's residence at St. Pelagie.

It is there that I have had the pleasure of studying Father Blin profoundly. I have observed that characters in prison show themselves more openly than elsewhere. Folks there seldom take the trouble to put on a mask. Every one appears in prominent relief, surrounded by all his good and bad qualities. It is, therefore, an advantage for a moralist to be in prison when he wishes to study human nature.

The foundation of Blin's character is vanity, and this failing mixes with all he does. He took

great pains to inform me that he occupied a distinguished rank among the vine-dressers of his neighbourhood; and that what he was worth, to use his own phrase, amounted to forty thousand francs. He is vain, too, of his wife, who is related to the family of the Boutilliers, of Meudon. The house of Boutillier traces its origin to a rich pastry-cook, whom Fortune in one of her kindest moods, elevated from keeping a shop in the Rue St Denis to the honourable function of a churchwarden of Meudon. I cannot wonder that Father Blin plumes himself upon such an alliance. He is vain, also, of his son, who, he says, can write as well as any one when he chooses. Lastly, he is vain of his deep bass, which has been for above forty years the admiration of the parish.

Notwithstanding all this, Father Blin is one of the best men in the world. He has never had a quarrel with any one; his peaceable humour, his gaiety, his drollery, and his wife, have made him a favorite with all the inhabitants of the village. If ever you should go to Vanvres, and should happen to meet a man of a stature above the middle size, with slender legs and thighs, who walks with a strut like a school-master, his mouth a little on one side, his nose red, his face the colour of wine lees; a high forehead, covered with a black cap; puffing out his cheeks occasionally, like a man who is not on bad terms with himself; you may be quite certain that it is Father Blin, who spent a month in prison at St. Pelagie because he would dance on a Shrove Tuesday.

FINE ARTS.

A New Series of Illustrations of the Novels and Tales entitled Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, The Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Bride of Lammermoor, and A Legend of Montrose. Medium 8vo. London 1823. Hurst Robinson, & Co.; A. Constable, Edinburgh.

This series consists of twelve Plates engraved by Heath, Rolls, Romney, Portbury, and Mitchell, from original Drawings by Leslie. They are of various degrees of merit; but as a whole very honourable to the designer, and to those who have multiplied his conception on the copper. Mr. Leslie possesses two qualities rarely combined,—grace and humour: thus many of his forms are lovely, and where the subject suits, they are almost always drolly characteristic. His expression, at the same time, never degenerates into caricature, but just conveys a sense of the ludicrous, without lapsing into burlesque or exaggeration.

We shall enumerate his present Designs in their order.

1. Flora in the Glen of Glennaquoich; *Waverley*.—A sweet female, but rather pretty for the impassioned enthusiast. Her companion is in a fine attitude: the harp too cumbersome and heavy to be capable of transport by female strength. The scenery appropriate, though the freedom of the tree is not accompanied by equal truth in the waterfall.

2. Mac Ivor warned by the Grey Spirit; *the same*.—Has nothing peculiar to recommend it; but the moonlight on the Spirit, and its shadowy fading into a baseless vision at the lower extremities, are happily conceived. Mac Ivor's position is commonplace, his dexterity stiff, and his limbs out of proportion.

3. Meg Merrilies compelling Domjanie Sampson to eat; *Guy Mannering*.—The head of the Gipsy fine, and the terror of the Domjanie well expressed.

4. The Antiquary incensed at the Intrusion on his Sanctum Sanctorum; *The Antiquary*.—A good scenic effect, and the accessories, especially a Helmet with its eyes open, humorously chosen. The stick of the astyrt virtuosos about to descend in pointed fury, and the astonished look of the unconscious offender, convey a full

use of their relative feelings according with the description of the author.

5. Dousterswivel and Eddie Ochiltree, *The Antiquary*; cannot be so praised; yet the old beggar is a good figure.

6. Francis Oshaldistone and Diana Vernon in the Library; *Rob Roy*.—Nothing can surpass the beauty and sweetness of these figures. The heroine is of a softer loveliness than as represented in the Novel, but the whole is so exquisitely graceful as to claim the highest panegyric. The armour hanging up seems to us to be too small, if we were inclined to dwell on little blemishes.

7. The Black Dwarf at the Tomb of his affianced Bride; *Black Dwarf*.—Another admirable conception, and replete with imagination. The frightful figure of the Dwarf is contrasted with the moral beauty of the tomb in a most affecting manner. The design of the monument itself is very pathetic, and might serve as a model for the sculptor whence to execute a work of art of the purest order.

8. King Charles II. saluting Lady Bellenden; *Old Mortality*.—A subject the very reverse of the foregoing. The easy gallantry of the King, the delighted dignity of the Lady, and the half-suppressed simpering of her Damsels, are admirably portrayed. The countenance of Lady B. is all that could be wished. You see it is a kiss that will never be forgotten.

9. Effie Deans and her Sister in the Tolbooth; *Heart of Mid-Lothian*.—In this Mr. Leslie has out-Timanthos Timanthes, for he has hidden all the faces of the characters. The painter of Sicyon only covered one head, the agony of which he deemed to be beyond expression; but that the fancy of concealing every feature, and allowing us nothing but two arms, one ear, hair, and the bodily forms, to convey the sentiment of a scene of suffering, is a wise expedient, we are not quite prepared to acknowledge.

10. Effie before the Queen, (*same Novel*), is a very different and very superior performance. Her entreating attitude, petite figure, Scotch look, and national costume, are excellent. It is impossible not to be moved by such a pleader; and the stateliness of the Queen is gently yielding to her surprise and humanity.

11. The Ominous Incident at the Mermaid's Fountain; *Bride of Lammermuir*.—A thing of charming romance and interest. The figures are full of spirit and gracefulness; and the scene exquisitely painted, even to the disjointed stone of the ancient fountain.

12. Dalgetty and Randal of the Mist escaping through the Chapel; *Legend of Montrose*.—Another characteristic and excellent piece; finishing a series in which if we have pointed out some slight imperfections, we are nevertheless bound to say of it altogether, that it is not unworthy of the Volumes it has been invented to adorn.

As literary news, we may appropriately add here, that these Illustrations are published with a Miniature Edition of the Novels and Tales; and one of the most beautiful works that has ever issued from Ballantyne's justly-celebrated press.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MUSIC.

It comes—it comes upon the gale,
That pensive voice of days gone by,
With early feelings down life's vale,
On Arab airs as odours sigh.

Oh! on this far and foreign shore
How doubly blest that song appears,
Long days and distance wafting o'er
The sweetness of departed years.

The scene around me fades away,
As at the wave of magic wand—
I see the glens and mountains grey
And wild woods of my native land.

The summer bower, the silent stream,
The scenes of youth are on the strain;
And peopled is my waking dream
With forms I ne'er shall see again!

As on my wanderings when a child,
That music comes at close of day,
Along the dim and distant wild,
And wafts my spirit far away.

And o'er the heart as it distills,
Dear as the dew-drop to the leaf,—
Oh! how the rising bosom thrills
Beneath the mystic joy of grief.

So sweet—so hallow'd 'tis to feel
The gentle woe that wakes the sigh,
That e'en in Heaven, methinks, 'twill steal
Upon the spirit's dream of joy!

But hark—that soothing strain is o'er,
And broken is the lovely spell:
So fades from off our native shore
The accents of a Friend's farewell.

M. M.

TO A GREAT COAT.

After travelling in the greater part of a very inclement day.

Thanks, gentle coat, whose snug grey fold
Preserv'd so warm the Poet's skin,
And kept from rains and killing cold
The Minstrel-fire that glow'd within.

Thanks, coat! and thou, blue kerchief, too—
Protectors kind gainst wind and weather,
I pay in song my debt to you,
And send you down to fame together.

In summer time, obliging pair!
I might have scorn'd your offer'd love,
When life was in the genial air,
And joyous sunshine laugh'd above.

But now, when wintry blasts prevail'd,
And snow came feathering thro' the air,
Ev'n ———'s puns perchance had fail'd
To cheer me, hadst not thou been there.

'Tis thus, in boyhood's witless hour,
We mock at love's delightful tie,
And wonder what mysterious power
Grave man can find in woman's eye.

But when our rising passions move,
When sickness smites, or cares invade us,
We feel our want of woman's love,
And know for what our nature made us.

THE CABINET.

MIRACLES.

MR. EDITOR,—As miracles are now come much into fashion, I send you an extract from Spanish History, which I think you will find fully as surprising as any thing you have lately read. It is related on the authority of *Sandoval* a celebrated Spanish historian; and the circumstances detailed took place in the year 718, about eight years after the introduction by Count Juli n of the Moors into Spain, and the battle of Xerez, which rendered them masters of that kingdom. It appears that *Alcherman* a Moorish general had been sent with an army of 30,000 men against *Pelagius* a Spanish prince, who after the battle of Xerez had retired into the Asturias, and on hearing of the approach of *Alcherman*, had concealed himself with about 4000 followers in a cave on the top of mount *Auseba*. The Moor on arriving within a short distance of the cave, sent a messenger to *Pelagius* to invite him, as the French have it, to surrender at discretion; to which the Spaniard returned an indignant answer: this introduces us to the historical extract, which follows:—

“Had *Alcherman* considered ever so little he might have easily judged that it was not likely *Pelagius* durst wait so boldly for him with the small number of followers he appeared to have: and he ought to have suspected some snare. But God, who had devoted him to destruction, had so blinded him that without perceiving the risk he ran, he briskly attacked them: but by a visible effort of divine Providence, it was seen that the arrows, darts, and stones, which were shot against the christians, respected them, and turned back upon those who had discharged them: a prodigy so extraordinary, that the infidels were in the utmost consternation; and *Pelagius* not doubting that the moment was arrived for the destruction of the Moors, ordered out his troops who had till then been concealed in the cavern, and they

fell upon the Moors so seasonably, and with so much impetuosity, that in an instant their army was cut to pieces. *Pelagius* might have been compared to another Gideon, and each christian to an exterminating angel. In vain did the infidels fill up their broken ranks by fresh troops, nothing could withstand the valour of the christians, and their ardour seemed to increase at sight of the multitudes of enemies opposed to them; favoured by the advantage of the post which they occupied, and animated by the presence of their new king, they made such extraordinary efforts, that the Moors were no longer able to stand against them, abandoned the field of battle, climbed to the top of the mountain, and descended with precipitation by the paths of mount *Amosa*, into the country of *Liebania*, where they collected themselves together as well as they could on the bank of the river *Deba*, flattering themselves they were there in safety: but by a second miracle, more surprising than the first, it happened that that part of the mountain which overhung the river, separated from the rest, and buried them in its fall, so that a single one did not escape. Thus that powerful army, the ruin of which caused that of the Moors, and the re-establishment of the empire of the Goths, perished in one day.”

Your's, L. N.

MR. EDITOR,—Inclosed I send you a translation of the Epitaph on the late Gen. Du Montriez which appeared in the Iris of September 20th.

Manchester, Sept. 26, 1823. Your's, T. G.

Here lies

Awaiting the tardy justice of his country,
Charles Francis Du Montriez,
Who was born at Cambrai the 29th January, A. D. 1739.
Distinguished for his ability, learning, and valour:

By his bravery and skill,
He attained to the summit of military rank:
He was chief counsellor to Louis XVI;

He defended
His King and the laws, in the rostrum by his eloquence;
His country and her liberties, in the field by his sword.

In the times of terror,
He twice preserved France from devation and slavery;
But in his endeavours to save it,
Was himself proscribed:
He first found a refuge in Germany,
And afterwards received British hospitality.
With gratitude he departed this life at Turville,
14th March, A. D. 1823.

SCIENCE.

VELOCITY OF SOUND AS A MEASURE OF DISTANCES. —The Philosophical Transactions of the present year contain an able paper from J. Goldingham, Esq. F. R. S. on the velocity with which sound travels under various circumstances. The paper is far too voluminous for our columns, and we shall merely state, that the observations were made by noticing the intervals between the flash and the report of two twenty-four pounders, at known distances from the observer, who was stationed at the Madras Observatory. The results of his numerous experiments confirm those of previous observers, that the mean velocity of sound is about 1,142 feet per second.

We have long been of opinion that the velocity of sound might be rendered available for measuring distances for a variety of purposes, such as estimating the distance between ships, or any given objects at sea; and with still greater accuracy for measuring distances on land, which might be accomplished in the following manner:—suppose it be desirable to determine the distance of a ship from a battery, or other station on shore provided with cannon. With a fort, where a morning and evening gun are fired, the object can be attained without any concert with the shore, by an observer on board the ship being provided with a tolerably good seconds watch, and noticing the interval between the flash of the gun and the report. This may be done to the fraction of a second, by counting the beats of a watch during the interval. Now as the ordinary seconds watch makes about 25 beats in 10 seconds, the distance may be very nearly estimated by allowing 466-8 or 457 feet, for every beat of the watch. Thus, 40 beats or 16 seconds, would give a distance of 6,091 yards; or about 60 yards short of 3½ miles. Although the flash of a gun is not visible at any considerable distance by daylight, yet, on a clear day, the smoke issu-

ing from a large piece of ordnance is almost as instantaneous as that of the flash, and by attentive observation it would give almost equally accurate results.

In the department of Military Engineering, this method of determining distances would be extremely valuable; as it might be applied in many instances where actual measurement would be quite impracticable: such as across a river or ravine, or in case of the occupation of the intermediate ground by an enemy.

In Civil Engineering and land-surveying, it might also be applied with considerable advantages, in the following manner:—two persons being stationed on elevated ground within sight of each, one being provided with a strong fowling-piece (or rather a blunderbuss for greater effect), and the other with an ordinary seconds watch. The interval between the flash and the report, as before-mentioned, is to be carefully noted by the observer; who, for the sake of greater accuracy, might be assisted by a third person, in order to mark the instant of the discharge. It might also be preferable to choose the dawn of day for the operations, in order to render the flash from the fire-arms more distinctly visible. By repeating the experiment a few times, a sufficient degree of accuracy would be attainable by this method for any of the ordinary purposes of land-surveying. It is proper to remark, that, should the wind set towards the observer, at the time, from 5 to 10 feet per second should be added to the estimated distance. If, on the contrary, the wind blows from the observer, the same amount is to be subtracted from the distance, estimated at the rate of 1142 feet per second.

The distance of a thunder cloud from an observer might also be very nearly estimated, by noticing the interval between the electric discharge of the thunder. This however, would be a mere point of curiosity, while in the former cases (and others which might be named) this mode of measuring distances would be at once economical, and sufficiently accurate for general purposes.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Means of preserving Eggs.—In 1820, a tradesman of Paris asked permission of the Prefect of the Police to sell, in the market, eggs that had been preserved a year in a composition of which he kept the secret. More than 30,000 of these eggs were sold in the open market, without any complaint being made, or any notice taken of them, when the Board of Health thought proper to examine them. They were found to be perfectly fresh, and could only be distinguished from others by a pulverous stratum of carbonate of lime, remarked by M. Cadet to be on the egg-shell. This induced him to make a series of experiments, which ended in his discovering that they were preserved in lime water highly saturated. M. Cadet recommends the addition of a small quantity of muriate of lime but gives no reason. They may also be preserved by immersing them twenty seconds in boiling water, and then keeping them well dried in fine sifted ashes; but this will give them a greyish-green colour. The method of preserving them in lime-water has been long the practice of Italy; they may be kept thus for two years. This useful mode is well known in many parts of England, and cannot be too much recommended.

VARIETIES.

A POPE.—The Cardinals at Rome appear from the Newspapers to be sadly puzzled about the election of a Pope: it may therefore be of service to them that we publish a hint from one of our Correspondents, who suggests, by way of smoothing their difficulties, that they should depart from old usages, and elect Prince Hohenlohe to the Purple. His Highness's power of performing miracles, he maintains, pre-eminently qualifies him for the station, and merits this singular mark of reverence.—*Lit. Gas.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—We have the following description of this popular character in "The Three Perils of Woman":—"Dear Father will I ever see this Walter Scott in Edinburgh?" "How can I tell ye that, daughter? If ever ye come near where he is you will see him. He is as well to be seen as other folk, though, perhaps not just as often. You can see him every day from the gallery of the Parliament-House; and I tell you how ye will ken him:—look into the round

pew close in before the lords, and you will see three or four black-gowns sitting round a table; and among them if ye see a carl that sits always wi' his right shoulder to you, with hair of a pale silver-grey, a head like a tower, braid shoulders, and long shaggy o'e broos—the very picture of an auld, gruff, Border baron—that's Wattie Scott. When I saw him first at his Grandfather's ba', he was a bit hempty callant, wi' bare lege, and the breeks a' torn off him, wi' climbing the linnas and the trees for the nests o' oorbie-craws and hunting hawks. And then he was so sanguine, that he was flogging them every day: but there was ane o' his hunting hawks turned out a howlet, and another o' them a cush-at-doo. And as for his ravens, his Grandfather told auld Wauchope out of his own mouth, that 'as for his Wat's grand ravens, there was never ane o' them got about the rank of a decent respectable hoodie-craw.' But these sanguine, keen-edged chaps are the lads for making some figure in life, for they set out determined to make a spoon or spill a horn. And ye see, though Wat, when he was young, clamb many a tree in vain, and rave a' his breeks into the bargain, he continued climbing on, till he found a nest wi' gouden eggs at the last. Weel, weel! He's turned out an honour to Scotland."

ALOE.—They are showing a big aloe somewhere about Town at a shilling a-head for admission. A gentleman walked in the other day with his rather numerous family, and counting his change out of a sovereign while he looked at the plant, he exclaimed, "Faith, this is the bitterest aloe I ever saw!"

IMPROVEMENTS.—One of the London Journals advertises itself as "the only *Sporting Sunday Newspaper*!"

A NOVEL INSURRECTION.—The Missionary Reports from the African Islands, of last year, detail a singular insurrection in Madagascar. The women rose, to the number of 4000, and threatened to chastise the king, unless he would grant them some of their wishes, and consult them as to the manner of cutting his hair. He, however, collected his soldiers around him, and boldly sent them word that he was king, and would do as he pleased.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—The Governors of several of the principal prisons in this part of the country have remarked that, in almost every case of murder, and particularly in those which have been attended with circumstances of cruelty, the perpetrators have invariably had light blue eyes and light hair. We believe that Robespierre, the most atrocious monster on record, was of this complexion, as well as Williamson, the cruel murderer of the Marrs.

Elizabeth, on visiting Chancellor Bacon in a country-house that he had built previous to his elevation, said to him, "How came you to make so small a house?" "It is not I," replied he, "who have made my house too little; it is your Majesty who has made me too great for my house."

MINERALIZED TREE.—A tree converted into a fossil or mineral state has been discovered in Sullivan County, New York. The tree appears to have been blown down and broken off; there are eight or ten feet of the stump remaining, with some part of the large end near the root. The stump is about three feet in diameter. The bark, as well as the fibrous texture of the wood, including two or three knots, are distinctly visible. There is also a substance very much resembling veins disseminated entirely through what appears to have been the sap vessels of the tree, and appears to have belonged to the pine genus. The lower part of the root is imbedded in the soil, where it probably grew. Vast quantities of mineralized wood, both in large and small masses, are scattered in all directions around the stump; and from the loose, porous texture of these fragments, they seem to have been petrified after the wood had begun to decay.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

MORNING DRESS.—High dress of mesereon green *gras de Naples*; made plain, and fastened behind; ornamented on each side of the bust with a corded satin trimming of double points, through the centre of which a plaited stem is interwoven; it nearly meets at the waist, but extends as it advances to the shoulders. Long sleeve, nearly tight, edged with satin, and ornamented at the wrist with a triplet of satin triangles crossed by folded circles in the centre: full capelet, separated into *bouffants* by satin ornaments: broad band, edged with satin, round the waist; and a rosette of corded leaves behind. Satin rouleau at the bottom of the skirt, and two

rows of twisted satin corded above at equal distances: richly worked vandyke muslin ruff, and narrow worked ruffles.

Cap of white tulle or Paris net, bound with pink satin, having four borders of double crepe *diase*, either twisted one within the other, or else laid on in waves of alternate pink and white; straight in front, and full at the sides; the crown has a white satin corded ornament divided into five points; between the upper part of each is a puffing of net, and a white satin star, whose radii are composed of small folds, spread over the top: clusters of roses and major convolvulines are placed in the front and side. Joaqui-colour kid shoes.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of pink lama goss: the *corage* plain, bound with pink satin, and ornamented at equal distances with large pearls and a festoon of silver lace, supported in front with a diamond brooch. Bouquets of Sicilian flowers are tastefully disposed on the bust and sleeves, which are short and very full, festooned with silver lace, and set in a satin band round the arm: sash of the same material as the dress. The petticoat has a very deep border of plaited tulle, confined at the top and bottom with a double rouleau of pink satin, divided in the centre by a narrower: a branch of satin crows, forming half diamonds: at the points are satin bows, and sometimes flowers are added.

Head dress, a pearl band and tiara, fastened by bows of pearl on the left side: very little hair on the forehead; and the hind hair is drawn high, and confined in a bunch by a cord of twisted pearl. Ear rings, necklace, and bracelets, of pearl, with pink topaz stars, white kid gloves and white satin shoes.

Fashionable colours are, Pomona green, lavender, rose colour, dark grey, straw colour, and blue.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND PATHOLOGY.

MR. T. TURNER, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON, &c. will deliver the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to his COURSE, at the LECTURE ROOM of the *Literary and Philosophical Society, George-Street*, on Monday the 13th of October, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The course will consist of two parts: the first part will embrace the functions of the Animal Economy, illustrated by preparations and drawings. The second part will consist of the application of Anatomy and Physiology to the Science of Pathology. It is intended by the arrangement to accommodate the General, as well as the Professional Student. For Outline of the Course, &c. apply at 22, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRY,

And a short Memoir of that interesting and benevolent Lady.

Will be published on the 20th of October, Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

POOLE'S ELEGANT POCKET ALBUM, for 1824. Embellished with 12 Views and 5 Portraits of Distinguished Characters.

Same time will be published,

POOLE'S GENTLEMAN'S POCKET BOOK, embellished with a Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

London: Printed for JOHN POOLE, 8 Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be much obliged to Publishers for the papers he sends us.

An Artizan is much mistaken in the opinion which he has formed upon the subject of his letter.—We shall be glad at all times, to receive communications either original or judiciously selected, on his favourite study.

The letter of S. H. has been postponed.

In reply to A Foreigner, we have to say, that interesting translations would at all times be acceptable.

"A Constant Reader's" note has been received.—If he will favour us with his real name we shall comply with his request.

The lines beginning—"I do confess,"—will be found in the first volume of the Iris, page 60.

The Sketch of Modern Dandyism shall be inserted on receipt of the conclusion.

W. I. G. will oblige us by treating upon the subject with more particularity.

The Epitaph by Bishop Loeth on his daughter is generally known.—There is a translation of it by (we think) the late Dr. Walcott.

The Tinker of Swaffham in our next.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

Ashton, T. Cunningham.	Leeds, J. Heaton.
Birmingham, Bellby & Knott.	Liverpool, E. Willmer & Co.
Bolton, Gardner & Co.	Macclesfield, J. Swinerton.
Bury, J. Kay.	Nottingham, E. B. Robinson.
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The Manchester Iris:

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the *Iris*, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 89.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1823.

PRICE 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

PROPOSED INSTITUTION FOR THE PROMOTION OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE FINE ARTS.

THE intention of establishing an Institution for the Fine Arts in Manchester, cannot fail of being highly gratifying to every one interested in its welfare and respectability.

The oft contested problem whether the encouragement of the Fine Arts in any country does or does not give increased energy as well as cultivation to its people, whether by introducing into the mind and manners a soft delicacy of refinement which may or may not tend to depress that vigour and energetic manliness a warlike and enterprising nation must retain or it sinks into oblivion; has been tried by the best test of truth, experience; and our own country bears ample testimony that they may "grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength." The nursery of Art and Science has long held an uncontested station within the verge of the metropolis; there cradled and schooled, fostered in their progress, and honoured in their completion, they have been enabled to reach that height of excellence which qualifies us to exhibit a Lawrence to a David, a Chantrey to a Canova, and a Davy to a Tenard.

The rapid and extensive progress of general knowledge has at length opened a field for a more diffusive range of cultivation, and nothing but encouragement has for a long time been wanting, to introduce a refinement of taste, and give it "a local habitation and a name" among the hitherto estranged residents of more distant districts. For it is a true, though degrading fact, that while Music and Dancing Masters have met with the most liberal patronage in the largest and most opulent provincial towns in the empire, an Artist has scarcely been able to gain the bread of daily subsistence.

The progress of establishments of this nature in other towns, hold forth the fairest prospect of eventual success in this. Rome was not built in a day, neither did it flourish in Art or Science in a day. Years after years toiled on with a slow but unceasing progress, before the Augustan age arose to give immortality to that æra by the admiration of all succeeding ones. Why we have lain so long dormant can be explained only by "'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." There could not, however, have been, during the progress to its present state of consequence and prosperity, any period more favourable than this, to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of an Academy and Museum which cannot fail to prove highly honourable to its promoters and beneficial to the town in general.

If we might presume to give an opinion, and it is an honest and cordial one—we would suggest that the first object of the institution should be the establishing a museum, open during the whole year, if not to general visitors and patrons, at least to artists and strangers. The number of really valuable pictures of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools, which are now almost buried in the private collections of

individuals, would we doubt not be brought forward not only for an annual exhibition, but for the study of young artists, and which would by its continual change of subjects form a perpetual, yet varying school for their improvement. A good picture is itself, alone; it cannot be copied; the beauties of that divine art, the delicate touches of the pencil, must be learned from originals only. Not so with sculpture, the study of this art has infinitely the advantage over its sister, by casts and models, which are easily procured, the accuracy of which come so near their prototypes, that symmetry, proportion, and relief, may be caught with the same or very nearly the same effect, as from the chissel of the sculptor himself. And we deem it not presumption to anticipate that the Elgin casts will ere long grace our museum from the hand of royal munificence. Without a plan formed on such an extensive basis we may have exotic annual exhibitions of merit, but never native ones.

To particularize the general benefits arising from institutions like this, would be waste of time; but one, and not, we are confident, the least agreeable part of the prospect, is the source of pleasure and improvement, it cannot fail to afford to our fair and amiable townswomen. Females by their secluded habits, and by the strong yet delightful ties of domestic duty, cannot enjoy those opportunities, that travel affords, of expanding the intellect and cultivating the mind, by the view of collections and museums that are in more distant parts—they are obliged to be content with what home affords, and therefore any plan which enlarges their sphere of understanding, and heightens their standard of taste, must prove a source of delight to them and eventual benefit to future generations, when it is considered the influence that women possess in forming the first principles of taste and virtue in the minds of early youth and innocence.

N. N.

MANCHESTER FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Tuesday, Oct. 7th, 1823.

"The Speaking," as it is called, was on Tuesday last, superior, we think, to any similar exhibition which we can remember. In the observations upon the performances last year, we admitted into the *Iris* a complaint of certain particulars of which there has not, we are happy to say, been any recurrence on the present occasion. The selection of the pieces was in our opinion judicious. While we make this acknowledgement, however, we must be permitted to lament the existence of some reason, which we cannot divine, for the regular omission of the splendid specimens of oratory which have occasionally been displayed in the British Senate. Could not some highly appropriate pieces be extracted from the admirable speeches of Chatham, of Sheridan, of Fox, of Burke, or of Canning?

"Whose words are sparks of immortality."

We are sure that such extracts as those which

we beg to recommend, would be of greater benefit to the boys, and afford more interest to the audience, than a number of the selections upon the last or any preceding card. The scholars spoke on Tuesday with more ease and freedom than they did in former instances. They were allowed to move something more than their tongues; and their action, which, of course, added greatly to the effect of what they said, was, upon the whole, well managed. It was obvious in most cases, that the performers entered into the feelings of the authors, whose productions they recited.

We are sorry that we cannot, with propriety, point out what we considered to be the excellencies and defects of the individual speakers. We therefore give them collectively the tribute of our sincere and disinterested approbation.

But, while we applaud the performers, we think ourselves justified in complaining of some of the audience; certain of whom, though they had the dress, the appearance, and the profession of gentlemen, kept their seats during the whole performance, without exhibiting any creditable sense of shame, while a number of highly respectable ladies were standing and otherwise inconvenienced!

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Your Correspondent "*Calico Printer*," in alluding to the remarks in my letter on the subject of public lectures, has fortunately referred to an institution at Glasgow, in connexion with which there are regular courses of lectures delivered on scientific subjects; and which might well be taken as a model, were a similar institution projected in the town to remedy the evil so much complained of, namely, the want of public lectures on the various branches of the arts and sciences. "*Calico Printer*" does not however appear to be aware that the Mechanic's Class, (to which the extract from Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry alone refers) is only one branch of the Andersonian Institution, and that independent of it there are popular courses of lectures regularly delivered, on Chemistry, natural Philosophy, &c. Those therefore who have a taste for such interesting pursuits, are enabled to follow them as objects of amusement as well as useful knowledge, and surely no subjects are more deserving our attention, or more amply repay the investigation by the pleasure and satisfaction which they afford. Nor does the above institution restrict its sphere to one class alone of the community, for in furtherance of the views of the benevolent founder, the "*Mechanics Class*," so justly celebrated, enables the Artisan and Mechanic to acquire at a cheap rate the principles of their respective arts. A few other particulars regarding the formation and progress of that class may not be uninteresting to your readers, more particularly so, as I am sure the numerous body of mechanics in this town, would hail with enthusiasm the establishment of a similar course of lectures amongst them.

"In the year 1800, Dr. Birbeck, in furtherance of the views expressed in the will of the founder, relative to the instruction of Artisans, first laid open in the building, (Andersonian Institution) the doors of science to the operative orders of society. As the success of the measure was uncertain, no fee was exacted in the first course. An inconsiderable number of mechanics

came forward to the lectures, and, circulating among their fellow citizens the interesting novelties revealed to them by experimental philosophy, soon excited a more general desire to participate in the benefits of the lectures. Next season, (1801,) accordingly a more numerous class assembled, when a fee of one shilling was exacted from each student. In the third session, 1802, the fee for Dr. Birbeck's course was raised to FIVE SHILLINGS; but, as only a few individuals applied for tickets of admission, it was thought prudent to lower the fee to two and sixpence in the next session, 1803. Dr. Birbeck received the whole income of these courses.

On Dr. Birbeck's resignation in September, 1804, Dr. Ure was appointed his successor. He continued the mechanic's course, at a fee of three shillings, but each of the lectures was considerably longer than formerly, so that in fact the extent of tuition was greatly increased, at nearly the same charge to the pupil. The class was so well satisfied with his exertions, that at the termination of that and of many succeeding courses, they made him handsome acknowledgements of their esteem. By the year 1807, the application for tickets of admission to the mechanic's class, had become so numerous, that many meritorious artisans were inevitably excluded, and the lecture-room was crowded to excess. Next summer the professor, in conjunction with the trustees, raised a considerable sum of money, and received many donations of books, for the establishment of a library of scientific and practical works, appropriated to this class. In the ensuing winter (that of 1808, 9) it was resolved, in consequence of the increased application for admission, in the preceding session, to deliver two successive courses of lectures, beginning the first course in November. Dr. Ure had by this time collected, at his own expense, a very considerable apparatus, whereby, in addition to new illustrations of many of the old departments of science, the recent discoveries were exhibited and explained. Under these circumstances, the fee of Dr. Ure's course was, FOR THE FIRST TIME, brought back to five shillings, which was Dr. Birbeck's fee in 1802.

The class, so far from complaining of this new arrangement, continued to express their satisfaction with the professor, and his plan of tuition. The attendance on the courses continued generally progressive, though it necessarily fluctuated with the fluctuations of the times; and the second course of each session was usually better attended than the first. The average number of students of late years was upwards of 300 in each course. The managers have recently fitted up a large apartment for the arrangement and display of the apparatus, the whole of which, in its improved and extended condition, will, at stated hours, be accessible to the mechanic's class. The library, consisting of upwards of 1300 volumes of valuable works, on science, literature, and the arts, will continue under the management of their own committee as heretofore. New instruments and models of considerable value have been added this season, and many more are in preparation by a skilful artist, recommended by the mechanic's committee, and employed and paid by the managers, since last November, in fulfilment of the 5th article of the supplementary arrangement of the 12th October, 1822.

Although the Managers appear desirous of furthering as much as in their power the interests of the Mechanics' department, I am sorry to perceive that some misunderstanding has lately arisen between them and the Mechanics' Committee, which may perhaps ultimately lead to the establishment of a separate Institution, supported by the body of Mechanics. The principles upon which the Andersonian Institution was founded, and the liberality of the present Professor in procuring at his OWN EXPENSE, so many new models and apparatus adapted to the practical illustration of the modern improvements in science, renders it well calculated to attain the end desired, viz. the general diffusion of Philosophy and the Sciences through the various classes of the community. The Courses of Lectures delivered at the Andersonian Institution by Dr. Ure are, as follows,—

- 1st. *Natural Philosophy*.—Fee, One Guinea; to Ladies, and Youths under 14, Half-a-Guinea.
- 2nd. *Chemistry*, with its application to *Medicine* and the *Arts*.—Fee, Two Guineas.

3rd. *Materia Medica, Dietetics, and Pharmacy*.—Fee, Two Guineas.

4th. *Popular Chemistry*, in reference to the *Phænomena of Nature and Manufactures*.—Fee, One Guinea. To Operative Artizans, Half-a-Guinea.

5th. *Mechanics' Class*.—Wednesday and Saturday Evenings at 8 o'clock, the former on the Chemical Arts; the latter on Mechanics, &c. &c. This course contains 50 lectures. Fee for the whole Session, 8s. and 2s. to the Library, &c. For the first half of it, 4s. and 1s. as above.

The necessity of the foregoing observations is in some measure superseded, by the development of the objects of the "*Manchester Institution for the promotion of Literature, Science, and the Arts*." I am happy to observe that it rests on a broader basis than that which appears at first to have been contemplated by the projectors, and by encouraging literary and scientific pursuits, as well as a taste for the Fine Arts, will it is to be hoped, increase and enliven the relish for such studies in this important town. The want of public lectures so much felt, appears not to have been overlooked by the promoters of the Institution, and the facilities to be afforded for the delivery of Popular Courses of Lectures on the Sciences, promise fair that the evil will be shortly removed. Perhaps some of your readers can inform me, whether it is intended that the Institution should pay for public lecturers on various branches of the Arts and Sciences, if not, the purport of the first resolution declared at the public meeting so far as regards lectures, appears in a great measure paralyzed by the 13th, 14th, and 15th resolutions. In the former, if the "*FACILITATING* the delivery of Popular Courses of Public Lectures," be only meant to afford encouragement to skilful scientific men, by allowing them the free use of the Lecture rooms, and the benefit of any apparatus which belongs to the institution, even under such circumstances few Lecturers would accept of the use of the rooms, while they laboured under the disadvantages, of being obliged to admit GRATUITOUSLY, (agreeably to the 13th, 14th, and 15th resolutions,) the whole of the Governors with their families. It will afford me pleasure to hear that a sufficient sum is raised, to enable the Governors to carry into effect upon an extended scale, all the objects which they at present contemplate. The public spirit of the inhabitants has been evinced on the present, as well as on several late occasions, and I hope sufficient funds will be raised to enable the Governors of the Manchester Institution, in conjunction with the other objects which it combines, to establish efficient Courses of Lectures, on the Arts and Sciences. I am well aware, that the great expense of models and apparatus requisite to illustrate satisfactorily a Course of Lectures on any branch of the Sciences, must in many cases render them very incomplete, except when the lectures are delivered in connexion with some well supported institution. A prevailing spirit for improvement seems to pervade every class of the community, and the recently formed Public Institutions and alterations which have been made in the town, will ever redound to the credit of the inhabitants. May we not indulge the hope, that Manchester will one day rank as high in the literary and scientific world, as it now does in a commercial point of view—we may at least aver, that a general taste for knowledge and useful information will raise its inhabitants high in the scale of public estimation, and to the names of industrious, and skilful, that of well informed, and enlightened, will be added to the Manufacturer, and Merchant. I mean not in these remarks, to detract from the merits of the many ornaments to the town, as well amongst the literary and scientific part of the community, as amongst many of our merchants and manufacturers; all I wish for, is, to see a taste generally imbibed for those pursuits which add so much to the rational enjoyment and happiness of man. Your readers must all feel indebted to S. X. for his interesting communication in reference to the Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, formerly delivered in this town by Mr. Richard Dalton.

Yours, Z.

Manchester, 7th Oct. 1823.

BARROWS SERMONS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR.—I shall be obliged to any of your correspondents for informing me whether any other than the folio edition of Dr. Barrow's Sermons has ever been published; and if not, whether there is any publication in which copious extracts from those most eloquent and masterly sermons, may be met with. It is surprising that works which Lord Chatham valued so highly; which he nearly committed to memory; and which he made the model of his oratory, should be so little known to the English student of the present day.

Oct. 8th, 1823.

PUBLIUS.

THE MISERIES OF ENFORCED MARRIAGE.

By the Author of "*December Tales*."

To R. S. F. Esq. B—Y HALL.

MY DEAR F.—You complain so grievously of the brevity and infrequency of my "ever desirable letters" (so you are pleased to speak) that I have at last devoted an afternoon to indulging you and myself by an unlimited destruction of thick post—in other words, I have sat down to indite you a tedious epistle. For what is there that can make my letters interesting to you?—what topics have I, a recluse and abstracted book-worm, to dilate upon, which can be other than *ennuiing* to a fashionable, gay, busy, man-of-the-world-man like yourself? My abstruse reveries and metaphysical estrangements you would not listen to (or if you did it would be the effect of sad civility only) even were I myself present to you; how then would it be possible for my paper messenger, if filled with such lucubrations, to escape perdition immediately!—No; it would never do. Something more attractive must be found for your squeamish palate, or you will cease to be, or to seem, anxious for my correspondence, and at once set me down for an incorrigible dusty, musty, prosing old Bore.

Well,—I have hit upon a subject, one upon which you have, more than once, requested me to give you some information;—namely: an account of poor L. the pale "lenc clerk" as you called him, whom you once met at my habitation, when you delighted and gratified me with a visit as you journeyed with ephemeral wing (or wheel) over half England—that melancholy personification of an abstract idea (another of your *soubriquets*) whose appearance so much puzzled and interested you. He was indeed one whom to see was to wish to know; even at the period when you saw him, when sorrow and grief were repressed, or at least secluded, from open notice, by strong mental exertion which assisted to destroy him, even then, though the slight bloom which once overspread his cheek had faded, and the beautiful expanse of his clear and intellectual brow was marked with deep dejection, in spite of his struggles to appear undisturbed and happy; though the pride of his youth and the strength of his manhood were gone, and the brightness of the day of his existence had passed away; still the light of that sun, which though setting and clouded, was not—could not be, totally obscured, blazed from his eye and lit up his features with a glow, which stood like an index to tell of the mightiness within.

I had wished to have brought you together; it would have gratified, I am sure, both of you. But with your extended circle of relatives and intimates, who severally had, or conceived themselves to have, a pre-eminent claim upon your time and society, the moments that you could dedicate to each were of necessity few, and I

was compelled to share the general lot, and thus no opportunity presented itself of bringing about my object; for L. had left a country where the hopes and prospects of his heart had been cruelly blighted, ere you again illumined the dwelling which had for some time been the place of his residence, and which the occasional smile of a dear friend like yourself renders brighter to its present solitary, but contented, occupant.

Since then, it was not permitted you to enjoy his friendship when living, I may well introduce you to his memory when dead; and trace a sort of sketch—but how faint and unsatisfactory—from the recollection of his short and hapless life.

I am now sitting in the reading room of the public library at M—; fit spot for my present occupation, for here I have lingered away hour after hour with my departed friend, and listened with a delight which no pleasure that may hereafter be allotted me, can ever equal or even approach, to his deep and glowing remarks upon our old and favourite authors—a commentary often far superior to the text; and here, since he is lost to me, I have spent some happy moments in reminiscence of the hours which his converse beguiled, when his imagination dazzled, his information astonished, or his judgment enlightened me. But I am delaying too long the main object of my communication.

L. and I as you know were schoolfellows, that great link of youth and framer of friendships. Even at school, the time which we are continually taught to consider the happiest of life, (*positively*, perhaps it is, *relatively*, that is, considering our capacities of enjoyment with the actual degree of each experienced, perhaps not) even that happy time, was to him not happy, more correctly it was actually unhappy. He was unfitted for the community of a public school, he had no sympathies or idiosyncrasies with the modes of thinking, speaking, or acting prevalent there;—he partook, it is true, of their amusements, but he did not enter into them; his spirit was not with them, and it was a relief to him to quit them. This was perceived, of course it was resented. The spirit of persecution does not flourish in its least violence among school boys. Whoever ventures to differ from the body of the society either in studies, recreations, opinions, or any other particular, must lay his account on being hunted down as a kind of wild beast, a monster, or mad dog. A public school is a great extinguisher of individuality, whoever becomes an inmate of it must *conform*, must subscribe to the Shibboleth of the place, must fall in with the general current if he wishes to enjoy any thing like peace or sociability. Neutrality is impossible. But I am wearying your patience on subjects with which you are as familiar as I am.

It is no wonder then that L. who was addicted to contemplation, and a perpetual student, was unpopular, and consequently in some measure unhappy. But the friendship of a few of the community who entered into his feelings and pleasures, and of whom I had the good fortune to be one, compensated to him for much of the unkindness with which he was treated by others. Of course his affections being contracted into a narrower channel, acquired additional force from their confinement, and his friendship for us, who were the partakers of his company and his studies, (there were but four of us) was uncontrolled. An anecdote which I am about to relate to you will demonstrate this. Some piece of mischief, I forget what, had been com-

mitted in the school, which was discovered some time after its commission as it appeared, and from peculiar circumstances attending it, I was supposed (wrongly however) to be the culprit; and was sentenced to receive the punishment. I had an old female relation with whom I lived, my parents residing at a considerable distance from —, and it was her pride that her nephew had never been guilty of any dereliction, nor been found deficient in any particular, so as to incur punishment. This certainly was a proud distinction which I had contrived to maintain, along with two or three others, and now a close was to be put to my superiority. L. was at this time absent from school, having obtained leave to visit a friend near Oxford. The day before that on which I was to undergo my punishment, or rather my flogging, (for punishment implies previous guilt) I wrote to him, among other things, lamenting the pain which this affair would occasion my relation, and protesting my entire innocence. The next day came and brought with it the hour of my chastisement. Accordingly every thing was arranged, the boys called up as spectators, the rod laid on the table for immediate use, and the Archdidascalus of the school about to give me an exhortation admonitory on the heinousness of my supposed fault, when to my astonishment—to the astonishment of the whole school—the door opened, and L. entered panting and covered with dust. He advanced instantly to the Master “Sir, it was I who committed the offence for which you are about to punish Villiers.” “You! Sir, impossible.” He stuck to his assertion. I could say nothing, for I had before denied (as was the case) all knowledge of the business. Accordingly the blame was transferred to him, but in consideration of his acknowledgement, the chastisement was remitted. He had received my letter a few hours before, and to spare the feelings of my relative, and to save me, had set off, immediately, unknown to the family, and travelled from his friends to the school, a distance of more than thirty miles, to accuse himself of a crime which he had not committed. You may judge of my sensations at this noble exercise of friendship. Damon and Pythias was nothing to it. This was the only time I ever knew L. to violate truth in the slightest instance.

I do not know that any thing took place which the compass of a letter will allow me to relate till long after both L. and I had left the school. He lived at some distance from my abode, but we frequently saw each other, and filled up the intervals with letters. In one of these he informed me of an attachment which had been lately formed between him and a young lady in his neighbourhood, and he wished that I should become acquainted with her previous to his entering into any matrimonial connection. I read his communication with pleasure, for a soul like L.’s, so full of sympathy, could not fail to gather abundant happiness from a well placed affection. He had been a most affectionate son, and a devoted friend, and I had no doubt that his conduct as a husband would be equally exemplary. According to his invitation I went to see him, and was introduced to the lady at her father’s house. Alice Clifton was about nineteen—beautiful, cheerful, and accomplished. This was of course all that on a first interview I could gather of her character, but afterwards, when at the repeated desire of her parents, I made frequent visits there, along with L. the riches of her mind opened gradually upon me, and convinced me that although the lady was without fortune, (for Mr. Clifton was

not rich and his family was numerous) he had nevertheless found a treasure in the object of his choice.

At last a day not very distant was fixed upon for the ceremony which was to put L. in possession of his loved and loving Alice. Who would have thought that so bright a sky could have been so shortly covered with the tempest clouds of sorrow and disappointment!

I have mentioned that Alice’s father was not rich, and lately his circumstances had been growing more and more embarrassed, till ruin and bankruptcy stared him in the face. In the midst of his distresses a letter arrived from a relation, who had advanced him considerable sums of money, requesting immediate payment. To comply with the request was impossible. One means of escaping the evil was pointed out. The writer of the letter offered to remit the debt and further to assist Mr. Clifton, on condition that Alice should espouse his son. This son was an ignorant, fox-hunting, brainless fool, whose only recommendation was his good nature, and his father, who knew the superior qualities of his fair relative, thought that her good sense might, if not reclaim, at least correct and restrain him in the pursuit of his absurd propensities. He wished to sacrifice one who was far above the level of her species for the benefit of another as far below that of his.

This letter was shewn to me; of course I protested vehemently against the proposed measure, and was listened to with patience, though I could perceive with any thing rather than pleasure. Alice was not present at this meeting. I was dreadfully alarmed for L. I well knew that, with his sensibility, such an event as the one thought of, would infallibly make wretched, if it did not put an end to his life. I argued, as well as I was able, on the injustice of destroying the hopes and affections of one member of a family, for the sake of the rest; I spoke, though sparingly, of the misery which would be occasioned to my friend. The only answer which I could get was that they would mention it to Alice, and I left them filled with sorrow for my friend, not altogether unmixed with some feelings of indignation at the selfishness of human nature.

L. perceived the alteration in my spirits and manner, and anxiously enquired into the cause. I was unable to conceal it, though I revealed it with trembling, so fearful was I of the consequences. When I had concluded he rose from his seat, and desiring me to excuse him a few minutes, left the room, leaving me filled with apprehension and misery. He returned shortly, to my surprise, calm and composed. My dear Taunton, said he, I have thought of the unhappy circumstances which you have related; I will not attempt to influence Alice: whatever she judges fit, will, I am sure, be right. If her determination should voluntarily be in my favour, I shall be more happy than if she had been persuaded by my entreaties;—if she conceives that her filial duty requires her to abandon me, a vain effort to subdue her sense of propriety would only be productive of uneasiness to both. I endeavoured to bend him from this strange resolution—so unlover-like—so unaccountable—as I thought it. But he had got some foolish notions of delicacy in leaving Alice entirely to the sway of her own feelings, and would not be persuaded that it was right for him to let considerations of his own happiness or misery interfere with her conduct towards her family. Strange, but honourable and highly minded being!

To make a short story of it—Alice consented

to marry her relation—to ameliorate the condition of her family—and to be broken hearted. Whether the old people interfered strongly—what excuses they made to persuade her to break her engagements with L. I know not. It was announced to him by letter, through the medium of the lady's maiden aunt. The day before the marriage, he received another letter, it was from Alice. It was worthy of her. It spoke tenderness with dignity—sorrow without indulging in useless complaints, and a vindication of her conduct which completely subdued the irritability which I had conceived against her on my friend's account. Yet it was easy to see that L. was not the only, if even the greatest sufferer. But his philosophy—his affected calmness was entirely vanquished by it. The force of his grief—the hitherto repressed violence of his passion, could be restrained no longer. He perceived that she whom he loved was miserable, and that he was the cause, and hence, however unjustly, he chose to blame himself for her woe. It was in vain to represent to him that the exciting of this wretchedness belonged not to him, but to those who had compelled her, or at least occasioned her to marry another. "Had she not known me," he exclaimed, "she would have been happy."

He had not intended to see her again, for he mistrusted his own firmness, but accident threw her in his way. About a month after her marriage, as he and I walked together, we were startled by screams in a woman's voice, and looking around perceived a female on horseback and in the greatest danger. The animal had taken fright, and his course lay directly towards a steep precipice. We rushed towards her, though despairing of reaching her in time to be of service. On coming nearer we perceived it was Alice Clifton. L. sprung forward with a rapidity which I believed him incapable of, and which I am sure nothing but the sight of Alice's imminent danger could have enabled him to do. He was far before me, and owing to some inequality in the ground I lost sight both of him and the object of our apprehensions. I know not what he did, but on coming up I found the horse lying on the ground, and Alice fainting in the arms of her lover, whom his exertion had almost thrown into the same state. I ran for some water from an adjoining rivulet, and she revived, but almost relapsed into insensibility on beholding her preserver. But I can never forget L.'s look. The struggle of passion—the cold chilliness of disappointed hopes—the glow of affection, were all painted in his countenance. Raising his eyes they met her's—one glance passed between them, but it was a glance of intelligence—of feeling—which revealed all their love—all their misfortunes. He caught her hand—pressed it to his lips—one of her beautiful locks played upon his cheek—if you have ever loved, my dear F., you must feel that moment far better than I can describe it.

But it was only for a moment. He faltered out—"Forgive me, Alice." "Farewell" was the reply. He repeated the word; it seemed to come from both their hearts. I offered to see Alice home, and my offer being accepted I accompanied her.

On returning to my own dwelling I found L. already there. He was more melancholy and looked more wretched than ever, and I feared much for his health. It was not without reason that I was apprehensive. He was taken ill; for some time he lingered between life and death, but the violence of his disease abated, and his physicians advised him to travel. I could not think of letting him go alone, and he listened

with pleasure to my proposition of accompanying him.

You have travelled over the continent, and, therefore, even if my limits would admit of it, it would be needless for me to give you any account of our journey, as nothing happened which bears any particular relation to the subject I am upon. L.'s bodily health seemed to improve, but his mental disease hung upon him amid all changes of scene, and all varieties of amusement or pleasure.

Were you ever in Sicily?—We went there, and visited all those monuments of natural grandeur and human magnificence with which that country is filled. I thought that here, more than any where else, L. enjoyed those intervals of forgetfulness—that oblivion of the past, and gathering up of the soul into the present, which is the heaven below of those whom misery and grief have immersed in that gloom of hopeless and heartless despondency, "for which joy has no balm and affliction no sting," which you my dear friend, in the midst of happiness, loving and beloved, and revelling in all the buoyancy of animal spirits, have never (I should suppose) felt—and which may you never feel! We visited of course the great show of the island their burning mountain—Etna—or Mon' Gibello; and for the convenience of enjoying the vicinity of the sea, which L. was fond of, we took up our residence—alas, his last residence whilst living—at a small farm, about two miles from Catania, and adjoining the shore.

Here, then, we wandered, inhaling the delightful freshness of the sea breeze, and gazing on the beauties which lay scattered around us. I could yet think of them with pleasure, were not the recollection embittered by thoughts of the calamity which deprived me of my friend. It was on a beautiful evening in June—it will be five years since next week—when along with L. I took an accustomed ramble. The sun was setting—his beams yet hung upon the mountain tops, and gilded the Sicilian sea where it seemed in the distance to meet the horizon. We looked on it with a feeling which could not be called merely pleasure—it was a kind of softened rapture—a richness and fullness of feeling which cannot be described. The expanse of waters lay before us, bounded in one point of view by the shores of Calabria, and farther off lay Greece—the land of noble deed—and of lofty song—all glowing and brilliant. Behind, on our left was the "pillar of Heaven," the mountain of snow and fire, and nearer to us our lovely farm house with its beautiful orange trees, and luxuriant olives, and the vines clustering round its door and casements. The enchantment was complete.

The evening advanced, and I looked for L. who had wandered some distance from me. I saw him standing and gazing eagerly among a grove of trees. Before I had advanced many paces he turned round, and rushing violently towards me, he exclaimed, almost breathless, "I have seen Alice—I have seen Alice"—he would have pronounced her name, but his agitation prevented him. "Impossible, my dear L.," I said to him, "how can Alice be here, this is some delusion." "Oh no," he replied, "I cannot be mistaken in her, and yet you say well, how should she be here and we not have heard of it;—yet I am sure it was she." I attempted (but vainly) to calm him, and as I spoke we advanced towards the spot where I had seen him. "There—again, look for yourself," said he. I did so, and perceived a female in white, something resembling Alice; yet it might easily be another. She was almost hidden by

the trees, when we perceived some one crouching down and advancing cautiously in the same direction. L. looked alarmed—we heard a scream—he rushed forward and I followed, but stumbling over something on the ground he was before me. I perceived there was a struggle between some persons among the trees—the scream was repeated—I heard the voice of my friend calling to me, and was by his side just in time to receive him staggering and bleeding in my arms. A man in a dark cloak rushed by me, and I was left with my dying friend in my arms, and Alice Clifton—for it was she—senseless on the ground.

I exerted myself in calling for help; fortunately some one passing by to the farm house heard me, and came to my assistance. We conveyed my friend and Alice to the house. She speedily regained her self-possession, but how changed she was! L. took my hand—"I am dying—let me see her once more—let me have the two beings dearest to me to bless me"—he could say no more—he placed a ring on my finger—he took a hand of each of us—and pressed them—gave us his last look—a look that spoke every thing of affection.

I learnt from Alice that she had come on the continent with her husband; that in consequence of the continual persecution she experienced from the addresses of a nobleman at Palermo, she had prevailed on her husband to reside for the remainder of their stay in Sicily, at Catania, as being remote from Palermo; that the cowardly ferocity of the disappointed Sicilian had prompted him, as she supposed, to endeavour to procure her assassination in revenge for the insults which he considered himself as having received from her; and that L.'s sudden interference had prevented the execution of his diabolical plan at the expense of his own life. Alice was evidently wretched and ill both in body and mind. Her husband was sent for, and they returned to England, where she died soon after.

No trouble was ever taken by the Sicilian police to identify or punish the assassin. But the mal-administration, or, rather, the non-administration of justice there, is notorious. Such is the relation you requested me to give—such was the fate of one of the noblest of beings. Peace be with him.

I remain, as ever,

My dear F.
Your most affectionate Friend
VILLIERS TAUNTON.

Wannop Place.

TRANSLATION FROM SENECA.

BY CHEVIOT TIGHEBURN.

It is not wealth, nor riches great,
Nor purple Tyrian robe of state,
Nor Palace, Diadem, nor Crown,
That mark the Monarch from the Clow.

A KING alone in truth is he
Whose mind from Vice's stain is free,
Who casts from off his nobler soul,
The bonds which meaner minds control,
Whom no ambition lures to glare,
A transient meteor in the air,
To live in shouts his little day,
By turns the People's dupe and prey;
Who envies not the gold that shines
In rich Hesperia's countless mines,
Or where the boast of other lands
The Tagus rolls her yellow sands.
Or all the fields of golden grains,
That wave in Lybia's fertile plains.

Whom e'en with light'nings gleam oblique
The Thunderer will not dare to strike;
Who fears not all the winds that rave
Along the Adriatic wave;
And sees the stormy firmament,
With cheek unblench'd, and heart unbent;
Who safely lifted up on high,
Sees earth, as if beneath him, lie;
And meets the fate he cannot shun,
With joy, as if his task was done.
Let Kings to battle hasten far,
Who drive the Daian host to war—
Who rule the realms which wide surround
The sea which strews with gems the ground—
The sea along whose redd'ning breast
Float gales from Araby the blest;
Or who the Armenian confines away
Where Caspian hills access display,
Or who the frozen waters tread
Where Danube's icy oceans spread;
Or where the Seres till the ground,
The Seres by their fleece renown'd,
Let these for kingdoms thousands kill,
'Tis VIRTUE makes the monarch still.
A kingdom can her power bestow,
Which asks not falchion, steed, or bow,
Which asks not Parthian spear, or lance,
Or engines, which like towers, advance:
Which solely asks, and but requires
A mind exempt from low desires—
Or fear, and He who thus is blest,
May find this kingdom in his breast—
Let others seek the glittering court
Where high ambition's votaries sport;
Be mine—the ease and downy rest,
Which soothe the quiet country's guest;
The humble roof, the lowly shed,
Where trees around their foliage spread,
Where no Patrician's scornful eye
May break upon my privacy.

So when my days at length are past,
Ungloomed and cloudless to the last,
I may, beneath my darling shades,
Expire, as softly day-light fades;
My only monuments the trees—
My only dirge the mountain breeze—
Such be my lot. For death will fall
On him most sharp, who—known to all—
Is found, when comes the mortal blow,
To feel—he has HIMSELF to know.

CERVANTES.

Next to the desire of instruction and entertainment, is that of an acquaintance with those to whom we are indebted for such instruction and entertainment; and every incident tending to throw light upon the pursuits, habits, or ancestry of great or remarkable men, is dwelt upon with pleasure and treasured up with care: this is so generally felt and acknowledged, that a new publication seldom makes its appearance without a life, or at least some account of the author: indeed there is at this time publishing in the metropolis, a little work which contains portraits and biography of *living* characters who are any way eminent for talent or virtue. I have been led into these reflections on observing our generally imperfect knowledge of the above author: most of the accounts which I have seen in English, give a wrong year for the date of his birth, and all of them, a wrong place of birth; and in a metropolitan periodical* now publishing, which contains an alphabetical arrangement of eminent persons who have been concerned in or connected with trade, the words "origin unknown" are placed opposite the name of Cervantes.

It is now some years since the Spanish academy, under the direction of their Sovereign the late King, published a magnificent edition of Don Quixote, at the head of which was the life of the author, written by a distinguished academian, from materials which were the result of a diligent and scrupulous research; and, therefore to be depended upon. This account states that Cervantes was a gentleman by birth, the son of Rodrigo de Cervantes, and Leonora de Cortinas, and

* The Portfolio.

was born at Alcala de Henare's in New Castille, on the 9th October, 1547. In other respects our accounts agree with the life written by the Spanish academician; but his account of the slavery of Cervantes, and his attempts to escape therefrom, may perhaps not be unacceptable—it runs thus:—

"As Cervantes was returning from Naples to Spain in a galley belonging to Philip 2d, he was taken by Arnot Mami, a most redoubtable Corsair, and carried as a slave to Algiers. But nothing could damp the courage of Cervantes; and though he was pretty sure of dying a cruel death if he made the least attempt to regain his liberty; he notwithstanding laid a plan to escape with fourteen other Spanish captives. It was agreed that one of them should be ransomed, who was to return home and come back with a bark and carry off the others in the night time. The execution of this project was not very easy: in the first place it was necessary to raise a sufficient sum to redeem one of them; then to escape from their different masters and remain together without discovery until the time when the bark should come for them.

"So many difficulties appeared insurmountable; but the love of liberty made every thing easy. A Navarrese captive who was employed to cultivate a large garden which was situated on the sea-shore, undertook to dig a cavern in a retired part of the garden, capable of containing the fifteen Spaniards. It took him two years to perform this work: in the mean time they had, by begging and working, got together a sum sufficient for the ransom of a majorcan of the name of Viana, on whom they could depend, and who was perfectly well acquainted with all the Barbary coast. The money being ready and the cavern complete, it took six months more to assemble them all together; which being done, Viana purchased his freedom, and left them, after having sworn to return in a short time.

"Cervantes was the soul of the enterprise: he went in the night time to procure provisions for his companions, and when day began to appear he returned to the cavern with the day's allowance. The gardener, who was not obliged to conceal himself, kept a constant look out for the bark which was to release them.

"Viana kept his word. On his arrival at Majorca he waited on the viceroy, whom he informed of the business; and requested assistance in his enterprise. The viceroy gave him a brigantine; and Viana, full of hope, hastened to the delivery of his brethren.

"He arrived on the coast of Algiers on the 23d September in the same year, 1577, a month after his departure from thence. Viana had taken particular notice of the spot, and knew it again though it was night: he steered his little vessel towards the garden where he was expected with so much impatience. The gardener who was on the watch perceived him, and ran and gave notice to the thirteen Spaniards. At this happy news all their hardships were forgotten, and they embraced each other with tears of joy, eagerly watching the bark of their liberator; but alas! as the prow was just close to land, several Moors who were passing by, seeing the christians, gave the alarm; and Viana in terror put his vessel about and regaining the open sea soon disappeared; and the unhappy captives thus replunged into slavery retired to their cavern to weep.

"Cervantes encouraged them: he hoped, and he instilled the same hope into his companions, that Viana would return; but no Viana appeared. Grief and the dampness of their confined and unhealthy dwelling brought on a cruel sickness amongst them, and Cervantes not being any longer able alone to provide for and attend to them, called in the assistance of one of his companions, who was to relieve him of the task of procuring provisions. But the man he chose proved false to them; for he went and informed the Dey of the whole affair, turned muselman, and conducted a guard of soldiers to the cavern, who seized and chained the thirteen Spaniards.

"Being taken before the Dey he promised them their lives if they would declare who was the author of the enterprise. It was I, said Cervantes, spare my brethren and let me die. The Dey admired his intrepidity and restored him to his master, Arnot Mami. The unfortunate gardener who dug the cavern was hung by one leg until he was suffocated with his own blood.

† No less than four places, viz. Madrid, Seville, Lacedæ, and Alcala, had laid claim to this honour.

"Cervantes made four other attempts to regain his liberty; but was at length ransomed by his mother, Leonora de Cortinas with the assistance of the Fathers of the Trinity: this was on the 19th September, 1580, after a slavery of five years."

Cervantes was of the same decisive character to the last. Four days before his death he asked for his romance of Persiles which he had just finished, and with a feeble hand wrote the dedication which he addressed to the "Count of Lemos, who had just arrived from Italy. It is as follows:—

"To Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, Count de Lemos, &c.
"We have an old Spanish romance which runs but too true: that which begins with the words

"Though death urge strongly to depart,
"I write to you before I start, &c.

"Such is precisely my case at present; they gave me extreme unction yesterday; I am dying, and am very sorry I am not able to tell you how much pleasure your arrival in Spain gives me. The joy I experience ought to save my life; but the will of God be done! Your excellency will at least know that my gratitude lasted as long as my life. I regret much the not being able to finish certain works which I intended for you, as, the Garden Weeks, the Great Bernard, and the last books of Galatea; for which I know you have a kindness; but that would require a miracle of the Almighty, and I only ask him to preserve your excellency.

Michael de Cervantes."

Madrid, this 19th April, 1616.

He died the 23d of the same month aged 68 years and 6 months.

Manchester, 6th October, 1823.

T. V.

* This Count of Lemos had been a sort of patron to Cervantes, but suffered him to live in straitened circumstances.—Our Shakespeare was more fortunate in England.

EXTEMPORANEOUS ADDRESS TO DR. JOHNSON'S BUST.

"Thou bit of frowning plaster!
Thou head of the proud master
Of style the most sententious,
Of wit the most contentions,—
Thou dost not often look
Down here on crabbed book;
But rather smel' at the vapour
Of some light morning paper,—
Or hear'st the Fleet-street dandy.
Call for a glass of brandy,
(Diluted oft with water),—
Or look'st upon the slaughter
Of beef, or lamb, or mutton,
By some blown city glutton.
Though I've no great affection
For this our host's selection,
And wish the head were placed here.
Of our divines Shakespeare,
Or Rabelais; or Montaigne,
To smile on port or champagne,
(For thou art looking solidly),
I'd willingly remove
To Hamstead's leafy grove
This bust of learned gravity,
To frown me into suavity,
As skulls at Memphian banquet:
Heighten the joy. I'd flunk it
With Socrates and Plato,
With Seneca and Cato.
But where my heart reposes
In bowers of twining roses,
In those endearing hours
Of nightingales and flowers,
When Mrs. H. for me
Prepares nectareous tea;
And, when there are around us
Those charming girls, who found us
In our sweet solitude,
And spite of voices rude,
And the world's envy, came
To watch o'er genius' flame;
O then, my friends, to lull us
Into sweet thoughts, Catullus,
Anacreon, Boccace,
And each that loves a lass,
Shall smile upon our blisses
Of quips, and cranks, and kisses—
And out of these we'll cater
Thoughts that shall make us greater.
Than he we now sit under,—
A starveling age's wonder."

THE STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIERS.

Many of my readers must recollect crossing, in the route from London to Holyhead, a miserable tract of country commencing a few miles beyond Birmingham and continuing to Wolverhampton. If the volumes of sulphurous vapour which I shall not compliment with the name of smoke, permitted them at intervals to "view the dismal situation waste and wild," they would observe the surface of the desert around them scarred and broken, as if it had just reposed from the heavings of an earthquake. Now and then they would shudder as they passed the mouth of a deserted mine left without any guard but the wariness of the passenger. Sometimes they would see a feeble and lambent flame, (called by the miners the *wild fire*) issue from chaps in the paroled earth. It is self-kindled by a process familiar to the chemist, and feeds on gas evolved by the refuse of the coal, that has been left in immense caverns hollowed by the labours of ages, over which the carriage of the unconscious traveller rolls for many miles. They would be struck also with the sight of houses from which the treacherous foundations have gradually shrunk, leaving them in such a state of obliquity with the horizon, as if they stood only to evince the contempt of themselves and their inhabitants for the laws of gravitation.

If the traveller, in addition to these attacks on his organs of smell and of vision, has nerve to inspect more closely the tremendous operations which are going on around him as far as the eye can reach, he must learn to endure the grating of harsh wheels, the roaring of the enormous bellows which, set in motion by the power of steam, urge the fires of the smelting furnace till they glow with almost the white brilliance of the noon-day sun. He must learn to care little for the sparks which fly from the half-molten iron, under the action of the forge in torrents of burning rain, while the earth literally trembles beneath the strokes of a mightier hammer than Thor himself ever wielded against the giants.

But my present business is with the human part of the spectacle. The miners, or, as they call themselves, the colliers, are a curious race of men, and the study of their natural history would be replete with information and entertainment. Nothing can be more uncouth than their appearance. Their figures are tall and robust in no ordinary degree, but their faces, when, by any accident, the coating of black dirt in which they are accented is partially rubbed off, show ghastly pale, and even at an early age they are ploughed in the deepest furrows. Their working dress consists of a tunic, or short frock, and trowsers of coarse flannel. Their holiday clothes are chiefly of cotton velvet, or velveteen as I believe the drapers call it, decorated with a profusion of shining metal buttons; but they seem principally to pique themselves on their garters, which are made of worsted, and very gay in colour: these they tie on, so that a great part, as if by accident, appears below the knee. Their labour is intense. They stand, sit, or crouch for hours, often in the most irksome posture, undermining rocks of coal with a pickaxe. Not unfrequently they are crushed beneath the weight of the superincumbent mass, or suffocated by a deleterious exhalation, which they call by the expressive name of the *choke damp*, and sometimes they are scorched by the explosion of the hydrogen which is generated in the depths of the mine—a disaster from which that beautiful invention of Sir Humphrey Davy, the *safety-lamp* does not always preserve them. This evil is not however attributable to any imperfection in the instrument, but to the astonishing recklessness of the men, who are with difficulty prevailed upon to observe the plainest and most simple directions even in matters of life and death.

The high cheek bones and the dialect of these people seem to argue them of Northern descent. Perhaps in some remote age they may have swarmed from the Northumbrian hive to seize on the riches of the less adventurous or intelligent Southrons. Be that as it may, they have clearly no similarity either in speech or feature with the peasantry of the neighbouring districts. They have also manners and customs peculiar to themselves. One in particular is the non-observance, or at least the very irregular observance, of the

• Often I believe carbonic acid gas.

common rule for the transmission of the surname. What rule they follow I cannot say, but it often happens that a son has a surname very different from that of his father: sometimes a man will have two sets of names, as John Smith and Thomas Jones, and that without any intention of concealment—but, except on high occasions, as a marriage or a christening, they rarely use any appellative except the cognomen or nickname. The Latin word is the best, because the English implies something inconsistent with the staid and regular usage of the epithet by all persons connected with the subject of it, his wife, his children, and himself included.

I knew an apothecary in the collieries, who, as a matter of decorum, always entered the real names of his patients in his books; that is, when he could ascertain them. But they stood there only for ornament: for use he found it necessary to append the *soubriquet*, which he did with true medical formality, as for instance, "Thomas Williams, *vulgo dict.* Old Puff." Serious inconvenience not unfrequently arises on occasions where it is necessary to ascertain the true name and reduce it to writing, not only from the utter ignorance displayed by the owner of all the mysteries of spelling, but from his incapacity to pronounce the word, so as to give the slightest idea of what its orthography ought to be. Clergymen have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the vocal organs of the bride or bridegroom, or their friends, a sound by way of name which any known alphabet had the power of committing to paper. The habit of using the cognomen is so common, that the miners apply the custom to strangers with an unconsciousness of offence quite classic. If a traveller should be hailed by the epithet "nosey," he should recollect that Ovid endured the same treatment in the court of Augustus without dreaming of an affront, and he may even flatter himself that he bears some outward resemblance to the great poet.

Indeed, in all communications with persons of higher rank, the miners preserve a bold simplicity of manners far different, at least in my mind, from insolence. I recollect passing through the little town of Bilston at the time of the first abdication of Buonaparte, and being accosted by one of a group of colliers, who, with black faces and folded arms, were discussing the events of the day, with an interrogation, which, imitated in print, might stand thus, "Oy say, what dost thee think o' the paice, becoots?" which being rendered into our language is, "I say, what dost thou think of the peace, boots?" My boots were, I suppose, that part of my dress by which I was most conspicuously distinguished from the natives. This I understood as a friendly invitation to a conference on the state of affairs, and my feelings were no more hurt by the designation bestowed on me, than those of Hercules ever were by the epithet *Claviger*.

But I had made this race of people in some sort my study. I remember once mounting rather hastily the outside of a stage coach which was passing through the coal district, and setting myself down in the first place that offered itself, without taking time to reconnoitre. When I had opportunity for inspection, I found at my right an old man with a rope coiled round him like a belt, by which my practised eye at once recognised him for a canal boatman, carrying home his towing-line. On my left was a personage whose dress was not a little equivocal, consisting of a man's hat and coat, with something like petticoats below. The mysterious effect of this epicene costume was heightened by the wearer's complexion, which reminded the spectator of dirty wash-leather. A short pipe adorned the month, with which it seemed well acquainted; and the *tout ensemble* sat in deep silence. These diagnostics, and especially the last, might have imposed on a novice the belief that the subject of my observation was of the worthiest gender, as the grammarians uncivilly term the masculine: but I knew my *compagnon de voyage* at a glance for one of the softer sex, and treated her with becoming attention. To all my politeness she returned little more than a nod and whiff. At length my fellow passengers began to converse, or rather, I suppose, to resume a conversation which I had interrupted. The lady I found was of the same profession as the gentleman on the other side—a conductor of boats. They appeared not to have had much, if any,

previous acquaintance, but seemed drawn together by community of sentiment and pursuit. They were soon engaged in an occupation interesting alike to all ranks of society; namely, an inquiry into the characters of their common friends. As their conversation illustrates in some degree the manners of this people, I will give a short specimen of it in the original; together with a glossary for the benefit of the mere English reader.

Lady. Dun yo know Soiden-mouth* Tummy?

Gentleman. Ees: an' a' neation good feller he is tew.

Lady. A despt quioett mon! But he loves a sup o' drink. Dun yo know his woif?

Gentleman. Know her! Ay. Her's the very devil when her sperit's up.

Lady. Her is. Her uses that mon sheamful—her raget him every neetf of her loif.

Gentleman. Her does. Oive known her come into the publick, and call him all the neames her could by her tongue tew afore all the company. Her ought to stay till her's got him i' the boat, and then her mit ay what her'd a moind. But her taks aiter her feyther.

Lady. Hew was her feyther?

Gentleman. Whoy, singing Jemmy.

Lady. Oi don't think as how Oi ever know'd singing Jemmy. Was he ode Soaker's brother?

Gentleman. Ees, he was. He lived a top o' Hell Bonkf. He was the wickedest, swearinst moosf as ever Oi know'd. I should think as how he was the wickedest mon i' the wold, and say he had the rheumatiz so bad!

Many anecdotes might be collected to show the great difficulty of discovering a person in the Collieries without being in possession of his nickname. The following I received from a respectable attorney. During his clerkship he was sent to serve some legal process on a man whose name and address were given to him with legal accuracy. He traversed the village to which he had been directed from end to end without success; and after spending many hours in the search, was about to abandon it in despair, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labours, kindly undertook to make inquiries for him, and began to hail her friends for that purpose.

Oi say, Bullyed, does thee know a mon named Adam Green?

The Bull-head was shaken in sign of ignorance.

Loy-a-bed, dost thee?

Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty.

Stumpy, (a man with a wooden leg) Cowskin, Spidle-shanks, Cock-eye, Pig-tail, and Yellow-belly, were severally invoked, but in vain, and the querist fell into a brown study, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed, triumphantly, "Dash my wig! whoy he means my feyther!" and then turning to the gentleman, she added, "Yo should'n s'yd! he Ode Blackbird!"

Now and then, but not very frequently, groups of these children of nature may be seen wandering about the streets of Birmingham, with much the same sensations as the Indians experience at New York or Philadelphia. It was at Birmingham that the *Rascio-mani*, as Lord Byron calls it, first broke out, and in a few weeks indistinct rumours of Young Betty's fame caught some ears even in the coal-mines. One man, more curious or more idle than his fellows, determined to leave his work, and see the prodigy with his own eyes; and having so resolved, he proceeded, although in the middle of the week, to put on a clean shirt and a clean face, and would even have anticipated the Saturday's shaving, but he was preserved from such extravagance by the motive which prevented Mrs. Gilpin from allowing the chaise to draw up to her door on the eventful morning of the journey,

—lest all
Should say that she was proud.

But notwithstanding this moderation he did not pass unobserved. The unwonted hue of the shirt and face were portents not to be disregarded: and he had so soon taken the road to Birmingham, than he was met

* With the mouth aside. † Desperately quiet.
‡ Scolds out rageously. § Night. ¶ Public-house.
¶ On Hell Bank. § Most given to swearing.
¶ You should have asked.

by an astonished brother, whose amazement, when at last it found vent in words, produced the following dialogue:—"Oi say, sirree, where be'st thee gwain'?"—"Oi'm agwain to Brummajum."—"What be'st agwain there for?"—"Oi'm agwain to see the Young Rocus."—"What?"—"Oi tell thee Oi'm agwain to see the Young Rocus."—"Is it aloose?"

I ought to thank my readers (if one by one they have not all dropped off before this time) for indulging me so long in my garulity. But I had a reason for it. I wished to preserve some sketch, while the original is yet in existence, of a race which refinement, that fell destroyer of character, has hitherto spared. Soon will these be tales of other times! The primitive simplicity even of the Collieries is threatened. Already have the eyes of Bell and Lancaster searched out even this spot of innocent seclusion; and the voice of education will ere long be heard above the wild untutored sounds which have so long charmed the ears of the traveller.—*Knight's Quarterly Magazine.*

• Going.

THE LITERARY BEGGAR.

A PORTRAIT.

"A man of shreds and patches."

JACK SCRAP is a literary beggar: destitute of talent, and superficial in education, he is possessed of the mania of wishing to be thought a man of genius and of letters. His ambition, it is true, does not soar astonishingly high; but still it soars beyond his powers. He thinks a newspaper poet the sublimest of mortals; a two-penny theatrical critique the noblest work of human genius; and the editor of a weekly newspaper the most important of all official characters. I have denominated Jack a literary beggar, but in truth the term is not sufficiently comprehensive: Jack not only begs, but also often borrows, and occasionally steals. He maintains with some of his acquaintances the reputation of a clever man, by passing off the productions of others as his own. Should he happen to be detected, he laughs of the business, with an ease and assurance more easily admired than imitated: for, after all, Jack's impudence is his great forte, and whatever his inferiority in other respects may be, in this particular he stands unrivalled. His front is of the true Corinthian brass, and his cheek is as unsusceptible of a blush as a roasted potato.

When I was first introduced to Jack, he lifted himself, in my opinion, an infinity of pegs, by reciting as his own a copy of verses that were assuredly replete with wit and humour. I could not indeed avoid remarking how much the tone of this production was elevated above the pitch of Jack's conversation: for to do him every justice, a duller rogue never prosed over a Welsh rabbit and a pot of half-and-half. This, however, I thought nothing of, as I recollected that Goldsmith did not shine in conversation. Jack, in trying this experiment on me, thought himself perfectly secure. The real author was unknown to me and "to fame," and Jack thought it unlikely that we should ever become acquainted, inasmuch as he was at that present reading confined to his bed by a raging fever, and given over by his physicians. But, alas! "for human hopes," the bard recovered, either because he was dear to Apollo, or damned by the doctors, and I became acquainted with him early in his convalescence. The first specimen I received of his abilities was the humorous stave in question. I hurried off to Jack, as I really imagined, to cover him with confusion; but he was not so easily thrown off his centre: "Well," says he with the coolest effrontery, "so you have seen B—, and of course discovered my hoax."

The masque being thus removed, Jack thought it useless to attempt any further disguise with me; knowing that I was a scribbler, he began to tease me incessantly for contributions. "Give me," he would say, "my dearest friend, your cast-offs. A man of your intellectual riches can afford to be charitable. Why will you write things and fling them into the fire, &c. when you know how much I am in want? You destroy daily as much as would support a dozen famished poets." But I was proof against the eloquence and flattery of Jack, and refused his solicitations with a stoicism worthy of an ancient Roman.

Jack takes care now to steer clear of professed literary characters; the appropriation of their productions is too liable to detection. He proceeds upon a safer system. His plan is this; he is continually on the watch for very young men of talent, who have a touch of the "*cacoethes scribendi*." He hunts out these literary minors with as much avidity as the Roman usurers sought for those who had just assumed the toga, under close-fisted sires. He talks them well over "*en connoisseur*," persuades them that he is a man of great genius, and of no small influence in the republic of letters. He gains a perfect ascendancy over them; in evil hour they intrust him with their MSS., which of course

"Part like Ajot, never to return."

Jack has other modes besides this of supplying his intellectual finances. His begging I have already noticed. As some men never meet you without making a demand on your purse, so he never sees a friend without begging a copy of verses, a critical notice, or an epistolary effusion. What he cannot obtain by solicitation, he will endeavour to procure by stealth. You must have a care, when Jack visits you, to leave no loose papers about: they will disappear in less time than you can say Jack Robinson. As he walks the streets, his eyes are eternally on the ground in search of lettered scraps, and his nose often pays the forfeit of ill-timed industry. He carefully appropriates the wrappers of his butter, cheese, &c. He is profoundly versed in the linings of trunks, and has attentively collated an infinitude of portmanteaus. You may often see him at one of the various repositories for ballads, selecting and purchasing those effusions of the Grab-street muse. Even the chalking upon the walls cannot escape him. He painfully deciphers the fading hieroglyphics traced by pencil, pen, or penknife upon trees, or seats, or windows: those transient aspirations after immortality, where "wit shoots in vain its momentary fires," and where "the universal passion," like the vital powers in the lowest class of animals, is reduced to a few feeble efforts to escape from instant oblivion. I pass over Jack's profound science in tomb-stones; his familiarity with "the names, the years spelt by th' unlettered muse," and a variety of other branches of "litteral" knowledge in which his super-eminent skill entitles him, "*par excellence*," to the name of a "man of letters." Jack's study is truly a cabinet of curiosities. It is a vast repository of literary plunder, and immense receptacle of literary alms. As for his library, that is principally composed of books which he has borrowed, but forgotten to return; a few old magazines, and some obsolete collections of pamphlets. "Byshe's Art of Poetry," and "The Dictionary of Quotations," complete his physic of the soul. Then he has three several portfolios, crammed with original manuscripts. The first contains what he has begged, and this is the least; the second what he has borrowed, which is much larger; and the third, what he has stolen, which is the largest of all. He has the largest collection of ballads to be found in the United Kingdom. Another book contains innumerable *morceaux* from the newspapers of the last thirty years, in the arrangement of which paste and scissors have been efficient agents. He has a file of play-bills from the commencement of the present century. Besides all which, he has six trunks filled with those miscellaneous scraps gleaned in his various excursions and perambulations.

Jack is monstrously fond of asking people to join him in writing some work; immensely anxious to play the Beaumont to some credulous Fletcher, who would soon discover that no insecure could result from the combination. Hitherto his efforts have been signally unsuccessful, he having been able to allure into his toils only a few inexperienced youths, who mistook the frothy effervescence of boyish enthusiasm for the genuine spirit of genius.

Jack Scrap, though he cannot be unconscious of his own inter want of powers, is yet, strange to say, possessed of a large portion of vanity. It may appear strange that any man should derive gratification from praise to which he knows he has no claim. But Jack reconciles matters thus: "Every man has some peculiar gift of nature—I know that I have no talent for original composition, but then this defect is fully atoned for by plentiful supplies of the discriminating power; I can select with judgment, and appropriate with dexte-

rity, the productions of others. This is my peculia gift, and I am not ungrateful for it to the munificence of nature. *Non omnia possumus omnia.*"—MUSEUM.

LIVERPOOL FESTIVAL.

GRAND FANCY BALL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3rd.

The following interesting account is abridged from the *Liverpool Courier*.—

"The crowning entertainment of the whole festival was the magnificent Fancy Ball, in the splendid suite of rooms in the Town-hall, on Friday evening. It was to this that all the hopes and fears of the *beau monde* were directed, and it was here that all their wishes centred. In all the other entertainments of the festival, except the dress ball, on Monday evening, they were merely deeply interested and delighted spectators; but here they were to be actors, to mingle in the merry and diversified throng, and to give and receive pleasure.

"The magnificent suite of rooms, in the Town-hall, was appropriately fitted up and brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. The principal drawing-room remained as usual; but the eastern and western saloons were fitted up as Turkish pavilions; the tops and sides being sprinkled with gold spangles, consisting of stars and crescents, a brilliant glass chandelier, suspended from the centre of each, illuminating the whole. A beautiful divan of purple ran round each of these pavilions, presenting a most vivid picture of Oriental luxury and magnificence. The ball-rooms were both in *statu quo*, most brilliantly lighted up. The great dining-room was the principal refreshment-room. A smaller one, leading from the great staircase, was devoted to the same purpose; and tea and coffee were, we believe, prepared on the ground-floor, for such of the company as preferred these exhilarating beverages. The tables of the refreshment-rooms were decorated with much elegance and taste, and were loaded with fanciful objects of confectionary, delicious grapes, and exquisite wines.

"Nothing could be more pleasing than the appearance of the company as they entered the vestibule, individually or in groups; and so numerous were they, that one almost thought the long succession would, like the phantoms in Macbeth, "stretch to the crack of doom." It literally and without exaggeration baffled all description. Let the reader imagine, for a moment, that he is in a large room crowded with the natives of all the nations of the globe, in their appropriate and various costumes. Let him transport himself back from the present day to the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, and imagine himself living, and acting, and conversing with the contemporaries of nearly all the intervening reigns, in all the freshness and vivacity of life and correctness of costume. Let him imagine Cæsar's imperial pomp contrasted with Cato's republican sternness. Let him do all this, and he will have some faint conception of the scene which presented itself in the Town-hall on Friday night.

"Here you might see the republican Cato holding amicable intercourse with the imperial Cæsar. There Richard Cœur de Lion and a Knight Templar, armed from head to foot, with lance in hand, were pacific amidst hosts of Infidels. The Virgin Queen and her beauteous but unfortunate rival, each happy in her own regal splendour, ceased to distract nations by senseless disputes about the palm of beauty; whilst Lady Jane Gray pursued her course, without the least danger of being brought to the block. There the romantic Raleigh appeared attired as richly as when the splendour of his habiliments and the beauty of his person attracted the eye of Elizabeth: here Buckingham fluttered in more than regal magnificence and splendour. The Cavalier of the time of the first Charles, with his formidable accoutrements, his sugar-loaf hat, and surprising breadth and amplitude of breech, contrasted finely with the superb and elegant Hussar of modern times; whilst the two services, the Army and the Navy, went hand in hand in support of the COMMON CAUSE of all present. The magnificent and splendid robes of the soldier of the time of the Emperor Maximilian presented a fine contrast to the simplicity of the modern military costume. Romeos and Hamlets, and all the heroes of the sock and buskin, strutted the

stage. Fops fluttered; Pomona scattered her sweets; Lord Barleigh shook his head; and Bayes was busy rehearsing. Noblemen mingled with lovely Peasants and Shepherdesses. Harlequin waved his wand, and

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,"

appeared upon the stage, and mingled with the merry crowds. Chinese and Indians, Kamschatkans and Otaheitan, Brazilians and Portuguese, shook hands with each other in amicable intercourse. Magnificent Turks were followed by crowds of beautiful Circassians. Every variety of Tartan was displayed, and multitudes of warlike Highlanders swept the rooms, conducting and guiding the fair. Bravos and Robbers, Guerillas and Bandits, appeared in all quarters, to the alarm of those ladies who were adorned with jewels and diamonds; but they left off their vicious habits—for that night only. Monks and Friars, Nuns and Abbesses, Courtiers and Senators, Syntaxes and Panglosses, Barristers and their Clients, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Justices, Farmers and Clowns, Jockeys and Yorkshiremen, Ladies and Gentlemen, all appeared in the motley scene, contributing to its diversity and sharing in its pleasures.

The total number of persons that attended the ball was 1475; the largest number ever congregated together, in Liverpool, on any similar public occasion; and we question whether any other provincial town can boast of an edifice which would accommodate so numerous a company.

In the very extensive list of names and characters we recognise the following from this town and neighbourhood.—

T. Houldsworth, Esq., M. P., was attired in a modern court dress.

Aspinall Phillips, Esq. beautifully dressed as a Lancer.

Wm. Ainsworth, Esq. was correctly habited as a young Forester of Sherwood.

Mr. Hardman, of Windsor, dressed as a Broughton Archer.

The Messrs. *Gray*, were splendid Greeks.

Trafford Trafford, Esq., of Trafford, was dressed as his own crest, in alternate red and white, and had a most singular appearance.

Thomas Close, Esq. was a Highland Chieftain.

Mr. J. Fielding appeared in the dress of the Dragon Guards.

Mr. W. Garnet supported the character of the haughty Castilian with becoming dignity, and astonished a vast crowd of spectators by the brilliant display of a flaming plume!

Mr. Mobson as the Bandit Grindoff, with his follower, *Mr. C. Taylor*, ever ready at the whistle of his captain.

The Messrs. *Gas*, of Stockport, were most appropriately dressed; the one as the Knight of Snowden, the other as Robin Hood.

Mrs. Lyon, of Prestwich, wore a beautiful fancy dress. *Miss Lyon* and *Miss M. Lyon* were Persian Ladies of distinction, elegantly attired. *Mr. M. Lyon* was a Turk of rank. This character was remarkably well personified.

Miss H. Entwistle was beautiful as the Countess of Leicester. *Miss F. Entwistle* looked interesting as a Swiss Peasant.

Miss Winter, of Stocks, was dressed in a very becoming Neapolitan costume, accompanied by her charming niece, *Miss Greenall*, in similar attire. *Mr. Winter*, an Archer, in Kendal green.

Mr. Chas. Grant was an old English Baron.

Mr. Ralph Brackenbury was an excellent Turk.

Mr. Healey appeared in the full dress uniform of the Royal Company of Archers, the body guard of his Majesty on his late visit to Edinburgh; a very elegant and becoming costume. The crape worn on the arm, we presume, was in memory of Lord Hopetown, the late Captain-General of the company.

J. Booth, Esq. wore a splendid court dress. *Mrs. J. Booth* appeared in the interesting costume of "Sweet Ann Page," in which character she looked delightful.

Mr. Liebert made a good Turk, and was accompanied by *Miss Higson*, of Ormskirk, in a French promenade dress.

We could not determine whether *Mr. Tomlin* was

an Abyssinian or a Turk; he was, however, most splendidly dressed.

Mr. T. G. Leigh and *Mr. Hull* were Spaniards, *Mr. Wm. Grant*, as a Highland Chieftain, was most superbly dressed and appropriately accoutred.

Mr. G. Haworth appeared as Buckle, the Hero of the Turf. He was the lightest jockey we ever saw, and carried in his hand, with conscious pride, the royal whip won by him at Newmarket. He was busily employed in betting upon his favourite horse, which he protested would eclipse all the others hollow. He looked as if he had been confoundedly sweated, being as thin as a whipping post. He met with several knowing ones on the turf, who curried him pretty sharply.

Mr. Scholes was a Turk.

William Crighton, Esq. was most splendidly attired as a page.

Mr. Brooks a Spanish Nobleman.

Mr. Whitworth, as a Sailor, and *Mr. Whitworth Jun.* as a Spaniard.

Mr. Wm. Harter appeared to advantage in a singularly splendid Spanish uniform.

Mr. Turner in a full court dress.

Mr. Wm. Hall, Jun. as a Spaniard; and *Mr. Bousfield*, as Dr. Pangloss.

VARIETIES.

REQUISITES FOR A FOOTMAN; BY DR. KITCHENER.—

"Were I required to portray a good domestic servant, I should say, he must have eyes like a hawk, but be as blind as a bat; ears like a cat, but be as deaf as a post; must have more sensibility than the sensitive plant, but yet be as hard as a stone; must be wise as a counsellor, yet ignorant as an ass; his movement swift as that of an eagle, but smooth as that of a swallow; in manners and politeness a Frenchman; in probity and virtue an Englishman; in dress a gentleman; in disposition a saint; in activity a harlequin; in gravity a judge; he must have a lady's hand, a maiden speech, and a light foot; in protection and defence he must be a lion; in confidence and trust like the law of the Medes and Persians, 'which altereth not'; in domestic management a Moses; in chastity a Joseph; in pious resolution a Joshua; in wisdom a serpent, in innocence a dove."—If the Dr. has not got to his *me plus ultra* we should like to see a description of a master worthy such a servant!

SPINNING MICE.—They laugh at every thing in France. The recent calculation as to the possibility of employing mice in spinning cotton, has produced the following facetious paragraph in one of the French provincial Papers:—"It has been announced that a mouse employed in treading a little wheel for the purpose of spinning cotton, and in doing so, making as many steps in a day as are equal to four post-leagues, would produce a profit, clear of all expenses, of eight francs a year: and it has been asked, 'What might not be accomplished by two or three thousand mice?' This new impelling power will form an epoch in the present age of industry."—"A few feet from me is a squirrel, whose size and the quickness of whose revolutions would, if I mistake not, make him worth a hundred mice, for such a purpose; putting out of the question the much larger spindle that he would turn. According to my calculation, which is founded on that respecting mice, if a hundred mice would yield an annual profit of 800 francs, a single squirrel would yield as much; and if a manufacturer were to employ a hundred of these working quadrupeds, his annual gains would be 80,000 francs; besides their wages, paid to them in food. Should that sum be thought too large, I consent to its reduction to a half, which would still be a handsome profit. It is evident, therefore, that if the labour of mice is compared with that of squirrels, the advantage is in favour of the latter. In publishing this important discovery, I may perhaps draw upon myself the animadversion of mice, but cats will do me justice."

THE DRAMA.

On the evening of Friday the 3rd instant, *Mr. Macready* appeared as Damon in the anomalous dramatic exhibition entitled "Damon and Pythias." How this strange composition happens to be sanctioned, not to say approved, we are at a loss to conceive.—To behold

a patriot whose every nerve is strung to faithfulness and freedom, with philosophic nicety,—whose declamation puts servility to the blush and renders the efforts of ambition questionable,—whose actions manifest unmingled disinterestedness and extreme and reckless daring—in short, to behold the philosophic Damon agonise in proverbs of silent and declamatory passion, and to witness the patriot Damon accept pardon from one whom he dares, defies, and denounces a traitor and a tyrant, we say, these absurdities bewilder and confound, and induce us to ask what is there in the character of Damon worthy of a Macready?

Pythias is as high and as inconsistent in friendship as Damon in patriotism; his love for and confidence in Damon, whose life is forfeited, snatch him from the midst of the nuptial ceremony, and plunge him into the gloom of a prison, where his late ecstatic anticipations of female loveliness and conjugal felicity, are superseded by the horror of almost certain destruction. To this fate his honour rivets him with indissoluble determination, even when escape appears practicable; and if his friend's fidelity is questioned, he softens down alarm and impatience with a text from the chapter of accidents. However, the moment big with fate approaches, and Damon has not arrived; Pythias, his surety, comes forth to suffer in his stead; but, whilst he appears to reconcile himself to events, he carefully shuns the block of destiny; at length, on the approach of Damon he springs on to the scaffold, and in the moment when his redemption is certain he seems to prepare for the axe with unwonted alacrity!—This post he soon resigns to his friend, to his "more than brother" with a complacency, nay, cheerfulness, that but ill comports with his former magnanimous professions.

The characters were all admirably sustained, and the imbecility of the author was rendered in some measure endurable by the efforts of the performers. The house was well filled. Some of Macready's happy touches of expressed, as well as of internal feeling, were loudly applauded.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND PATHOLOGY.

MR. T. TURNER, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON, &c. &c. will deliver the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to his COURSE, at the LECTURE ROOM of the Literary and Philosophical Society, George-Street, on Monday the 13th of October, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The course will consist of two parts—the first part will embrace the functions of the Animal Economy, illustrated by preparations and drawings. The second part will consist of the application of Anatomy and Physiology to the Science of Pathology. It is intended by the arrangement to accommodate the General, as well as the Professional Student. For Outline of the Course, &c. apply at 22, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are willing to insert any articles respecting the New Institution, either in favour of it or otherwise, provided they be written in a proper spirit.—The Institution can lose nothing, but may be a gainer, by a free and candid discussion of its merits.—J. L. is therefore wrong in thinking that we sell ourselves to be prejudiced.

We are obliged to M. P. R. for the information with which he has favoured us.—We cannot make any promise respecting his paper until we have seen it.

W. S. may have all the information with which we can furnish him on calling at our office.

G. I.'s paper on the pleasures of the country has been recorded.—The train of observation, though sensible, is rather grave.—We should be glad to hear from him on another subject, in a more lively manner.

The Tinkler of Swaffham is unavoidably deferred until our next.

Communications have been received from An admirer of the fine arts; An Artist; W. N. M.; Ignoto; Goshly; An Observer; W. P. H.; and Quix.

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FRAGMENT OF A PERSIAN TALE.

To painter's gaze, to poet's eye,
There's beauty in yon liquid sky:
The painter's hand would seize upon
The wingy clouds that o'er it run;
The poet mark the bright sobah!
Begem the evening's glowing veil,
And every tinge of beauty trace
On that rich landscape's flowery face—
Explore the earth, and rifle heaven,
For fairy gifts to fancy given,
And half believe—so full of bliss
That jasmin scented garden is—
The soul would need no brighter sphere
To draw her from Elysium here.
But oh! the heart that beauty's gleams
Have met, and tyrant Love inflames,
Feels each surrounding object wear
A brighter hue when she is near;
The one whose presence lends a glow
Of heaven to things on earth below—
The sky more bright—the stream more pure
Seems to the fond enamoured wooer—
And the bright dreams that glad the heart
Their hues to onward scenes impart,
As suns, themselves too bright to view,
Gild all around with splendour too.

Such was the feeling that possessed
That evening young Abdallah's breast,
Urging his simple bark to glide
Upon the breast of that pure tide
That circles Hamet's haram towers;
And ne'er before so warm a heart,
So deeply stricken with love's smart,
Approached confinement's gilded bowers.—
Love flies from shackles, flies to share
The draught of freedom's living air;
Leaves chains, though chains of gold, behind,
The firmest bound, when least confined;
Free as the wild wind let him play,
And sweet his tone, and bright his ray;
But try to hind the wayward child,
And tears shall dim the eyes that smiled;
Like those gay insects, which all bright
Bear splendour on their wings of light—
Imprisoned, lose their beauty's power,
In dull captivity's dark hour.

By stealth impelled—with muffled oar,
The light boat grates against the shore—
One bound has placed him on the sod;
With hasty, but with secret, tread,
Abdallah on the path has sped,
That winds around that stern abode;
And speedily has reached the bower
Where oft before at that same hour,
He poured to Leila Donrali's ear
The tale she loved, yet feared, to hear;
And still the memory of that time—
Of love's first fond delighted prime,
Hangs like a spirit o'er it still,
Without a cloud, without a chill—
For ever lovely, pure, and warm,
A constant glow, a living charm.

And never sure, below, above,
Was spot more framed for tales of love,
Than Leila's flower encircled bower,
Where all of sweets that had the power
To soothe the soul—to glad the eye,
Were met in goodly company.
Flowers scattered round in such fond waste,
As if the Angel of the Spring,

Speeding from star to star in haste,
Had scattered from his glowing wing
The leaves of perfume that rejoice—
The airy forms of Paradise;
The warm, the blushing, Persian gul
Blends with the delicate sunbul—
The blossom of the young pomegranate
Scents the fond winds that gently fan it,
And lotoses their warm heads lave
In yonder pure and cooling wave,
That glows in evening's sunset ray
Almost as rich, as warm as they.
And as the west wind sank upon
That garden which the bounteous sun,
Beaming with all its power to bless,
Had ripened into loveliness,
It stole from every flower that grew,
From every rose's leaves of dew,
From every drooping violet,
Weeping, with tears of odour wet,
Some new delight, some perfumed charm,
So freshly cool or richly warm,
Uniting such a world of sweets
As never in the West's cold clime,
Even in summer's deepest prime,
The sense of him that wanders meets.

But hush—is that a footstep near,
Breaking upon the listener's ear?
It is—it is. "My Leila dear,
My only hope—my guiding light—
My fair, my young, my sole delight,
Oh ever—ever—welcome here!"

Descending to his fond embrace,
With that mild exquisite feminine grace
Which like the downy bloom that glows
Upon the yet unopened rose,
A softer, gentler beauty shed
O'er all she looked—o'er all she said;
With eyes that smiled upon her lover,
And glowing cheeks that blushed all over,
The maiden by her bower is standing,
And he—almost in worship—bending.

In fancy's mood—in fancy's hour,
When warm imagination's power
Sweeps wider range, with bolder wing,
From all she scans fresh sweets to bring—
Fond visions of ethereal kind
May meet perchance the longing mind,
That musing on the fairy form,
Ripens each trace into a charm,
And fixed on every hue and feature
Of its own self-imagined creature,
Creates a standard to compare
Whate'er it sees of good and fair.
He well remembers, who has met
A being where God's seal has set
The lineaments of beauty, living,
Pure, breathing, glowing transport giving—
Not beauty that allures the sight
Alone, but fills the soul with light,
Where every blush that fades away,
Gives room for warmer tints to play,
Condensing all his floating notions
Of love and undefined emotions
Into one rich deep current, stealing
The heaven of thought, the fount of feeling.

* * * * *
Who so has loved, may aptly deem
How beautiful, how fondly bright—
Warm as an angel's glowing dream—
Pure as that angel's look of light—

Was she that stood beside that bower,
Lending a charm to evening's hour,
That in her presence brighter is
Than Aden's scented realms of bliss.
Pembroke College, Oct. 1823.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq.

This celebrated Gentleman is of royal and noble descent; as appears by an order registered in the Herald's College, bearing date 20th March, 1810, which recites that his father (the celebrated patriotic Lord Mayor of London, whose statue is in the Guildhall, London,) married Maria, daughter and at length co-heir of the honourable George Hamilton, who was the second surviving son of James, the sixth Earl of Abercorn. This lady was descended, in a direct line, from James, the second Lord Hamilton, by the Princess Mary Stuart, his wife, eldest daughter of James II, King of Scotland.

Mr. Beckford married the Lady Margaret Gordon, only daughter of Charles, late Earl of Aboyne, by whom he has issue two daughters, namely, Margaret Maria Elizabeth Beckford, and Susanna Euphemia Beckford, who married the present Duke of Hamilton.

It is remarkable that individuals of three branches of the noble house of Howard are descended from the family of Beckford; viz. 1. Henry Howard, Esq. (only son of Lord Henry Molyneux-Howard and nephew to the present Duke of Norfolk), whose grandmother, Mary Ballard Long, was daughter and heir to Thomas Beckford, Esq. grandson of Peter Beckford, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. 2. Charles Augustus Ellis, Lord Howard de Walden (of the Suffolk branch of Howard), whose great-grandmother Anne, the wife of George Ellis, Esq. was elder sister to the Countess of Effingham, and aunt to the present Mr. Beckford. 3. Thomas and Richard, the two last Earls of Effingham, sons of the above Countess.

Mr. Beckford, on coming possessed of his fortune, made the grand tour, and resided many years in Italy; it was here he improved that exquisite taste and love of the Fine Arts, for which he is pre-eminent. On his return to England, he resolved on building Fonthill—which he accomplished; and in August, 1822, he as hastily determined to dispose of it—and accordingly gave directions to that eminent auctioneer, Mr. Christie, of Pall-Mall, London, to dispose of it; and so great was the anxiety to view the splendid edifice, that upwards of 9000 catalogues, at one guinea each, were sold before the day of sale; on the day preceding which, to the surprise and mortification of the public, notice was given that the estate of Fonthill, with all its immense treasures, was sold to Mr. Farquhar for 300,000*l.* This gentleman has since employed Mr. Phillips to sell the whole of the effects, which will occupy *thirty-nine days!*

We are told the possessor of this splendid treasure left it almost without a pang. His first resolution was to build a cottage lower down in the demense, near the fine pond, and

let the Abbey go to ruin. "I can live here," he said to his woodman, "in peace and retirement for four thousand a year—why should I tenant that structure with a retinue that costs me near thirty thousand?" Subsequently, however, he resolved to part with the entire, and announced his intention without a sigh. "It has cost me," said he (gazing at it), "with what it contains, near a million. Yet I must leave it, and I can do so at once. Public surprise will be created, but that I am prepared for. Beckford they will say, has squandered his large fortune: to me it is a matter of perfect indifference.

It would much exceed our limits to attempt even a description of this justly celebrated Fonthill.

On one occasion, whilst the tower was rearing its lofty crest towards Heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; it was a spectacle, it is said, which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would have cost a fortune to repair. This occasioned but small delay in its re-erection, as the building was carried on by Mr. Beckford with an energy and enthusiasm, of which duller minds can form but a poor conception. At one period, it is said, that every cart and waggon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labours of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed, night and day, on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance, and it is said, was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was contemplating.—He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of the masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced on the woods and architecture below, from one of those eminences in the walks, of which there are several; and wasting the coldest hours of December's darkness, in feasting his sense with display of almost super-human power. He had, for a long time, more than four hundred persons employed at both, who were regularly paid every week. The works went constantly on; there have been instances of individuals paid for sixteen days' work during a week, including Sunday as a double day. Mr. Beckford superintended all himself. He stood amid torch-light, urging on the growth of the Abbey towers, and rode during the day among his labourers to see the plantations made. These traits of character will not surprise those who have made mankind their study: the minds most nearly allied to genius, are the most apt to plunge into extremes, and no man at present in existence, can make higher pretensions to a mind of this cast, than the founder of Fonthill Abbey.

Mr. Beckford's style of living, as described by persons who had daily opportunities of witnessing it, is calculated to excite surprise and astonishment. The gorgeous array of the banquet he provided for Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton has long since been detailed with all its splendid attributes of pomp; but his ordinary mode of living, which regarded only himself and his solitary foreign guest, was costly and luxurious beyond what the most extravagant Englishman could possibly imagine. He

allowed his cook 800*l.* a year, and appropriated 2000*l.* a month to supply provisions for his kitchen. He has been known on frequent occasions to sit down with Franchi, (for there was scarcely ever a third person at table) to a dinner consisting of twenty covers, served upon gold plate. Meanwhile the servants were all stationed in a line of communication between the dining room, the pantry, and the kitchen, so that they were in constant readiness to pass his orders from one to another. With him the words servant and slave were synonymous, and he considered it derogatory to his dignity not to have a train of menials waiting his commands at all hours. He was as despotic in this respect as an Eastern Rajah, yet at the same time never was any man more liberal to his servants. They not only enjoyed his bounty, but shared his magnificence, and while they trembled at his nod, they feasted on viands with which the first potentates of the earth might regale themselves.

Among the many anecdotes of this gentleman, the following is related:—

Mr. Beckford resolved on going to Italy, and accordingly purchased two vessels and fitted them up in the greatest magnificence: he had scarcely been at sea a day, before he encountered a *stiffish* breeze, which continued one night and part of the next day, during which time the vessels made but little way on their voyage, this so enraged Mr. B. that he summoned the captain to his presence, and asked him how long he imagined the breeze would continue. "Perhaps, Sir," says the captain, "it may last another day or so." "Another day!" replied Mr. B. "land me, my servants, and the carriages immediately at the first port." This order was obeyed; and Mr. B. remained on shore, making the captain a present of the vessels for his trouble.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that no man living is more fanatically superstitious than Mr. Beckford. He is said, while he lived here, to have had so great a veneration for St. Anthony, that when he once made a vow in his name he never in any instance failed to fulfil it. A ludicrous proof of this occurred while he was building the Abbey. He vowed, by all the power of his favourite Saint, that he must have his kitchen built within a certain number of days, so that his Christmas dinner should be cooked in it. The workmen knew right well that the vow was not made in vain. They plied their labours incessantly; the kitchen was actually built; but in consequence of the extreme wetness of the weather the mortar could not cement the stone and brick-work. The Christmas dinner was, however, cooked in time to save Mr. Beckford's conscience, but scarcely was it dished for dinner when the walls of the kitchen tumbled about the ears of the domestics. Fortunately nobody was injured by the crash, for it gave just notice enough for them to escape its effects. How strange that a man of Mr. Beckford's great intellectual powers and vast attainments should labour under such an influence!

Mr. Beckford, it is generally supposed, possesses little now beyond the remnant of what he acquired by the sale of Fonthill. His once magnificent income has fallen to almost nothing. He lost a large portion of his West India estates from defect of title, after a most expensive legal contest of several years, and was subjected to the heavy arrears of produce while he held them. So far from deriving any thing from the remnant of those once proud possessions, there was last year a loss on the expenditure and pro-

duce of 200*l.* Mr. Beckford possessed a fine taste, but he attached little value to any thing that was not costly, and is said to have been long the dupe of picture-dealers and collectors. His establishment, too, for years, was most lavishly expensive. "The lazy vermin of the hall, those trappings of his folly," swarmed at Fonthill. Mr. Beckford never moved but with a circle of them in attendance. They formed an appendage of his invincible pride; there was not a bell throughout the entire abbey; but he needed no summons to command attendance. His liveried retainers stood, in numerous succession, watchful sentinels at his door, and at fixed periods anticipated their proud master's wants. With all this expense few visitors were ever seen within the Abbey gates, and his own habits were most temperate. The Chevalier Franchi had been his companion for years; Mr. Beckford met him, we believe, in Portugal. The Chevalier was then a married man, and with a family, but was induced to attend his patron to England: his wife and children did not, however, accompany him, or quit Portugal during the many years the Chevalier remained in England. He acted for several years as comptroller of the household at Fonthill, is said to be a man of very cultivated mind, and is now with Mr. Beckford at Bath, who took from the Abbey 16 or 18 servants with him beside. Soon after the latter's first visit to Portugal, he became, it is generally supposed, a Catholic, and a member of the monastic order of St. Anthony. The Chevalier Franchi was also an extern associate of that order, and initiated with Mr. Beckford in its mysteries: both always wore the cross of the order, as a distinguishing character, in their breasts; and, like Louis XI. of France, Mr. Beckford always carried about him a small silver image of the saint. He had also in his chamber a picture of the Anchoress, to which he addressed his constant orisons. Mr. Beckford for years rose early, and retired as early to rest. He read constantly during the evening; half the books in the library bear marks of his studies; his days, with few exceptions, were devoted to the improvements in the building and demense.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

NAVAL PORTRAITS.

... "Ho! the Gazette a-boy! Heave to, and take a weather-beaten old Tar aboard. Zounds! would you make sail and leave me aground? Almost lost my passage; ay, and so would you, Mr. Editor, if you'd one foot in the grave, and was compell'd to bobble along sideways like a crab, as I do. Well, well; there, now I'm fairly shipp'd, let's look about and take a survey of my fellow-passengers—all worthy souls, no doubt. How are you, gemmen, how are you!—'Hearty.'—That's right; long may you float on the tide of public favour, and scud before the breeze of prosperity: and as for our foes, may they be condemned to hunt butterflies, clad in a pair of half-worn cobweb smallclothes fastened together with bachelor's buttons, mounted on the back of an Irish hunter as rough as a hedge-hog, with a hip-bone you may hang your hat on. Aye, aye, I'm no polish'd moon-seer or star-gazer, but a plain, blunt sailor. I'm proud of your company though, gemmen, indeed I am, and hope you won't despise me 'cause I shake a cloth in the wind; they are only a few Sailor's memorandums—'poor, poor dumb mouths.' Fine feathers make fine birds, they say; but a wig no more makes a lawyer, than a lawyer could make a wig, unless it be an ear-wig; and remember that an honest Tar is not to be despised—he may carry all his wealth upon his back; and as for his cash, it may be like a wild colt on a common, obliged to be driven up into a corner of his pocket to be caught;—

but 'a man's a man, for a' that.' And arn't I commenced *minotaur-painter*—a kind of di-*orammer*—a sort of *my-crow-cause-mug-roughy*? (there's a word for you.) But this is a tumble-down-and-get-up-again world, and the wheel is in constant motion. A man must either have a handle before his name, or tail like a comet after it to get into notice and expose himself—D.D., M.D., or LL.D., which Teddy O'Shaugnessy latinizes 'Leg-em Lather-em Doctor.' But avast! let's get on ship-shape—'All hands a-hoy!'—tumble up there, you 'Quidams,' and show yourselves—don't lie stinking in your births when I want to display your poor-traits. None of your grinning, Jack Rattlin; you look like the head of a Dutchman's walking-stick with a face as long as you can remember, and a mouth, not from ear to ear, but from there to yonder. The flowers of the navy, eh? Ah, so Lord Melville called you; sweet nose-gays, to be sure, if we may guess by the grog blossoms on your nose! They would have made you a gunner, Jack, but they were afraid of trusting that volcano near the magazine. This, gemmen, is the identical son of that Jack Rattlin that Smollet speaks of in his Roderick Random, and he's his father's child every inch of him. There, don't hold your sn up—I know all about it; and once get you upon Duncan's actions, there'll be no clapping a stopper on your tongue. I know what you are going to say now. 'Close alongside! Close alongside!' was echoed from the lower and main-deck as you ranged up to the Dutch Heroule; and the Captain answered, 'Aye, aye, my men, I'll lay you close enough, never fear: don't fire till you hear the quarter-deck.' And so when you got at a tolerable shake-hands distance, you rattled your pepper-boxes at them, and made em sneeze a bit. Aye, aye, I understand all about it. In the language of one of our beautiful Latin poets, Horace, Homer, Cæsar, or Jupiter, I forget which—Pill-em, Mill-em, Bawl-em, Pike-em, Strike-em, and that's a battle. Ho, Donald, my boy! how's aw wi' you, mon?"

"Brawly, brawly, thanks to ye for speering; how's aw wi' yourself?"—"There's a fine picture, gemmen: look at Donald's wig; it resembles that one out in etone in the British Museum, and fits as well—not one hair is out of place; indeed his head seems to have been made for it. Look at his countenance! If some of our great Masters want a study from nature, here's the face. But it's of no use talking—I must get some of you into the Exhibition, and then take you to look at your pictures. Hold up your head, Donald, as you've been used to do every rope-yarn Sunday, when you muster'd by divisions, with a clean shirt and a shave. There, gemmen, upwards of eighty, with the bloom of a child, teeth like a young colt, and as active too. This was the man that won the running-match—seven left against seven right wooden pins, in a narrow lane; the left wooden legs on the right hand, and the right wooden legs on the left hand. My eyes, what a clattering as they rattled along and struck against one another! Half a dozen Merry Andrews beating Paddy O'Rafferty on the lids of as many salt-boxes was nothing to it! Donald lost his leg at Trafalgar with the brave Lord Collingwood: indeed he has sailed with him ever since he was a midshipman—Where's Barney?"—"Here I am, sure."—"And so you are. This, gemmen, is Barney Bryan, the one-eyed carpenter's mate of the *Fondroyant*. He is a native of Tipperary, though he tries to pass for a countryman of Sir Isaac Coffin's. He lost his eye by the accidental flash of a priming at the battle of the Nile; and has a particular aversion to a Welshman. Old Davy Jenkins, the purser's steward, and he were perpetually wrangling about ancestry, and they frequently threatened to box it out. One day, I remember, (for Barney is an old shipmate of mine,) poor Tom Miller and myself set out upon a sporting excursion on Sir Sydney's estate at Rio Janeiro. We had struggled through the woods, torn our clothes and flesh with the brambles, and were almost suffocated with the heat, without shooting so much as a rat; when my messmate, who was some paces in advance, singing

'A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will get through the world, my brave boys,'

suddenly stopp'd, and laid his finger on his lip. We enter'd an area that had been clear'd of the trees by the Admiral's men, for the carpenters to work and sawyers to cut the timber. Look, (said Tom, in a whisper,)

look there! Close to the edge of the saw-pit sat old Barney fast asleep, snoring most sonorously, and, as if to beat time, his head kept respectfully bowing to the measure. A huge he-goat at a short distance, whether attracted by Barney's nasal organ, (for 'music bath charms,' &c. &c.) or expecting the repeated nods were a challenge of skill, is uncertain; but at every bend of the one-eyed carpenter's head, up sprung the goat on his hind legs, and shook his tremendous horns in a menacing manner. I wish I could spell a snort, for snoring began to get out of the question now. 'A plot! a plot!' whisper'd Tom, almost convulsed with laughter. I'll bet five pounds on the old clothesman. I say it is a good plot—a brave plot, in all its ramifications.'—"Xxhhrrt," said old Barney. Up went the goat again; but whether the apostrophe was longer than usual, or the nod more terrific to this hero 'bearded like the pard,' away sprung Billy, and with one butt capsize'd the old man backwards into the saw-pit.

Haugh! haugh! haugh! roard Tom, "Murder! Murder!" bellow'd old Barney. "Haugh! haugh! haugh!" went Tom again. I ran to see if he was hurt; but there he lay half buried in dust and shavings, with his blind side uppermost. 'Halloo, Barney! what's the matter?' said Tom. "Oh, Mr. Miller! replied the old man,) I didn't think you would have used me in this manner."—"I! (said Tom;) No, no, I could never have done it so clean if I'd served a seven years' apprenticeship at it. But rouse up, old Barney, at him again; it was Davy Jenkins; here he stands, and says he arn't done with you yet."—"The rascal! the backbiting, assassinating dog! But stop a minute, I'll make him skip like one of his mountain goats, the villain! I'll teach him to take advantage of me. Stop a minute, (rising, and climbing up,) I'll soon show him—" But scarcely did his head appear above the level of the ground, when the animal made another run, and happy it was for the old veteran he dipp'd out of the way. 'What! bob at a shot!' cried Tom. "Aye aye, (said Barney, crawling out on the opposite side,) I might have guess'd as much where you're concerned, Mr. Miller." In the evening, when the workmen came aboard, "Lay hold of my axe there below," cried the carpenter's mate down the hatchway. 'Baah,' was the reply. "Ah, your baaing—a fool's bolt is soon shot."—"Baa-aa-aah," flew along the main deck; and from that hour poor Barney has been almost baa'd out of his senses.—Who have we next? Oh, Dick Wills. Here, gemmen, 's a pretty perpendicular figure, six feet four; his head resembles a purser's lantern stuck on a spare topmast. There's a visage!—a second edition of Voltaire! The barber's afraid to shave him, lest he should cut his fingers through both his cheeks. He walks on his toes, and appears as if he was always looking on a shelf. He was coxswain to Lord Hew Seymour when he commanded the *Sans Pareil*. Dick has read, or rather swallowed, several authors, without digesting them, and now they lie heavy on his memory. He is a bit of a poet too; but history is his forte. A pun is beneath his notice, and Teddy often gets a severe dressing for torturing words; however, 'tis all taken in good part, with an acknowledgment that a pun is the very panchinello of the vocabulary, and if wanting pungey, merits punishment; and when a punitor becomes punitive, he should not punish with a puny punctilio.—Now comes my respected and respectable friend Sam Hatchway. Age has not dimm'd the lustre of that eye; and though the winter of life has spread its snow upon thy head, yet is thy heart as warm as ever. Thus have I seen the frost of ages gather'd on the lofty mountain, while in the valley the luxuriant vine has spread its beauteous foliage, bow'd with the purple cluster, rich in dispensing joy around. Sam sailed the first two voyages round the world with the immortal Cook; and he never to this hour mentions his name without a tear, although he sneezes, coughs, blames the weather, and a hundred contrivances to conceal the real cause. Nearly ninety summers have swept down the tide of time, and he is looking forward to a peaceful mooring in the blessed haven of eternal rest. How calm, how dignified that look by care unruffled! Yes, it is the sweet smile of hope that looks beyond this cold, dull sphere that bounds us. There may we meet again, where hope is unknown, where all is certainty, for all is heaven.—Next comes Johnny Dumont, a native of Canada. He

was with Wolfe at Quebec, and saw that gallant hero fall; was present at both Copenhagen affairs, the taking of the Isle of Anholt, and the storming of San Sebastian, at which latter place he lost his right arm in attempting to stop a six-pound shot fired from the citadel. He is a quiet, inoffensive man, and consequently has nothing very striking about him. But I must once more crave your indulgence for the rest, as Sam Quake-toes has just hobbled up to inform me that my presence is requested at the Jolly Sailor, to decide a dispute between Ben Marlin and Jem Breeching, whether the first invention of our ingenious ancestors was a pig's yoke or a mouse-trap,—a subject well worthy of attention in this age of mechanical speculation. Sam, who has lately been studying craniology, has an idea that the brain actually takes the particular form of any object on which the fancy or ingenuity broods. Thus one man's coils away like a patent chain-cable; and another's resembles a steam-engine with a fly-wheel; a third takes the shape of a corkscrew; a fourth of a tread-mill in constant motion; a fifth of a roasting-jack; while an author's is constantly changing from a crust of bread to a round of beef—from a sovereign to the King's Bench—from his last work, to a critical review. Good bye, gemmen, good bye—you shall see me again before long. Keep a look-out, for perhaps I may come disguised as a gentleman; till then—Don't bother me, Sam, I'm a-coming—till then, Meum and Tuum."

AN OLD SAILOR.

THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM.

A TALE.

Once on a time, (if you'll believe
An oral legend we receive,
From distant ages handed down)
A Tinker liv'd in Swaffham town.
Nightly a dream disturb'd his rest,
Tormenting his perturbed breast;
That if he'd go on such a day
To London bridge, and on it stay
A certain time, he'd not complain
Of having spent that time in vain.
Night after night, times without number,
This dream romantic broke his slumber,
And in his brain such puzzling raised,
As the poor Tinker almost craved.
At length he form'd the grave intent,
Of seeking truth in the event.
To London bridge resolv'd to trudge it,
He straightway buckled on his budget,
Took staff in hand, and dog at heel,
His view the better to conceal.
Then out he set, and mused did pant he,
Like Quixotte on his Rosinante.

What sights he saw, what objects met,
How fast he walk'd, how hard he sweat,
How on aerial bliss he feasted,
As to the goal of hope he hasted—
Whate'er befel him, or arose,
'Tis fancy's business to suppose.

But lo! the destin'd place is gain'd,
With many a weary step attain'd.
On London bridge he takes his station,
And waits with anxious expectation.
At length despairing of success,
And conscious of his foolishness,
His ardour credulous relented,
And of his journey he repented.
Nor welcom'd he this wisdom late,
But blam'd his stars, and curs'd his fate,
For having let a dream's impression
Of his thick skull take such possession.
Shame stings his mind, and passions vex it,—
When, just about to make his exit,
A shopman spruce advanc'd upon him,
And o'er and o'er began to con him.
Then in these words address'd him: "Friend,
Why dost thou saunt'ring here, thus spend
Thy time without apparent end?
I now inform thee, I'm suspicious,
That thy intents are somewhat vicious."
"Why," said the Tinker, "I must own
'Tis foolish loit'ring here alone;

My aim is pure, tho' you may doubt it,—
By your leave, I'll tell you all about it."
So he related him the fact,
In every circumstance exact.
" 'Twas but last night," replies the other,
" I had a dream—just such another,—
That if to Swaffham town I hasted,
My time would not be vainly wasted;
For if I there searched under ground,
In such a place, there would be found,
To my enriching and great pleasure,
A mighty mass of hidden treasure
Now to this dream if I had listened,
And in obeying it persisted,
I just now there had been delaying,
And for my silly folly paying;
A credulous, gaping, staring elf,
Looking as foolish as thyself."
On hearing this, without delay,
The Tinker homeward bends his way.
His bounding heart with joy elated,
He seeks the spot erewhile related,
In hope that Fortune he might find her,
Somewhat more prosperous, and kinder.
Upon the earth he eager laid
His massy mattock and his spade,
Off flew his hat, and eke his jacket,
The hard ground he began to back it;
Round him he threw the loosened earth,
And hack'd and delv'd till out of breath;
With eager hope his eye it gladden'd,
As to the stone-struck spade he listen'd.
Now having gotten pretty deep,
Off down he look'd with eager peep.
At length to his great joy he found,
An antique Vase hid under ground:
Struggling he lifts the ponderous vessel,
As 'twere a pig unto a trellis;
And soon he with eye-sparkling pleasure,
Pour'd forth of silver coin a treasure,

Now 'stead of wand'ring up and down,
As heretofore, from town to town,
He 'gan to live somewhat more freely,
To eat and drink, and dress genteelly.
He took the world a great deal easier;—
And now, become a master brazier,
Hung pots and pans all in a row
Before his door to make a shew;
That passers by their eyes might raise up,
Among the rest he hung the Vase up.
Upon this tin and copper shop,
An Antiquarian chanc'd to pop;
Instant the virtuoso, smitten
With an inscription quaintly written
Upon the Vase, but in a hand,
That very few could understand,
Full eagerly he stepp'd in to him,
And begg'd the brasier it to shew him;
Entreated that the thing he'd sell him,
And instantly the price on't tell him.
The brasier forthwith ceas'd his hammering,
Greatly amaz'd, and somewhat stammering.—
" Why, Sir," said he, " I do not know
What use the Vase can be put to;
To sell it, Sir, I am not willing,—
Nor will I whilst I'm worth a shilling."
" Pray," cried the other, " can you guess
What these old characters express?"
" No," said the brasier, " oft in vain
I've sought their meaning to obtain."
" Their meaning then," replied he,
" Is, UNDER ME LIE OTHER THREE."
The brasier answer'd in a fury,
" Sir, I won't sell it, I assure you."

So out he hasted to the spot,
Where he the other Vase had got.
He dug more vigorous than before,
And quickly found a second store.
Three massy and capacious urns,
He lifted from the earth by turns;
Each fill'd as full as it could hold
With precious antique coins of gold.

Thus flush'd with riches unexpected,
The Church at Swaffham he erected;

And on the stain'd glass he commanded,
(Which has to this age down been handed)
To London bridge the act of wending,
With staff in hand, and dog attending,
To be describ'd, with legend quaint,
Of thanks unto the patroon—saint,
For having to the wealth directed,
With which the Church had been erected.

Manchester, September, 1823.

J. W.

MY OPINIONS ON MEALS.

The great difficulty of writing on every subject, is the management of the introduction. Authors in general are ceremonious gentlemen; they do not like to intrude themselves abruptly on the reader, but choose to give him timely notice of their approach. An introduction is a kind of intellectual bow which we of the scribbling tribe think necessary to our *début* in good company: but, God knows, we are often as awkward at it as we always are at the corporeal inflexion. For my part, I generally disapprove of this ceremonious custom, and think it "more honoured in the breach than in th' observance." I am quite a disciple of Montaigne in this particular, and perfectly anti-Ciceronian in matter of preamble.

I have however, as you see, smuggled a sort of introduction on this occasion. So now to my subject—which is meals. "Brethren, my text is malt." Next to a good introduction, commend me to a good quotation. Meals are threefold: breakfast, dinner, and supper; these form, as it were, the three primary orbs of the culinary system, to which we may add those satellites, tea and lunch, and those eccentric luminaries denominated *snaps*, whose periodic returns have hitherto baffled the calculation of gastronomers.

First, of the first breakfast. Now I am by no means an unsocial character, yet ("I own the soft impeachment")—I like my breakfast alone. I hate your family breakfasts: they are an abominable waste of time and spirits. As to your bachelors, who invite brother chips to breakfast, and accept of similar provocations, they ought one and all, hosts and guests, to be thrust out of the pale of rational society. I am proud to say, that I never breakfasted in company in my life, except when I could not help it; nor would I give a breakfast to St. Peter himself, not even if he were to allow me to take an impression of his keys in return for the compliment.

The morning hours are sacred to every man of mind. When sleep has removed the perturbations of the preceding day, and the current of your ideas flows on in free yet placid streams, ere the tide is ruffled by the oars of business, which come dashing up towards noon, or the horizon is darkened by the clouds of care, oh! beware of interrupting the even course of thought. The brightest conceptions of genius have started into existence, have grown, and have been matured in the sacred hours of morning; at the period when the body, newly bathed in the dews of sleep, is vigorous and elastic, and the absolute dominion of the mind is yet debated between retreating fancy and invading reason.

But! I am getting quite serious and affected. I find I can write finely sometimes, as well as my neighbours, but let that pass. Breakfasting alone, surrounded by books and papers—this is my notion of Paradise; I can form no better idea of heaven, than that of one eternal *déjeuné*, accompanied with never-ending files of some pleasant paper. Yet no: I must retract: to

the solitary breakfast, as a general rule, let me make one exception. Now and then a fair tea-maker, with a handsome frilled night-cap, and a pair of fine eyes peeping from beneath it; but none of the masculine gender, for the Lord's sake! As to the *matériel* of breakfast, I, generally speaking, prefer tea; it is the lightest and most intellectual of all beverages. Your *déjeunés à la fourchette* are bad—they *banqueroute* the wits. Give me, for eating, a nice crusty loaf and some good butter; confound your buttered toast and hard eggs. A slice of broiled ham is superb, if you have been up very early, or *very late*; so is a red-herring; a thousand pities that it should ever make you thirsty. As to the time to be employed over breakfast, I cannot presume to determine so mighty a point; but perhaps it ought not to exceed four hours.

Now, then, for dinner. As I am an advocate for solitary breakfast, so on the other hand, I am a zealot for the social dinner. Not but that I would make a few exceptions even here. A solitary dinner, now and then, is not bad. When you are much fatigued and in very low spirits, dine alone, and take a sleep after. Indeed, some people are so strangely constituted, that I think they ought always to dine alone. My good friend Tom Ogle is one of this cast: Tom, before dinner, is positively a pleasant fellow: but after—"duller than the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf." I advise every man who cannot drink good wine after his dinner, to dine alone: human ingenuity could not invent a severer punishment for me, than to condemn me to dine heartily on roast pig, drink cold water, and then attempt to entertain a company of ladies. One might as well attempt to deliver a lecture on Italian literature, after being well saturated with draught porter. If you mean to write or study, in the evening, dine alone, by all manner of means. But for pleasure! dine in company; not in a large, formal, stiff company—nor with more than two or three at the utmost. I do not go so far as the adage of the ancients on this topic. The Muses are too numerous, and I conceive that we may deduct one sometimes from the Graces. A *tête-à-tête* dinner, with a pleasant friend and a good bottle, is the finest thing in the universe. But, like other fine things, it is seldom enjoyed in purity: for, for one man that is fit for a *tête-à-tête*, there are fifty-five millions that are unfit. My friend Dr. Makeweight is one of this fifty-five millions; and so conscious is he of his own incapacity for a duet at knife and fork, that he would sooner undergo the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, than dine *tête-à-tête* with any body. I like a duet—I like a trio—I don't dislike a quartetto—I can bear a quintetto; but if I am to go beyond this, plunge me, in God's name, into the densest crowd that ever exhausted the vital air of a banquetting-room. In a very large party there is freedom and partial conversation; in a small one there is freedom and general conversation; but in a middling-sized company, there is neither one nor the other. "In medio non tutissimus ibis."

How delightful, after dinner, is it to sit over a good bottle and some filberts, with one or two pleasant friends! but this subject has been too well handled before for me to touch upon it.

I am quite a bigot in matters of coffee; it clears the intellect, by completing the digestive process. Coffee is the mother of wit, of humour, of sound logic, and brilliant rhetoric: but let it never be forgotten that wine is the father—may they ever be united in bands of the firmest wedlock! What sound sense hath joined together, let not folly put asunder. Your

strong coffee, with a proper foundation of wine (say two bottles) fits you for the society of the ladies. The wine and coffee unite by a kind of elective affinity, and dove-tail with the happiest effect; the one gives confidence, the other discretion—the one elevates the fancy, the other rectifies the judgment. Invention results from the first, taste from the second—assurance to attempt a hit, tact and skill to direct it.

Contrary to established notions, I dislike supper: I know all that has been said in its favour, and all that can be said. To me (as an unfortunate *garçon*), supper *en famille* is always a melancholy meal: it is the prelude to parting, which usually "follows hard upon." It is to me the knell of joy: it tolls us to the grave of an ungenial and solitary bed. To families it may be a pleasant meal—to bachelors it is miserable, unless they are allowed to sit up all night after it—a custom against which, the prudent heads of families very wisely set their faces. Good night! gentle reader.—*Lit. Museum*

GAMING HOUSES.

It is curious to see how the windows of the saloon (where the credulous assemble) are secured by bars of iron. A strong padlock is always attached to the door of the stove which warms the apartment, to prevent any attempt that the arm of vengeance might be roused to make, by drawing out the destructive element, and thus set fire to the whole fraternity at one blow! Besides these precautions, we observe below the gambling tables a screen, or strong inclosure, which renders the interior inaccessible to view, and against which the player is seated, without the liberty of extending his legs and feet. The most particular inspection is made of his person by the banker's spies, and even his dress is strictly observed. He is obliged before entering the saloon, to deposit his great coat and cane, which might, perchance, afford the introduction of some weapon; and the elegance of the covering will not save him from the humiliation of having it taken from him at the door.

The attempts, proceeding from despair, which have been made on the lives of those bankers, have established these precautions: indignities which are practised only in prisons, for the security of their unhappy inmates. It is certain, that gamblers reduced to desperation, and on the eve of committing suicide, have conveyed into those places infernal machines, with an intention of destroying the cruel plunderers and themselves in the same ruins. These acts of outrage and frenzy give an exact idea of those institutions denominated public gambling-houses. They are in harmony with those iniquitous places where hell itself exercises a paramount and anticipated authority; and we are bold to say, that (with the exception of a few of the hirelings which chance throws into the ranks of this barbarous institution) the door keepers and others charged with a system of espionage and internal security of the saloons, and the proprietors themselves carry on their countenances a singular and inauspicious aspect.

The saloons wherein Hazard is played are generally well lighted, and elegantly furnished. We perceive, on entering, an immense quantity of gold and silver placed in piles on the tables. There are always six *gardiens*, *Croupiers*, that is to say, SERVANTS whose business it is to watch the ill-gotten treasure.—Others are dressed in the first fashion, walking about, acting as spies on the conduct of the *Croupiers*.—Others are stationed still more out of sight, to watch the movement of the spies. There are others again (*Decoy Ducks*), whose duty it is to play for the purpose of exciting the unwary stranger to commence his ruin. Four of those animals (*Croupiers*) are destined to pay the lucky player, and draw to the bank (which they do very dexterously by the aid of a little *Râteau* a machine of mahogany very elegantly made in the shape of a garden rake), the money lost by those Gamblers unfavoured by the decree of fate. The number of the latter, is to the former, in the proportion of 999 to 1.

The universe put together could not elsewhere furnish so rare and curious a union of originals, more or less ridiculous, as is to be met with in those saloons for play; we perceive numberless men and women seated round those tables from morning to night, with a small card in the left hand and a pin in the right, marking, by making a hole in the card, *le rouge*, or *la noire*, *la couleur*, *l'inverse*, &c.

The Idots, who believe that they have the power to subject games of hazard to their stupid calculations, are occupied in making MARTINGALES, which devour in an instant the most independent fortune. Those ridiculous, sottish calculators soon find out their error by being reduced to go to the workhouse. In truth, the very best of those saloons is only a rendezvous for VAGABONDS of all classes.

The Prince is often confounded there with the Barber.—The Princess with the Washerwoman.—The Swindler with the Countess.—The Highwayman with my Lady Bull and her Daughters. The Priest with the *femme galante*.—The Duke with the *Grisette*; and the Statesman with the *Soubrette lisette*.

Were we inclined, we could fill an entire volume, with a list not only of men ruined by play, but of self-murderers: such is the unhappy effect of the abominable passion for gaming.

Our French readers will recollect the deplorable event of that gallant Dutch officer, who, after having lost a splendid fortune not long since in one of those houses, shot himself at Aix la Chapelle.—A Russian general, also, of immense wealth, terminated his existence in the same manner, and for the same cause. More recently, a young Englishman, who lost the entire of an immense fortune at Paris, quitted this world by stabbing himself in the neck with a fork. A short time previously, another Englishman, whose birth was as high as his wealth had been considerable, blew his brains out in the Palais Royal, after having literally lost his last shilling. Finally, an unfortunate printer at Paris, who had a wife and five children, finished his earthly career for the same cause, by cruelly suffocating himself with the fumes of charcoal. He observes, in his farewell note to his unhappy wife,—“Behold the effect of gaming.”

OCTOBER, 1823.

The Summer's sun is gone, and Autumn's brown
Is ceasing fast to deck the drooping trees,
The humblest colour in Dame Nature's gown,
In chill October from its station flees,
Silently falling in each passing breeze,
And give to man, as dropping wither'd down,
A line he seldom reads but always sees,
Which to his sense would read, if blest withal,
“As we do now, oh! Man, so thou must quickly fall.”
Alas! for meditation—those things pass,
As what of course were made to come and go,
And man providing bev'rage for his glass,
Seems o'er his vat determin'd not to know,
At least not feel these monitors below,
But inward whispers “what will come to pass”
“We will be happy here before we go.”
Sad calculation, since his task when done
May be for other lips to drink to him who's gone.

For ah! what thousands, ere that Christmas come,
(Man's mind is occupied in making gay)
Will be, than Christmas, colder in the tomb,
Shot out for ever from an earthly day,
His perishes, whilst lives the earthly clay—
“Will this be mine? my own peculiar doom?”
The most robust in health and strength may say,
All serious listen—but they think with scorn:
Yet many breathe to day who've broke their latest morn.
Die when thou wilt, vain man, the merry chime
Will ring as usual, with the factory bell;
All things be smooth as in thy living time,
And beer be brew'd, aye and be drank as well,
Although thine own importance used to swell,
Thy moment's absence to an age of crime,
And scarcely one be heard thy name to tell,
Save when the Sabbath comes, he careless eyes,
As passing the churchyard, thy stone, and HERE HE LIES!
JAMES GROCOTT.

Manchester, 12th Oct. 1823.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of September, 1823, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.78
Highest, which took place on the 18th.....	30.15
Lowest, which took place on the 15th.....	29.00
Difference of the extremes.....	1.15
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 22nd.....	.57
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	3.9
Number of changes.....	11

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	55.7
Mean of the 18th decade, com. on the 7th.....	57.2
“ 19th. “.....	54.7
“ “ ending on the 6th October.....	50.2
Highest, which took place on the 4th.....	69.
Lowest, which took place on the 29th.....	39.
Difference of the extreme.....	30.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 29th.....	16.

RAIN, &c.	
3.800 of an inch.	
Number of wet days.....	18
“ “ foggy days.....	8
“ “ snowy “.....	0
“ “ haily “.....	1

WIND.	
North.....	0
North-east.....	2
East.....	0
South-east.....	0
South.....	1
South-west.....	6
West.....	11
North-west.....	8
Variable.....	2
Calm.....	0
Brisk.....	4
Strong.....	0
Boisterous.....	0

REMARKS.

Oct. 15th, great fall of the barometer; at bed time of the preceding night it stood at 29.30, this morning at 29.00, being the minimum of the day; the mercury then rose as rapid, at bed-time it had gained .42 of an inch:—21st, a very rainy day, the river Irwell gained twelve feet in the course of the morning:—22nd, heavy hail and rain in the course of the morning, and great rise of the barometer:—30th, very heavy showers of rain about four o'clock p. m. Character of the month, cold and wet. Prevailing winds, west, and north-west.

MINE OF VIRGIN IRON.

Nature every day shows us new phenomena, and, in spite of all our study and research, the most surprising are perhaps still hidden from our view. A mine of virgin iron has lately been discovered in the Missouri country, district of Washington; it forms almost an entire mountain, which is said to be large enough to supply the whole world for many years with metal of a good quality. Hitherto iron had never been met with in a pure metallic form.

MISSION TO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE NIGER'S COURSE.

We have the greatest satisfaction in announcing that our three enterprising countrymen, Dr. Oudney, Major Denham and Lieutenant Clapperton, who left London on the above interesting and hazardous expedition, under the authority of government, in 1821, arrived in Bornou in February last, and were exceedingly well received by the sultan of that kingdom. It may be recollected that the Doctor, an eminent professor from one of the Scotch universities, was to remain at Bornou as British vice-consul, and that the others would thence pursue their inquiries as to the course of this long-sought river; but it is obvious that the plans and instructions laid down at home for the prosecution of objects where our local knowledge is so extremely imperfect, must be liable to many alterations, and that much, very much, must be left to the discretion of the travellers themselves, and be governed by the circumstances in which they are placed.

These gentlemen have, however, given the most

convincing proofs of their undiminished ardour in the service, as well as their fitness for the undertaking, in their having performed their journey over deserts fifteen or sixteen days in length, into the very centre of the continent of Africa, almost without complaining of a single hardship, though they have all at different times suffered severely from the rigours of the climate.

We think, therefore, the most sanguine expectations may be formed of their complete success; and may we not hope that two of our greatest geographical desiderata in the northern hemispheres will, ere long, be supplied by means of the intelligence and enterprise of Englishmen?

THE EYE.—Dr. Sommering discovered the *foramen centrale* in the human retina; since which, the eye-balls of all animals have been carefully examined for this important structure, and several of the quadrumanous genera (especially the real apes) have been found to possess it. But Dr. Knox, in a communication to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, now states a very important fact in the theory of vision, and perhaps in that of light, namely, that the *foramen centrale* and accompanying fold of the retina exist in the class of reptiles, “Lizards,” though not in all. For instance, the *Lacerta scutata*, *superciliosa*, *Calotes*, &c. have them; while the *Mabuya*, *Gecko*, &c. have not. The appearances are more developed than in man, and consequently may be submitted to closer scrutiny.

LITHOCROMY.—This is the name given by the French to the art of reproducing coloured pictures on stone. Hitherto it was confined to mere crayon tints, which it rivalled in fineness, lightness, and precision. A Mons. Malapeau has invented a process by which the engravings are effected at once in colours. They are very nearly equal to oil paintings, and are transferable to canvass, and susceptible of varnish, scumbling, and the other processes adopted in the case of oil paintings.

TELEGRAPHS.—The *Baron de St. Haouen*, has invented a telegraph to be used by night or day, on land or at sea. He proposes, to erect stations along the whole French coast, which are to serve as signals by day, and light-houses at night. They are to be numbered, and the numbers are to be marked in charts. Thus vessels on approaching the coast will be instantly aware of their position. The French army in Spain has adopted the system.

FINE ARTS.

Our countryman, Mr. John Gibson, who now ranks among the distinguished sculptors at Rome, is sought after by the great patrons of Art, both English and foreign, and has full employment for his admirable talent. This young man, who is recommended no less by his modest and unassuming manners than by his genius and enthusiasm for his Art, was originally enabled to study in Italy by the friendship of Mr. Roscoe and some gentlemen of taste at Liverpool, and of Mr. Watson Taylor—to them he owed his introduction to Canova, and he perfected his style under the eye of that great master.

Mr. Gibson thus expresses himself in a recent letter to a friend in London:—

“I continue to feel delighted in Rome, more so than I can express by words, and am on the best terms of friendship with sculptors from all parts of Europe, who are here, all contending for glory. What an advantage!—to see the productions of so many men of genius, and to have their remarks upon what I do myself!—for I always solicit their advice. Only poetical subjects are admired in Rome, and it is the fashion to purchase such. It is a taste for these that has raised the Art to its present high pitch at Rome, and to this may be attributed the dignity and beauty of Canova and Thorwaldsen. I thank God for every morning that opens my eyes in Rome.

“I am giving the last finish to the group of Mars and Cupid, for the Duke of Devonshire. My group of Payche carried off by Zephyrus, for Sir Geo. Beaumont, is in a forward state. I am making a statue of Cupid in marble for Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and a Sleeping Shepherd for Lord George Cavendish. Lately I received an order from a German Nobleman,

Count Schönbrunn, to execute a Nymph for him, in marble.

“I consider myself particularly fortunate in having this opportunity to execute Poetical subjects in marble—they are what I delight and glory in. I would much rather leave behind me a few fine works than a splendid fortune.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

SALFORD CHARTER.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Amongst the other interesting manuscripts in the Chetham library, is a copy of the Charter of Salford, which is there ascribed to Randle Gernouns. On mentioning this circumstance to a respectable and well informed friend of mine in Salford, he shewed me a nearly correct translation of the same, entitled “Copy of a Charter granted to Salford in the reign of King Henry II. supposed to be about the year 1142;” which he had reason to believe was copied from the books of the Court Leet. The palpable chronological error of fixing the reign of Henry II. in the year 1142 immediately struck me; and if the original be lost, as is said, the authenticity of this copy becoming a matter of interesting enquiry, I have taken some pains in the investigation. On comparing the copy with which my friend favoured me, with that in Whitaker’s History of Manchester, the one in the College library, and the *Placita de Quo Warranto Ducatus Lancastrie*, lately published by order of the Commissioners of Public Records, I am quite satisfied as to the correctness of the document, although I differ both with the learned and industrious Kuerten, and with the Clerk or Recorder of the Court Leet as to its date. In 1142, during the tumultuous reign of Stephen, Ranulph Earl of Chester, called Randle Gernouns, took his weak and unhappy prisoner, and obtained from him as the terms of his ransom, a grant of the castle and city of Lincoln, with the lands of William de Albenei, Lord of Belvoir and Grantham, and those of Roger de Poitou, from Northampton to Scotland, “till he should be restored to all his lands and castles in Normandy.” This grant comprising the lands inter Ripam and Mersam which belonged to Roger, includes Salford; but the possession by Randle was only temporary and conditional, and could scarcely be sufficiently secure either to permit or induce him to grant Charters in the same year. He was poisoned by William Peverill, anno 1153, and was succeeded by his son Hugh, surnamed Cyveloocke. Hugh rebelled against Henry II. in 1173, but had his possessions restored in 1177. He died anno 1181, leaving a son, Ranulph surnamed Blundeville, then only 13 years of age. In the 13th Henry III. this Ranulph, who had married the widow of Geoffrey Earl of Richmond, fourth son of Henry II. received a grant or confirmation of all the lands between the Ribble and the Mersey, with the forests, keeps, homages, liberties, and appurtenances. I am inclined to think it was this Randle who gave the Charter to Salford, at some period between the date of this grant of the homages, &c. in the year 1229, and of his death, which took place in October, A. D. 1232. Our Salford friends are, I know, tenacious about their seniority to Manchester in chartered rights, and I am by no means desirous of undervaluing that feeling, but if I am correct, the difference in their favour is only about 70 years. I am not only open to conviction, but shall be very happy if any of your correspondents will furnish me with information that would justify the relinquishing my present opinion, and giving the Charter of Salford a date more ancient by 90 years than I am at present disposed to do. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HISTORICUS.

Manchester, 13th Oct. 1823.

LITERARY MISERIES.

MR. EDITOR,—Of all the miseries in this miserable life, literary miseries are surely the keenest: here have I been writing week after week, article after article in the expectation of acquiring a portion of temporary fame in the pages of the Manchester Iris. In vain do I worry my brains to indite something new; I am never

the nearer: arts and sciences; law, physic, and divinity; every thing turns to lead under my unfortunate touch: if I attack the charlatanism of physic, I am told my observations are quite common place; if I ever so gently animadvert on the selfishness or inattention of the ministers of religion, I am informed that the unlearned and inexperienced in all ages and countries, have made the same unfounded and erroneous remarks; and at length; is it to be endured! I am thrown aside without even the cold notification of “Pilgrick’s communication is received” for it was but lately I sent, as I conceived, a most excellent paper on the subject of attorneys keeping travellers; which I had taken down nearly word for word as it was uttered by a witty pleader in the Manor Court of Salford: this article for brilliancy and solidity eclipsed all the former, and was *redolent*, if I may be allowed the expression, of wit; this redolent is a pretty word and I could not resist the temptation of making use of it here, and must therefore plead guilty to the charge of having rather forcibly pressed it into my service; but I have good authorities for it; three or four at least: well, I thought this article could not fail of obtaining a conspicuous place, perhaps too in large type; and therefore on the following Saturday I very early obtained an Iris, and anxiously referred to the notices to correspondents, and not finding any to me, concluded my paper was inserted; and with a fluttering heart and trembling hand turned over the pages, then turned them over again, and then again; but to my unspeakable chagrin and mortification I found it all a blank! a cheerless void! nothing but a sober essay from the club at the green dragon, a hop skip and a jump epistle from Watty, and part of a new—old Romaine of Llewellyn which was never concluded: by the way is Llewellyn sick or sulky that he does not finish his Romaine: I have some recollection of a Machine-Maker running foul of him, and giving him a malicious rub when under full majestic sail as I, and doubtless he, fondly thought for the port of immortality: but such a trifle ought not to have prevented him from finishing his piece, which was generally admired as far as it went: it was only one of those little jogs which people receive when in a crowd to make them more circumspect and should have been taken accordingly. I myself am possibly at this moment earning a rap on the knuckles: but no matter I am willing to appear in print almost in any shape: and in this I will venture to assert I am not singular: how many do you suppose of the fourteen hundred odd who lately graced the Liverpool fancy ball—how many I say, do you suppose on that occasion betrayed their dulness and stupidity: what then, their names appear in the public papers as having figured away in the characters of Greeks, Turks, American Savages, Shepherds and Shepherdesses; and is not that satisfaction enough, think ye.

After this digression I must be free to confess that some of my neighbours have fared little better than myself; you editors have such a free and easy way of dismissing a correspondent: A, for instance, is too stale: B, too flat: C, too sharp; and you will be glad to hear from him in a more natural key: the Red Dwarf is deficient in point as well as stature: and thus with a single trait, as it were, of your editorial plume, you unfeelingly stifle our aspirations after celebrity. “Death Sir, do you think it nothing to extinguish a genius: why you dispatch us “with as little remorse as you would drown a bitch’s blind puppies 15th litter” is not to be borne; and if you don’t speedily effect a reform, in your manners I mean, in this respect, I’ll positively withdraw my countenance from you entirely, and leave you to the due punishment of your own perverseness.

Your’s,

Manchester, 14th Oct. 1823.

PILGRICK.

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening, the 11th instant, Mr. Maevdy appeared as *Virginus*, in the admired and popular tragedy of that name. This piece strongly exemplifies, how, by the contingencies of life, a transition is often experienced from one, to an opposite extreme. It was delightful to behold the noble minded *Virginus* mark the diffidence and delicate embarrassment of his lovely daughter *Virginus*, as he cautiously sounded her breast and drew forth a tacit disclosure of her tender feelings

for the virtuous Icilius. In this scene, Mr. Macready was, almost in reality, a father;—his countenance was paternal in every feature,—an indescribable softness and earnestness blended in the sweetest simplicity of manner,—every passion was tranquil, and his soul seemed to enjoy an auspicious serenity.—The well-timed suggestion of the honest Dentatus, and the mutual attachment and tenderness of the lovers, perfected the felicity! When the experienced and disinterested parent heartily approves the choice of his beloved child, and looks upon her wedded alliance as a happy consummation of sixteen years intense solicitude—how rapturous, how evitable the sensations that glow within his bosom! But, a cloud gathers;—their country is invaded, and Virginia and Icilius are only betrothed, when the latter is summoned by the Centurion, Virginius, to join the Roman bands and rout the assailants.

Shortly after, the Decemvir, Appius Claudius, beholds the maid Virginia; his libidinous breast is on fire, and his sycophant client, Claudius, undertakes to pander to his villainous purposes; the absence of Virginius makes the moment favourable.—Claudius is to claim Virginia as being the daughter of his female slave, this slave is to swear that she sold the infant to Numitoria, who, when expiring, imposed it upon her husband, Virginius, as their legitimate offspring.—

Accordingly, Claudius seizes upon Virginia, and bears her to the Forum; her nurse Servia, and her uncle Numitorius, vainly protest against the claim, and in the moment when Appius decrees, that,—Virginia shall remain in the possession of Claudius until his right be invalidated—Icilius arrives,—pronounces Claudius to be the mere tool of the Decemvir Appius—and declares that, before the surrender of Virginia, the claim must be fully proved.—The citizens support him, and her reappearance is guaranteed. Meanwhile, the brother of Icilius has been despatched to inform Virginius that he is required in Rome without delay.

In the Forum the countenance and manner of Macready, rivet attention, and the force and clearness of his expression penetrate the soul, and excite within it the most intense solicitude. Even in the impassioned moment, when words pour forth with a rapidity that would seem to baffle utterance, his articulation is pure, and his voice in perfect accordance with the conflicting feelings that spring from a consciousness that villainy will be triumphant. On the soldiers being called forward,—the portentous pause,—the faltering exclamation—"there is but one way!"—the agonized countenance, now contemplating the virgin victim, and now pondering and almost shrinking from the dreadful act,—the heart-rending decision, and its instantaneous execution;—together with the prison scene,—and, on being presented with the Urn that contained the remains of Virginia, the dawn of reason, the testimony of unabated love, recognition of Icilius, and immediate extinction of vitality,—these, all these evinced the peculiar genius, as well as the extraordinary and profound acquirement of this distinguished tragedian.

In the character of Virginia, there is but little scope for Mrs. McGibbon; Mr. Andrews was the "crabbed," "honest," "brave old warrior" Dentatus, to a nicety; but it was ludicrous and absurd to view the citizen, Mr. Porteus, in as constant attendance as a body-guard, and ever and anon wielding his shillelah like a true son of St. Patrick!

In the Entertainment, Miss Rock was a real Proteus. As Margaret Macmucklekenny, Miss Cornelius Clapper-go, and Mrs. Deberah Griskin, she afforded much merriment. And as Lady Dashly and Mademoiselle Marosquien, her chief performances were chaste and pleasing. Mr. Fry was a very passable Davy;—Mr. J. Benwell an indifferent Sir Roderick.—The House was crowded.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—It has been successfully proved, by many experiments, that meat entirely fly-blown has been sufficiently purified to make good broth, and had not a disagreeable taste, by being previously put into a vessel containing a certain quantity of beer. The liquor will become tainted and have a putrid smell.

TO MAKE TOWN-WASHED LINEN AS PURE AND WHITE AS COUNTRY-WASHED.—In great towns, where

linen cannot be exposed to the air and sun upon the grass, let it be steeped, for some time before it is washed, in a solution of oxymuriate of lime. Let it then be boiled in an alkaline ley. Linen or cotton thus treated will not become yellow by age, as is too often the case with linen in large towns.

WARTS.—Take an apple and cut it, and rub it for a few minutes on the wart; the juice of the apple will loosen the wart, which will in a few days drop off.

VARIETIES.

RENOVATION OF MANUSCRIPTS.—The following method is said to be effectual in rendering writing visible which has been effaced by an acid:—Take a hair pencil, and wash the part which has been effaced with a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will again appear, if the paper has not been destroyed.

TO MAKE AN INDELIBLE INK FOR MARKING LINEN, &c.—Pour a little nitric acid (aqua fortis) into a cup or glass, and add to it a small piece of pure silver; when the effervescence ceases, filter the solution through a piece of blotting paper, and put it in a small phial; then add to it a little gum arabic, and a little of the paint called sap green. After the whole is perfectly combined, it is then fit for use.

SERPENTS.—Careful dissections have enabled a skillful anatomist at Paris, of the name of Cloquet, to discover that serpents have a single and transparent eyelid which passes over the ball of the eye, and a lachrymal apparatus, the canal of which terminates in the nasal orifices of fanged snakes, and in the mouths of adders. Besides their ordinary uses, the tears, according to this learned anatomist, seem to assist in the deglutition of the bodies, frequently very large, which these creatures swallow.

LONGEVITY.—We learn from a Gentleman of undoubted veracity, who recently visited this city from Matanzas, that there is now living in a village near that place, a couple who are yet in health, although greatly impaired in bodily powers and mental faculties; who have lived together in a state of wedlock more than a hundred years! The husband is aged 128—the wife 126. They are whites, and natives of the island of Cuba.—*New York American.* The French Papers mention a living instance of remarkable longevity in the department of the Oriental Pyrenees. A woman, named Anne Benet, of the Canton of Olette, is, at the age of 109, in the full enjoyment of all her faculties.

RATS.—The brown or Norway rat, which abounds in the Hebrides, after a shower, goes down upon the rocks, while the limpets are crawling about, and, by a sudden push with its nose, detaches them from the rock for food. Should the first effort fail, another is never attempted against the same individual, now warned, and adhering closely to the rock; but the rat proceeds instantly to others still off their guard, until enough of food has been procured.

THE PIGEON POST OFFICE, established in Belgium, and which was set up to rival the telegraphic system, has experienced a severe check. Of 65 of these winged messengers, which set out on the 9th of August from Lyons, for Verviers (near Leige), one only arrived the same day at its destination. Four more have since appeared; but nothing has been seen of the remaining sixty. It is thought (says the foreign writer who tells the story), that preferring repose to the love of country, these voyager pigeons in spite of themselves, have fallen into the hands of masters who will not use them as they would horses.

EXTRAORDINARY RESEMBLANCES.—There are now living and well, in Oldham-road, Manchester, twin brothers, about six years old, whose resemblance to each other in growth, make, feature, voice, and complexion has been so exact, that it was found difficult for any one, the parents excepted, to distinguish one from the other. Their names are Joseph and James —. Some time since as James was viewing himself in a glass, he started back as if unconscious of the resemblance, and exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "See, Mummy! there is Joseph's face in the glass looking at me!" It was with difficulty he could be persuaded of his error, or that it was his own features, and not those

of his brother Joseph he had been contemplating. At the present time, one of these twins is, in a very slight degree, luster than the other, but the resemblance is such as to excite admiration, and is heightened by both being dressed alike.—*Boston Express.*

A STAGE COACH ANECDOTE.—Not sixty years since, there were seated in a stage coach, a clergyman, a lawyer, as the profession were formerly styled, and a respectable looking elderly gentleman. The lawyer, wishing to quiz the clergyman, began to descant pretty freely on the admission of improper and ill-qualified persons into the church. As a proof, says he, what sort of parsons we have, I myself heard one of them read, instead of "And Aaron made an atonement for the sins of the people,"—"And Aaron made an ointment for the shins of the people." "Incredible!" exclaimed the clergyman. "O!" replied the lawyer, "I dare say this gentleman will be able to relate something of the same kind that has come within his own knowledge." "That I can," said the old gentleman, while the face of the lawyer displayed a triumphant smile,—“for I was once present in a country church where the clergyman, instead of "The devil was a liar from the beginning," actually read, "The devil was a lawyer from the beginning."

M. D'AVRIGNY, one of the Commissioners of the Dramatic Censures, died recently at Paris. He was the author of *Lapeyrouse*, and the still more successful tragedy of *Jeune d'Aro*, as well as a *Recueil of Pœtias Nationales*. The salary of censor being 6000 francs per annum, a multitude of candidates have started for the place thus made vacant. More than forty petitions (says one of the journals) have been presented to the minister; and the names of several men of letters are mentioned. M. D'AVRIGNY has been interred in the *Cimetière du Pere Lachaise*.

ORIGIN OF EATING GOOSE ON MICHAELMAS-DAY.—Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury-fort, on the 20th of September, 1580, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreville, near that place, and as *British Bess* had much rather dine of a high seasoned and substantial dish than a simple ragout or fricasseé, the knight thought proper to provide a pair of fine geese, to suit the palate of his Royal guest. After the Queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half-pint bumper of Burgundy, and drank "Destruction to the Spanish Armada." She had but that moment returned the glass to the Knight who had done the honours of the table, when the news came (as if the Queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper, in order to digest the *Goose and Good News*; and was so pleased with the event, that every year after, on that day, she had the above excellent dish served up. The court made it a custom, and the people the fashion ever since.

VALUE OF LEGAL OPINIONS.—Lord Eldon observed in Chancery, that the legality of a Counsel's opinion mainly depended upon the entire case being submitted to him by the Attorney. Unless the custom, he said, had very materially changed from what it used to be when he himself sat before the bar, it was by no means an uncommon practice for these gentlemen to lay just so much of a case before Counsel as would ensure the precise opinion they wanted, in order to induce their clients to prosecute the suit. Very many years ago, when his Lordship had considerable practice in this particular branch of his profession, he determined, if possible, to put an end to this infamous system, by informing the attorneys, when he returned the briefs to them with his opinion thereon, that if the whole case had been impartially stated, he had decided according to the best of his ability and information; but if, on the other hand, it was a mere *ex parte* statement; a case made up to serve a particular purpose, material facts having been kept in the background, then he had no hesitation whatever in pronouncing his opinion to be an erroneous one. His Lordship soon found out that his plain-dealing had the almost immediate effect of withdrawing from him the principal part of his business in this way!

BACCHANALIAN'S DRAUGHT, AFTER FEASTING AND DRINKING.—It is the lot of our poor humanity, that all our pleasures are followed sooner or later by pain or uneasiness, and in proportion, also, to the exqui-

siteness of the pleasure. After a night enjoyed over the bottle, the morning is generally ushered in by qualms of stomach, and twinges of head-ache, which we shall now show how to dismiss or relieve. The grand tormentor, in these cases, is ever an acid which sickens the stomach, gripes the bowels, and tugs at every nerve in the body, till the head, where most of the nerves meet, rings again with the turmoil. Now the grand destroyer of your acid is magnesia, of which a large teaspoonful, with a pinch of powdered ginger, may be put into a small glass of good brandy or Holland, and taken on awakening in the morning. If one draught does not relieve the heart-burn and squeamishness, try half a glass more of the same composition. Have your coffee brought to you strong and hot, while in bed; and after breakfasting *à la antique*, take an hour's nap, and you will feel as fresh as if nothing had happened.—*Oracle of Health.*

HUNGER.—It shakes our faith very much as to the high pretensions to knowledge, put forth by physicians and anatomists, that none of them can explain the cause of hunger. If you ask them what causes hunger, one will tell you, that it is the sides of the stomach rubbing upon one another; a second will say, it is a pursuing or drawing together of the stomach for want of something to distend it; and a third will tell you, it is the gastric juice actually set about digesting part of the stomach for want of something else to do. The latter assertion is thought to be supported by instances of the stomach being found after death, actually digested in several parts; but nothing which is alive can be digested, and it only proves that the gastric juice retains its power of digesting after death, in the same way as the gastric juice of the calf is employed in the form of rennet to curdle milk.

We also give our own explanation of hunger, and think it is caused by want of the accustomed pressure of food on the nerves of the inner surface of the stomach; and as soon as this pressure is made by a fresh supply of food, the nerves are again stirred up into agreeable action, and secretion is thereby produced of the digestive fluid. Several circumstances render this explanation the most probable one. For instance, the sensation of hunger is increased by cold air, cold drink, by acids, and by bitters; while it is diminished by heat, by warm drinks, by opium, by tobacco, and by every thing which has a tendency to blunt the feeling of the nerves. This principle may perhaps explain why gum arabic allays hunger, not by affording nourishment, but by blunting or covering the superficial nerves of the stomach.

It has been objected to in every account of hunger hitherto given, that the circumstance of the sensation ceasing after a time, though no food be taken, remains unexplained. In this we see no difficulty, for it resolves itself in the general law of sensation, that every strong feeling diminishes in proportion to its continuance.—*Oracle of Health.*

The keeper of a tap-room in Trongate, known by the name of "Charlie's Stable," has a dog of the Irish bull-breed, called *Princey*, which is possessed of uncommon sagacity. The animal was so well trained when young, that it obeys its master in almost every thing he orders it, and is as useful to him as a servant. It is nearly three years since it began to carry his breakfast regularly every morning from the Townhead, by means of a tin can, the wire of which he holds suspended between his teeth. When the family flitted to Taylor-street, and then to Rottenrow-lane, the animal shifted his route from the High-street, and now takes the nearest route, by High John-street, to accomplish his errand. He has never yet gone wrong in any thing entrusted to him. It would be attended with the greatest danger were any person, even in diversion, to attempt to deprive him of his load, as he would probably sooner be killed than surrender. Nor will he accept the most favourable food when on business. He cautiously avoids any of his own species when he is on business; but if he cannot avoid it, he will disburden himself, give them battle, and then resume his load. Though what he carries be often of the most tempting description, the honest animal has never been known to make free with the smallest quantity, but faithfully delivers the articles untouched. He is frequently the bearer of letters between the family, and will carry any thing to the extent of half a stone. He brings

every week from the market four or six pounds of beef as occasion requires. When he returns home with his can, if the family are not in when he taps at the door, he returns back to his master, as he will enter no neighbour's house, nor trust them with his can. When he is desired to go for his master's hat or shoes, he will immediately do it. He will take a snuff-box, or other article, to such of the neighbours as he knows, and are named to him. He will take a bank-note to the tap-room, and bring back change in silver. He understands Gaelic as well as English, his master speaking and giving him commands in both languages. He will take a man's hat off his head, on being told to do so. He is uncommonly docile and quiet, and will, at the command of the children, leap over a stick four feet high, or dance for their amusement on his hind legs. The people are highly amused to see him skipping along with his daily load, but he will not stop to accept of any favours while he is on business.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.—The subject of presentiments is a very common one. There are few persons to whom some internal and involuntary emotion has not at times appeared to presage what has afterwards happened to them. A Madame D—, resident at Paris, although still young and handsome, had not to congratulate herself on having either a husband or a fortune. For that reason she wore in society a constrained air, very different from her natural gaiety. Twelve hundred francs was all her wealth. A short time ago, dining at a friend's house, the original vivacity of her character for a while returned to her. "Ah!" said she, as she took her leave, "I have laughed too much to day; something extraordinary will certainly happen to me." On her return home, she found a letter requiring her to go to the Foreign Office. Thither she next day went. They asked her if she was not related to a certain M. Martin, the son of an artisan at Lyons. She replied that she was of that family, and that M. Martin was her cousin. They then informed her that this young man, who had left Lyons as a conscript in the French Army, had been made prisoner in Corsica by the English, that he had afterwards enlisted in an English regiment sent to Pondicherry, that by degrees he had become a Major in the service of the English East India Company, and the chief minister of one of the native Princes, and finally that, dying, he did not forget either his native city or his family in the disposal of his property, amounting to several millions; in the various bequests of which, she Madame D— would find herself included for a legacy of 400,000 francs. The surprise of Madame D— at seeing the presentiment of the preceding evening verified, and her situation so materially and unexpectedly changed from that which, although she had endured it, was very different from the one she ought to enjoy in the world, may easily be conceived.—The decree of the supreme Court of Calcutta has, as we lately mentioned, confirmed those brilliant hopes, by ordering the payment of all the legacies to the various legatees.

LECTURES ON PHYSIOLOGY.

Mr. Turner delivered his introductory lecture last Monday evening, at the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society. We were glad to see, on this occasion, so large and respectable an audience. He has, in our opinion, done well by adapting his course "to the views of the general student, as well as to those of the professional pupil." This arrangement, together with Mr. Turner's skill as a lecturer, must give increased popularity to his lectures every time he repeats them.

We could not but admire the animated and eloquent manner in which Mr. T. so justly inveighed against the mistaken, the silly, the mischievous prejudice, generally entertained in Great Britain against the dissection of the recent subject. If professional men are not to be protected in pursuing their studies in the only way in which they can ever acquire skill and knowledge, it cannot be wondered at that they should be ignorant,

and therefore liable to commit errors affecting the lives or welfare of their patients. Every one who seeks to deprive them of the only means of understanding their profession, deserves to be made the miserable victim of quackery, and to linger under the effects of diseases which might be removed by the skilful treatment of a well-educated practitioner.

It is pleasing to observe that medicine and the collateral sciences, are studied with much avidity in Manchester. We hear it reported that courses of lectures will, in a short time, be delivered, for the benefit of our artists, in the New Institution.

[For the above remarks we are indebted to the kindness of a professional gentleman, whose talents and long acquaintance with the subject give weight to his opinions.—Ed.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

We hear that the scene of the next Waverley Novel is laid in Scotland, and the time about forty years ago.

Mr. Matorin's forthcoming Romance is called the "Albigenses;" and founded upon historical events of the early part of the 13th century, interwoven with the fictitious part of the narrative.

A translation of *Wilhelm Meister* (one of Goethe's best works) has been announced by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and from the same publishers' lists, we gather that they are also preparing, among other novelties, the *Sparwite by Gail*, Sweepings of my Study, Philosophy of Apparition, Amcharis in Scotland, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRY,

And a short Memoir of that interesting and benevolent Lady.

Will be published on the 20th of October, Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

POOLE'S ELEGANT POCKET ALBUM, for 1824. Embellished with 12 Views and 6 Portraits of Distinguished Characters.

Same time will be published,

POOLE'S GENTLEMAN'S POCKET BOOK, embellished with a Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

London: Printed for JOHN POOLE, 8 Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We had given up all thoughts of *Pascal's Letters*.—R. N. must perceive that none of our readers is inclined to undertake the translation of any part of them.—It would certainly have given us much pleasure to receive some well selected specimens for the Iris.—We know of no literary work in a foreign language that better deserves to be well translated.—The task is, indeed, rather difficult; and the last attempt in particular was a most complete and egregious failure.—The translator seemed to have no better conception of the peculiar graces and art of the original than the Dutchman, who, in translating the celebrated soliloquy in Addison's *Cato*, beginning with—"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well," did it into his own language as follows:—"Just so, your right Mr. Plato!"—The first translation (the language of which has become rather antiquated) was certainly from the pen of a man of taste and genius, who was capable of appreciating the unequalled and characteristic beauties of the original.—Pascal well merited the eulogium which the celebrated Locke bestowed upon him; he was, indeed, "a prodigy of parts."

The History of Frederick B—; "A Fragment" and "Line to Stella," in our next.

Communications have been received from *Crito*; *E. K.*; *J. Lian*; *A Friend*; *S. K.*; *Quiz*; and *Mercury*.

The Iris of next Saturday will be embellished with an Engraving of the Equestrian Statue of his late Majesty George III. recently erected in London Road, Liverpool.

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A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the *Iris*, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising *Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.*

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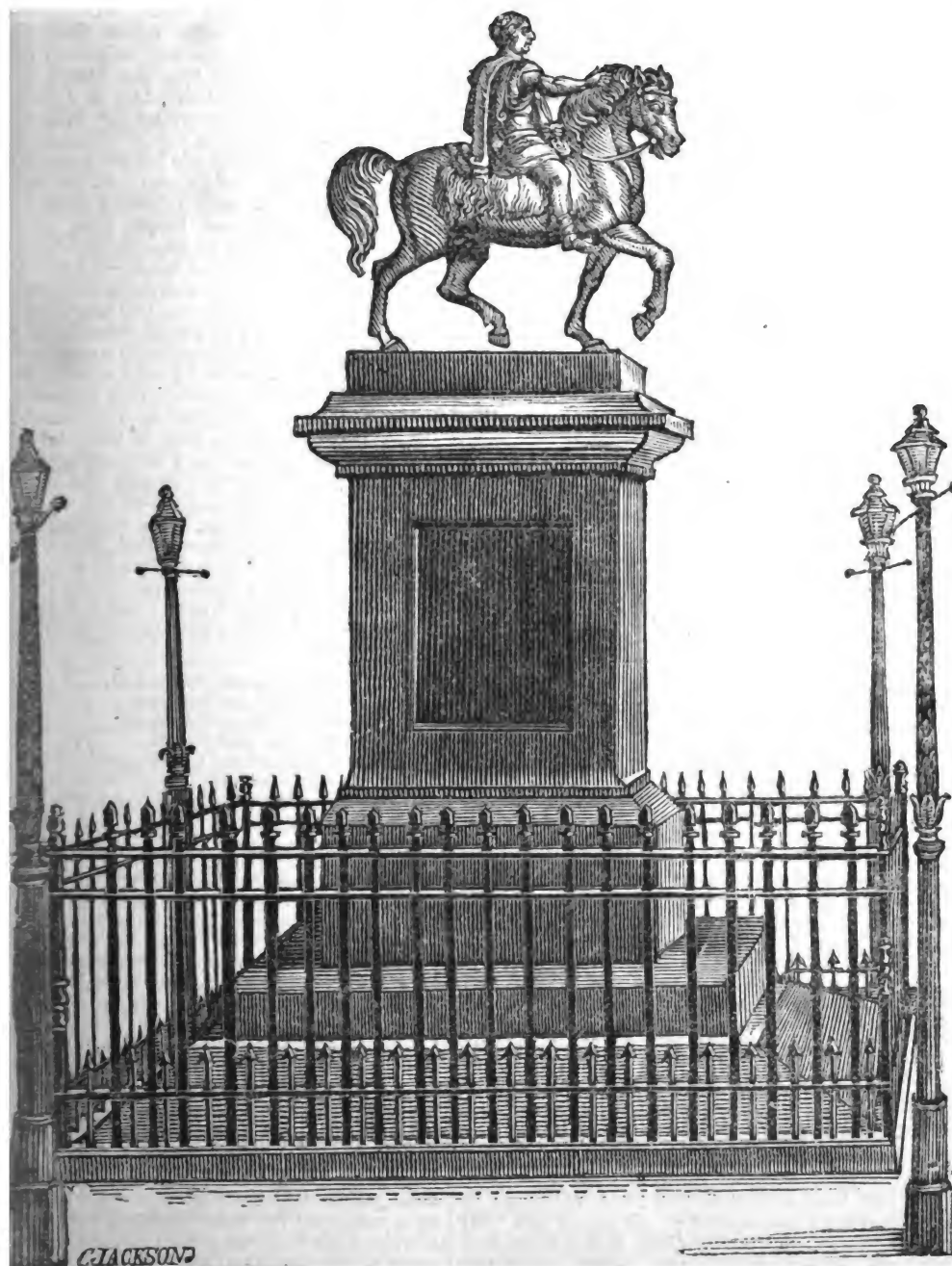
EQUESTRIAN STATUE

OF HIS LATE

MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD,

ERECTED IN LONDON-ROAD, LIVERPOOL,

The First Day of October, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty Two.



The area of the Exchange Buildings, in Liverpool, is acknowledged the finest spectacle of the kind in England, that of SOMERSET HOUSE, London, not excepted, and contains a splendid Monument of real Bronze in its centre, to the memory of the gallant NELSON: and the spirited inhabitants of that great commercial town availed themselves of that important epoch, the jubilee, to commemorate the virtues of their then beloved, and yet, revered monarch.

A subscription proposed and set on foot for the purpose, was, in a very short time, filled up to the estimated cost, and on the great day of national rejoicing, a grand procession of the Mayor, Common Council,—the various Trades, and associations of the town, with the united Lodges of Freemasons, accompanied by the Military, proceeded to GREAT GEORGE'S-SQUARE, the site chosen to lay the foundation-stone of this splendid monument; but as the situation was greatly confined, and remote from the public haunts of strangers and travellers, it was determined by the committee to remove it to the more desirable one, where it is at present placed, commanding the great entrance into town.

This magnificent work of art, is a copy of the equestrian statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, at Rome: the original stands in the Square in front of the modern capitol of that city, a situation, which from its contracted space, cannot exhibit the colossal dimensions and majestic appearance of the statue to the same advantage, as the open, elevated, and commanding site which has been fixed upon for its erection in Liverpool.

This statue is the production of Westmacott, to whose genius the public are indebted for most modern ornaments of a similar sort. It displays great sculptural erudition, in the drapery, and an intimate acquaintance with the exterior anatomy of the human figure. The artist has happily, and fortunately, represented the right arm extended over the town, which the eminence the monument stands upon, commands, and the hand, as if in the act of bestowing a benediction upon it.

Criticism, however, the lot of eminence in all, in this has not exempted Mr. W. It has been remarked that the plinth is *rather too small*, as the hoof of the horse in front, which is *fixed*, rests on the margin, while that which is *lifted*, extends beyond the extremity,—we have heard some objections also to the apparent nudity of the sovereign whom it is intended to represent, as the artist has chosen the Roman Toga, but which falling, as it does, in graceful folds upon himself and the noble animal which supports him, in other eyes, has a very opposite effect. The whole however is a noble structure, worthy the genius of the artist, the august personage whose name

it commemorates, and altogether excuses the interval of *thirteen years* which the inhabitants of the "*good old town*," occupied in its completion!

Inscription on the south side—

ERECTED
BY

PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

On the north side—
IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE ACCESSION
OF HIS
MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE III.
TO THE THRONE
OF THESE REALMS.

This statue is also of bronze, but of a lighter colour than that of Nelson. The whole expence amounted to nearly £4000, of which the statue alone cost £3000. Its weight is about four tons and a half, and its dimensions are—

Plinth. 6 feet.
Pedestal. 14 —
Statue. 10 —

The Pedestal, formed of Westmoreland Granite, is the workmanship of Mr. Francis Webster, Kendal; and erected by Mr. William Hetherington, Liverpool.

THE LONDON DANDY IN MANCHESTER.

I saw him—he lodged in obscurity—his attendant was a conceited girl in her teens—his breakfast was "*sky blue milk*"—his dinner a small chop—and a friend we designate, *Red-breast*, accompanied him to tea at six, shewed him his flute, played him "*Oh dear what can the matter be*," thought it very pretty, asked him to play it over again—sent scullion for a pint of *sixpenny*, played the Copenhagen Waltz, said he was fond of dancing, that he went to the dancing school—excellent ale comes from the King's Head, too strong to drink much of it—played him the first part of "*Mc. Pherson's farewell*," could not play the second, did not like it, said he would sing him a new song but did not recollect the tune, would do his best—

A little cock sparrow sat up in a tree,
As merry, as merry, as merry could he;
A little boy came with his bow and arrow,
And said he would shoot this little cock sparrow.
Says the little cock sparrow you sha'n't shoot me,
He duttereth his wings and away flew he.

thought it beautiful, asked him to sing it over again—"no—upon my soul—too tired"—Breast good night—had drank too much ale to eat any supper,—ordered scullion to call him at twenty minutes past seven, as he was going to ride Dobbin—thought he had sufficient confidence—The very appearance of the animal gave him boldness—it is what is commonly called a *gal-loway*. As he was putting one foot into the stirrup, it turned round and gave a look at him!—he was disconcerted at its sagacity, and on preparing again to mount, he put his foot in the *wrong* stirrup, upon which he abused the groom for putting the horse in such a position, as to occasion so unaccountable a blunder, at last mounted and off for a pleasant ride up Ardwick—Dobbin in a full walk—tried him at a *trot*—was jolted out of the saddle—pulled up—tried him at a *canter*, could not *come it*, used the whip, but to no purpose—Dobbin stupid—saw his shadow in a milk can—took fright—threw dandy—and bolted over the next hedge—Dandy terrified but not

much hurt—only damage, coat torn and trowsers soiled—tried to catch Dobbin, very frisky, coaxed him with a handful of grass—attempted to mount—Dobbin turned round—gave a milk boy twopence to bring him out of the field and hold him till mounted—thought of mad Martin's motto—

Let those ride hard, who never rode before,
And those who always rode, now ride the more.

too nervous to attempt it, gave Dobbin the reins and let him walk, saw the STOCKPORT DEFENCE coming at full speed and heavily loaded, Dobbin began to caper—held fast by the mane—took both feet out of the stirrups and put them in the leathers—attempted to pull up—stroked Dobbin, but all in vain,

The horse who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

The coach now close at hand—Dobbin capering, wheeled round on his hind legs, and threw Dandy on his neck—Dobbin at full speed on his way home, between a trot and a canter, took fright at three boys galloping their horses loaded with milk cans, and threw Dandy—was stopped by a stone-breaker—Dandy not hurt but determined to mount no more—gave him a pint of sixpenny to lead Dobbin to the Shakespeare—hobbled home—too tired to attend to business—sent an apology to the warehouse, had got the head ache—ordered a bason of water-gruel for his dinner—threw himself on the sofa and went to sleep—waked at half past twelve o'clock rather feverish—tells the family he has had a most horrible dream—that he was playing *Somno* in the Sleep Walker—that his flute was broke, and that that the washerwoman had lost his necks. Enter Henry Slender, who embraces Dandy in the most affectionate and brotherly manner—Slender invites him to the play—"Can't say," said Dandy, "Mr. Red Breast and myself, went some time since to the Theatre Royal—very full house, but did not like the performance—Red Breast and I slept two in a bed at my Lodgings—read him eight pages of Ovid's Art of Love, very small print—called at half past eight o'clock—tea and toast to breakfast—Miss dressed to wait—am going to morrow night to a neighbouring village in my friend's sociable to see a set of players, where there is one who measures two yards high will play the king, and have no doubt I shall be much amused—have bought a pint of peas to shoot through a pop-gun during the performance—excellent sport—when I return will give you a full account. Pray Slender how do you manage to tie your neck cloth on so fashionably? I wear these black stocks because I cannot tie the *Barrel Knot*—I have got a pair of new grey trowsers but the stupid tailor has made them so genteelly tight over the stomach cannot eat my dinner without twitching, always wear my trowsers lined—cannot bear those odious drawers—There is no shoemaker here fit to be employed, have two pair of boots and neither of them fit me—always buy them ready made—expect some game soon from my brother, he went out a shooting last year with a terrier and Mrs. Janet's house dog—excellent dog for barking and putting up the game—killed two sparrows and a goldfinch—am very fond of game but think its very scarce—like pigeons better than any other sort.—What do think of my flute, Slender?" "Its very handsome—will you be kind enough to play me a tune upon it?" He played him "My lodging is in *Leather Lane*, in a parlour next the sky"—thought it very gloomy, could sing

him a song which he had lately heard Red Breast and Tom Shallow sing as a duett—

In Manchester their was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Where'er he went to pray.
And in that town a youth was found,
As many youths there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and bound,
And curs of low degree.
This youth and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The youth to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

Dinner was now announced which put a stop to their conversation, and Slender retired, wishing him much amusement at his intended excursion in the country.—After eating his water-gruel he proceeds to the warehouse, from which he returns at six with Red Breast to tea—Miss dressed in her new black frock, hair curled—Red Breast in high spirits, talked about the York musical festival—tea was now over, and Miss having removed the tray, &c. Dandy read him an anecdote out of Bell's Life in London, which was very amusing—rang the bell, and ordered Scullion to fetch a pint of sixpenny the same as before, excellent ale but very strong—read two more pages—night very dark and rainy—a bad road and a many robberies upon it—Red Breast had stopped longer than he intended, very late, past seven o'clock,—did not like to return himself—was afraid—did not like sleeping two in a bed—no alternative but Dandy must see him home—rings the bell and Dandy's top coat is ordered, which when brought he offers to Red Breast, but is too small wasted—the host thought they had better take a coach, but coaches are very expensive—having wished him good night, and thanking him for his attentions, set off with a trembling step on their destined journey—their courage was a little strengthened by the quantity of people passing and repassing in Piccadilly and Oldham-street, together with the brilliancy of the lamps reflected from the different shop windows—Red Breast now began to expatiate on the utility and advantage of gas, when their attention was arrested by a ballad singer, around whom a large group of persons were assembled listening to the following stanzas—

Benighted were two dandies bold,
And fearful haste they made
To reach the hill of Collyhurst,
And hail the poplar shade.
Their footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still,
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill.

Dandy thought it very plaintive, but the music not well adapted to the words—the concourse of people began to decrease as they advanced up St. George's-road, and the termination of the lamps was now seen, and the dark valley through which they were to pass became visible—no sooner had they reached the valley when fear created three men, they supposed them to be Irishmen, one of them had a large horse pistol in his hand as Dandy thought, but they both ran as hard as they could from what they were sure were three foot pads, as Red Breast is confident he heard one of them cry after them "Stop"—Dandy stuck close to Red Breast, and the palpitation of their hearts was responsive to their sighs—fear had taken such possession of their senses, that every gust of wind appeared as a summons for their departure for another world—when they had arrived within about 200 yards of the plantation, and near the brick-works,

their fears were raised to the highest pitch which imagination can picture, by the noise of something they could not account for—"Stay," says Dandy, "there's a Highwayman! let's turn back and hide ourselves"—the object nearest them—

And once again amidst their fright
They tried what sight could do,
When through the cheating glooms of night
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er they felt,
Came closer on the plain—
They own'd their sins, and down they knelt
And said their pray'rs again.

They remained in this perilous situation for upwards of fifteen minutes, offering up to heaven their prayers for forgiveness, supposing the Devil or some of his agents was come to fetch them, when suddenly the animal, which was an ass, awoke them from their frightful delirium by braying out pardon and absolution to their unhallowed souls—the *York Mail* came up at this moment, upon which they both mounted and reached Red Breast's home in safety, thanking heaven for their kind deliverance—Dandy returned to town the next morning, after having breakfasted at his friend's, and dined at his lodgings upon a sixpenny plate of cold beef and a mashed potatoe, which his hostess had provided for him, and returned the same evening—Dandy and his party now made their way to the theatre, where the play was Douglas—between one of the acts a hand-bill was delivered amongst the audience, announcing "A New Discovery!—a saving of Fifty per cent!—Gentlemen's old Hats covered with silk, rendered water-proof and equal to new at the low price of 12s.—Dandy quite delighted with the play—was never so much amused at any theatre in his life—wished he had brought his flute and played the overture to Tom Thumb—used the pop gun and shot young Norval in the eye during his best speech—could not proceed, made his eye water—was obliged to use his handkerchief—looked more tragical—Red Breast laughed and cried encore—shot again but missed him—thus passed the evening, and after refreshing themselves at the inn repaired to Red Breast's for the night—Dandy returned to town in the morning, and dined at his lodgings upon a plate of liver and bacon.—In the morning the day as before but no horse-back—at night again upon the water-gruel-couch—leaving on his toilette a tender ode to Miss—

Oh Lady, when you press'd my neck,
You sadly crumpled my cravat,
And rubbed from off my cheek the speck
Which I had pasted on so pat.

I love indeed the kiss—tho' pain
It gives my body in those sips;
And pray you when you come again,
Don't take my paint, upon your lips.

FRAGMENT.

—'Tis night,
In solemn grandeur moves the placid orb
Silv'ring the battlements of yon high tow'r
Which frowns indignant 'neath her lucid beams;
The argent stars em'azoning the heav'ns
Throw o'er the ruffled deep their image gay:
Enwapt in silence sleeps the drowsy world—
No sound, no whisper meets the list'ning ear,
Save the low, sullen murmurs of the waves,
Or the wild ravens melancholy wail
From the rude covert of th' impending cliff—
This is thine hour Reflection, this thy seat,
With thee the thought may uncontrolled soar,
Swifter than lightnings scathe, o'er kingdoms roam,
And o'ertake Time upon the breath of Æolus.

Ye waves that dash your white foam to my feet,
Ye ambient waters that with fretful roar
Oft start the sleeper on his lonely couch,
Where wander ye?
Over what scenes of beauty desolated?
What sights terrific hide ye from the view?
What forms that once the flush of beauty wore.
With'er, forgotten, in your secret caves.

Close by the rock with precious stones impearl'd,
The fairest maid the verdant morn ere view'd
Sleeps in her coral cell; the kirtled naiads
Hold her in their care, and oft their silver notes
On the light pauses of the storm are heard
Breathing a strain of sweeter minstrelsy
Than ever zephyr bore to mortal ear:

Where once the shepherd pip'd tending his charge
Gregarious, 'mid verdurous pastures,
Where purling streams sigh'd thro' the tepid day,
And simple maids sought the impervious shade
Exchanged vows of love reciprocal:—

At eventide,
Oft would they dance beneath the moonlight ray,
While age stood by and blest their innocence:
Or neath the canopied trees reclin'd,
Re-late long anecdotes of youth remember'd;
How chang'd is now the once delightful scene,
The verdant lawns, the low, but peaceful, cot,
The shady walk, the neatly wicker'd seat,
Where sat the honor'd forms of garrulous age
Eatom'd within the surge, in ruins lie;
And fancy only can review the spot,
Where late was beauty, innocence and peace!—

On Time's fleet wings how many years have flown
Since thy proud waters Cleopatra bore
Unmatch'd in beauty to her lover's arms?
Never before did thy pellucid breast,
Such greatness bear: the gorgeous panoply
Of surrounding warriors, the Eagle
Proudly pre-eminent flatt'ring on the gale,
The waving robes of beauteous nymphs attending,
While the vast concave of the ethereal vault,
Echo'd the martial strains, that thunder'd now
And now in dulcet harmony met soft
The entranced ear.—

Whence thy rich source immeasurable deep?
Remain'st thou now as when the Eternal hand
From chaos form'd thy depths unfathomable?
Unchang'd as are the ever loving skies,
Or as the moon changing perpetually:
Hath this broad earth we tread on, where smiles 'neath
The bright beams of Porsus, vales, palaces,
And all the vast phenomena of things;
Been thy wide bed?—or is it all an image
In the brain, built by the fairy Fancy
She, who can cities raise from the thin air,
She, the presiding pow'r o'er lover's dreams,
Who fills all nature with her fantasies.
Or is it true—and move we on an earth
Which from the mingled ruins of centuries
Incalculable owes its birth?—

I'll think no more,
For wheresoe'er I turn, I move in mystery.

Oct. 15th, 1823.

N. W. HALCESRISA,

ON NOSES.

A SKETCH IN CHALK.

I love a good nose. I mean not, mind me, a nose of nice olfactory perceptions, but one whose dimensions are respectable, destitute of excrescence, and comely; this I take to be the beau ideal. A fine nose is worth its weight in gold (sterling); and would fetch a premium in any market. It is a universal passport, and carries a man through the world without a penny in his pocket—better than the mystic sign masonic.

A man without a nose—what is he? a man no more! nobody!—nought—nothing—nonentity! Nature abhors him more than a vacuum.

I would not take a noseless man by the hand for the best Bank-note that was ever concocted. I should consider it an eternal disgrace, a stigma, an odium,—the pillory were more glorious. The veriest vermin that grovel in the earth, the minutest insect that flies in the air, the beastliest of beasts, a pair of bellows, a tin tea-kettle, has a nose; and shall man, the lord of all vermin, the prince of brute beasts be without? Hear it not ye little caterpillars! I met such an animal the other day in the vicinage of 'Pothecaries' Hall, whither I was wending for a quarter of a pound of the best Glauber's—I was scandalized—I avoided it as a pestilence—it saved me fourpence halfpenny—I bought no salts—ugh!

I conceive a nose of large dimensions to be a great nose. I do not quibble, gentlemen; what I mean is, that its extension denotes a proportionate comprehensiveness of mind. While I lay this upon the table as a self-evident proposition, it must not be imagined that I throw aside as worthless the variation of its figure. This, though secondary, I believe, is as certainly valuable as the first. When I talk of an expansive nose, I, of course, discard excrescences; an immensity of membrane is a gift without price,—let it run mountains high it cannot be too prodigious. Look at my friend B—; what an exalted proboscis, glorious and gorgeous; mobile, fluttering, instinct with life, and redolent of good things. I have watched it while its master has been luxuriating on the splendour of oration; it absolutely seemed to feel, to its very vertex, the eloquence of the harangue; and, in the manufacture of a diatribe or the pointing of a pungent philippic, I have literally seen it quiver like the vibration of a harp-string, or the undulation of the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil. A man with such a handle must needs be great—his nose would save a nation; yet, for all that, it is far from being beautiful—as we say 'beautiful.' Now regard we that of his competitor, Mr. G—, it is totally and altogether different; it is, in shape, a perfect parallelopipedon, and exhibits to every thinking eye the sound strong solidity of judgment for which he is so remarkable; but we look in vain for that acuteness of discrimination, that vehemence of feeling, that passionate appealing, the power and the plenipotence, the fury and the fire, which characterizes the other! Again, the markings of the mind are generally depicted by corresponding points in the fashion of the nose. Now sharpness of intellect is invariably prognosticated by sharpness of nose; an acute angle would save a man's life in any danger.

I was the other day at the Old Bailey, for instance, when a man was tried for forgery—both the jury and the judge were for many hours bothered with, and involved in all the jargon of a complicated, clashing, and inexplicable evidence. I regarded not the witnesses nor what they swore—I kept my eye steadily fixed on the poor devil's nose. I weighed it well—I examined it, I scrutinized it, took up my pocket-book and made my calculations—I saw that nothing could save him—three days after he was hanged! The pug or nut is my utter detestation—my most insufferable punishment. Besides other improper qualities, it is the rankest hypocrite in the world—I could not trust it were it ever so. I would give a pug-nosed man a pound with all my soul out of charity—but I would not lend him a ninepence if he'd pawn me every inch of muscle on his bones. Yet I never recollect having occasion to distrust the full-bottomed or profusion; it is an invariable

index of an honest-enough disposition, not, mind me, from principle, but generally because the possessor is too lazy at heart, and does not think the exertion required to execute a piece of adroit knavery exactly worth the trouble.

There is a certain description of nose, too, whose outward appearance, though strikingly expressive, and in its structure plain, simple, and little complex, bears but slight indication of its real properties. I allude to that which few men in their proper senses would wish to meet with in a bye-lane: the hatchet or January-nose. It looks sharp and scythe-like, as though it had murderous work in contemplation, and was a-thirst after blood,—one is inclined to almost pity the very air one breathes, so piercingly does it cut its passage through it. How thin, oh! how *t-h-in* it is! Bleak, raw and unreal, it seems but the carcass of a nose, and makes a man shudder—but a tangible vampire!—having just enough blood (and that not visible) to keep it *barely* alive, and yet not sufficiently withered for total extinction—the line of nice distinction, the minute and nearly imperceptible boundary between something and nothing; so that an unwary and unsuspecting person might put forth his hand, and know nothing of its presence till it had cut his fingers. Every body dreads it, all avoid it, yet nobody dare molest it, lest—such a nose is worse than an highwayman—it bodes no good. Look to it—mark it—have no communion with it—I say no more. Somewhat allied to this in shape, but like a humble bee, without its sting, is the moist nose, or slice of sponge, scarcely animate and frittering away in drops, such a thing invariably predicates a coward to all intents and purposes. How different from this is the nose of a valourous man,—if you would find a hero seek for the noble rhombus.

The south-sea or blubber-sneut, when handsomely built is a real treasure, and presents an assemblage of all that is good, rich, and valuable. What a host of good things does not its very name call to mind—of soups and savoury dishes, venison and vintries, turtle and tippling, grease, gravy, grog, and gratulation, boiling, steaming, stewing, roasting, and rumination; frying, fruition, and fricassee. Oh! Oh! Oh! it is a lordly equipage! all hail to thee most venerable blubber! how I do love thee!

If I am spared, I project a few columns to illustrate the ornamental appendages, which characterise 'heav'n's sweetest sweet, yet deadliest darkest curse,' the ladies!—*Perhaps*.—I do not pledge myself!—*Lit. Chron.*

THE TEAR THAT STOOD IN EMMA'S EYE.

The tear that stood in Emma's eye
Did every soft emotion give,
For, oh! the catching sympathy
Bade me to love that I might live:
And the bright drop that linger'd there
Dispell'd the darkness of despair,
While from it beam'd a ray of hope,
And made me snatch of joy the cup.

Oft in the darkness of the night
The trowler from his path does stray,
But when the sun resumes its light,
It guides him on his former way:
So if I ever prove untrue,
Or wander from thy love and reign,
That precious drop once more renew,
And it shall light me back again.

Leeds.

ADOLESCENS.

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK B.—

A TRUE STORY.

Frederick B— was the son of a worthy clergyman in Shropshire, whose situation was not equal to his merit, his living being not more than sixty pounds a year; but he discharged the duties of his function in a most exemplary manner, and derived, from conscious virtue, a degree of happiness, which it is beyond the power of exalted rank or large fortune to bestow. He educated his son with great care, resolving, as he could not give him wealth, to supply that deficiency by cultivating his understanding, and training him to the love and practice of virtue; being decidedly of opinion, that it is not possible for a wise and virtuous man to be unhappy in any situation.

Frederick continued under the care of his father till he was about eighteen; when, it being necessary that he should engage in some business to procure subsistence for himself, he was sent to London, and placed in a merchant's office. Here, notwithstanding that inclination for literature which his education had inspired, he applied himself closely both to the theory and practice of commerce, and made himself eminently useful to his employer, whose confidence he soon acquired. He distinguished himself by that diligence and punctuality which are so important in the mercantile character, and was seldom seen at those fashionable places of levity and dissipation, which are but too numerous in the capital and its neighbourhood. He did not, however, entirely confine himself to the drudgery of business: he allowed himself hours of relaxation, and was not without his pleasures; but they were moderate and rational, nor attended with much expence. He often quoted the observation of a sensible writer, that, "the most exquisite, as well as the most innocent of all enjoyments, are such as cost us least; reading, fresh air, good weather, and the beauties of nature. These afford a very quick relish while they last, and leave no remorse when over."

Thus did Frederick pass his time, either diligently engaged in business, or amusing himself by such relaxations as were not unworthy of a reasonable being; when his tranquillity was disturbed by a circumstance, which, though it was not unattended with pleasing sensations, was the source of much disquiet. Mr. T., his master, had an only daughter, who, during the time Frederick had been in London, was almost always at school, or with an aunt in the country, so that he had not many opportunities of seeing her. But she now came to reside wholly with her father, who had been a widower some years. She was a most amiable and accomplished young lady, about nineteen years of age; and, though not a perfect beauty her features were extremely agreeable, and her whole figure was uncommonly engaging.

In consequence of Frederick's situation, he could not avoid seeing Miss T. frequently; and it is dangerous for young people of different sexes to be too much with each other. The young lady soon made a deep impression on his heart; and she, on her part, was not long before she entertained a passion for Frederick, who was tall and well shaped: and, to good sense and a polished understanding, added a degree of vivacity, which seldom fails to recommend a young man to the notice of the female sex, and to make him an object of their favour.

Frederick's consciousness of the state of his own heart gave him much uneasiness. He was

sensible, that, from the disparity of their fortunes, there was little reason to suppose that Mr. T. would encourage his pretensions: and he had so strong a sense of honour, not to be hurt by the thought of acting ungenerously to a man who had behaved to him with so much kindness. He therefore laboured to suppress his passion; but a powerful attachment to a fine woman is not easily confined within the rules of reason. In consequence of their frequent intercourse, though both endeavoured, for a long time, to conceal their sentiments from each other, they at length came to an explanation. They acknowledged their mutual regard for each other; and Frederick declared, with all the ardour of a youthful passion, that he should prefer the mere necessities of life, in a cottage, with her, to the greatest affluence with any other woman: but professed at the same time, that it gave him extreme pain to reflect, that he could not solicit her affection, without giving just umbrage to her father, to whom he confessed he was under great obligations, and whom he therefore could not think of injuring or offending: and Miss T., on her part, avowed her attachment to Frederick, with all the warmth which the delicacy of her sex would permit; but declared her resolution of never marrying without the consent of her father.

It happened, that there was a clerk who lived with Mr. T. who professed, though insincerely, a great friendship for Frederick. His name was G—; and he had a very high opinion of his own personal accomplishments, and, therefore beheld with envy the preference which he plainly saw Miss T. gave to Frederick. As he never had been treated with the same distinction by Mr. T. that Frederick had, he never enjoyed the opportunity of freely conversing with the young lady: he had, however, seen and learnt enough from the servants of the house, (a class of people who are always inquisitive in such matters) to be assured that an intimacy actually subsisted between Miss T. and Frederick. He knew that Frederick's fortune would not entitle him to an alliance with Miss T.: and if the lady was inclined to connect herself with one who was so much her inferior in that respect, G.'s vanity suggested to him, that she would have shown more penetration if she had bestowed her affections upon him, rather than on Frederick. Envy is an uneasy and restless passion; and it now stimulated G. to lay hold of every opportunity which offered itself, of privately injuring Frederick in the opinion of Mr. T.; and soon went so far as to hint to that gentleman that Frederick entertained improper designs upon his daughter. Finding Mr. T. was alarmed at this suggestion, he proceeded farther, and related so many circumstances, some true, and some false, to prove the reality of a close intimacy between Frederick and Miss T. that Mr. T. not only gave thorough credit to it, but also believed from several particulars which G. had artfully and malignantly thrown into his account of the matter, that Frederick had used some dishonourable tricks to gain the affections of the young lady. Being thus exasperated at the supposed ungenerous behaviour of Frederick, he hastened to his daughter, and taxed her with carrying on a clandestine amour with him, without the knowledge of a father, by whom she had always been treated with the utmost kindness. The conviction which the young lady shewed at this charge confirmed all the suspicions of Mr. T., and being much enraged, he sent a note to Frederick, in which he informed him that he did not choose to have any farther connexion with him, and desired him immediately to quit the house; but

could he be prevailed upon to hold any converse with him on the cause of his sudden discharge.

Frederick was grieved that a man he esteemed, and of whose former favours he retained a grateful sense, should manifest so extraordinary a displeasure; but it may easily be conceived, that he felt still more severely his unexpected separation from the object of his affections. His reason dictated to him that he should withdraw himself from an attachment wherein there were such obstacles to success; but his heart, at the same time, told him with how much pain every effort for that purpose would be attended. He had not been able to learn by what means Mr. T. had been so much exasperated against him; he imagined, indeed, that he had been informed of the intimacy between him and his daughter; but, of the arts which had been contrived to place his conduct in the worst point of view, he had no suspicion; G. having desired Mr. T. not to mention from whom he derived his intelligence, a request with which that gentleman had complied.

After a few weeks had elapsed, Frederick entered into the service of another merchant of eminence, as a principal clerk; an employment which the character he had acquired at Mr. T.'s, for integrity and dexterity in business, enabled him easily to obtain. In the mean time, he and Miss T. found means sometimes to correspond with each other; she had been extremely afflicted at his removal from her father's house; and their separation, instead of abating, seemed to increase the ardour of their mutual affection. Neither of them had any suspicion of the treachery of G., who still pretended to have a great friendship for Frederick, for which he had very good reasons: he united in his character, to all the cunning of a designing knave, the extravagance of a rake, and the profligacy of a gambler; and in the straits to which he occasionally brought himself by his vices, he sometimes found Frederick very useful to him, which was the true source from which all his pretended friendship took its rise.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO STELLA.

Oh turn away thine eyes so bright,
And grant to me this one desire;
Or close them ever from my sight,
Nor wound me thus with darts of fire:
Is it thy aim my heart to kill,
That fly those shafts from beauty's eye?
No, 'tis against thy tender will,
'Tis spiteful fate would have me die!

Sweet is thy kiss, the honey'd sweet,
That dwells upon the ruby lip
For angels cups alone 'tis meet,—
Thou giv'st me nectar—there to sip.
Then turn those neck'rons lips away,
Thou drown'st me in ambrosial breath,
Yet would I ever ever stay
To die by thee so sweet a death.

When fetter'd in thy magic clasp
Of love, reclining on thy breast,
I own the sweet o'erpowering grasp,
And in thy arms alone am blest;
Let me no more thy love partake,
For I shall die by its excess;
Be dead to all, to thee awake,
My life, my soul, my happiness!

Leads. ADOLESCENS.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

THE SWISS GUIDE.

By Robert Southey, Esq.

* * On Mr. Southey's Guide quitting him, he asked the Poet for a character; when Mr. Southey presented him with the following humorous verses; in consequence of which, and being in the hand-writing of so celebrated a character, John Roth, the Swiss Guide, has become very popular, being inquired for by all English travellers. S. X.

By my troth, this John Roth
Is an excellent Guide;
A joker—a smoker—
And a savant beside.

A Geolician, a Metaphysician,
Who searches how causes proceed;
A system-inventer, an experimenter,
Who raises potatoes from seed.

Each forest and dell, he knoweth full well,
The Châteaux, and dwellers therein;
The mountains, the fountains, the ices, the prices,
Every town, every village, and inn.

Take him for your guide, he has often been tried,
And will always be useful when needed;
In fair or foul weather, you'll be merry together,
And shake hands at parting as we did.

A EULOGY ON BROTH.

Being an Imitation or Parody of the above Verses.

BY A LADY.

On my troth, this same Broth
Is an excellent thing;
'Tis strength'ning—life leagthening
'Tis food for a king!

Of its merits pray think, it is meat, it is drink,
'Tis the essence of animal food;
The palate it charms, the system it warms,
And cheers without heating the blood.

Take this for your lunch, it is better than punch,
Than ale, or the juice of the vine;
For the blood of the grape turns a man to an ape,
Ale and punch, to an ass or a swine.

Then let me advise, be merry and wise,—
For that is an excellent rule;
In frost and in snow, Broth will make your heart glow,
Yet keep your head perfectly cool.

But to make this good stuff, you must have *quantum suff.*
Of meat—for observe, I don't jest, Sir,
If you've nothing but bones, they're no better than stones,
Though stew'd in a patent digester.

Then take a good slice, of beef that is nice,
Or mutton that's very well fed;
Though you shiver and shake, thus a cordial you'll make,
That will cause you to sing in your bed.

VOLUNTARY BURNING OF HINDOO WIDOWS.

We copy the following narrative by Mr. Cruso, who was an eye-witness to the horrid spectacle of self-immolation, from a vast number of other documents of the same shocking nature, printed by order of the House of Commons.

"Poona, the 24th July, 1786.—This evening, about five, I was hastily called to be a spectator of the shocking ceremony of self-devotion, sometimes practised amongst the Brahmin females, on the death of their husbands.

"Soon after I and my conductor had quitted the house, we were informed, the statue (for that is the name given to the person who so devotes herself) had passed, and her track was marked by the goolol and betel leaf, which she had scattered as she went along. She had reached the mootah, which runs close under town, before we arrived, and having performed her last ablutions, was sitting at the water's edge. Over

her head was held a punker, an attendant fanned her with a waving handkerchief, and she was surrounded by her relations, a few friends, and some chosen Brahmins, the populace being kept aloof by a guard from government. In this situation, I learn from good authority, she distributed among the Brahmins two thousand rupees, and the jewels with which she came decorated, reserving only as is usual on these occasions, a small ornament in her nose, called mootee (perhaps from a pearl or two on it), and a bracelet of plain gold on each wrist. From her posture I could see only her hands, which, with the palms joined, rose above her head, in an attitude of invocation; quitting, therefore, this post, I removed to an eminence, that gave me an opportunity of observing the construction of the funeral pile, and commanded the pathway by which I understood she would approach it.

"The spot, chosen for its erection, was about forty paces from the river, and directly fronting the suttee. When I came up, the frame only was fixed; it consisted of four uprights, each about ten feet asunder lengthways, and under six in breadth. Soon after, by ropes fastened near the top of the uprights, was suspended a roof of rafters, and on it, again, heaped as many billets as it would bear. Beneath, arose a pile of more substantial timbers, to the height of about four feet, which was covered over with dry straw and bushes of a fragrant and sacred shrub, called toolsee; the sides and one end being then filled up with the same materials, the other extremity was left open as an entrance. The melancholy preparations completed, the lady got up, and walked forward, unsupported, amidst her friends. She approached the door-way, and then having paid certain devotions, retired a few yards aside, and was encircled as before. The dead body was brought from the bank where it had hitherto remained, close to the place the suttee lately sat on, and laid upon the pile, and with it several sweetmeats and a paper bag, containing either flour or dust of sandal. The widow arose and walked three times slowly round the pile; then seating herself opposite the entrance, on a small square stone, constantly used in such cases, on which two feet were rudely sketched, she received and returned the endearments of her companions with great serenity. This over, she again stood up, and having stroked her right hand, in the fondest manner, over the heads of a favoured few, gently inclining her person towards them, she let her arms fall round their necks in a faint embrace, and turned from them. Now, with her hands, indeed, held up to heaven, but with her poor eyes cast, in a gaze of total abstraction, deep into the den of anguish that awaited her, she stopped awhile—a piteous statue! At length, without altering feature, or the least agitation of her frame, she ascended by the door-way, unassisted, and, lying down beside her husband's corpse, gave herself, in the meridian of life and beauty, a victim to a barbarous and cruelly consecrated error of misguided faith. As soon as she entered, she was hid from our view by bundles of straw with which the aperture was closed up, and all the actors in this tragic scene seemed to vie with each other who should be most forward in hurrying it to a conclusion. At once, some darkened the air with a cloud of goolol, some darting their hatchets at the suspending cords, felled the laden roof upon her, and others rushed eagerly forward to apply the fatal torch. Happily, in this moment of insufferable agony, when the mind must have lost her dominion, and the ear expected to be pierced by the unavailing cries of nature, the welcome din of the trumpet broke forth from every quarter.

"When the conflagration took place, and not till then, it was fed, for a time, with large quantities of ghee thrown by the nearest kin; but, except the toolsee and straw before mentioned, no combustible whatever that I either saw or could hear of, was used in preparing the pile. It is said to be the custom, that, as the suttee ascends the pile, she is furnished with a lighted taper, to set fire to it herself, and my companion, who was a Brahmin, asserted, that in this instance it was the case; but I traced the whole progress of the ceremony with so close and eager an attention, that I think I may safely contradict him.

"As curiosity may be expected to know something of the subject of this terrible, though not uncommon, immolation, I have collected the following particulars:

"The lady's name was Toolseboy, her husband's Ragaboy Tauntee. He was about thirty years old, and nephew to Junaoboy Daddah, a person of distinction in this place. A little girl, about four years of age, the fruit of their union, survives them. Toolseboy was nineteen, her stature above the middle standard, her form elegant, and her features interesting and expressive; her eyes, in particular, large, bold, and commanding. At the solemn moment in which alone I saw her, these beauties were eminently conspicuous, notwithstanding her face was discoloured with turmeric, her hair dishevelled and wildly ornamented with flowers; and her looks, as they forcibly struck me throughout the ceremony, like those of one whose senses wandered; or, to come nearer the impression, whose soul was already fleeing and in a state of half-separation from the body."

HEROISM.

The plague raged more violently than ever in Marseilles. Every link of affection was broken, the father turned from the child, the child from the father: cowardice, ingratitude, no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled in a body at the *Hôtel de Ville*, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develop, — an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself to the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy religion can inspire, acted up to his words. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made a will, dictated by justice and piety; he confessed, and in the middle of the night received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house within four and twenty hours: Guyon at day-break shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, never had he felt more firm or more collected: kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, "Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the sacred cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy — thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired." He began, — he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers in a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazzaretto, where he died in twelve hours — a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who to save his country rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army. — *La Peste de Marseilles, by Madame de Genlis.*

BUTLER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For vent'ring to disclose a flame
It had so long suppressed.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

SORAPIANA.

Q. Who were those that found not a Physician living, but to raise them, being dead?

A. Christ, Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son, Eutychus, Dorcas and others.

Q. Who were those that once lived, and never died? *A. Henoch and Elias.*

Q. Who was he that died and was not born? *A. Adam.*

Q. Who was but once born, and twice died?

A. Lazarus.

Q. Who was he that spake after death?

A. Abraham to the rich glutton.

Q. Who were spoken of before they were born?

A. Ishmael, Isaac, Josias, Cyrus, and John the Baptist.

Q. Who prophesied before his birth?

A. John Baptist, in the womb of his mother; of whom St. Austin saith, that having not seen the Heaven nor the Earth, yet he knew the Lord of both.

Q. Who was he that was older than his mother?

A. Christ: to which purpose the Poet thus ingeniously addeth:

Behold: the Father is the Daughter's son,
The Bird that built his nest is hatch'd therein:

The old of time, an hour hath not out-run,
Eternal life to live doth now begin."

Q. Who, in seeking for his father's asses, found a kingdom? *A. Saul.*

ANTIPATHIES.

"I hate the dim and waning light of even,

For that's the hour when happy lovers stray—

I hate the moon, for she looks down from heaven

On their curst vows—I hate the month of May—

For she contraptures the preceding seven

In smiles and tears—I hate the new-mown hay,

When gather'd into cocks, for Tristram Merton

And that young mixx, Miss Roseamond, to flirt on.

"I hate the richness of Ione's tresses—

I hate the flashes of her quick bright eye—

I hate young girls, except in ancient dresses—

I hate a snowy bosom bitterly—

I hate each sigh that heaves, each smile that blesses

Fond, foolish hearts—I hate to laugh or cry—

I hate all sorts of freedom, mirth, and ease—

In short, I'm made up of antipathies."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN PARRY.

The lovers of science have to deplore the return of this enterprising navigator from the Arctic Regions without having accomplished the hopes he had so sanguinely entertained; but we may be assured that all which human skill could effect, or ingenuity could devise, has been put into action for this great end. It is more than probable now, that the question as to a passage into the Pacific is for ever put to rest. Heaven seems here to have set a limit to the ingenuity of man, leaving him no other reflection than that of the Creator's immeasurable power, and incomprehensible perfections.

H. M. Ships Griper and Hecla arrived at Whitby on Thursday the 16th inst., and Captain Parry with the astronomer of the expedition set off in a post chaise and four for London, where they arrived on Saturday night.

In 1821 the expedition explored Repulse Bay, Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, Middleton's Frozen Strait, and that neighbourhood, and, finding no passage to the Northward and Westward, wintered in the southern bay of an island, called Winter Island, in lat. 66° 11', long. 83°.

In 1822, the expedition, guided and encouraged by the information they had received, during the winter, from a party of Esquimaux with whom they had estab-

lished a friendly intercourse, pursued their attempt to the Northward, and examined all inlets towards the West, till they arrived at a strait which separates the Northern Coast of America from what Captain Parry considers to be clusters of islands, extending Northward towards the scene of his former voyage.

The great object of ascertaining the northern limit of the Continent being thus accomplished, Captain Parry penetrated two degrees to the Westward, with considerable expectation of final success; but, in a narrow part of the strait, they found the ice fixed in that peculiar manner which indicates that it is PERPETUAL, AND NOT SEPARATED IN ANY SEASON, OR UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. The expedition was, therefore, obliged to winter in latitude 69° 20', longitude 81° 50'.

In the summer of this year, finding the ice still fixed to the shores, in such a manner as precluded all hope of any further progress in the neighbourhood in which he was, Captain Parry thought it advisable to give up the attempt, and return to England.

The point to which Captain Parry penetrated, on this occasion, was not, we understand, nearly so far to the north as the spot where he formerly wintered, nor much farther, indeed, than Captain Franklin was able to reach by land. The ships, after leaving Hudson's Bay, were carried along by an immense current of drift ice for about two hundred and fifty miles, in imminent danger every moment of being crushed to pieces, and then stuck fast amid the solid waste. Here they remained immovably locked up, and almost despairing of again revisiting old England, till exactly a month ago, when the ice broke up, and they were enabled to effect their escape. No sooner, however, did the vessels again plough the deep than new dangers awaited them. A violent storm came on, in which the vessels, much injured by being so long locked up in the ice, had nearly perished; and during their whole passage home they have encountered the most tempestuous weather.

While locked up in the ice, the ships were visited by some parties of Esquimaux, who remained with them a long time, residing in snow-houses, which they constructed for themselves in the vicinity. On one occasion, these people brought to the ship two barrel staves, which, they gave Captain Parry to understand, they had procured from two vessels, which were at their beam-ends at about 150 miles distant.

Captain Parry (as we understood our informant) sent out a party in search of these wrecks, who reported that the vessels were English whalers, of the crews of which they could find no trace.

Although the expedition has proved abortive, as far as regards its main object, yet, from the intelligence of its commander and officers, and other gentlemen employed under him, we have no doubt that science will be considerably benefited by the many interesting observations which they must have made during their long stay in the Polar regions.

The expedition has lost by illness, only Mr. Fyfe, the Greenland master, and three seamen, and one man killed by an accident.

FINE ARTS.

We presume such of our readers as are admirers of the Fine Arts, will be gratified to learn that Mr. FOSTER, the ingenious Artist, whose merits as a proficit were so generally admitted when he last visited Manchester, thirteen years since, is again among us: he has been in Bridge-street for some time; but has removed near the Mosley's Arms, where we have just seen specimens that convince us Mr. F.'s merit and experience, since his former visit here, have so far availed him in the way of improvement as a proficit, as not merely to do infinite credit, but to render him at this time pre-eminently superior to all competitors in that pleasing art, which he has so long and so successfully practised. These observations we apply more particularly to the extremely high and delicate finishing, so conspicuous in Mr. F.'s bronzed profiles, his professional abilities we have witnessed with extreme satisfaction, and can assure our readers that the superior correctness and elegance of his performances, are such as cannot fail to please those who may inspect them, and we are confident our generous and judicious amateurs, will not withhold their liberal patronage from so much merit, as

this ingenious professor of the art evidently possesses: particularly in this esteemed line of his practice, which is calculated to supercede the more costly, and less accurate modes of delineation.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is painting well.
No kind of work requires so nice a touch
And if well finished, nothing shines so much,
The spirit which inspires the work throughout
Is that of nature, moves the world about,
A flame that glows, amidst conception fit
Even something of divine, and more than wit.
Tis hard to write on such a subject more
Without repeating things oft said before.

CRITICISM.

ORTHOEPY.

MR. EDITOR.—The excellent strictures made by your correspondent S. X. in retarding and exposing the multifarious and absurd innovations which are copiously creeping into our language, under the head "Orthography," encourage me to trouble you with a few lines regarding the *orthoepy* of the *Latin language* in England and Scotland. I would beg of S. X. (or any other correspondent) having studied the various intricacies of our own language, which is getting more indissolubly connected with the Latin daily, if not hourly, to say, whether of the two forms now in use of Latin orthoepy is the more consistent with the ancient Roman dialect—that of Scotland or England; taking the Augustan age as a criterion for the primitive purview of the Latin? It must be of as great importance to the learned linguist, whether in argumentation or exposition, to know the genuine pronunciation (at least the nearest to perfection of those in use) of the Latin tongue, as well as of the Greek or French languages.

It is singular to observe what difference prevails in the orthoepy of the dead languages in general in the two countries: a Scotchman pronouncing Latin to an English critic would be completely condemned for his broad *long*, and energetic application of the vowels, if not completely put out of countenance by the strange coxtecture of the visible organs of the hearer! an Englishman on the other hand, would, on reading Latin in Scotland, be told that he was *reading his own language* and not that of the Romans! or that his affectation counterbalanced every acquisition in learning!—The English no doubt have modernised the Latin pronunciation to the technical rules of their own language; as indeed they do so with every language of which they can get hold; preferring fluency and contraction to primitive and systematical arrangements. It is an old, but not altogether unjust saying, that whatever word an Englishman speaks, and of what language soever, he insensibly forms it to the idiomatical phraseology of his mother tongue; thus proving that old proverb that "he is as much attached to his language as his country."

Mr. Walker, in the preface to his critical Dictionary, says, "it is highly probable that the Scotch have retained the old English pronunciation; from which the English themselves have departed;" and Dr. Hicks has observed many years ago, that the Scotch *saxonized* in their language much more than the English; nor can it be doubted that England received many innovations in its dialect from its situation and commercial intercourse with the continent, which could never extend to Scotland, from its remoteness and less liability to be visited by foreigners. The greatest difference prevails in the sound of the vowels *a, e, i, o*, particularly *a* and *i*: a few words as they are pronounced by the learned of both nations will ultimately exemplify this difference.—If we mark the English pronunciation thus—*a, e, i, o, u*; and that of Scotland in its vowels *æ, æ, e, o, u*; we shall perceive that the words *amari*—*amatum*—*amare*, are in English orthoepy—*amari*—*amatum*—*amare*; and in Scotland, *awmo*—*awmaure*—*awmautum*; again, *arma* *virumque* *cano*, in England is *arma* *virumque* *kano*, in Scotland *armaw* *verumkwan* *kano*, &c.—There is an anecdote recorded of the celebrated *Grotius*, in Mr. Walker's key to classical pronunciation;—A Scotchman addressed *Grotius* in Latin, when the latter, instead of returning the salutation, turned round and in a different language, begged to be excused conversing with the gentleman, not having had the honour of learning the language of

the natives of Scotland! Mr. Walker concludes, "how much more unintelligible would an Englishman be, when the great *Grotius* could not understand a Scotchman!" The Scotch contend that we positively miscall such names as *Plato*, *Cato*, &c. when we pronounce them with the slender sound of the vowel *a*. I heard a Scotch schoolmaster once chide a pupil abruptly for saying that *Cato* fell upon his own sword in *Utica*—"No such thing, says Domini Sampson, it was *Cawto* that killed himself there; and if he were to rise from the dead he should laugh at more than three-fourths of the nation, and call them no better than mere school-boys for thus miscalling him."

Being involved in frequent little disputes relative to this question, I beg you may give insertion to these few lines, that some of your more learned correspondents may throw additional light on the subject.

I am, &c.

Liverpool, 1823.

GRAMMATICUS.

[There is a like difference between England and Ireland arising from the pronunciation of the letter *t*, as there is between this kingdom and Scotland in the letter *a*; which often makes a conversation in that language difficult, the Irish giving to the letter the Italian softness.—*c*.—ED.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

SEA SERPENT.

In Vol. 1, Pages 13 and 37 of the *Iris* we have given some details of that extraordinary marine animal, the Sea Serpent.—The following interesting extract is from the "Travels Through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North Cape, in the Summer of 1820. By A. De Capell Brooke, A. M."

"It made its appearance for the first time in the month of July, 1819, off Otersund. Previous to this he had often heard of the existence of these creatures, but never before believed it. During the whole of that month the weather was excessively sultry and calm; and the serpent was seen every day. It continued while the warm weather lasted, lying motionless, and as if dozing in the sun-beams.—This part of his account reminded me of the monster of the deep, so finely described by Milton,

"Or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swims the ocean stream
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays."

Parad. Lost. l. 138.

"The number of persons living on the island, he said, was about thirty; the whole of whom, from motives of curiosity, went to look at it while it remained. This was confirmed to me by subsequent inquiries among the inhabitants, who gave a similar account of it. The first time that he saw it, he was in a boat, at the distance of about 200 yards. The length of it he supposes to have been about 300 ells, or 600 feet. Of this he could not speak accurately; but it was of very considerable length; and longer than it appeared, as it lay in large coils above the water to the height of many feet. Its colour was grayish. At the distance at which he was, he could not ascertain whether it were covered with scales; but when it moved, it made a loud crackling noise, which he distinctly heard. Its head was shaped like that of a serpent; but he could not tell whether it had teeth or not. He said it emitted a very strong odour; and that the boatmen were afraid to approach near it, and looked on its coming as a bad sign, as the fish left the coast in consequence."

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

MISS HAMMERSLEY.—The following account of Miss Hammersley so precisely tallies with our own opinion, which we have, out of esteem to that lady, repeatedly and personally represented to her, that we do not hesitate to give it from *The Examiner*, without alteration or comment of our own.

"On Thursday Evening we attended the representation of *The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Miller's Maid*,

supplying the only absolute novelties in the week, and those of course in the way of *casts* only. In the opera, we had the pleasure of hearing Miss HAMMERSLEY, for the first time, in the character of the Countess Almaviva. This lady, without approaching perfection, is a considerable musical acquisition. Her voice possesses considerable extent and capability; and some of the higher notes are peculiarly sweet and delightful. Her chief deficiency seems to be the power of articulation, and of voluntary and correct modulation; but there appears to be nothing wanting which, with a voice of such volume and flexibility, is not to be acquired. She gave the air of *Voi che sapete* with great taste, feeling, and judgment, and executed her part in the exquisite duet with Miss TREES, and the bravura in the third act, not only with credit, but occasionally with masterly execution and brilliancy. In short, if Miss HAMMERSLEY is *progressive* in mind and acquirement, much, indeed, is to be expected; if not, as a singer, she will be of qualified merit, but respectable. So much depends upon this point, we think it unnecessary to add any thing more until it be decided. This as a singer. As an actress, Miss HAMMERSLEY is *provincial*, which is simply saying that her deportment is stiff and conventional, like the tuition of a maiden aunt, which defect, we doubt not, will soon submit to the salutary collision of the Covent-Garden Green-Room.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SALFORD WATCHMEN.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—As a stranger, I should be sorry to censure any thing in the civil government of this ancient part of the town; and if I am in error, I hope to be corrected in your next; as however, such mistake is not connected with the conclusion I wish to arrive at, I shall proceed.—

I believe there are few, if any watchmen for the protection of persons or property in the township of Salford; at least for a period of several months residence there, I have neither heard nor seen any.

A little while ago, on a beautifully moonlight-night, the whole neighbourhood where my domicile is fixed, were roused from their beds by the shoutings and vociferations of a woman, who had from some cause or other not joined her loving husband in his humble cell. As he refused her admittance, she proceeded to demolish every pane, and having done so, passed herself through with the agility of a cat, and in an instant the man, in almost a state of nudity, made his escape from the earthly abode followed by his indignant spouse, who was allaying the fire of his indignation within, by pouring a repeatedly filled vessel of water upon him without.

A contest now took place of considerable ferocity, and not one of the many protruding spectators attempted to interfere between the enraged belligerents—nor yet any officer of the night. "And what," I called out to some brother spectators in the opposite windows, "have you no watchmen here?"

Sir, his reply ought to be recorded—it was delivered in the real Lancashire phraseology, and was, "Yoy! oy think we're aw WATCHMEN!"

Sir, Yours, PACIFICUS.

VARIETIES.

BACKWARDNESS OF PHYSIC.—An English nobleman, walking through the New Town of Edinburgh, in company with the Honourable Henry Erskine, remarked how odd it was that St. Andrew's church should so greatly project, whilst the Physicians' Hall immediately opposite, equally receded. Mr. Erskine admitted, "That George's-Street would have been, without exception, the finest street in Europe, if the forwardness of the clergy, and the backwardness of the physicians, had not marred its uniformity."

INTREPIDITY.—Admiral Boscawen obtained the name of Old Dreadnought in the Spanish war, when captain of the Glory Frigate.—The captain had retired to rest early in the evening and was awoke by his first lieutenant announcing to him that two vessels of war one Spanish and one French (the smallest of superior force to the Glory) were close upon them, adding,

"What shall we do, Sir?" "Do!" cried the captain starting up, "why, Sir, fight them to be sure." He instantly came on deck in his shirt, made the necessary preparations, and in that state fought them nearly two glasses, when they sheered off under cover of the night.

A NEW CATECHISM.—The system of drilling children to a regular and set practice, by which they are made to *astonish*, but never left to *profit*, though happily now grown much into disuse by the introduction of *wiser* systems, is nevertheless often resorted to by the ignorant, or indolent, teacher. A Tyro of this description being anxious to redeem a declining popularity, invented a *new Catechism*, and by placing his pupils in a regular order to receive the monotonous round of questions, so far as to perfect them, resolved to have a *feld day* before their friends. This catechism commenced by asking, who do you believe in first—secondly—thirdly? to which several questions the answers given were of course the persons of the Trinity; it happened, however, on the day of exhibition, that the second boy from some cause or other, was absent, and the master in the hurry of *marshalling* his ranks, had not observed him; just, however, as the pedagogue had asked the first question, the missing boy dropped in, and took his place at the extremity of all—the first boy questioned, audibly and correctly replied by saying—"In God the Father!" "Secondly whom do you believe in?" "In God the HOLY GHOST," said the lad. Here was an error with a vengeance—it was indeed his *usual answer*, but it was not his *regular question*. Exhausted at this early defeat, the master raised his voice to a tone of positive demand—"I say, Sir, in whom do you *secondly* believe?" "In God the Holy Ghost," the boy still persisted. "What, Sir," cried he with rage, "do not you believe in God the Son?" "No, Sir," cried the innocent lad pointing to the end of the ranks, "but yonder other boy does!!!"

DOMESTIC FELICITY.—A little while ago no less than seven women appeared at our New Bailey Court-house, for warrants for their husbands, and the writer of this paragraph must confess, whatever had been the provocation, they bore evident marks of the *striking* displeasure of their husbands. It was in vain that the sitting magistrate, the Rev. C. W. Ethelston, humanely entreated them, one by one, to "go home and make friends; but the seventh woman yielding more to his praiseworthy remonstrances, the Rev. magistrate followed up his charitable advice, and as she was retiring said to her, "Rely upon it you will not repent my counsel, and remember that in all cases of domestic turmoil, a *dishonourable peace* is better than an *honourable war*."

LONG MEMORIES.—The late Dr. Darwin was remarkable for an excellent memory, and the following instance of it has been related. Riding one day down a private lane, and having to pass through a gate to a gentleman's house, where the doctor was going to dine, it was opened by a man whom he happened to know. Thinking, perhaps, of his own dinner, he asked the man if he liked eggs—"John, are you fond of eggs?" The man answered, "Yes, Sir." But the gate, in returning to its place, happening to strike against the doctor's knee, put an end to the colloquy. About seven years afterwards, the doctor was passing through the same gate, which was opened, as before, by the same man. The doctor recollecting the circumstance which took place on his former visit, said to the man, "How, John?" To which he promptly replied, "Poached, Sir." A proof that the man's memory was at least on a par with the doctor's.

Another anecdote has been related of the Doctor, mentioned in the preceding article, which shows at least his ingenuity in the art of substituting one word, of nearly the same sound, for another which he had unguardedly used to one of his female patients.—

Calling upon a lady, one day, whom he had but recently visited, he inquired after her health. The lady answered, "Why, doctor, I don't think I am quite as well as I was the last time you were here. I believe I have taken a little cold." "Indeed, Madam; have you been out?" "Why, yes, Sir; but I have only been to church." "To church, Madam! O! that d—d church!" hastily exclaimed the doctor.—The lady was not a little shocked, and expressed some very natural

surprise on the occasion; doubting, however, whether she had heard correctly the epithet which he had applied to the sacred edifice.—"I was only observing, Madam," said the doctor, "that it was probably that damp church which had been the occasion of the cold you have taken, and might have brought on the symptoms of which you now complain."

KILL MYSELF.—In this county it is usual, at Christmas, for the farmers to kill each a sheep for their own use; on which occasion, when the butchers inquire if they want any meat against Christmas, the usual reply is, "Nay, I think not, I think o' *killing myself*." Last Christmas, a butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance, in the usual manner, saying, "Will ye want a bit a meat, or ye'll *kill yersell*, this Christmas?" "I kna not," replied the farmer, "whether I *ae kill myself* or take a side o' my faither.—*Westmoreland Gazette*."

GLASGOW NEW MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—A secession has taken place from the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow, and a subscription been entered into for a new institution for the instruction of the mechanics. Three hundred and seventy-four individuals have subscribed from half a guinea to a guinea each, a good library has been selected, and offers have been made, from several scientific men, of lectures and apparatus for the new institution.

The following was lately proposed by a French gentleman as an inscription for a gambling house.

"Caverne à l'avarice ouverte,
Où l'on court le danger certain :
D'être ruiné par la perte,
Ou dishonoré par le gain."

A poetical translation is requested.

A COURT OF JUSTICE IN THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.—(Zainsville, Ohio.)—At noon I roamed into the Supreme Court, where I saw my new friend, the Supreme Judge, Wilson, on the bench, in the midst of three rustic, dirty-looking, associate Judges, all robeless, and dressed in coarse drab, domestic, homespun coats, dark silk handkerchiefs round their necks, and otherwise not superior in outward appearance to our low pen-farmers in England. Thus they sat, presiding with ease and ability over a bar of plain talkative lawyers, all robeless, very funny and conversational in their speeches, manners, and conduct; dressed in plain box-coats, and sitting with their feet and knees higher than their noses, and pointing obliquely to the bench of Judges: thus making their speeches, and examining and cross-examining evidence, at a plain long table, with a brown earthen jug of cold water before them, for occasionally wetting their whistles, and washing their quid-stained lips: all, judges, jury, counsel, witnesses, and prisoners, seemed free, easy, and happy. The Supreme Judge is only distinguished from the rest by a shabby blue threadbare coat, dirty trowsers, and unblacked shoes. Thus sat all other Lordships, freely and frequently chewing tobacco, and appearing as uninterested as could be. Judge Wilson is, however, a smart intelligent man, rather jocular, and I think kind-hearted.—*Faus's Journal*.

ANECDOTE.—A cornish clergyman, having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London *limb of the law*, to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. In one excursion, as the professional gentleman was descending the deep shaft, by means of a rope which he held in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that of the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the Divine, "but let go your hold and you'll be there in a minute."

IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.—The *Yankees* are well known to be fond of playing off their wit at the expense of British travellers, and this was attempted upon an young Irishman in various ways, who, a stranger in the country, had occasion to make many enquiries, which always were contrived to be so answered as to end in merriment towards poor Pat. Amongst other inconveniences, the Hibernian complained to the land-

lord of a tavern he was in the habit of frequenting, that he had much difficulty in finding his house, as it possessed no SIGN. The landlord assured him he had had similar complaints from several British gentlemen, and that he had ordered a sign to please them, and it would be up on the following day. Accordingly, as promised, the stranger saw a large sign as he approached, and the name, which was DAWSON, *reversed*,—that it might puzzle those who had importuned him to procure it. The Irishman saw the drift, and stepping to the opposite side of the way, reared himself against a house-side, *standing on his head*. "What are you doing that for?" cried Mr. Dawson from his own door. "Trying to read your sign!" replied Pat.

An Irishman in America, once wrote to his father in Ireland on the following terms: "Dear Father—I wish you would come and settle in this place, for your business is much better here than it is where you are, and, besides, I dare say you would soon get to be a colonel, a justice of the peace, a member of the legislature, or a constable, for in this country they have mighty need men to fill these offices!!!"

CROSSES.—A celebrated preacher in Paris, having exhorted his congregation, in a very pathetic discourse, to bear their Cross with patience, a married man who was present, as soon as the service was over, took his wife home on his shoulders!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall always be glad to receive any articles respecting the *New Institution*.—The last letter on the subject inserted in the *Iris*, is, in our opinion, deserving of particular notice. —We are surprised that the writer's very important objections to the privileges of *hereditary governors*, have not excited more notice.—The mistake which has been pointed out is of serious importance; it may, if not rectified, prove fatal to all the other arrangements.

We have laboured through "*Demisemiquaver's*" Lectures with great patience, and are fearful of committing ourselves on the subject of a system of music, which has so many and so distinguished advocates.—Nor can we find fault with the "*Shoe Makers*" who make *pumps* till they are inspired "*to dance in them*," or with the motley mixture who are learning to point "*the light fantastic toe*," by the dulcet strains of an itinerant musician. We find still less fault because, if confined to this pursuit, they will certainly be out of worse employment, and as to the charge of *two-pence per night*, it is the lowest we have heard of, excepting the poor schoolmistress at Leeds, who announced her terms for education at "three-pence a week, and twopence more for those as *larned manners*!"

Our friend under the signature of "Geoffrey Gimerach," may be assured his ingenious and valued productions are not omitted from any slight, as our succeeding numbers will prove, and we shall always be happy of the appropriation of one of his leisure hours to a continuation of those humorous ideas, which will, in part, be found in the "*Stygian Lake*," on Saturday next.

We cannot advise "Viator" what course to pursue relative to the impediments he meets with in his progress over the *old Bridge*, unless he could prevail upon "*the powers that be*," to remove the payment of the "tribute money" from those of *Blackfriars* and *Strangeways*, otherwise he must be content to pay for his comfort, to pad the funeral of his peripatet, or turn into the middle of the road, which is our opinion is the best of the three, as it somewhat annihilates in walking through *apple-sauce*.

The Lines on Suicide, we fear, would have a bad impression on minds which have unhappily ever yielded to the idea of executing so terrible a deed, and might serve to fix a wavering purpose.

Caswin in our next.

Ignote, our Chester correspondent, Nescius Juvenis, J. W. and several others are unavoidably postponed.

We have applied the *pruning knife* to the *Dandy* as well as made a few *ingratiations*,—the author's good sense will see the propriety of the former, as his good nature must excuse the latter.

A. M. S. respecting the Executioner of King Charles the First, shall be attended to next week.

Q.'s Lines in imitation of Burns, shall appear in our next.

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AGENTS.

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NORTH WEST EXPEDITION.

Our readers, we are sure, will excuse the omission of much other matter to make room for this interesting subject, which we have carefully extracted from those sources, which appeared to us to be best calculated to give correct information.

We noticed in our last number the arrival of these enterprising navigators, and we now proceed to the particulars connected with it.

The outward voyage in 1821 was fair and prosperous. Passing up Hudson's Straits, the navigators kept near the land on their south, and explored the coast towards Repulse Bay. The farthest west which they attained was 86° of longitude, and the highest latitude only 69° 48' N.; and they finally brought up for winter quarters at a small isle which they named Winter Island, in 82° 53' W. longitude, and latitude 66° 11' N. The chief part of the summer of 1821 was occupied in examining Repulse Bay, and some inlets to the eastward of it, through some one or other of which they hoped to find a passage into the Polar Sea. In this they were disappointed, for all the openings proved to be only deep inlets, which ran into the Continent of America. While thus occupied, early in October, the sea began to freeze; and on the 8th of that month the ships were laid up for the winter, in the situation noted above. Here at Winter Island, the expedition was frozen up from the 8th of October, 1821, to the 2nd of July, 1822. The vessels were within two or three hundred paces of each other; and occupations and amusements, similar to those practised in the preceding voyage, were resorted to.

One of the principal events which we have to notice in this period was the beneficial effects produced by the system of heating the ships with currents of warm air. These were directed to every requisite part by means of metallic tubes, and so well did the contrivance answer its purpose, that the lowest temperature experienced during the winter was 35 degrees below zero. In the second winter it was 10 degrees lower, namely, 45 degrees below zero; but this was not near so difficult to endure nor so inconvenient as the cold in Captain Parry's first voyage, nor indeed, if we are rightly instructed, as that felt in the northern stations of the Hudson Bay traders in the American Continent.

The provision cases, we understand, did not turn out so well; for though the meats were preserved fresh, they were found to be very insipid on constant use, and the men got as tired of them as they generally do of salt provisions.

Nothing occurred, during the first part of the winter, deserving of any particular notice; but one morning, in the beginning of February, our people were surprised by the appearance of strange forms upon the snow-plain in their vicinity, and of persons running to and fro. This was a tribe of about fifty Esquimaux, who were erecting their snow-huts, and taking up their residence at a short distance from the vessels. At first it was hoped that this might be Captain Franklin's Expedition, but the hope quickly vanished; and the settlers were found to be one of those wandering hordes which roam along the shore in search of food, and make their habitations wherever it can be obtained in sufficient quantity. The great dependance of these people upon the produce of the sea for their sustenance necessarily confines their migrations to the coasts, and, except hastily travelling across land in any journey occasionally, it may be presumed from their habits that they never establish themselves ten miles from the water's edge. The intercourse of the voyagers with their new and singular neighbours, afforded them much and much

wanted amusement during the remainder of the winter; as, never having seen Europeans before, their manners and customs were quite original. The snow began to melt about the beginning of May, and put an end to their intimacy.

In the season of 1822, the vessels having steered along the coast to the North, penetrated only to the long. of 82° 50', and lat. 69° 40'; and after exploring several inlets, &c. in their brief cruise, they were finally moored for their second winter, about a mile apart, in 81° 44' W. long. and lat. 69° 21' N. Here, close to another small isle, they remained from the 24th of September 1822 to the 8th of last August. They had latterly entered a strait leading to the westward. From the accounts of the Esquimaux and their own observations, they had every reason to believe that this strait separated all the land to the northward from the continent of America. After getting about fifteen miles within the entrance of it, however, they were stopped by the ice, but from the persuasion that they were in the right channel for getting to the westward, they remained there for nearly a month, in daily expectation that the ice would break up. In this last hope they were again quite disappointed, and on the 19th of September the sea having begun to freeze, they left these straits, and laid the ships up in winter quarters near the small island alluded to, and called by the Esquimaux Igloodik.

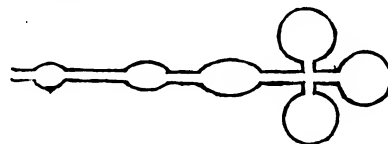
From these data it is evident that the Expedition has failed in its leading objects. In short, any annual whale-ship might do as much as it has been able, with all its perseverance, to accomplish; and we apprehend that few or no lights can be thrown by it upon the great questions of science which were raised by the former voyages. The magnetic pole was not crossed: and it is curious to state, that all the electrical appearances, lights, halos, meteors, &c. were seen to the south. In natural history the acquisitions are very scanty. Twenty-eight botanical specimens, dwarf willow, saxifrage, grasses, mosses, &c. nearly comprehend the stunted vegetable world of these northern latitudes. One new gull has, we believe, been added to that class; but, generally speaking, hardly any novelty has been ascertained, or remarkable discovery made, in ornithology, piscology, botany, or any other branch of science.

In the second winter a more numerous tribe of the Esquimaux, about 150, and including the visitors of the preceding year, settled near the ships, and were in daily intercourse with them.

They are represented as being peaceable and good-natured: not stupid, but not eminent for feeling or intelligence. The first tribe lived together on terms of perfect liberty and equality; in the second there was an Angkok or conjuror, who exercised a certain degree of influence and authority. They are copper-coloured, of ordinary stature, and have long black hair, with black eyes. They seem to have no idea of war, they have no chiefs, nor are there any individuals among them who appear to possess authority over the rest. They observe a form of marriage. An Esquimaux bespeaks his wife while she is yet a child, and when she is of marriageable age she is brought home to him, and there is a feast on the occasion; but if any one is sufficiently expert in hunting or providing provisions to support two wives, there is no obstacle. They are in the habit of exchanging their wives for a time, and this practice, so far from being considered disreputable, is esteemed a mark of great friendship, and it is not unfrequent to make permanent exchanges. Their funerals are equally simple: if in winter, the corpse is merely covered over with snow; if in summer, a shallow trench is dug, where it is deposited, and two or three flat stones at top complete the rude sepulchre.

They are careful not to allow any stones or weighty matter to rest on the body; and seem to think that even after death it may be sensible to the oppression. They appeared to have some crude notions of a future state; but all their ideas on these matters were so blended with superstition, that they hardly deserve to be mentioned. They possess a number of large dogs, which are covered with fine soft wool instead of hair; of these Capt. Parry has brought home 16. They have no religion, nor any conception of a Deity, but they believe in the existence of evil spirits, with which some among them, more cunning than the rest, pretend to hold intercourse. Capt. Parry and his companions resided among them for several months, and acquired some knowledge of their language, which bears a strong resemblance to the Chinese. They form huts in the snow to live in, and burn oil for the purpose of obtaining light. Their dwellings are by this process rendered at once warm and damp, and the transition occasioned by their coming out into the cold air, is apt to produce inflammation in the lungs, which is frequently fatal. Their persons are never washed, and on this account during the summer, their smell is very offensive, and they are much annoyed by vermin. They make their needles and implements for hunting of bone. They seemed to value things according to their utility; and hence articles of iron and needles of our manufacture were highly prized by them.

Their snow-houses when first seen, resemble three immense bee-hives grouped together, and are entered by one long passage by all the three families to whom these yield an abode, of which the following outline affords a tolerable idea.



They are about 9 feet in diameter, and 7 or 8 feet in height. The passage is about 20 feet in length, and so low that you must creep along nearly on all-fours, in order to reach the hut. This is ingeniously intended to exclude the cold air, which it does effectually, though widened in parts for lodging the dogs belonging to the several households, and which are stationed in the last sort of antichamber, before the entrances turn off to the right and left for the two nearest huts. The huts themselves are entirely made of square blocks of solid snow, with a large key-block at the top of the rotunda. The window is a piece of flat transparent ice. Round the interior runs a seat of the same material as the walls, upon which the skins of animals are thrown for seats and beds. Beds are also made of a plant, on the floor. The houses are without any artificial warmth, except that which is produced by a sort of oil lamp.

In the winter of 1822-23, native dwellings or huts constructed of bones were also seen. The Esquimaux often eat flesh in a raw state; but it is some times cooked, and the women almost invariably submit their food to that process. The utensils are uncommon, though simple. They consist of two vessels of stone; generally the pot-stone or lapis-ollaris, also used in parts of Germany for the same purpose. The lower vessel a good deal resembles an English kitchen ash-sovel: the upper one a trough, of a wide coffin form. In the first, which is filled with oil, a number of moss wicks float, and are lighted for the fuel. The oil is gradually supplied from strings of fat hung up above the flames, the heat of which melts them into so many reservoirs of grease. In the second utensil, placed over the fire thus made, the meat is stewed. The natives are filthy

in their eating, and hardly reject any thing, from the blubber of a whale to the flesh of a wolf. When hungry, they devoured the carcasses of ten or a dozen of the latter, which were killed by our seamen. Their food, indeed, consisted chiefly of seal and wolves' flesh; but, notwithstanding this, they appeared to be perfectly contented, nay, even happy. Their dresses were made entirely of skins, chiefly those of the rein-deer.

The lapis-ollaris is originally so soft that it may be cut into form with a knife; and when it is not to be found, an extraordinary substitute is manufactured into pots and pans. This is a cement composed of dogs' hair, seals' blood, and a particular clay, which soon becomes as hard as stone, and bears the effects both of oil and fire below, and moisture and stewing above.

In the beginning of their intercourse, the Esquimaux were somewhat reserved, and shy of communicating their opinions; but as their reserve wore off, they divulged a number of interesting particulars. The women, especially, were less secret than the men, who (we may here state by the by) had no hesitation in bartering their wives and daughters with the sailors, at first for so poor a bribe as a nail or two or three beads, and at last for the price of a paltry knife.

These females are not, it is true, the most lovely objects in nature. Their features are disagreeable, and they have long and harsh, but exceedingly black hair. A map was drawn by one of them, (a remarkable instance of intelligence,) in which she represents two islands, to the north of the second winter's position of the ships, and others in different directions, giving rather sonorous names to them all. Every family has a sledge, and generally five or six dogs, with which they travel with great ease, and hunt.

They say that their race originally sprung from a beneficent female spirit; and that from another wicked female spirit are descended the other three creatures who inhabit the earth, namely, the *Itkali*, or Indians, the *Cablunæ*, or Europeans; and (after long hesitation before they would express it) the *Dogs* which they drive! The *Itkali* they abhor, and speak of as murderers, who never spare their tribes. Of the *Cablunæ* they had only heard by report, never having seen a European till they encountered those in the *Fary* and *Hecla*; but it is clear, from their clasping them with the Indians and Dogs, that they have no very exalted idea of their virtues.

With their own appellation of Esquimaux they are not acquainted, but call themselves *Eunee*. The other name is understood to be a term of reproach, meaning "Eaters of raw flesh."

From the above it appears, that they entertain a belief in certain spirits or superior beings; but their notions concerning them are extremely rude and vague. This was displayed by the *Angekok*, or *Conjuror*, of whom we have spoken. This great man was, after much entreaty, prevailed upon to exhibit his supernatural powers in the Captain's cabin of one of the ships. He was accompanied by his wife, and began his operations by having every glimpse of external light carefully excluded. Still the fire emitted a glimmering, and this was covered with a thick mat; so that at length all was utter darkness. The *Angekok* then stripped himself naked, and lay down upon the floor, and pretended that he was going to the lower regions where the spirits dwell. His incantations consisted of hardly articulate sounds, not appearing to have any meaning attached to them, but to be the muttering and whining of strange syllables. He also practised a kind of ventriloquism; and modulated his voice so as to give it the effect of nearness and greater distance, in the depths to which he wished it to be believed he had descended. This farce had lasted about twenty minutes; and on the re-admission of light, the actor gave an account of his adventures, and of what the spirits had told him. As a proof of the truth of his facts, and the reality of his colloquies, he produced several stripes of fur which one of the spirits had fastened on the back of his skin-coat since he went down—which, indeed, his wife had been busily stitching on during the dark performance. Yet, by such fables and impostures, he maintained his sway over his ignorant countrymen, who implicitly credited his inventions and powers. The latter were consequently invoked upon all important occasions.

An immense value is set upon the testimonies of supernatural intimacy; thus the *Angekok* declared that

he would not exchange the spirit's gifts, one of the stripes of fur, for any thing that could be offered to him; and it was with much difficulty that Captain Parry did prevail upon him to barter one for some highly coveted article, nor would he part with any more.

From the length of time during which the natives were daily with them, our people were enabled to pick up a rather copious vocabulary of their language. Some of the journals contain from five hundred to a larger number of words. Their knowledge of figures is very limited; five and ten being their most obvious enumeration. When they wish to express the former, one hand is held up; the latter, of course, requires both; but when the sum exceeds that number, the Esquimaux calls on a neighbour to help him out, by holding up one or two hands as the occasion requires. One of our friends related a whimsical anecdote connected with this sort of dumb show. He was conversing with a native alone, who wanted to make the large and unusual sign of thirty. He accordingly held up both hands, and was then sadly puzzled how to go farther. It never occurred to him to break off and repeat the signal in any way; but at length he happily struck upon ten more by getting the officer to raise his digitals. Here were twenty; but the ten to be added was the grand *pons asinorum* of Esquimaux numerals! The difficulty seemed insuperable, but again his genius befriended the calculator; he held up one of his feet, twenty-five! What was to be done? Like one of the wise men of Gotham, our clever native tried to hold up the other foot at the same time, and his efforts to have all his limbs simultaneously in the air were the most ludicrous that can be imagined. But it could not be managed; and it was not without an immensity of trouble that the proposed number could be expressed by the four hands and one foot of each of the conversing parties.

Other characteristic traits of these simple people may be told in this place. The wives of two of them, one with a boy suckling, (which nutriment they supply for several years,) were taken on board the vessels for medical treatment, both being in the last stage of disease. It was indeed too late to save them; and they died. The husband of the mother evinced some distress and howled a little when she expired; but very soon seemed to forget his loss. Yet he attended very sedulously to the proceedings of the *Cablunæ*. They enveloped the body decently, as is done with sailors, in a hammock, and dug a grave for its reception. To this it was borne accompanied by the husband, who manifested much uneasiness. At last he made himself understood that he was afflicted by the confinement of the corpse. Having obtained a knife, he was permitted to gratify his own feelings, and he cut all the stitches which held the hammock together down the front, so as to give a kind of liberty to the dead form. The covering in of the grave with earth and stones seemed also to give him pain; but asked leave to bury the living child with its dead mother. The reason assigned for this horrid proposal was, that, being a female, no woman would take the trouble to nurse it, as that was never done among them. If it had been a boy, perhaps some one might have reared it. In fact, the infant, without sustenance, did die on the ensuing day, and was placed at the disposal of its parent, who drew it away in his sledge to a short distance, and raised a small mound of snow over its lifeless corpse.

In the management of the canoe, the Esquimaux are very expert. They are amazingly light, and formed of skin over whalebone. The largest which Captain P. obtained is 20 feet in length; and another, in the *Hecla*, which is 19 feet long and only 19 inches in width, half of which are in the depth.

In these the Native purues his marine chase, and spears the fish and fowl. The spear is double-pointed with bone, about six inches in length, and barbed. They kill at twenty yards distance. The bow and arrow is also employed in killing game and wild animals. The arrows are pointed with stone, smoothed into a lance-head shape by friction against other stones.

Their method of catching seals and fish through a hole in the ice, is one of the most dexterous of Esquimaux contrivances: A line is let down, at the end of which is fastened a small piece of white bone or tooth, above an inch long, cut into a rude fish-form, and having two morsels of pyrites stuck into it to resemble eyes. This bait is drawn through the water, and

when seals or other prey approach to examine it, the watchful native spears them from above.

The knives used by the women are curiously constructed. With these they carve away underneath, in a very dexterous style.

Spectacles are another of their articles, which are curious and well contrived. They consist of a piece of wood scraped thin, like a bandage, and perforated with two narrow horizontal slits, something like pig's eyes, where we would have glasses; a rim about an inch broad projects in the same direction as that of a hat would; and this simple mechanical process, tied about the head, protects the eyes from the drifting snow and spicule, and improves the sharpness of the sight.

Among other curiosities is a part of the yolk of a sea-bird's egg, as prepared by the Esquimaux to keep for food. It is as hard and transparent as amber, for which it might readily be mistaken. A model of a canoe ingeniously made by a native, only fourteen inches long; it does credit to their skill, but not so much as a female's reticule (if we may call it) made of ducks' feet curiously disposed in a neat circular shape, and the toes hanging out like tags or tassels. This is a very singular piece of workmanship, and looks well. Small bottles of matting woven closely, and of an elegant form, are among their manufactures; and the stringing, on threads of fish-fibres, of the teeth of foxes, wolves, &c. for female ornaments, does not always betray a bad taste, however common the materials are. Images of bone, an inch or an inch and a half long, afford no high notion of the native talents for carving in ivory—they just so far resemble the human shape as to show they were meant to represent it.

The Inlet where the second winter was spent, presented a solid mass of everlasting ice. It is about ten miles in breadth; its length (of course, not having been traversed), uncertain. The ebb tide is from the South-west, and the flood from South-east; small channels ran through it, but not wide enough to work a ship.

The absence of the sun was experienced for about a month. In June (the 10th) the first flower was seen: a small but richly coloured blue of the *Saxifraga* genus.

To beguile the tedious time, our countrymen occasionally lived in tents on shore, and hunted, shot, and fished for the general consumption. Rein-deer were sometimes killed; the carcass of the largest weighed (without offal) 150 lbs. According to the report of the natives, there were rein-deer on the large island towards the north. No musk oxen were seen in any part; and from the same authority it was gathered that they only appeared to the westward of the longitude to which the Expedition penetrated.

Of birds there were prodigious numbers; but their flesh was of a fishy and unpleasant taste; it was made nevertheless to serve at times, to vary the Arctic cuisine.

Gardening was another expedient for occupying the time, and supplying the table. Mustard and cress were grown as on the preceding voyage, and served out to the men in considerable quantities, to the great benefit of their health. Indeed, the looks of the crew bear testimony to their careful treatment in this respect; for we never saw a set of more healthy and well-conditioned fellows set out on, still less return from, a long sea trip.

It does not appear that any far excursions were attempted from the ships, overland, in any direction.

In these journeys, the value of the Esquimaux dog was witnessed. These strong and hardy animals draw the country sledges at the rate of five miles, and more, an hour. Nor is this performed with a light weight attached to them. Eight in harness will draw three or four persons with ease and speed in this manner. On one occasion an anchor and stock, weighing about a ton, was dragged to its destination by fifteen or sixteen of them; and, generally speaking, they are fully equal to a load of one hundred weight per dog.

They are also bold and vigorous in the chase. With them the Esquimaux hunts the great white Polar bear; and some of those brought to England carry the scars of their prowess in this way. They seize their adversary by his long shaggy hair, and worry and detain him till their masters come up with their spears to end the conflict.

Those in the ships are large creatures of various or-

lours, tan, grey, but mostly black with white spots over the eyes and on the feet and tip of the tail. They are exceedingly fierce, and more like wolves than dogs. They do not bark, but snarl, growl, and howl in a savage manner. A good many died in consequence of the heat, on their way to England; and though Wednesday was a cold October day, the survivors were panting as if they had exhausted themselves with running. In the Hecla was one dog bred between the Esquimaux dog and a lurcher taken out from this country. She had six female pups, and is now a fine powerful animal, and quite tame. It gave a singular proof of its sagacity in the river: A lighter came alongside with some casks of fresh water, into which it immediately leapt over the side, and ran from cask to cask, trying to get its head into a bung-hole. This being impossible, one of the men good-humouredly drew a bowl full for it, which it dispatched with evident delight, and then begged for another draught. This it also obtained, drank it nearly all, and with signs of gratification and thankfulness made its way back into the ship.

On their native soil, however, these ferocious animals are often destroyed by the still more ferocious wolves. The latter hunt in packs, and even drag the dogs from the huts to devour them. Attracted by the scent, they were always prowling about our vessels, and daringly carried off whatever came in their way. Thirteen of them were seen in one pack; all of which were trapped and slain. It was of these the hungry Esquimaux made their dinners. At one time they bore away a dog from the *Fury*, in spite of the pursuit of the men.

The animals which may be enumerated besides are, bears, foxes, rein-deer, hares, lemmings, the white ermine, and the marmot.

The birds are, the swan, the beautiful king duck, the eider duck, the long-tailed duck, the silver Arctic duck, &c. &c. Gulls of every kind, the Arctic diver, the loon, the red-throat, guillemots, the snow bunting, the ptarmigan; ravens, snowy owls, and hawks; birds of song, with a short low chirping note, the Siberian lark, and the Lapland linnch.

The insect creation is very limited. There are about six species of flies; the mosquito, very troublesome, but existing only about one month; the wild bee, i. e. the large black and not our hive-bee; the spider; the butterfly, a small kind of the golden; and the white moth.

The water tooms, as we have stated, with molusca, the food for the enormous whale and other species of fish. There is also another minute creature in extraordinary abundance; we mean the small shrimp, which is known by the name of the Sea-louse. These performed a very curious office to the naturalists in the Expedition, and their usefulness was very drolly discovered. An officer one day was desirous of preparing a Solan goose for cooking, and in order to reduce its saltiness he plunged it through an ice-hole into the water; but alas! next morning, when the goose was to be drawn up for spitting, nothing but the skeleton appeared. The sea-lice had picked its bones as clean as any anatomist could have scraped them, and thus foely prepared it for any collection of natural history which might want such a specimen! The hint was not lost, for, after this time, whatever skeletons or bones required polishing, were submitted to the lice operators, and so diligent were they in executing the task confided to them, they would eat a sea-horse's head clean in a couple of nights!

In the Botanical department we have already mentioned the *hortus siccus*. Hardly one of the plants exceeds two or three inches in height, and the flowers are all small. Yet some of them are very pretty; and they bloom in such profusion as entirely to enamel their wild and dreary locality, for a season of two or three months. All the flowers are yellow or blue.

On the voyage home, the ships touched at Winter Island, and were surprised to find their garden vegetables thriving. Whether the plants had resown themselves or sprung again from the roots, could not be ascertained, but the singular fact of salads and peas growing spontaneously on the arctic circle was exhibited to the wonder of the visitors.

On leaving the Esquimaux, some muskets of small worth were given them; and one native and his wife were willing to have come to England, but the trouble

and uncertainty of restoring them to their own country prevented their voyage. An axe, and still better a saw, would console them under any disappointment.

We have now related nearly all the principal occurrences which attended this interesting Expedition; and it may be relied upon as accurately embracing nearly all the leading features of a Voyage, than which none ever excited a stronger public feeling.

MANCHESTER.

I fell asleep—and in my sleep I dreamt
As greater wits as I have done before.—

I fancied that I journey'd to the North
And took up quarters in a smoky town
Where art and industry went hand in hand:
Huge buildings were apparent to my sight,
Wherein pale thousands labour'd day and night
For filthy lucre, or for bare subsistence—
Not only men, but women I saw there,
And poor ragged children, stunted in their growth
By early toil, and heat, and bad food and filth;
Denied the comforts of a cheerful home,
And sent thus early to these hot-beds vile
Of infamy and vice, to earn a few
Poor paltry pence—perhaps to keep in sloth
Hard-and-unfeeling parents; or still worse
To help to pay off some old drunken score.—
I sickened at the sight and turn'd away
To look upon some less revolting scenes,
Not daring to pursue the chain of thought
Which linked so many dread deformities.

'Twas morning yet; and onwards through the streets,
Determined to shake off the last sad vision
I pursued my way—jostled and jostling
Busy crowds, who seem'd to entertain
No thoughts but for themselves: (oh! selfish race!)
Each phiz was stamp'd with the peculiar grace,
Of plodding project, calculating care,
Means multiplied—all looking as they had
Deep studied in the book of interest;
So much their thoughts were figur'd on their fronts
That any one most aptly might have sat
As Frontispiece to an Arithmetic!
Each disk was like a table in itself
Of measures, weights, Avoirdupoise or Troy;
On most was writ that two and two make four,
Mysterious Interest Simple and Compound;
Some most expressive of that sterling sense
Promiscuous paper, and Pounds, Shillings, Pence!

At length I got entangled in a throng,
Which after other objects seemed intent,
So with them I my willing paces bent
Into a crowded room, where I beheld
Civic authority enthron'd in state;
Commissioners they were of the Police—
And what I gathered from this sage divan
Was, that they did hebdomadary meet
(Vulgo each Friday night) to hold debate
For the best interests of the commonwealth.
But this, was call'd a "General Meeting," and
Convened, they told me, only once a month.—
There in the midst the president was sat
Just like a council Major of old Rome,
Attended by two lictors' stead of twelve:

And there they sagely spoke of strangest things;—
Of soughs and sewers, alias common shores;
And scavengers;—and special constables
Were sworn:—Barracks were voted to be built,
As the authorities had much alarm:
They spoke of lighting, watching, flagging streets,
Paving, and also Poor's Rates; and Gas Pipes:—
(Wit was not wanting as they dealt Retorts)
Of "cleansing" and the conducts of their clerks;
Of Rate-collectors, Hackney Coaches, Coals,
Contracts, Smoky Chimneys cur'd,
Committees:—Common Prostitutes condemn'd
And estimate on estimate *sans* end!
Of more commodious rendering the roads
Of sundry passages, dark, dirty lanes,
And river crossing by a certain bridge
Blackfriar's named—beneath whose ample arch
The muddy Irwell oozed as black as Styx
In all the sable majesty of filth!

In fourteen districts wooden boxes built
For coughing Charleys of the seventy-five,*
Motions for Meetings, passing of accounts,
Advertisements, Gasometers, Gas-Lamps,
Cast-Iron Pillars, Oaken Posts, Stone Stumps—
Heard flowing eloquence and pointed wit!
On Friday-nights and Lamp-Committees treat,
The new Town-Hall and widening Market-street;
In fine, they waxed into warm debate
Upon the business of this busy town.—
But lo! as they descanted on that *lane*†
That narrow way where lately I'd been squeez'd
Nigh unto death—an awful stop was made
(As when 'mongst Israelites "the plague was stayed")
The chair deserted—thanks returned—(of course)
"This day's proceedings" duly advertised
In Aston's Herald, and the Guardian's page,
And Wheeler's fam'd *third* Book of Chronicles;
Cowdroy's Gazette, and Harrop's Volunteer,
And winged Mercuries proclaim their deeds!
The rest postponed.—But why this sudden shock:
The hungry sinners!—it struck ONE O'CLOCK!

GEOFFREY GIMCRACK.

* "The glorious forty-five." Highland Regiment.

† Now "Market-Street," anciently a lane, or both.

"The same day there were assaults made at other places of the town, especially at the *Market-street-lane* end, but they were repulsed by Captain Ratcliffe and his company."

Siege of Manchester, 1842.

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK B.—

A TRUE STORY.

(Continued from page 345.)

In the course of his debaucheries, G— had at length so much involved himself in debt, that it was impossible to keep himself out of a prison, but by the assistance of Frederick, to whom he applied on this occasion, having often experienced the generosity of his temper. But the assistance which he now wanted, Frederick was unwilling to afford, not from any disinclination to serve G—, but from motives of integrity. G— wanted Frederick to be bound with him for a considerable sum of money, more indeed than he was master of. Now, though Frederick was solicitous to do G— all the service he could, he thought it not right to engage for more than he was able to pay; but G— assuring him, with so much confidence, that he should certainly receive a large sum on a particular day, which he mentioned, and which should be applied to remove the difficulties he at present laboured under, Frederick, who was naturally open and unsuspecting, and who was unacquainted with the bad parts of G—'s character, was, at length, prevailed upon to comply, and accordingly gave bond for the sum required.

A few weeks afterwards, G— by unsuccessful gaming, and other licentious practices, had involved himself in so many difficulties, that he found it expedient to decamp, without taking leave of his friends. He quitted England, and took up his residence at Dunkirk, where he met with companions of principles and practices similar to his own. In the mean while, poor Frederick soon found himself in a very disagreeable situation, being called upon to make good his engagement for G—. He collected all the cash he was master of, and, on paying the greater part of the debt, the bond was cancelled; but as he still remained a debtor, he gave his note for the balance, together with a verbal promise to pay it as soon as he could. The man to whom he gave the note, possessing neither equity nor humanity, shortly afterwards arrested him for what remained due, threw him into the King's Bench prison, and there left him to philosophize at leisure.

As Frederick's character had always entitled him to the esteem of those who knew him, he might probably have obtained considerable assistance, from his friends, in his present distress, if he had made the applications usual on such occasions. But either his pride, or his delicacy prevented him from doing this: and the worthiest men, in adversity, will not often find many ready to assist them, if they do not apply to them in a manner not very grateful to a man of spirit.

Frederick had been in prison about six weeks, and was nearly reduced to his last shilling, when he received a very unexpected visitant. This was no other than Mr. T. Having heard of Frederick's confinement, and his anger against him having somewhat abated, he was anxious to enquire by what means he had been brought into so disagreeable a situation; which the more surprised him, as he knew that Frederick was not addicted to expensive pleasures, nor to any of those disorderly courses, by which men frequently involve themselves in difficulties. But when he found that his misfortune arose from having been bound with G——, who had so dishonourably flown from his bail, he was much astonished. He recollected, that the first unfavourable impressions which he had received of Frederick, were communicated to him by G——, a man for whom, it now appeared Frederick had entertained the greatest friendship, and given the strongest evidences of it. He therefore resolved to visit him in his gloomy mansion; and when he was introduced to him, he found him reading a book very suitable to his present situation, namely, "Boetius on the Consolations of Philosophy." Frederick was much surprised to see him, and acknowledged his sense of the favour of a visit in such a place; after which they entered into a free conversation, when Mr. T. being thoroughly acquainted with the cause of Frederick's sufferings, and the state of his affairs, kindly promised to afford him effectual relief. Frederick laid hold of this opportunity of making some observations relative to the amour between him and Miss T., which he found had been the only ground of Mr. T.'s displeasure against him. He assured him, that he had never been induced by any considerations respecting the fortune of that lady, to endeavour to gain her affections: on the contrary, he had laboured to conquer in himself the passion he felt for her, which her excellencies both of mind and body, had involuntarily inspired. To this Mr. T. made little reply; but, after some expressions of friendship, he took his leave, having previously slipped into Fredrick's hand a bank note for ONE HUNDRED POUNDS! Soon after his departure, Mr. T. met an old confidential friend, to whom he related the whole affair, with this addition, that he plainly saw his daughter's health would be greatly endangered, if he continued to oppose her passion for Frederick; for a settled melancholy seemed to prey upon her spirits; and, as he tenderly loved his daughter, he was extremely perplexed how to act. "It appears," said his friend, "from your own account, that Frederick is possessed of more than common merit: he loves your daughter, and she has an equal regard for him. What then should prevent their union? You object to his want of fortune. You have, it seems, nothing else to alledge against him. But have you not enough to make both him and her happy together? You certainly have. I grant that an increase of fortune might be desirable; but in this world we cannot have every thing just as we wish. And surely a man of merit, without fortune, is

preferable to a man of fortune without merit; and you will have more than ordinary luck, if you meet with both in the man whom you approve of as a husband for your daughter. There is reason to believe that she will be unhappy without Frederick, and you cannot enjoy much comfort while she is miserable. My advice therefore is, that you release the young fellow out of his present difficulties, and marry him to your daughter. As to the unfavourable circumstance of his being now in prison, that can be no disgrace to him, nor any folly indeed, unless an excess of generosity and of friendship can be termed so." The persuasions and arguments of his friend had the more effect upon Mr. T. as he entertained some thoughts of doing as he advised him, though he had not come to any positive resolution concerning it. But he now resolved to follow his friend's advice entirely; and accordingly began to put his design into execution, by instantly paying the money for which Frederick was confined; who thereupon obtained his liberty. And, as Mr. T. now permitted him to visit his daughter, she soon gained a considerable increase both of health and spirits. About three months after, their hands were joined at the altar; the marriage ceremony being performed by Frederick's father, who was sent for to London for that purpose: and it may reasonably be supposed that the worthy old clergyman felt great joy at the happy prospects of his son, who with his amiable wife are completely happy in each other, and jointly contribute to increase the felicity of Mr. T., and as Frederick to an excellent understanding joins a benevolent heart, his present affluence is not a benefit to himself only; he thinks it a pleasing employment to relieve the indigent, succour the distressed, and promote the happiness of all around him.

ODE TO MEDITATION.

IRREGULAR.

Goddess of the pensive mein,
Grecy-rob'd Meditation, hail!—
Let us seek the umbrageous seat,
O'er the flow'r enamell'd green;
Or the rifted rocks retreat,
Where melancholy tells her tale:—
Or o'er pathless mountains stroll;
Or where gelid torrents roll;
Or the ruin'd Abbey seek,
While 'gainst the walls the hoarse waves break;
And vesper from the ethereal bright,
Throws cross the scene his larid light.

II.

Saw'st thou o'er the lucid wave,
Aerial forms unsinking glide,
Saw'st thou the fays on zephyrs ride,
While the stars their blue beams gave:
Mark'st thou the sighing of the gale,
Which past like some unearthly wail,
Or the sigh of the maid whose love was deceiv'd,
And who wanders the glens of her senses bereav'd:—
'Tis the moan of the spirits which haunt the still deep;
The voice of the corpses which unshrouded sleep!—

III.

Spirits of the mould'ring dead,
Shadows of the fearful night,
Victims of the hours long fled,
Pass—for ye the soul affright.
Shall Myra's cheek now richly blooming,
Bear that dark and ghastly hue,
Shall her lovely orbs of blue
Be beneath the sod consuming?
Oh shall those lips with sweetness flowing,
And her smiles each bliss bestowing,
Wither,—to the tomb be brought?—
Save, oh save me from the thought!

FIRST SPIRIT.

Heirs of sadness, list to me,
From the lonely tomb I warn ye;
Inheritors of misery,
Why the Destroyer's presence mourn ye?
Have ye liv'd till age hath grey'd,
And thinn'd the locks upon your brow;—
Life, it was for which ye pray'd,
Death, ye begg'd to be delay'd,
Aged—what avails it now?

From hoary Time the past years claim,
Them and their deeds bid him restore ye;
Of all those days which youthful came,
Can ye one hour of pleasure name?

Heirs of death, why death deplore ye?

SECOND SPIRIT.

Oh, form'd of dust, who flaunt in pride,
Who'd grasp the stars—stem the wild sea;
Or ought ambition points more wide:—
View how your apings death derides,
And Heaven turns from your mockery.

THIRD SPIRIT.

The voice of Fate hangs on mine ear,
Dark from human eye she's shrouded;
O'er her sorrow hovereth near,
Distilling tears, as skies o'erclouded:
Beings of uncertainty!
Cloth'd in doubt—doubt on—and dread;
Ye stand upon eternity—
Beware!—'tis the warning of the dead.

Slow from the starry heavens the morn awoke,
Wide o'er the plain her blushing fragrance spread,
Soft o'er the ambient air the matins broke;—
Enrob'd in brightness the fair Goddess fled:—
Hail Meditation, melancholy maid!
Oft in thy wand'rings, I'll thy steps pursue,
And in the stillness of the dusky glade,
List to thy voice,—and bid the world adieu!
Manchester. CASWIN.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL

(From the Literary Gazette.)

Poor Tom! He is gone, and the tongue that could once set the cockpit in a roar, is silent now for ever! He died bravely in the service of his country, and has left a memorial in the hearts of all who knew him, which time can but efface. The wallings of distress had only to reach his ear, when his hand, his purse, were at the disposal of the supplicant. Poor Tom! I have shed many a tear to thy memory; nor do I consider it a weakness that my eyes are at this moment moistened by the overflowings of affectionate remembrance. We had embark'd in the navy on the same day, and in the same ship,—had endured together the many tricks to which all greenhorns are exposed at their first introduction to the midshipman's berth. We were watchmates, and shared the secrets of each other's heart. Oh, how often, at the midnight hour, have we gazed at the full round moon pictured on the bosom of the azure wave, and wiled away the midwatch in painting scenes of future glory; or, looking towards our own home-shore, thinking on those we'd left behind. Fancy, delusive most where warmest wishes are, would lead us on in a romantic dream of sweet delight, known only to the young mariner! There are some feelings of the human mind so exquisitely delicate in their nature, and yet so powerful in their operations, that as soon would the pulse of existence cease to beat, as those feelings cease to actuate the heart of man. The cherish'd remembrance of "Auld lang syne" dwells in the breast, and is as dear when only illuminated by the last rays of a declining

sun, as when it bask'd in its meridian beam, and exulted in the glorious splendor.—“Hullo! (you will say,) where is your Old Sailor bound to now?—surely he is getting out of his latitude.” Mayhap I may be. May be? no—I’m a child to this hour; but one word’s as good as twenty, let me go on and spin my yarn upon my own winch.

Our ship was paid off, and all hands were drafted into other men of war, consequently a separation took place, and we lost sight of each other for some years. One day I was walking the deck, when the quarter-master of the watch informed me there was a boat coming alongside with a lieutenant in her; and as our third had applied to be superseded, I made no doubt that this was the new luff-tackle coming to join us. But what was my pleasure on beholding between the white lapelles the smiling face of my old friend. A glow of inexpressible animation warm’d my heart; but perhaps, thought I, promotion has alter’d him.—I drew back,—however he had caught sight of me, and the pressure of friendship told me in an instant Tom was the same honest, generous, open hearted being I had ever found him. In a few days we sailed with the fleet for the Mediterranean, and were present at the glorious battle of the Nile. Poor Tom and I were stationed on the same deck, and never did mortal display more heroic bravery, more cold intrepidity;—yet there was an indefinable expression at times in his look, as if some thought lay struggling in his breast and could not gain an utterance. Oh, what a day was that for England!—The name of Nelson now has lost its charm; yet are there some who can remember its magic influence on the seaman’s mind—’twas emblazon’d on the standard of Fame which waved the bright banner of Victory. I look sometimes at his funeral-car, and all to remembrance the time when a grateful country paid a just tribute to his memory. Well do I recollect the countenances of the honest tars who pass’d in succession his last remains when lying in state,—part of the crew of the victory: they had fought—they had conquered together,—and what can bind the tie of kindred stronger?—All around us now was blood and flame,—the shrieks of the wounded and blood of the dying came mingled with the deafening roar of guns and hissing balls that truck us through and through. “This is glorious,” said a little youngster, who had joined us for his first trip previous to sailing,—“This will be glorious news for home.” He had got twenty-four pound shot in his left arm, and was chalking on it. “What are you about?” said I.—“I’m only writing a moving billet-doux to one of the enemy’s midshipmen, Sir. There, done, and now let’s put it in the post.” And so he claps it into the muzzle of the gun. By my faith,” said a Paddy, bowising at the winkle, “but that’s a lawyer’s letter, with a double charge,—shoot aisey, and don’t be after mischief.”—“Hoot, hoot, replied an old Scotchman, “it’s canonical law, then, and whoever ops it’s execution will have death without benefit of clairy; but I rather deem’t ’tis an pistol dedicatory to some body. Weel, weel, these French are a ceevil sort o’ bodies, and nae doubt you will have une rap-artie by prime-ier port-unity.”

Just at this moment a fresh ship of the enemy’s laid us athwart the bows, and opened a most tremendous fire—the midship guns came heavily—most of their hands lay stretched on the deck. Poor Will Ransom fell close my feet,—he had raised himself up by one m, and with the other supported the little

midshipman, who had been struck by a grape-shot. “Oh, my mother—my poor mother!” said the lad,—struggled for a moment—and expired. Will gazed upon the youth: “He’s gone (said he,) his cable’s parted, and my anchor’s a-trip,”—laid himself down and instantly died. I don’t know how it was,—but I felt as if something was choking me—my heart was almost bursting; but ’twas momentary—the angel Pity shuns the horrid scene of carnage and revenge,—revenge steels the heart against every feeling of humanity. Another heavy broadside shook us, and poor Tom fell into my arms,—a musket-ball had pierced his breast. I order’d some men to convey him to the cockpit, for I dared not quit my station, and from that moment I lost every softer sensation of the mind. We were victorious; and as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to my friend. The surgeon’s assistant was just quitting his cabin: “Another hour,” said he in a whisper, “and all will be over; or it may be earlier.” He was sitting up in his cot, with his desk before him, attempting to write. A languid smile beam’d on his death-stricken countenance as I entered. “See, (said he,) I am performing the last duty to my parents, and to one—” here a convulsive spasm made a pause—“to one I had fondly hoped to call my own;—’tis past—’tis over, and this heart will soon cease to beat, even with that feeling it will lose the latest.” I grasp’d his hand but could not speak. He continued writing, finish’d his letters, and directed them, with the calmness and resignation of a Christian. “And now (said he,) my friend, to your charge I commit these papers and my little property; soften the anguish of a parent’s heart, and sooth the sorrows of the tender female. Tell them I have done my duty. This miniature was designed for—Oh!—Father of mercies! spare—spare—” The surgeon enter’d. I supported his head upon my arm while a cordial was administering;—he revived for a moment—placed the locket in my hand,—utter’d the name of “Matilda,”—breath’d short, and in broken whispers, “Father, into—into thy hands I—I commit my spirit,”—bowed his head upon my breast, and—he was no more. . . .

—The tide was setting very strong out of Portsmouth Harbour, and having received urgent orders to use expedition, I directed the coxswain to land me on South Sea beach.

The day was unusually fine, the garrison troops were manœuvring on the Common, and large parties of ladies and gentlemen, attracted by the beautiful scene which ever presents itself to the view, were strolling on the shore. The boat grounded, and instantly, with my despatches under my arm, my feet press’d the dear land of my nativity. Only those who have been absent from their native country can tell the thousand delightful sensations, mingled with anxiety, which pervade the mind at once again treading upon British soil. Joy swell’d my heart, while tears started from my eyes. There is a degree of selfishness in our richest pleasures—an epicurean delight which seldom admits of a participation. At this moment I thought only of myself,—the next,—parents, brothers, sisters, all rush’d upon my memory. I should see them—hear their voices—grasp their hands—oh there was rapture in the idea! Pride, too, whispered, The despatches you carry contain certain recommendations to the higher powers for conduct in battle. “I have forgot it,” said I, feeling my pockets, “What shall I do!” For by this time I had walk’d some distance from the boat. “’Twas his last dying request—I’ll run back.” Accordingly I hastened my return, and was

much surprised to find a crowd of people assembled near the spot. The coxswain ran to me: “Oh, Sir, she’s dead, she’s dead! I would willingly have given all my prize money to have saved her.” “Who’s dead? (said I,) What do you mean? Jump into the boat, and bring the parcels and letters I have left there.”—“That’s it, Sir, (replied the poor fellow;) she took it up, and before I could prevent it, burst it open.” A gentleman now approached. “I believe, Sir, I am speaking to the officer of the—!” “You are, Sir; I hope no accident has happened; but I really cannot wait. Coxswain, fetch the parcels, and follow me to the Admiral’s office directly.” Then turning to the stranger: “Will you do me the favour to walk up with me, and explain.”—“Most willingly.” We proceeded onwards, and he began. “Previous to your landing, a party of ladies and gentlemen were strolling on the beach, and admiring the many beauties of the surrounding prospect. When you quitted the boat, curiosity drew us towards it. ’Tis the ———’s, exclaimed Miss ———, springing forward, My brother, my brother!—Another young lady rush’d towards the boat at the moment the coxswain was jumping ashore with several small packages under his arm, and dropt a letter close to her feet.”—“What is the lady’s name?” said I. “E——,” he replied. Had a thunderbolt struck me at that moment, I could not have been more paralyzed. The truth rushed upon my mind with tenfold horror, from the unknown extent of mischief my negligence had occasioned; and I should have fallen to the ground but for the timely support of my companion. I look’d in his face with agony and shame. “Do not tell me, (said I,) do not tell me, but run back, if you have pity, gain what information you can, and bring me intelligence at the admiral’s office.” He shook me by the hand, and instantly returned.

With a spirit almost wrung to madness, I rushed forward, and fortunately the commander-in-chief was absent. I delivered my despatches and was ordered to wait. Oh what torture, what anguish did I undergo for upwards of an hour; and when released flew to the spot;—but all were gone, and solemn stillness reigned around. I now remembered the orders given to the boat’s crew to come for me at the Sallyport. Thither I hastened, and grasping the coxswain’s arm, “Where, where are they, (said I,) how came this accident to happen? be quick and do not trifle with me.”—“Oh, Sir, (replied the man,) she snatch’d up the letter, and was going to hand it over, when her eyes caught the direction: ‘It is for me, (said she,) it is for me!’ Avast there, young woman, says I; but before I could get it away, she made sail, and then broke open the hatches. I gave chase directly; but before I could come alongside, she uttered a piercing shriek, and dropt down dead.”—“Dead!” exclaimed I, my blood curdling with horror. “Dead,” repeated the man, with an involuntary shudder. At that moment I felt some one touch my arm: ’twas the person who had promised to bring me intelligence at the office. He drew me with him, and I followed almost unconscious of what I did. “Does she yet live?” said I. A convulsive sob was the only answer. We entered a neat but elegant house in — street. Anguish was pictured on every countenance. An elderly gentleman approached, with his hand extended, but speech was denied him;—’twas my poor messmate’s father. My companion motioned me to be seated, but I continued standing; when an opposite door was thrown open—a female rush’d in, and threw her arms around my neck. “She

lives' she lives!" said I; and pulling poor Tom's picture instinctively from my pocket, held it to her view. She raised her head; I saw her features—'twas his sister. 'Yes, (replied she,) Matilda still lives; come, come, you shall see her,' taking me by the arm; and before my companion could prevent it we were in the adjoining room. Oh what a scene was here! Upon a couch lay the beautiful, the accomplished, the amiable Matilda a living corpse! There is a certain stupefaction of the intellect, occasioned by a sudden depression from the height of joy to the abyss of sorrow, which can only be compared to death. My conductress, whose senses were much disordered, push'd me towards the couch. I stood—I gazed—alive to feeling, but as it were alive in marble, so fetter'd was every faculty of the body. She had shown no sign of returning animation, except her breath; her eyes were open, glaz'd, and fix'd. They were towards me, and unconsciously I raised my hand, which held the portrait, to my face. A momentary flash of recollection seem'd to return; she suddenly sprung up, grasp'd my arm, snatch'd the fatal picture, gaz'd wistfully upon it—"Hark!" said she; then reclining her head upon her bosom, murmured her lover's name, and breath'd her last.

AN OLD SAILOR.

TRANSLATIONS.

We have received the following translations of the French lines for a Gambling-house, inserted in our last—

By G. G.

Here avarice your notice woo—
They must be stout who enter in;
For ruin waits on them that lose,
And infamy on them that win.

By JUVENIS.

Vile haunt of temptation! Abode of despair!
Where treachery lurks and avarice reigns:
To ruin these victims thou oft dost ensnare,
These to dishonour—the fruits of their gains!

By I. H. S.

A place of open avarice,
Where flows the dangerous main
Of being ruin'd by the loss,
Or dishonour'd by the gain.

Ashton-under-Lane.

By EMMA.

The cave of Avarice invites thee Stranger!
Short is its tempting path—but certain danger—
Ruin awaits thee—and what conflicting pain:
Should success attend thee—dishonour'd by the gain.

By N. W. HALCESRISA.

Cave of Avarice, open, free—
Where we seek danger, certain, plain—
Ruin'd by the loss to be,
Or dishonour'd by the gain.

Manchester.

LINES SUGGESTED ON READING THE ABOVE.

Tis gaming,
Beware the fiend, seducing are her looks,
And on her lips softest persuasion sits;—
But ah, beware! her breath's a pestilence,
And from her hideous wings she shakes destruction.
Guilt, poverty, and death attend her steps,
And hell's eternal horrors stalk behind:
Thou, who the dread contagion hast receiv'd,
Tremble!—
Thy home shall pass into the hands of strangers,
Thy offspring live upon the charitable,
Thy wife, heart-broken, meet an early grave,

Thyself an alien in thy native land;
Despair shall ope her mighty arms to crush thee;
While the arch serpent, gory suicide,
Shall hover o'er thee on the racking winds,
Goaded thee on to break the laws of God,
And sink into the gulph of dire perdition!—
Tremble, thou who art in demagogue tolls,
Tremble, thy ruin is inevitable.

Manchester.

N. W. HALCESRISA.

ELOCUTION.

We have been perusing with much delight the third edition of the *Reminiscences* of Charles Butler, Esq., and from its instructive pages have culled some of the most pleasing parts; we submit them to our readers under the conviction that they will derive equal satisfaction with ourselves.

MR. PITT, AFTERWARDS LORD CHATHAM.

"Lord Holland describes in half a line the effect of Mr. Pitt's oratory, when he intended to be severe, on the object of his severities.—'In both Mr. Pitt's speeches, every word fell on Murray'; yet so managed, that neither he nor any body else could or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat near Murray, who suffered for an hour."—It was, perhaps, on this occasion, that Pitt used an expression that once was in every mouth.—After Murray had suffered for some time, Pitt stopped, threw his eyes around, then, fixing their whole power on Murray, said, 'I must now address a few words to Mr. Solicitor;—they shall be few,—but shall be daggers.' Murray was agitated;—the look was continued,—the agitation increased:—'Judge Festus trembles!' exclaimed Pitt, 'he shall hear me some other day.' He sat down; Murray made no reply; and a languid debate is said to have shewn the paralysis of the house.

"The whole speech of Lord Chatham, on the repeal of the stamp act, is very fine: 'I sought for merit,' said his lordship, 'wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister who looked for it; and I found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew it into your service.—a hardy and intrepid race of men. Men, who, when left by our jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state, in the war before the last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world. Detested be the national prejudices against them! they are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly.—When I ceased to serve his majesty as minister, it was not the country of the man by which I was moved:—but the man of that country wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom.'

"[His celebrated reply to Horace Walpole has been immortalized by the report given of it by Dr. Johnson.—On one occasion, Mr. Moreton, the chief justice of Chester, a gentleman of some eminence at the bar, happened to say, 'King, lords, and commons, or,'—(directing his eye towards Lord Chatham),—'as that right honourable member would call them, commons, lords and king.' The only fault of this sentence is its nonsense. Mr. Pitt arose,—as he ever did,—with great deliberation, and called to order: 'I have,' he said, 'heard frequently in this house, doctrines, which have surprised me; but now, my blood runs cold! I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down.' The clerks of the house wrote the words. 'Bring them to me,' said Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. 'Sir,' he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, 'I am sorry to have given any offence to the right honourable member, or to the house: I meant nothing. King, lords and commons,—lords, king and commons,—commons, lords and king;—*fria juncta in uno*.—I meant nothing! Indeed I meant nothing.'—'I don't wish to push the matter further,' said Lord Chatham, in a voice a little above a whisper:—then, in a higher tone,—the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty.—I have a great regard for the honourable member, and, as an

instance of that regard, I give him this advice:—a pause of some moments ensued,—then, assuming a look of unspeakable derision,—he said in a kind of colloquial tone,—'Whenever that member means anything, I recommend him to say nothing.'

"Once,—while he was speaking, Sir William Young called out, 'Question, question!'—Lord Chatham paused,—then, fixing on Sir William a look of inexpressible disgust,—exclaimed,—'Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, my agitation:—when that member calls for the question, I fear I hear the knell of my country's ruin.'

"When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was in agitation in the house of commons, Lord Chatham justified it with infinite address: insensibly he subdued all his audience, and a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house. Availing himself of the moment, his lordship placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance, but perfect dignity, and exclaimed in his loudest tone,—'Is there an Austrian among you? Let him stand forward, and reveal himself!'

"On another occasion, immediately after he had finished a speech, in the house of commons, he walked out of it; and, as usual, with a very slow step. A silence ensued, till the door was opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, 'I rise to reply to the right honourable member.'—Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator,—who instantly sat down dumb:—his lordship then returned to his seat, and exclaimed, 'Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me.' On the writer's asking the gentleman from whom he heard this anecdote,—if the house did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member?—'No sir,' he replied, 'we were all too much awed to laugh.'

"But the most extraordinary instances of his command of the house, is, the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville, the appellation of 'the Gentle Shepherd.' At this time, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, 'Gentle shepherd tell me where,—and in which each stanza ended with that line,—was in every mouth. On some occasion, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, 'Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, where are our means? where is our money?' He then sat down,—and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the house, humming the line, 'Gentle shepherd tell me where.'—The effect was irresistible, and settled for ever on Mr. Grenville the appellation of 'the Gentle Shepherd.'

* Lord Mansfield.

† Lord Bateman.

THE VICTIM OF FIDELITY;

A TALE.

In Caledonia's unenclosed wilds,
Uncultivated, drear, and desolate,
Where Nature in her rudest garb appears;
Upon a rugged mountain bare and bleak,
Rose the lone cottage of a shepherd swain.
Here, free from life-corroding care, he spent
His days, in an uninterrupted flow
Of rural happiness. His sole employ,
His flocks and herds to tend. His slender pipe,
Whose simple notes the untaught ear could please,
And Tray, the guardian of his fleecy charge,—
(Whose fond caresses were not flattery)
By turns, beguill'd and cheer'd the vacant hours.
Whilst thus he liv'd in unmolested peace,
Urg'd by necessity, one day he went,
On traffick's errand, to a neighbouring fair,
Part of his flocks and herds there to dispose.
With signs and wonted looks, well understood
By each, the rest, until he should return,
He to the charge of faithful Tray consign'd.
Meanwhile, the dog, who with affection kind
His master lov'd with unremitting care,
Tended his little flock, both night and day,
Waiting with patience his lov'd lord's return.
Fell four long days detain'd by sad mishap,
He from the fair return'd, regain'd his coat,
And eagerly enquir'd for trusty Tray.
Alas! in vain he information sought.—
With heartfelt grief he thus exclaimed: "Thy fat

"I know,—an helpless prey thou hast become
 "To thy fidelity." But eager hope,
 Still ling'ring, and unwilling to depart
 From his despondent breast, wing'd his slow feet.
 And to the mountain's top he hasten'd quick.
 Here, at his post, he found his faithful dog,
 Watching his flocks and herds. Him when he saw,
 He rose, and slowly struggled to approach—
 Ah! his strength soon fail'd. With silent joy,
 He feebly fawn'd, and lick'd his master's hand,
 Then at his feet he fell, look'd up, and died !
 Manchester, Oct. 20th, 1823. J. W.

AFTER BURNS.

Is there a man who ne'er has known,
 Or sorrow or misfortune's frown,
 Felt the keen throbs of misery's moan,
 Here let him stop :
 That while he contemplates this stone,
 One tear may drop.

Who on life's gently flowing tide,
 Secure from ill can prosperous ride,
 Or smoothly down its current glide,
 In hours of peace :
 Hence let him learn, how great his pride,
 Such joys may cease.

Beneath, one Mies, while fortune smiled,
 And all passed happy, gay, and mild,
 In youth's career with spirits wild,
 Could sportive play ;
 Till care and sorrow came and spoiled
 His cheerful day.

Whose heart could beat, whose eye could flow,
 At other's grief, at other's woe ;
 Whose breast in sympathy could glow,
 And not in vain :
 'Twas but to hear, 'twas but to know,
 And soothe their pain.

Till poverty's relentless hand,
 Shook over him an Ebon wand,
 Till stern adversity's command,
 Repressed his power ;
 Withheld his means and stopp'd his hand,
 In luckless hour.

Hence let him learn before too late,
 However wise, or good, or great,
 However with health or wealth elate,
 To be aware :
 There's hid in life's uncertain state,
 Full many a snare.

Here let him sit beside this tomb,
 This last retreat, this little home
 Of frail mortality the doom,
 And pensive strike
 His bosom, for the time will come ;
 He'll share the like.

Manchester, Oct. 23rd, 1823. Q.

CRITICISM.

LATIN ORTHOEPEY.

There is scarcely any subject involved in greater security than the pronunciation of ancient languages. For a language has ceased to be spoken as a vernacular tongue, we can hardly expect that its former pronunciation should long be retained ; but that, in every entry where some knowledge of it is preserved, the pronunciation will be modelled, in some degree, according to the rules of their own language. This, I believe, will be found to be the case, to a very considerable degree, with respect to the ancient language of Rome. In reply to the inquiry of GRAMMATICUS, in last Saturday's Iris, I beg leave to say, that the genuine pronunciation of the Latin language is undoubtedly lost, but that stronger traces of it are probably to be found in the European countries than in others. Those, for example, whose languages are obviously derived more immediately from the Latin, may be expected to retain some of the peculiarities of the ancient tongue, their vowel sounds will, in all probability, be nearly

the same. If we are to judge, then, by this standard, we shall be naturally led to look to the *Italian* as most nearly allied of any of the continental tongues to the ancient language of their country ; and we shall be prepared to expect that their men of learning will more nearly approximate than those of any other European nation to the ancient standard of Latin orthoepey. I am not sufficiently versed in Italian literature to enable me to decide whether their pronunciation of the vowel sounds of their own language has been borrowed from the Latin, or whether their modern pronunciation of Latin has not been made to coincide with their vernacular tongue. But if we shall find, that in the pronunciation of Latin, there is a striking similarity in the majority of the continental nations, however remote from each other, and however little their reciprocal intercourse may have been, we shall then be led to conclude that the pronunciation which has been most generally adopted is undoubtedly the one that is most nearly allied to the ancient standard. It is a remarkable fact, therefore, that, as far as my observation extends, there is a very striking coincidence in their pronunciation of Latin, among natives of every part of Europe. England alone deviates from the continental standard, while Scotland coincides with it as nearly as the inhabitants of some neighbouring shires do in their pronunciation of the English language. With respect to myself, the Scotch and English pronunciation of the Latin are equally familiar, and I can either employ the one, or the other as circumstances may require. But in conversing in Latin with natives of France and Italy, of Holland and Germany, of Hungary, Poland, and Sweden, I have found that I was intelligible, only when I adopted the Scottish pronunciation ; and the slight differences which I noticed, were not such as to occasion us much inconvenience. It is evident, therefore, that the English pronunciation of Latin is a perfect anomaly ; and seeing it is, in almost every respect, so consonant to the genius of English orthoepey, any one, however little acquainted with the subject, will naturally conclude, that we have modelled our pronunciation of Latin agreeably to the rules of our own language, rather than that the English tongue, which, through a long succession of ages, has been gradually approaching to its present standard, should have retained any of the peculiarities of the language of ancient Rome, with which it has so little immediate connexion. But I am at a loss to conceive upon what ground any one can suppose that our pronunciation of Latin is at all similar to that of antiquity, when it is so well known, that in the course of a few centuries the English itself has materially altered its pronunciation. The pronunciation of our tongue which prevailed in the age of our maiden Queen, is now to be found in greater perfection in the dialects that are spoken at a distance from the capital, and even in Scotland itself, than in our seminaries of learning and our schools of eloquence.

Much interesting information on the subject of Latin orthoepey will be found in the introduction to Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names, and also in the remarks of Ainsworth on the several letters of the alphabet in the quarto edition of his Dictionary. In some particulars, it is evident that the moderns have deviated from the true Roman pronunciation, and in nothing more notoriously than in giving a soft pronunciation to the letters *c* and *g*, when coming before *e* and *i*. We have good reason to believe that the name of the father of Roman eloquence was neither *Sisero*, as we denominate him, nor *Tschickero*, as he is called by the Italians, but *Kikero*. It is hardly reasonable to think that the orators of the age of Augustus made no distinction between *maius* and *malus* ; and yet, in our pronunciation, and as far as I know, in the pronunciation of other Europeans also, these words are undistinguishable. Our adoption of the soft pronunciation of the letter *c* is confessedly at variance with ancient usage, and introduces a strange confusion and ambiguity in the language as addressed to the ear. *Cædo* and *sedo*, *capri* and *sepi*, *causæ* and *sensu*, *cicer* and *siser*, *cygni* and *signi*, *cæna* and *ecena*, with many others, have with us the same identical sound.

I beg leave here to correct a slight mistake, into which GRAMMATICUS has fallen in his quotation from Mr. Walker. It is not *Grotius* but *Scaliger*, of whom he relates the anecdote ; and Mr. Walker thinks the

diversity between the Scotch and continental pronunciation, as illustrated by the anecdote, is greatly exaggerated.

The communications of S. X. are generally marked by so much good sense that I should be sorry that this paper should supersede any which he may furnish on this subject ; and should this meet his eye before he has thought of replying to GRAMMATICUS, I would request him to favour us with his remarks, notwithstanding, on the subject here imperfectly handled.

27th Oct. 1823.

GIMEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE ART OF READING.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR.—No study seems to be more neglected in this town than that of Reading. I have known inquiries to be made in vain for a teacher properly qualified to give instruction in this very interesting and valuable acquisition. I should think it would be well worth the while of any person fully capable, to offer his assistance to those who wish to study the art upon systematic principles. I have reasons for believing that such a person would experience much encouragement.

I am, Sir, Your's &c. J. L.

ON THE NEW INSTITUTION FOR SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The writer who, in a recent number of the Iris, gave us some very interesting particulars respecting the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, seemed, in his objections, to labour under some misconception when he assumed that the *hereditary governors* are to have free admission to every course of lectures delivered in the New Institution ; an arrangement which would be palpably destructive of those objects which mainly contributed to the formation of this very promising establishment. The hereditary governors are certainly not to have access to any lectures but those which may be regularly paid for by the funds of the Institution. If a person engage the room for a course of lectures which he may deliver on his own account, he will, of course, retain the right of excluding every person who does not purchase his admittance upon the ordinary terms. By such lectures, therefore, the funds of the Institution will be enriched, but the hereditary governors will not receive, and ought not to receive, any advantage. They can have no reasonable claim upon lectures, excepting those which are paid for by the trustees.

By this latter species of lectures the Institution will certainly be impoverished, unless they take place very seldom ; and if this be the case the hereditary governors will find, I suspect, that their great privileges are only nominal ; by engrossing too much in appearance, they will possess too little in reality ; a circumstance owing to the hasty, but certainly well-meant, measures, which were adopted at the public meeting.

I hope your ingenious correspondent will again turn his attention to the affair : we might, I venture to think, have fairly expected from authority, some explanations upon the subject after the publication of his very plausible objection ; and I feel persuaded, that when his observations, which have already excited much attention, are duly weighed, they will occasion some alterations in the arrangements, which will diminish the *apparent*, and increase the *real* privileges, of the governors of the Institution.

My best wishes, Sir, are for the prosperity of this most desirable establishment. I, therefore, observe with deep concern the misconceptions which are proved to have existed by the letter above referred to, and which, I fear, are likely, if not speedily removed, to lead to still further misunderstandings.

I know that it is utterly impossible for human ingenuity to devise any plan against which an inveterate caviller cannot frame a species of objection ; but this circumstance ought not to induce us to omit paying due attention to a serious defect in any of our schemes, when it has been pointed out in a plain, candid, and respectful manner.

A FRIEND TO THE INSTITUTION.

Manchester, Oct. 28th, 1823.

[The following letter, which has been handed to us by a correspondent, we willingly insert, as it will derive some interest from the circumstance of its being the production of a youth, and of local curiosity to our Manchester readers, from a knowledge that he left this town, to settle in that great colony, and though divided by the immensity of waters from old scenes, they appear feelingly to have recurred to him.—ED.]

Cape of Good Hope, March, 1823.

One Sunday morning, before church time, I strolled as far as Sea Point—the weather was remarkably fine—the sun shone in all its splendour—the sky was clear, save a few white clouds which were here and there scattered about by a gentle North West wind, which was then blowing lightly into the bay, and in some measure diminished the treat which would otherwise have been almost intolerable. Having reached the verge of the sea, I rambled about from one rock to another, till I found one whereon I thought I could sit and take a little rest. This was a part which projected a little farther out into the sea than the neighbouring rocks, on the extremity of which was a smooth part, where I sat down, and fell into a state of lethargic cogitation. About ten fathoms further out into the sea, were a few rocks under water: these break a considerable part of the swell, which was then beginning to increase and become larger,—presently an immense swell broke over the invisible rocks, which roused me from my reverie, and I found it was too near for me to retire in time to escape it, so I sat still expecting to have a good wetting. It came rolling on almost level with the place on which I was seated. This caused me to sit firm and prepare for the worst; when, to my great satisfaction and surprise, instead of the spray bursting upon me, it all spread around me, and left me dry as it were on an island. Finding that I could sit in this place unmolested and undisturbed by the raging billows of the ocean, I took out my prayer book, (being the only book I then had in my pocket) and opened on the 137 Psalm, which I chanted forth in a most masterly style, to the particular and affecting tune which I had often heard applied to it when within the walls of the Collegiate church at Manchester. The ideas that now entered my mind, having just finished singing, were so numerous and confused, that were I ever to attempt to describe them, I should soon find myself completely lost and bewildered.—On rising, I discovered in the horizon a small white speck, which I immediately took for the sails of a vessel, and as the wind was then increasing rapidly, and blowing exactly fair for her coming in, my doubts on that subject were soon at an end; so after waiting half an hour musing and framing many curious notions in my heated brain, I beheld her distant form.—As time was rolling on, and would be, ere I reached town, full late for church, I made all possible speed, and arrived just as the church-bell was calling the last time for all good people to come and attend Divine service. Thus ended my morning's walk, and, as I entered the church, my pleasing melancholy musings subsided and gave way to the more delightful solace, found in the adoration of the Almighty.

UNCLE TRIM.

VARIETIES.

MR. HUGHES' CONCERT, THEATRE-ROYAL.—Mr. Hughes of our Town, had his benefit Concerts, on Monday and Tuesday evenings last, which drew numerous and highly respectable audiences.—Mrs. Salmon, Mr. Broadhurst, and Mr. Philips, were the chief attractions, and Mrs. Hyde, (who was, for the first time, announced to appear in public)—Mr. Philips, who is a great favourite in London, proved that the partiality of the Metropolitan connoisseurs was not misplaced, he has a sweet and powerful voice; and his pronunciation is remarkably intelligible. No eulogy of our's can add to the well-earned praise of Mrs. Salmon, but she had not that appointed to her performance, in which (in our untutored opinion, at least) she most excels—the chaste, unvarnished native air—she was rapturously encored, and what she had to do was done, with her wonted excellence.—The sympathy of the house accompanied Mrs. Hyde on her debut—her diffidence

almost amounted to panic, and notwithstanding the sustaining power of a generous audience, she had nearly sunk under the effort. In a subsequent gle, however, she elicited much sweetness of voice. But we must not be accused of a deficiency in gallantry towards the ladies, if we say that Mr. Broadhurst's "John Anderson my Joe" distanced all competition; whether we admired the sweetness of the air, the simplicity of the song, the affection it breathes, or the touching pathos with which it was delivered—it was electric; and the audience testified the impression which that gentleman had so magically communicated, by an enthusiastic encore.

Mr. Mori astonished his hearers in his concerto by shewing what may be performed on that small but intricate instrument, the violin,—his execution, throughout, particularly on the upper notes, was great—and we congratulate Mr. Hughes on the highly distinguished countenance he has, and so deservedly, received.

ANATOMICAL STAYS.—We have perused a treatise on these stays, by MRS. LLOYD GIBBON, which seems to challenge scepticism—and from the highly respectable and illustrious testimonies annexed to it, we should have no hesitation in recommending to our fair readers, their use, as the most certain proof of their benefit.—We are not hasty in our conclusions, as we depart from our habitual customs, to insert what we deem of advantage to female comfort and utility.—See advertisement.

A Gentleman of the Newmarket connexion was one evening very officiously employed in assisting a company of Ladies to the attentions of the Tea Table.

In the plenitude of his politeness he was about to repair the deficiency of eatables, by conveying a Plate of Toast from the fire without consulting the warmth of the crockery which held it. As soon therefore as he had raised it, his fingers abandoned their hold,—the plate was demolished and the contents scattered.

He wittily, however turned the laugh of the company by saying, "I have got the *Heat*, but I have lost the *Plate*!"

INGENIOUS ANAGRAM.

Our Saviour was asked
Quid est veritas?
What is Truth?
he replied
Vir est qui adest.

The man who is present with you.

The answer comprising every letter of the question.

COOKE.—The late George Frederick Cooke was known to be guilty of great irregularities and often improprieties, when instigated by the excess of the bottle,—on one of these occasions, presuming on the freedom which his popularity, he thought, might licence him in using, when drinking with a party of gentlemen in a respectable wine vault, he applied some very coarse epithets to a spirited young man near him, who having with great patience submitted to his invective for a considerable time, at last rose to depart, and was struck by Cooke as he was retiring; this was not to be borne, and the young man in returning the blow brought the head of the performer in contact with a pane of the window, which it literally dashed to atoms.—This circumstance sobered Cooke, who was instantly collared by the same young man and turned out at the door; after a moment's deliberate reflection, and finding that he was to blame, he approached the shattered window, took off his hat and looking through the pane said "Gentlemen I crave your pardon, and find I have been to blame, but now I see through my Error!" Good humour succeeded to the joke and Cooke was readmitted.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Some Private Correspondence of Cowper the poet is announced for early publication.

Bernard Barton is, we hear, preparing a new volume of Poems for the Press.

The Gowrie Conspiracy is announced as forthcoming from the Northern press; but the author is anonymous.

Dr. Henderson's History of Ancient and Modern Wines, is nearly ready for publication.

A new poem, entitled, "A Midsummer Day's Dream," will speedily appear from the pen of Mr. Atherstone, author of "The Last Days of Hercules."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRY,

And a short Memoir of that interesting and benevolent Lady.

Was published on the 20th of October, Price 2s. 6d.
Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

POOLE'S ELEGANT POCKET ALBUM, for 1824.
Embellished with 12 VIEWS and 5 Portraits of Distinguished Characters.

Same time was published,

POOLE'S GENTLEMAN'S POCKET BOOK, embellished with a Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

London: Printed for JOHN POOLE, 8 Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

ANATOMICAL STAYS.

By the King's Letters Patent.

MRS. LLOYD GIBBON, of London, respectfully announces to the Ladies her arrival in Manchester, where they may be immediately supplied with her ANATOMICAL STAYS, by the King's Royal Letters, Patent; which are particularly recommended as affording great support to the Back and Chest, without pressure, and giving an inclination to hold the figure erect.

At no period of time have Ladies more required good stays, than at the present, from the late injurious fashion of stooping, and that extreme expansion of the shoulders which is now considered so inelegant.

The patent stays rectify all imperfections of figure, with greater care and comfort than any thing yet offered to the public.

Mrs. Lloyd Gibbon's Stays have the sanction and recommendation of the most eminent surgeons, for those who are weak and imperfect in the spine or shoulder,—to be had only of Mrs. Lloyd Gibbon, during her residence at Mrs. Barwick's, 37 A, George Street, opposite St. James's Church, Manchester.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** has been handed to us by his friend, and his observations are really as painful to us, as those would appear to have been to him which he presumes personally to allude to him.—We do assure him that the IRIS never was nor ever will, knowingly, be the vehicle of private malevolence,—but we have seen the person who acknowledges himself the author, and who disclaims in toto, the imputation.—Had it been otherwise, the general character of the gentleman, who thus unhappily taken offence, is represented to us to be to far the reverse of what the paragraph alluded to depicts, that we are surprised he could for a moment draw so unfavorable a similitude.—It is not long ago we were charged with a similar offence, although the article was copied from the "LONDON MIRROR," and was acknowledged by us as copied from that work.—Too much liberality cannot be extended to those who are in an editorial capacity, nor too much censure attached to any one who, availing himself of the ignorance of a Journalist, on the real subject of his communication, should incorporate matter which has a reference to other objects beyond those of amusement.—We trust this explanation will be satisfactory, and that our correspondent will be induced to look upon the affair, with less asperity and bitterness of feeling.

Executioner of King Charles the 1st.—There has, of late been considerable discussion relative to the personage who decapitated this unfortunate monarch.—A Fac-Simile of the Death Warrant is now very current, under which it is asserted on the authority of Spavin, secretary to Cromwell, that the individual was Colonel Joyce; this was crowned by Life before the first parliament of King Charles the second.—Our Correspondent A. M. S. has forwarded to us a Tale we have before met with, ascribing the act to a nobleman, who received it from his great grandfather's own mouth on his death-bed, at the amazing age of one hundred and twenty-five years—there is, however, a great improbability in the story as he must have been quite a stripling at that period—the probability is, that it never will be known—that it was not the Common Executioner there can be no doubt—otherwise the precaution of the mask would have been unnecessary—the person who in our own day, had that duty to perform on the Cat-street conspirators, was similarly concealed from public observation—for our parts we think that the author of this tragical act is better unknown, as it would lead only to fix an odium on those who bear the same name, as Sir William Wallace's betrayer is to this day, in Scotland, despised and execrated.

We would gladly have availed ourselves of the offer made us by an esteemed friend, but we think any selections from Dr. Young's Night Thoughts would be unparadiseable, and we fear it would also be insulting to the judgement of our readers.

In consequence of the great space which we have appropriated to the account of Captain Parry's Expedition, we are compelled to relinquish our intention of the insertion of several valuable articles from correspondents, received this week.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

The Manchester Iris:

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the Iris, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 93.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

A WEEK IN LONDON.

Written for the Iris.

"There is but one LONDON in the World," said Marshal Prince Blucher as he viewed it from the Telegraph at the Admiralty,—and it was in the month of September when my business called me to the metropolis, where I had before repeatedly been, and I thought I could not better give my wife a treat than by taking her with me to this world of wonders; the suggestion was no sooner thrown out, than the journey was prepared for, and never perhaps was so much accomplished in such a limited period. Our progress was marked by nothing worthy of particular notice, but the heavy exactions on the road, which the inexperienced traveller suffers much by, and the coach stopped on the remote line of Bedfordshire, whilst the passengers were gratified by those interesting objects, of nature, the light of the glow-worm, and the strains of the nightingale.

We were a good deal wearied on our arrival, and early betook ourselves to rest, rising betimes in the morning, to avail ourselves of that part of the day which is best suited for a stranger's research.

Our business lay with two distinguished members of His Majesty's Government, and occasions were numerous which presented themselves to gratify our curiosity in a superior degree over most other travellers, and we were received with the most marked attention by the eminent individuals alluded to, who by a solemn pledge to pursue our object to a successful conclusion, released us from all anxiety, and gave us an unbounded licence to pursue our pleasures without inconvenience or restraint. From the unfortunate Marquis of L—— we received orders for admission into the House of Lords which he procured from a noble Peer purposely for us, and also to the House of Commons from the Right Honorable ——, and from both a regular supply of *franks* for our communications to our friends. Females are excluded the privilege of attending the debates, and I had consequently to take the day for that purpose. There is nothing remarkable in the interior of the House of Commons, and it appears to be cherished more from its antiquity than its decorations; it forms that part of Westminster Abbey which was dedicated to St. Stephen, and possesses just comfortable conveniences for the august body who assemble there. It is curious for a stranger to listen to the speeches delivered there, and to see the carelessness of many, and the indifference of all; w of the Members take off their hats, except one who is delivering his sentiments and a great majority sit or loll in most unbecoming reverence. In the House of Lords much more decorum is observed; the bench of Bishops who are in their robes, and the presence of the Lord Chancellor, and Princes of the Blood royal, tend to give a solemnity and to command a veneration, unknown in the other House. Around these walls is a valuable tapestry repre-

senting the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and at the upper part a superb Throne surmounted by the Crown, and an elegant canopy of crimson velvet, on the back is embossed most exquisitely, the Royal Arms, the whole of which was erected on his present Majesty's accession to the throne; the richness of the drapery defies description. Departing hence we descended into Westminster Hall, the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars, and man feels his own insignificance most sensibly in traversing its immense space; at the upper end are the four Courts, and here may be seen streaming through the vast void, the *long robed* fraternity, with their wigs and bags, or holding sapient converse on the "glorious uncertainties" of the undefined laws of England. Having admired this astonishing piece of architecture we proceeded to the Abbey, and entered at Poet's Corner, where are the monuments to the memory of the British Bards—this of itself would be a subject for some hours contemplation: it was prayer time, and the chaunting of the choir, accompanied by the noble organ, gave a deep solemnity to the contemplative mind; we walked leisurely along the sacred aisles surrounded every where by the most splendid monuments, many of which have been defaced by rude hands, and unfeeling hearts—by wretches on whose souls the ray of science has never shone, and who must be dead to all feeling of genius or patriotism. As soon as the service was over we paid the required amount of 2s. 6d. to be shewn throughout—a tribute given by most with great reluctance, as it is undoubtedly a reflection on the national dignity to extort from the natives of England a payment for the indulgence of seeing those works of art, which they themselves have been instrumental in erecting: among other splendid monuments you are shewn two exquisitely wrought brass gates, the Chapel where the Knights of the Garter are installed, each knight having his banner and helmet hanging over his stall—the fret work and mosaic marble pavement are rich specimens of art; but what would well occupy a day of minute study is Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which Cardinal Wolsey began as a mausoleum for himself, but which was finished by King Henry at an immense cost,—to a contemplative mind this superb sepulchre furnishes a melancholy picture of the instability of human greatness—the nothingness of human pride,—the princely head, which late a diadem encircled, has long been shorn of its glory, and the proud heart on which the resplendent star of royalty shone, has been made a bed for the worm; such were our reflections when the guide, who observes an indecent rapidity, hurried us on to other objects; he led us to a folding door, which suddenly opening, presents to the startled view the immortal Nelson in wax work, as large as life, habited in the very clothes in which he closed his honourable career, with the exception of the coat, which is a fac-simile, the family objecting to grant it, but the honours which are emblazoned on it are the originals—a pin at one corner of the Epaulette on the left shoulder marks

the spot where the fatal ball entered; his waistcoat and breeches are of white kerseymere, his stockings raw silk, and his shoes are surmounted with gold buckles—at his feet lies his hat. Near this hangs the armour of General Monk, who brought back King Charles the Second to the Throne of his ancestors. Not the least interesting sight in this venerable fabric is the spot where those two great political opponents, Pitt and Fox, lie side by side, there being only a few feet of earth between them,—and here again philosophy might have scope for reflection—they who so often were engaged in the warmth of national argument, pouring out streams of eloquent effusion, which so often amounted to hostile collision, are now speechless, and powerless in their "narrow cell,"—the stones which cover them bear the simple letters of W. P. and C. J. F. but there is a noble monument erected to Mr. Pitt, and another to his illustrious rival is about to add to the thousand which adorn this edifice. It would be impossible for any one not actually a spectator, to conceive the awful solemnity and rich magnificence of this great structure—the attention is arrested at every step, and the eye is never wearied; this ancient building has for some years been fast falling to decay, but the Dean and Chapter have voted a large sum, and Government have lately granted £10,000 to arrest the progress of time's dilapidating hand; considerable progress has already been made in its restoration.

We "cast a longing lingering look behind" as we slowly and reluctantly withdrew, and proceeded through the cloisters, to the Treasury, an immense but inelegant building, which however, is abundantly commodious, and thence to the Horse Guards.

There is a parade in St. James' Park every forenoon which is always attended by a numerous concourse of spectators, the admirable band, playing fine military airs, and their flag, which is fetched by a detachment from the line with great ceremony, bore in its centre a wreath of laurel, embroidered, and in gold letters around it—Badajos, Vineira, Ciudad-Rodrigo, Salamanca, Talavera, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Orthes, Thoulouse,—and in the laurel wreath, Waterloo; these relieve Guard at the Royal Residences, and it is well worthy the visit of a stranger. The Horse Guards itself forms one of the entrances to the Park, and is a handsome and commodious building, adjoining which is the Admiralty, with the Telegraph on the top, by which in clear weather communications are made to, and received from, the out ports in a few minutes. Opposite the great entrance from the Horse Guards is erected the celebrated mortar cast by order of Marshal Soult to throw bombs into Cadiz, a distance of four miles, and an inscription upon it expressive of the gratitude of the Spanish nation to his Majesty, to whom it was sent as a present; the large Gun is also at one end, mounted on Egyptian sphinxes, and is remarkable for its curious workmanship. The walks are particularly fine, and are lined with trees the whole way; pro-

ceeding towards St. James' Palace you are struck with the Pagoda and Bridge over the Serpentine River, erected in honour of the visit of the allied Monarchs to this country, when it was brilliantly illuminated, and though the erection was considered temporary, it has been suffered to remain, as it has been found a great public convenience. St. James', at which you arrive at the termination of the walk, is a plain, heavy, brick building, and has no appearance whatever of being the residence of even a nobleman—it is of great antiquity, but the interior presents ample accommodations for public levees, and many of the rooms are superbly furnished.

In the Stable Yard of the palace are apartments for several of the Royal Dukes when resident in town, and a vast collection of antiquities are shown to the visitors.

(To be continued.)

ON A WISH TO RETIRE INTO THE COUNTRY.

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variorum; at laeta otia fundis,
Spelunca, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Magnisque domus, mollisque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Virg. Georg. lib. 1, v. 467, &c.

Long in vain I've sought to find
A rural mansion to my mind;
Oft I've rang'd the country o'er,
But could never yet explore
A convenient situation,
On whose lofty elevation,
I might build a handsome seat—
There to enjoy the pleasures sweet
Of a peaceful country life,
Far from the bustle and the strife
Of the town's tumultuous noise,
And all its satiating joys.

Oh! might I have my heart's desire,
To the country I'd retire;
There I'd buy a small estate,
Nor too little, nor too great,
A few acres in extent,
Unincumber'd with chief-rent;
The distance from the town should be,
A pleasant walk—miles two or three.
Then I would a spot select,
On which a house I might erect.
On some rising eminence,
There I'd fix my residence;
Modern it should be and neat,
Devoid of every strange conceit.
Taste should through the whole pervade,
Handsome, yet without parade.
The garden and the pleasure ground
Should with the fairest flowers abound,
And perfume all the air around.
And the orchard should bring forth
The choicest fruit of finest growth.—
Let the distant hills around
Be the landscape's utmost bound,
And the spacious plain between,
Blending light with darker green.
Add to this whate'er conduces
To please the fancy, or for use is.

Here in such a snug retreat,
I'd shun the follies of the great;
And from the faults of others, learn
The same myself to 'scape in turn.
From every plant or flower, derive
A useful lesson how to live.
My sole employment should be this,—
To study Nature as she is.
Oft would I seek the lonely cell,
Where Contemplation loves to dwell,
And in a sober garb array'd,
I'd gently woo the silent maid:
'Till thoughts sublime my senses close,
And lull my soul to sweet repose.

J. W.

Manchester, 1823.

ANTIQUITIES OF FREEMASONRY.

We have read a very excellent criticism on a publication of the Rev. George Oliver, Vicar of Clee, in the county of Lincoln, who, in attempting to rescue his favourite institution from all possible imputations, by proving it to be of all other institutions the wisest, oldest, purest, and best, has laid himself open to some laughable sarcasms from a writer in the *Literary Museum*. Amongst other drolleries, the witty reviewer takes notice to observe, that Mr. O. labours hard to trace masonry further than the creation of Adam, assuring his reader that if any men had existed before that patriarch, they must infallibly have been masons—and remarks, that it reminds him of the Welshman, who in tracing his origin through a long volume of manuscript, was not satisfied when completed, and inserted a note at the end "*About this time the World was created*"!!!

To those who are masons however a notice of their Reverend Brother's zeal will not be unpleasing, and to those who are not, it may afford some satisfaction to know what the principles are they profess—we give them as we find them recorded by a dignified member of that mystical conclave, with our ardent wish that they may so teach, that their

"*Good Light may be seen by all men.*"

He commences with what is requisite for a good mason—

Honour and probity, diligence and assiduity, truth and fidelity, years' learning and experience, are unitedly necessary to constitute "*a good and virtuous Mason*;" for Masonry is the perfection of all the arts and sciences. As a knowledge of medicine, astronomy, morality, and legislation, formed the great essentials of the ancient mysteries; so faith, hope, and charity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, form constituent parts of the ONE science of Masonry, which has been held in the greatest estimation in every age of the world.

Under the head of symbolical instruction, we have the following clear and satisfactory explanation of Masonic symbols:

From the chequered *ground-work* of a Mason's lodge to its splendid and celestial *covering*, it contains no point, part, or secret, which does not convey a fund of valuable information. The Mason in his full clothing is a striking emblem of integrity, and a perfect model of wisdom, strength, and beauty. The *white apron, gloves, and wand*, which are characteristic of his profession, have a direct reference to the innocence and purity with which he ought to be invested, by an adherence to the invaluable lessons which they contain.

The *Bible, square, and compass* point out the sacred source of his faith, and the rectitude of his practice; for while the former, which is always open in the lodge, is considered the rule and standard of his faith and hope, the two latter have the same reference to his life and actions.

The *compass* is appropriated to the Grand Master, as the supreme governor of the institution, because it is the most comprehensive and useful instrument in forming plans and designs, which belong exclusively to his province: for on the art and judgment with which he applies this instrument depend the general beauty and harmony of the whole. The *square* belongs to the brethren in general, because their obligations are founded upon, and they are consequently bound to square their actions by, the principles of virtue and right reason. From these visible symbols Masonry teaches, in its beautiful and expressive phraseology, to keep within compass, and act upon the square with all mankind, but more particularly with brethren.

The *jewels*, both moveable and immovable, have a significant reference to what is most dear and valuable

to man in his mortal state; exposed, as he is, to sorrow, sickness, pain, and adversity. The *square* is an instrument by which truth and perfection are attained in all manner of architecture; and consequently recommends morality and justice in all our commerce with mankind. The *level* is an emblem of equality, and demonstrates, that as we are descended from the same stock, partake of the same nature, and share the same hope, we ought strictly to render unto others the same measure of kindness and affection which, in similar circumstances, we should require of them. The *plumb* is an emblem of integrity, and admonishes us to walk uprightly in our station; to hold the scale of justice in equal poise; to observe the happy medium between intemperance and rigid self-denial; and to make our passions and prejudices coincide with the straight line of duty. The *tracing board* refers to the correct plans and designs traced by the great Architect of the Universe in the Holy Bible, which constitute the summit and perfection of a Mason's faith and hope. We have also other emblematical jewels, to denote the mind of man, in its progress from infancy to old age, from ignorance to knowledge. In the dawn of life, uncultivated nature feels its own inferiority, and is like a rough and shapeless stone newly taken from the quarry, which requires the skilful hand of patient industry to mould it into form. Manhood succeeds, and the ripening faculties, emulating perfection, press on with diligence and assiduity, to the great object of rational attainment. And when old age comes on, the placid mind, reflecting on a well spent life, devoted to acts of piety and virtue, looks forward to another and a better state of existence, where, infinitely perfect, it will be filled with the fullness of God. This state of mind may be aptly compared to a well wrought and highly polished cubical stone, accurately exact in all its lines and angles! which though minutely tried with the square and compass, will be pronounced good, perfect, and complete.

The most brilliant virtue *prudence* is represented in a Mason's Lodge by a *blazing star*, which is placed in the centre that every Mason's eye may be upon it, to expand his heart and influence his actions; that his conscience may never condemn him for exceeding the bounds which prudence prescribes, and that he may always be animated with the cheering reflection of its unqualified approbation.

The *groundwork* of a Lodge points out the recurrence of prosperity and adversity with which the life of man is variegated and chequered; and administers the most soothing consolation under the pressure of calamity or affliction.

The *covering* of a Lodge is that superb canopy spread over it by the Almighty Creator of all things. The blue, purple, and crimson covering of the first temple, erected to the exclusive worship of God by Moses in the wilderness, was a striking symbol of this splendid arch, illuminated with the rays of that great and burning luminary which conveys life, light, and motion to all earthly things. The *ground and covering* are connected by means of a ladder consisting of three principal steps, and resting on the Holy Bible; by which a Mason, who firmly exercises the virtues they represent, hopes to leave behind the unsatisfactory pursuits of mortality.

The history of Masonry is then traced down, with a marvellous minuteness and unquestionable accuracy, to the time of King of Solomon. The erection of the temple appears to be the greatest of all epochs in masonic annals. We will not deprive our readers of the knowledge of how much this magnificent production of Masonry cost:

If we take the valuation of the talent from *Vilpandus*, the expense of the building and ornaments amounted to 6,904,322,500L sterling! The value of the gold vessels alone was 545,296,203L sterling, and the silver ones 439,344,000L. Added to this were the wages, provisions, and other necessities for 150,000 workmen and 70,000 slaves, for upwards of seven years; besides 300 grand masters, and 3,300 overseers, to whom, in addition to their wages, King Solomon presented, as a free gift, 6,763,977L.

FARE THEE WELL.

"Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no cure for love."
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Fare thee well, sweet girl, for ever,—
Farewell hopes which late were bright;
O that those our persons sever
Could th' affections disunite!
Since all earthly bliss is fleeting,
Would this heart was made of stone,
Which, though broken, yet is beating,
Beating still for thee alone!
Whilst it throbs, a lover's anguish
Deep within conceal'd most lie;
Long as life it there may languish,
But till death can never die.
Oft my soul will seek to borrow—
Rest from torment, ease from pain,
But must see each rising morrow,
Bring an aching heart again!
And at each poor weak endeavour
To repel corroding care,
Feel that dreadful thought for ever
Gnawing like a vulture there.
Much too busy recollection
Will present a happier day—
See, in painful retrospection,
Joys for ever pass'd away.
Now we must, like those who travel,
Diff'rent roads thro' life pursue;
May each stage to thee unravel
Some delightful scene to view!
But when time has far remov'd thee,
Wilt thou not *against* thy will
Think of him who long has lov'd thee,—
Pity him who loves thee still?
Fancy then shall see thee trying
Inward sorrow to conceal,
Oft methinks shall hear thee sighing
O'er the wounds thou canst not heal.
Peace, my dearest—cease repining,
This prophetic eye can see
Providence is yet designing
Future happiness for thee.
Then for what I feel I care not,
Welcome, sorrow—come despair;
Grief is gladness—death I fear not—
Answer'd is my fervent pray'r.
Fare thee well! May some kind spirit,
Hov'ring o'er thee, guard thee still,
Make thee truest peace inherit,
Safely guide from ev'ry ill.
Solid bliss to thee discover,
Till the solemn fun'ral knell
Tells for thee his care is over—
Tells a final "Fare thee well!"

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

From the Literary Gazette.

Tic mac, nic nac, quick quack, ric rac, Jim crack, tweed'lem
dee—
And sing ting-a-ring-a-ting, to clink the chink's the music still
for me.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Sam Halliards; "Haugh, haugh, haugh!" roared Tom Pipes, on seeing an ancient Israelite with his shop, i. e. his petit bi-joux box, on his back, advancing from the College towards the Prize Pay Office. They remember'd old times, when these rats practised their arts and nibbled up the hard-earned substance of all jolly Tars, under the moderate advantage of sheat per sheat. "C'est un bon jeu," said old Sam, who had pick'd up a little bad French while a prisoner at Verdun—"C'est un bon jeu: and by the piper of war 'tis old Solomon Sobernuc, that used to live near the Blue Posts on Portsmouth Point! Solomon, my old buck, how are you?" "Vera vell, tank you, ma deer."—"That's right, my hart; and how does the world wag, Solomon?"—"Like de littel boys in de merry-go-round at de fair—dem as vat got de penny, ride in de coach; dem as got no more as von ha-penny, ride on de horse; and dem, to whom a far-thing is noneish, tramp troo de mud, and run round mid de

rest. Oh, de varld is just like de merry-go-round!"—"Why, that puts me in mind (says Tom) of the volunteer blackguards of Yankee town, when the ivory sergeant tells 'em to fall in: Hear-a, all you hab one shoe, one tocking, tan in de front; all you hab no shoe, no tocking, tan in de centre; all you hab yam foot jiggery-toe, tan in de rear." But how is it you're crawling about here, Solomon, like a snail with your shop on your shoulders? You ought to have made your fortune, and retired to your country-house. I've known you nu juf mechant ever since I first went to sea a boy."—"Yes, I have been de Jew merchant ven I was no more high dan dis shtick. I came from Hollands ven I vas littel baby: but country-house! No, no, I am very poor man."—"Come from Hollands, eh? Well, I always thought you a spirited fellow—above proof; but take care you arn't caught in a gin at last."—"Aye, aye, (says Tom,) he'll have a country-house before long, for the county jail is fitting up for him."—"Get along mid your vaggery, I never sheated a shonl in my life."—"That's very likely, (says Sam;) but there's many a poor body has play'd a losing game through your dealings, else you wouldn't be making head-way to yon Office."—"Vat you insult me? Go as your ways; but shopt, vill you buy a good vatch?"—"Watab, Solomon? No, no, I've had watches enough in my time, without buying one now. You don't recollect me, I see. What, have you forgotten the old Triumph, and the para-shoot descent you had from the foregratings to the cockpit?—shop, watches, colifichets, and—"—"Ha! vat vas you one of de rogueshat dat shtel ma proprieties mid your gally-fish-honks? Forget it? never. I losht more as von hunder pounds."—"Avast there, Solomon, avast! Didn't the ships company make it up to you?—they had their frolic and you your money."—"Upon ma consience dat shlipt ma memory; but 'tvas almost cosht ma life."—"What was it? (said Tom Pipes.) Come, Sam, let's have it, and then our honest friend here shall treat us with a glass a-piece for old acquaintance sake."—"Vat me! Blesht ma heart! blesht ma heart! Vy, I've got no more as von twopence in de varld;" but observing a handsome silver medal suspended from Tom's neck, he hastily added, "Vat vill you take for dat, ma deer?"—"Ha! ha! (says Tom,) twopence 'on't buy it, old Shylock; 'twas gained with my blood, and I've too much flesh about my heart to part with it."—"Vera vell, I musht go, deer."—"No, no, let's have Sam's story, and you shall stand by and correct him if his memory should fail; for to give the devil his jaw, I do not think you would willingly tell the truth."—"Not for the varld, not for the varld; but 'tish getting late, and the Oflish will be closed."—"Just as I suspected, eh?—the old song to a new tune—

'Oh that the bullets may scuttle his nob,
For I've got his will and power.'

But come, come; Faire un bon mine a mauvais jeu."—"That's a jen de mot," says Sam. "Mo! vat you mean? Mo! my name is Solomon."—"What your christian name?"—"Bah! give me ma box, and let me go as my ways."—"So you shall presently, but I must hear the story first."—"Blesht ma heart give me ma box, I say—I will call for help."—"Do, my old Me-a-bite, and bring down a whole host of Philistines upon you."—"Vat are you going arter?"—"Toussen voss, and let's have the story."—"Ah! you vill teach me to death."—"Why, d'ye see, (says Sam,) we were laying moored at Spithead: Captain L— commanded us then; and Will Scott, Jack Armstrong, and old Harry Bartlett, bought each of them a watch of Solomon here. But soon after there was a stoppage in their insides; the balance-wheel had no motion, and then they discovered best part of the bowels were wanting. The complaint at last became general, so they determined to play the rogue a trick."—"Vera vell? 'tish all vera pretta!"—"Why you know 'tis true, Solomon. Well, pay-day came, and he was permitted to be a board with all his traps; and so he spread them all out on the fore-grating, making a grand display. There was his sealing-wax of brick-dust, copper-gilt-gold rings, pencils without lead, watches without guts, lockets to pick your pocket, and a hundred other imposing articles."—"Go on, go on, 'tis all vera pretty!"—"Why you can't deny it. Well, d'ye see, one of the snuffers, unobserved, made a rope's end fast to the grating; they gave it a bowse upon deck, and away went old Solomon."

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord! de very remembrance makesh me shweat again! Dere, let me go, let me go."—"No, no, we arn't done with you yet, you must freshen the nip. Come, it's of no manner of use to refuse; the name of Solomon Shanbock, of Portsmouth Point, would operate like a charm in our hive, and should we whisper it, you'd have a swarm of blue-bottles foul of your box again."—"Oh dear! Oh dear! Vell, vell, come along mid you." So away they set off for the Jolly Sailor. On ascending the stairs to the long room, old Donald Mac Bean was heard singing, with Stentorian lungs,

"And mair if you'd be knowin,
I've sail'd with Commodore Owen,
And with Sir Pultney Malcolm I have nobly faced the foe;
But now in Greenwich moored,
With grog and bacca stored,
I swivel like a peg-top round upon my timber toe,
I swivel like a peg-top round upon my timber tiddibb!"

shaking the last note with all the grace of a Bray-em, and swinging round like the dervises before the wonderful lamp of Aladdin. Oscar Byrne couldn't hold a candle to him. Donald was singular in his understanding, and always made it a standing rule to sing this song in character. He was still in rotary motion when they enter'd. "More like a humming-top than a peg-top," cried Jem Breeching; while Sam Quketora, catching sight of old Solomon, started up, exclaiming, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What, my gentle master! Oh my sweet master! Oh your memory of old Sir Rowland, what makes you here?"—"Mair like unto an Oliver than a Rowland, (said Hameish Mogan;) or you may ca' him hornie, sootie, clotie, seeing I ken fa' well 'tis auld Solomon Shinback, frae the Point at Portsmouth. How's aw wi' you? Gie's your paw, mon, you're unco welcome. Sit ye doon, sit ye doon, and dinna fash your gab about that burthen o' sins, that pedlar's hump. You're amongst honest men, Solomon, you're amongst honest men."—"Arrah be aisey, (roar'd Teddy,) he's a solo-man, and not to be play'd upon by every body; sure isn't he going to do the nate thing now? Oob, call for a pint of Jew-nipper, and after that we'll try to du-it in a quart-etto." Every one had something to say, for he was well known to all. The best chair was offered, but he prefer'd making a throne of his box, for cogent reasons. "Gemmen, (said Jem Breeching,) Gemmen, our old friend has consented to treat us with a bowl of punch."—"Vat me! Blesht ma heart! No, no, I can't afford it. Vy, you vill ruin me! Blesht ma heart! No, no!" Jem gave three loud raps on the floor with his wooden pin, which sounded like a paviour's rammer,—a well-known signal; and enter landlord. "A bowl of punch for Mr. Shacabac; and d'ye hear, shipmate, let it be good, for friends don't meet every day. The punch was brought. "Fill your glasses, gemmen, (said the President, rising on his foot.) Here's the King our Royal Master—God bless him!" drank with spirit and animation; when old Ben Marlin got upon his leg—"Gemman, we have just drank to the health of our gracious Sovereign, and every true and loyal heart glows with fervour at the name; but let us not forget old friends—one whose honest, smiling, happy countenance must be well remember'd by many of us. Aye, I recollect once on board the Yacht he catch'd sight of me with the grog kit. 'Here, here, brother, here, here, (says he;) what, what, what's that?'—'Grog, an' it please your Majesty,' says I. 'Please you most—please you most; but, but, let's taste—let's taste;' and so he takes a swig, first nodding his head in a friendly way, as much as to say, Here's to you. It did my heart good to see him. 'Very, very strong, very strong—no sugar, though.' And then he used to stand and talk with old Mr. Porteous, the Master, about Duncan's action, as affable as if he'd been one of the crew. I pull'd the stroke-oar of the barge that ere day he embark'd from the College stairs for a trip down the River, and Sir Edward Trollope steer'd the boat: it must be between twenty and thirty years ago. How kindly he look'd! Every seaman loved him as a father. So now I give you, The lasting memory of the poor Tars' Friend." This was drank in solemn silence, and by some bedew'd with a tear; it awoke old feelings and recollections, till Jack Rattlin, who has a tolerable good voice, struck up, "Should auld Acquaintance be forgot?" in which he

was occasionally joined by all friends. At the conclusion of the song, Sam Quketoes got up, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling—"Brave Peers of England, pillars of the State. To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief." "Och, hold your blarney, (says Barney Bryan,) we'll have no grief while the grog is abroach. Come, Solomon, your toast."—"Charity to de Christiansh"—"And honesty to Jews," rejoined Teddy; drank with the amendment. Song with infinite humour by Sam Halliards, "I am a gay Jew Pedlar." "We only wants Tommy Pakenham's band, (said Dick Wills,) to have as good a roary-tory-n as they have at the Uproar-house. Don't you remember it, Sam, when we were off the Western Islands? Tommy commanded the 'Le Juste,' and one day he dined aboard of us along with Lord Hew; and so the music was playing on the poop: 'What's that noise, my Lord? (says Tommy,)—we can scarcely hear one another speak.'—'Oh Captain P. (replied his Lordship, lifting up his long neck,) that is my band, and a very good one too.' 'Very likely, very likely, my Lord, but it almost stuns one, and spoils conversation.' A few days afterward the Captain of the squadron dined with Sir Thomas, and all at once there was the most dreadful howling, squeaking, grunting, snorting, as if a legion of foul fiends were bellowing in their ears. Up jumped his Lordship: 'What's the matter—what's the matter, Captain P.—what can be the matter?'—'Oh, my Lord, 'tis only my band, and a very good one too.' He had ordered the butcher and poulterer to seize all the pigs up in the mizen rigging, and arrange them according to the gammon, or gammock, I think they calls it; however there they stuck, black and white, like the keys of an hog-un, and a man play'd upon 'em with a rope's end. There was ham-ony, with your minims and crotchets, your tenors and hog-staves—a modern Pig-malion! But I don't know how it happened, they didn't keep very good time, and put one another out; yet with a good deal of swine-ging they made a shift at last to get through that beautiful composition by Friar Bacon, 'They say little Pigs make very good pork;' but all hands pronounced it a terrible bore." "Arrah, take care, Sam Quketoes, (cried Teddy,) every body knows as knows you, that if your nose gets into the punch it will make it hoil, and scald your throat, so it will." "Gentlemen, I musht bid you good day; it ish almost tea-time, and my old bonesh want resht." "Hoc mihi tecum bone est," (roared Teddy again.) You must not start a pig till we've finish'd the supernaculum; and I'd give you law for it, but that I know you are well acquainted with—Jew-dish-all proceedings." "List to the chield—list to the chield," said Hameish. "List, list, Oh list!" (continued Sam Quketoes, pointing at Teddy;) See, each particular hair now stands on end like quills upon the fretful pork-you-pin; and there is a round unvarnish'd tail disclosed, while his huge barnacles, like glass-eyers on a lofty mountain, look with a chilling aspect on the mole below that guards the entrance to his covered way." "I-ma-go non-tri, (replied Teddy,) but I wont take it in snuff. Your nose should be tried by the thumb-ometer, but that I am afraid to burn my fingers. There's a face, latine red-ditum; it would do for a fieri facias—it puts Jem Breeching's to the blush, and all the rest out of countenance; you might cook a chop at it at any time. Then for eyes, arn't you monoculous misret me to-i; 'tis all my eye to talk about it. You and old Barney are a pair of spectacles, for your left eye is on the right side, and his right eye is left. See how they look at each other, like crows peeping into a pitcher! And if that sparkling eye of yours, Sam, was in Dick Will's mouth, there'd be a pretty transparency like a Chinese lantern." "Order, gemmen, order!" (cried the President.) You're both mirrors of fun, but don't cast reflections upon one another. Seeing what I have seen, seeing what I now see, you're a couple of the ugliest mugg'd rogues that ever I seed in my life, excepting the King of P——, who beats us all. Howsomever, you may easily settle your difference, as they do a Scotch account current: "As for you, Sam Quketoes, I owe you nothing, you owe me as much," and then sign your name—Teddy O'Shaugnessy. And so, Gemmen Quid-hums, I beg leave to make a motion for evacuating the chair." Agreed to nem. con.: and Solomon departed with the hearty thanks of all hands, who retired to their peaceful, comfortable cabins.

AN OLD SAILOR.

STANZAS

Addressed to a New Born Infant.

Sweet babe! around whose smiling brow
Peace, innocence eternal move,
As bending o'er thy beauties, now,
A mother sheds her looks of love;
Sweet babe! there's not a simple thought
Once imag'd in thy angel face,
That is not still as quickly caught,
Nor which she longs again to trace;
Whilst every love, and every joy,
Beam in the sparkle of thine eye.

Sweet stranger! let us welcome thee
As some kind spirit, sprung from night,
Around whose footsteps there shall be
One endless stream of heavenly light;
For thou as yet, know'st no despair,
No grief, no sorrow, all is joy,—
The tears of heart-corroding care
Have never wet that laughing eye;
Then welcome to the hours we find,
And leave thy infant world behind.

Sweet floweret! thou art yet, but poor
And weak,—full many days must come
Ere thou shalt raise thy head secure,
And smile in fullest, fairest bloom;
There's many a chilling frost thou'lt find
And many a danger lurking nigh;
There's many a desolating wind,
May all thy little hopes destroy—
And leave thee as the lonely flower,
That blooms and withers in an hour!

Sweet bark! thy snowy sails are set,
The breeze blows briskly, and the deep
Is calm as thy soft bosom, yet,
Where nought but hopes and blessings sleep.
Haste!—thou hast many ports to hail
Upon thy devious, trackless way,
Before thy fleeting, anxious sail,
Shall gain the land of endless day,
Yet oh! midst all, still mayst thou prove
A father's care, a mother's love!

Nov. 4th, 1823.

H. B. P.

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH FOWKE, ESQ.

This gentleman, who died about thirty years ago, at a very advanced age, was an intimate and much esteemed friend of the celebrated Doctor Samuel Johnson's.—He entered into the service of the East India Company, at the early age of seventeen. He remained at Fort Saint George till about the year 1748, and was so high in the opinion of his employers that, when he returned to England, he was pressed by the secret committee of the East India Directors, to accept the government either of Madras or Bengal. This offer, however, he declined; and remained in England, till 1771, when he again returned to India.

Some differences of opinion unfortunately occurred between him and the provisional government, which ended in his being tried, in June 1775, in the supreme court of Bengal, under two indictments. The verdict, in the first of them, was, "Not Guilty." But in the second, which came on immediately afterwards, and in which he was implicated with Maha Rajah Nundocomar and Roy Rada Churn, the verdict was, "Joseph Fowke and Nundocomar, guilty; Churn, not guilty."

In the year 1788, Mr. Fowke finally quitted Bengal, with a recommendation from Lord Cornwallis to the Court of Directors in England, as a person entitled to receive the pension which was promised to their servants, returning from

Bengal out of employment, in their General Letter, dated September 21, 1785; which letter directed, that 'such persons, (described in the letter), whose fortune was not equal to £10,000, should receive as much annually as, with the interest of his own money, should make up an income of £400 per annum.' This recommendation, however, the Directors, in the first instance, rejected; but after some time had elapsed, the claim was discussed in the House of Commons, and certain resolutions were passed in his favour, First, that the petitioner, Joseph Fowke, had proved the allegations contained in his petition; and, secondly, that he was entitled to the pension or allowance promised to be paid, by the East India Company, to their servants, as expressed in their General Letter of the 21st of September, 1785.

Mr. Fowke retained the vigour of his intellects to the close of his life; and what, perhaps, is still more remarkable, considering the usual declension in the hand-writing of most elderly persons, he continued to write, till his death, a hand of singular firmness and beauty. The activity of his mind, and liveliness of his imagination, remained to the last; as is manifest from various interesting letters which he wrote at nearly the age of "fourscore years." His conversation was always sprightly and entertaining; highly seasoned with anecdotes, some of which related to his friend, Doctor Samuel Johnson: among these, he was accustomed to relate the two following.

One morning, on Mr. Fowke's calling on Doctor Johnson, he found the venerable sage somewhat agitated. On enquiring the cause, I have just dismissed Lord Chesterfield, said the Doctor; and if you had come a few moments sooner, I could have shewn you my letter to him. Then musing a little, he added, However, I believe I can recollect it pretty well; and he immediately repeated a very long and very severe epistle; much longer than that which is given by Mr. Boswell in his Life of Johnson. Mr. Fowke further remarked that, upon this occasion, Johnson told him, Lord Chesterfield had sent him a present of £100, to induce him to dedicate the Dictionary to him; Which I returned, said he, to his Lordship, with contempt; and then added, addressing himself to Mr. Fowke,—Sir, I found I must have gilded a rotten post! Lord Chesterfield, continued the Doctor, is a wit among lords, but only a lord among wits.

The second anecdote is as follows. Mr. Fowke once observed to Dr. Johnson, that, in his opinion, the Doctor's literary strength lay in writing biography, in which line of composition, indeed, he infinitely exceeded all his contemporaries. Sir, said Johnson, I believe it is true: the dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity.—Speaking of the difficulty he sometimes experienced of getting information for that purpose, he said, that, when he was writing the life of Dryden, he desired to be introduced to Colley Cibber, from whom he expected to derive many valuable materials concerning him.—So, Sir, said Johnson to Cibber, I find you knew Mr. Dryden? "Knew him! O Lord, I was as well acquainted with him, as if he had been my own brother." Indeed! then, observed the Doctor, you can tell me some anecdotes of him.—"O yes; a thousand! Why we used to meet continually at a club at Button's. I remember as well as if it were but yesterday, that when he came into the room, in winter time, he used to go and sit close by the fire, in one corner; and then, in summer time, he would always go and sit in the window." Thus, Sir, said Johnson,

what with the corner of the fire, in winter, and the window, in summer, you see that I got much precious information, from Cibber, of the manners and habits of the poet, Dryden.

S. X.

NIGHT CAP AND SLIPPERS;

Being a poetical epistle from I. H., of Sheffield Park, (labouring under the effects of a severe cold,) to his Friend, S. X.

The prisoner of the hearth-stone nook,
I sit and cough, beside the fire;
While conversation, pen, or book,
My heavy spirits seems to tire.

With night-capp'd head, and slipper'd feet,
And water-gruel at my side:
The muse of dulness seems to greet,—
All inspiration else denied.

But though no visitor I see,
To cheer me in this moody hour;
I know there are who think of me,
Inspir'd with friendship's generous power.

Perchance, e'en while this pen I dip
In ink, and trace this moody rhyme,—
My name may tremble from some lip,
Sweet as the rose in summer prime.

Bless thee, my friend! whoe'er thou art,
Who wish or thought of me hast sped:
May sadness ne'er depress thy heart—
Nor cold, nor coughs affect thy head!

Rat blessings still, through every state,
Attend, and mark me mercy's child;
Heaven's daily comforts on me wait;
Its chastenings,—O how low and mild!

Of kind attentions—cordials sweet—
I feel no lack, and fear no dearth;
And pure, domestic pleasures meet,
To cheer me on the social hearth.

Then I'll rejoice, and not repine,
Midst all that Heaven allows, or sends;
Since still, I feel in mercy mine,—
Faith, hope, home, comforts, kindred, friends.

October, 24th, 1823.

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

Ample as was our account of this interesting Expedition last week, it may readily be supposed that a number of little anecdotes and curious particulars, which could not all be remembered at once, will continue to occur to the voyagers, and be communicated to their friends.

Among the wonders carried out by our ships, the two which excited the greatest astonishment and delight in the breasts of the ignorant Natives, were the loadstone and a scaramouch of six or eight inches in length. The attraction of needles, &c. by the former was an object of never-failing surprise; and the dancing of the latter, by pulling the string between its feet, was still more a matter of never-ending delight. The Esquimaux loved much to see it made to perform; but if allowed to call its evolutions with their own hands, their raptures were extravagant, and they would play the puppet for hours together.

After leaving Hudson's Bay, with the exception of one family seen by the boats, none of these people were met with till the tribe of 50 appeared in February, though traces of their dwellings, many of them recent, had been observed every where about the islands. Yet when they first came into contact with the strangers, they betrayed no fears or suspicions; but came boldly on board the vessels, one of them even carrying an aged man upon his back to

show him the amazing sight. When the trifling presents, on which they set so high a value, were given to them they leaped and shouted like mad-folks, uttering the oddest noises. Of course equal confidence was displayed by our countrymen, who immediately returned the visit to the huts of their new neighbours, about a three miles' walk, and were received with similar demonstrations of joy by men and women.

With all their apparent clownishness, if we use that term in preference to stupidity, the Esquimaux are an ingenious race. We have already related several instances of this; but the chef-d'œuvre of their talents is their dresses. They are curiously made of skins, partly with the hairy side outwards and partly not. The man's dress consists of a coat, having the fur inside, with hood over his head, and coming close round the chin. In front it fits the body closely round the waist like a vest, but descends over the hips behind in a tail. The seams are down the sides under the arms, and it appears, as if to get into this garb the wearer must push his head and body up into it. Round the cuffs and all the lower parts of the garment, is a white fur trimming, of the most *Exquisite* fashion. Mittens cover the hands. The breeches are loose, and descend below the knee, where two rows of elegant trimming are also sewed on. The rough side of this part of the dress is outward. Boots fitting the leg complete the male equipment; and so well is this figure formed that it balances itself, and can nearly stand alone.

The female is still more grotesque. Her upper garment has the fur side out, and from the *Capote*, which comes round the face and leaves only a little of it exposed, descend on each side two long hairy appendages, covering two *love-locks* of her own black hair like queues, only not so stiff. The vest in front of this squab little personage falls into a stomacher point. But the oddest portion of her equipment is the boots, which come up much higher than any fisherman's, and are nearly as much in circumference as her body. The fur is inside, as also in her mittens and *her breeches*. We despair, however, of conveying a perfect idea of these droll performances, which must be seen to afford a proper notion of Esquimaux art and ingenuity. We have only to add, that their smell is not the most delicate.

The lady's boots are the most essential parts of the Esquimaux' dress: they are their pockets, their tool boxes, their provision cupboards: Hudibras' holster was nothing to them. This will be allowed when we state, that one day a lady of the tribe, enamoured of a wash-hand basin, took the liberty of appropriating it secretly to herself; but unluckily for her the theft was discovered, and she was turned over for search—*proh pudor!* the basin was found concealed in one of her boots!

But our sailors were compensated for all their losses of this sort by the amusement the natives afforded them. Their dog-sledges were cheerfully lent; and some of our blue-jackets became at length perfect *sours-in-hand* at driving *eight* of these animals in a team. Otherwise, the time even of the officers, who had other resources, passed uniformly and heavily enough. Their routine, day after day, was—rise at 7, breakfast at 8, muster on deck at nine; walk or visit fox-traps, &c. till noon, dine at 1; sleep, read, or play at chess, back-gammon, cards, &c. till 5, when tea made a new interruption; muster again at 6, do what they could to kill the enemy till supper at 8, drinking grog, smoking and chatting till the final hour of turning in. Such were

their recreations; and no wonder the Esquimaux were welcome visitors, though some of the newspapers tell us that a native skull or two, brought to England, display portentously the organ of destructiveness, according to the phrenological school.

Among the botanical specimens brought home, are considerable quantities of the tripe-de-roche; on which Captain Franklin and his brave comrades so long sustained existence.

It is a curiosity in natural history, that of the mixed breed between the English Lurcher and the Esquimaux dog, there were one half, three, of the pups without tails, though both parents had them. One of these is the strong and fine animal between decks in the Hecla, and which apparently stood not only the climate, but the galley fire, much better than its companions.

On Monday, Admiralty orders were received at Deptford to dismantle the Fury and Hecla, and reland their stores; from which it might be anticipated that no further attempts of this kind were (for the present at least) intended. The only expectation of the contrary is founded on the non-removal of the heating fixtures.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MR. SADLER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS AERIAL VOYAGE, FROM DERBY, TUESDAY, OCT. 28, 1823.

"The balloon ascended in a direction to the east, and from the rapidity with which it arose soon gave myself and companion a delightful view of Derby and its vicinity, though not so extensive as in most voyages, in consequence of the clouds being very low.

"On first rising, the spectators scarcely uttered a shout, arising, I suppose, from the novelty of the scene. In addition to our several instruments, &c. we had upwards of 150lbs. of ballast. At seventeen minutes to two o'clock I sent out two pigeons, both of which fluttered about, rather astonished at their elevation and the appearance of the balloon. In two minutes more we entered a cloud, which, in a few minutes obscured the earth from our view. This was attended by a slight dampness, such as is usual upon a fog in low countries; but it was of short duration, for at thirteen minutes to two o'clock my companion observed a break in the clouds, which enabled us for the last time to observe the town of Derby, and at the same moment we heard a shout, which indicated to us that we were likewise seen by the inhabitants.

"Several instruments in the car being in rather a confused state, my first attention now was to put them in order, at the same time I set at liberty a third pigeon, but which seemed so very timid, that it would not leave the car, although I attempted repeatedly to free it from the edge; and perceiving the alarm of the poor animal I desisted, and allowed it to remain with us.

"At five minutes to two the balloon was at its greatest altitude, being little more than one mile and a quarter, and at this time we were both much delighted with the magnificent appearance of the clouds, which appeared like an immense crater beneath us, covered by eternal snows, variously tinged with the sun's rays. The balloon was now fully distended, and I allowed a considerable quantity of gas to escape, which occasioned us to descend. We again rapidly passed through the clouds, and regained a view of the earth; and from the agitation of the silk, &c. I discovered we had now changed our direction to the E. N. E. The inhabitants soon discerned the balloon, and seemed much pleased. I therefore determined to remain low to gratify them, and continued about 700 yards from the earth, and at this height was enabled, by the assistance of my speaking trumpet, to converse with the crowds who were collected. We but indistinctly saw the town of Nottingham, from the haziness of the atmosphere.

"At ten minutes past two, I threw out the third pigeon from the car, but at this height the poor bird tried to regain its situation, but was unable, and made

a dart for a considerable distance towards the earth, and we were pleased to observe that it soon recovered itself.

"My companion was surprised to see the alarm of the different animals, that ran in every direction on the appearance of the balloon. The country now before us was highly favourable to effect our descent, and at twenty minutes past two I opened the valve for that purpose; and, by the aid of my trumpet, made my intention known to the people, which caused no inconsiderable sport, for the crowds commenced running in every direction towards the likely spot, over hedge and ditch, and many an unfortunate individual we observed laid low. A large piece of grass land, being in the line of direction, was the spot I chose, and at twenty-five minutes past two the grappling-iron first took hold, but the hedge being weak it gave way, and again held by the adjoining sod, and in five minutes we comfortably stepped from the car, having performed a voyage of twenty-two miles (taking the alteration of our course into calculation) in forty-five minutes. The field we alighted upon is in the parish of Kirby, near Mansfield, and called Portland Park. A number of people soon assembled to assist us, none of whom were the least alarmed, as was the case in my descent lately in the neighbourhood of Stourbridge. A young woman was the first to lay hold of the cable. Major and Mrs. Jessopp came up soon after our alighting, and kindly invited us to their house. They expressed themselves much delighted at the appearance of the balloon as it approached the earth. The whole of the apparatus was soon packed up, and removed to the Major's house, accompanied by a considerable crowd, who, I understood, had been attending a feast at Kirby. D'Ewes Coke, Esq. offered me his carriage, which I accepted, to convey the balloon to Mansfield, where I procured post horses to Nottingham, and thence proceeded to Derby, where we arrived at ten o'clock.

W. W. SADLER."

THE INCOMPARABLE RUSSIAN.

In the Summer of the year 1810, as a lady was walking with her child on the banks of the canal of Saint Catherine, at Petersburg, the child suddenly slipped from her hand, and fell into the canal. The mother in an agony of despair, was going to plunge in after her child, when a young man prevented her, and promised her instant assistance.

He took a fine large spaniel that followed him, and threw him into the water, calling out as loud as he could, *Bring him, bring him!* The sagacious animal instantly dived; and when he came up again, was seen holding the child by the shirt collar: he quickly swam to the shore, and laid his precious burthen gently down, at the feet of the mother. She, in an ecstasy of joy, took the child in her arms, and divided her caresses between him and the dog. At that instant the father of the child appeared: I return you, sir, said he to the young man, a thousand thanks; you have saved the life of my only child.—Your thanks, said the young man, are more justly due to the kind providence of the Almighty, which brought me hither.—Accept, said the father, a thousand rubles,* as a reward for your humane exertions.—Excuse, said the young man, my declining your handsome offer: you are, in fact, much more indebted to the exertions of my dog than to me.—Well, then, said the gentleman, I will give you a thousand rubles for your dog.—A quarter of an hour ago, replied the young man, I did not think him worth a thousand rubles; but now that he has saved the life of a human being, I would not take ten thousand for him.

The young man then rushed into the crowd of spectators, who had by this time assembled on the banks of the canal, and the enraptured parents of the child could not, by any inquiry, find

out who he was. The Emperor Alexander was informed of the affair, and was desirous to discover the young man; but the search he ordered to be made, although diligently pursued, was altogether fruitless.

O! admirable youth! (who does not exclaim?) What an honour art thou to the name of Russian, or rather, what an honour to human nature!

S. X.

ON DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Domestic felicity cannot be equalled in the whole round of enjoyments of which men are perpetually in the pursuit. It is the greatest, because the most rational; the sweetest, because those whom we love are partakers of it; whether it be communicated to us in the conversation of the hoary and venerable grandsire, the endearments of the parent, or the reciprocal exchange of fraternal sentiments of heartfelt affection.

In vain is such satisfaction to be sought after, when encircled with strangers, or engaged in parties of pleasure from home. The playhouse cannot yield it; our walks will be solitary, and our business itself, if domestic bliss be unrelished, will prove nothing but toilsome and disagreeable.

Hence does the aspiring soldier comfort himself, under the various hardships of his profession, with the anticipation that one day there will be a period to his toil, when he shall retreat with honour from the more dangerous employment of war, to enjoy the peaceful moments of a domestic life. Neither poverty can taint its felicity when relished with content, nor affluence arrogate its situation when enjoyed with humility. The rigid looks of adversity are dared where innocence resides; and prosperity, with her alluring promises of happiness, despised, when her fickle nature is discovered by the sharp penetration of the cautious peasant.

Irus was obliged to confess that domestic happiness exceeded every other pleasure in the world, because he esteemed his poverty his greatest glory, and declared he never felt its weight because he kept it a secret. The troubles and cares of a public life are often found by experience to be the parents of many anxious hours, and to banish those peaceful moments from the breast of a prince, which the meanest beggar can enjoy.

The conduct of a people, and the management of an army, though to the outward spectator they promise the greatest pleasures, will never be blest with the innocent amusements of a quiet, serene, and tranquil life.

ELOCUTION.

Continued from our last.

MR. FOX.

Almost the whole of his political life was spent in opposition to his majesty's ministers. It may be said of him, as of lord North, that he had political adversaries, but no enemy. Good-nature, too easily carried to excess, was one of the distinctive marks of his character. In vehemence and power of argument he resembled Demosthenes; but there, the resemblance ended. He possessed a strain of ridicule and wit, which nature denied to the Athenian, and it was the more powerful as it always appeared to be blended with argument, and to result from it. To the perfect composition which so eminently distinguishes the speeches of Demosthenes, he had no pretence. He was heedless of method:—having the complete command of good words, he never sought for better:—if those, which occurred, expressed his meaning clearly and forcibly, he paid little attention to their arrangement or harmony. This detracts from

the merit of his speeches, when they are read; but, when they were delivered, it perhaps added to their effect, as it tended greatly to make the hearers believe that he was above art, and spoke from conviction. Nothing more strongly recommends a speaker to his audience, or gives greater force to his oratory.

The moment of his grandeur was, when,—after he had stated the argument of his adversary, with much greater strength than his adversary had done, and with much greater than any of his hearers thought possible,—he seized it with the strength of a giant, and tore and trampled on it to destruction. If, at this moment, he had possessed the power of the Athenian over the passions or the imaginations of his hearers, he might have disposed of the house at his pleasure,—but this was denied to him; and, on this account, his speeches fell very short of the effect, which otherwise they must have produced.

It is difficult to decide on the comparative merit of him and Mr. Pitt; the latter had not the vehement reasoning, or argumentative ridicule of Mr. Fox: but he had more splendour, more imagery, and much more method and discretion. His long, lofty and reverential panegyrics of the British constitution, his eloquent vituperations of those, whom he described as advocating the democratic spirit then let loose on the inhabitants of the earth, and his solemn adjuration of the house, to defend and to assist him in defending their All against it, were, in the highest degree, both imposing and conciliating. In addition, he had the command of bitter contemptuous sarcasm, which tortured to madness. This he could dilate or compress at pleasure: even in one member of a sentence, he could inflict a wound that was never healed. Mr. Fox having made an able speech, Mr. Erskine followed him with one of the very same import. Mr. Pitt rose to answer them: he announced his intention to reply to both: "but," said he, "I shall make no mention of what was said by the honourable gentleman who spoke last; he did no more than regularly repeat what was said by the member who preceded him, and regularly repeats all he repeated."

It was prettily said by the historian of the Roman empire, that "Charles's black collier would soon sink Billy's painted galley:"—but never did horoscope prove more false;—Mr. Fox said more truly,—"Pitt will do for us, if he should not do for himself."

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

[The following Lines, we presume, have been suggested to the writer by the perusal of the Translations of the French Poetry in our last, and we readily insert them, as a feeling and appropriate commentary on the odious and shameless use of Gaming.—Ed.]

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—once it was not so,
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailings with my tears—
Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheer
Me, though sunk in sorrow fixed and deep.
I had a husband once who loved me, now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow;
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip
As bees from laurel flowers, will poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate! Oh there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye!
And time who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed as he hurried on his path, sweet flowers—
I lov'd him then, he lov'd me too, my heart
Still finds its softness kindle if he smile.
The memory of our love will ne'er depart,
And though he often sting me with a dart
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should have,
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bow
His madness; and should sickness come and lay
His paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say
How injured and how faithful I had been.

Walmsley, Oct. 31, 1823. I. BOOD!

* Value, in English money, about four and sixpence.

CRITICISM.

LATIN ORTHOEPEY.

MR. EDITOR,—Your able and ingenious correspondent GIMEL, has already said so much, and so much to the purpose, on this disputed point of Latin Orthoepey,—the true and most legitimate pronunciation of the letter *a*,—that there remains little to be added on a subject, upon which, it would appear, the greatest critics, and most profound scholars, are still at issue. —The truth is, (my opinion being solicited,) I am wholly incompetent to the task of deciding, on any good and satisfactory *data*, this abstruse point, as the pronunciation certainly differs, even among men of acknowledged talents and learning.—Now if we consider it as a matter of *taste*, there is no disputing about *tastes*; and each one will claim the right of judging for himself. For my own part, I do not think it can fairly be considered a matter of much importance. It is, in fact, only a matter of *sound*,—the *sense* is the same, be the pronunciation what it may, of the letter *a*, in Latin. To most classical ears, I believe, the same pronunciation of the letter, which it has in the word *may*, is most acceptable, and therefore to be preferred. It used to be, and I believe still is, so pronounced at *Macclesfield School*; and, as far as my knowledge extends, it is generally so pronounced, in both our Universities. Your's, &c. S. X.

November, 4th, 1823.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE ADVANTAGES LIKELY TO RESULT TO THE TOWN FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NEW INSTITUTION FOR SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Reading in your notices to correspondents, that remarks on the New Institution would always be acceptable, I have been induced to make the following, which I shall be glad to see inserted in your miscellany.

There is no doubt but that much important knowledge will be circulated through the medium of this Institution. To the artist it must be particularly advantageous. It will encourage his professional exertions by enabling him to exhibit the fruits of his labours, and by that means to attain, at once, the reputation to which he is entitled. A man of merit in painting or in statuary will not, therefore, be suffered to languish in obscurity. He will not only be encouraged by the praises of the persons who inspect his performances, but also benefitted by their remarks, and endeavour, another time, to avoid any errors which they may discover. The judgment of others will thus correct his own.

The benefit which the town must receive from periodical lectures upon different subjects, must be very considerable. To the mechanical part of our population, it must be very important to be instructed in the principles of their several occupations. By this means we may reasonably expect much improvement in those arts which have conferred a preeminence upon the town. This effect has been strikingly exhibited in Glasgow. The working classes are there much enlightened upon the principles of Science: and this circumstance is attended with the advantages which might have been expected; since several of the persons who have attended the mechanics' class, so ably conducted by Dr. Ure, have made improvements of considerable importance in the arts. To persons who have no advantage from knowledge but the pleasure which the profession of it confers, to females in particular, the lectures will be a source of the most pleasing and rational amusement. That the paintings of the artist, and the lectures, cannot but improve the taste of the town, and supply the inhabitants with that knowledge of which they are so much in want.

This Institution will lead the attention of the young to improper objects, and fill their minds with those ideas which will be far more beneficial to them.

Our manufacturers are most of them, at present, little skilled in the philosophy of their pursuits: They are therefore, less likely to originate improvements. Whenever they leave the usual routine they are almost

entirely under the guidance of chance. Their discoveries are, consequently, accidental. But when they have acquired the knowledge which the New Institution ought to furnish, they will no longer be subject to doubt and uncertainty, but proceed with the confidence of the skilful mariner when supplied with the compass to direct his course.

Many persons doubt that this Institution will not answer; but I think that the great number of lectures, already delivered and announced this year, is a certain proof that the town will encourage the undertaking, and, consequently, it will answer.

Though this Institution may prove very beneficial to the town, yet it is much to be regretted that the regulations of it should have been formed so hastily as to cause some of them to be of questionable operation. You know, Sir, that they were scarcely any sooner thought of than settled by the meeting. There ought to have been a moment or two's reflection whether what they were doing was right or not, and then the Institution would have been placed on a firmer footing. If the managers had been content to adopt the arrangements of some tried Institution, the chance of success would, doubtless, have been greater.

Your's, &c.

Manchester, Nov. 4th, 1823.

TUTO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your paper of the 4th of this month, (October) there was published a letter on the advantage of placing a cup in a fruit pie, by a person calling himself, "A Desirer of Information." The author, after giving us the results of the experience of cooks, as well as the opinions of a few ingenious friends upon the subject, proposed to your readers the following interesting questions, relating to this important topic.

1st. Is a cup, placed in a fruit pie, instrumental in preventing the running over of the juice? 2nd. If so, does the juice ascend into the cup during the baking of the pie? 3rd. If the juice does rise into the cup during the baking of the pie, how is the fact to be explained? Or if it does not, by what means is the cup serviceable, in preventing the overflow of the juice? 4th. When the pie has no cup in it, is its juice more or less likely to flow over the dish, when a hole is left in the paste? and why is it more or less likely to flow over?

These questions, it is my object to answer in this letter. To the first, I am decidedly inclined to reply in the affirmative; for, in the first place, how unnecessary and absurd soever some practices, which are common amongst uneducated persons, may at first sight appear, yet on more mature consideration, we generally find them to be in a greater or less degree, productive of advantageous results. I look upon the habit which cooks have of putting a cup in an inverted position into a pie, previous to its being baked, as calculated, in some measure, to obtain the desired effect; but I feel pretty confident, that had the principle, upon which the success of the practice depends, been known, a much more suitable adaptation of means to the attainment of the end would have been devised. And in the second place, I believe that there is a reason which is quite sufficient to account for the supposed advantage of the cup.

The second query in the letter of your correspondent is, whether the boiling over is prevented by the rising of the juice into the cup, during the baking. It must, I should imagine, be obvious to every one, who gives the subject the slightest attention, that the juice cannot rise into the cup during the baking. For, otherwise, how is the air, which it contains, to be disposed of? It is true, that in consequence of the expansion of the air by the heat of the oven, a part will leave the cup; but yet, when the pie is at its greatest heat, that is to say, when the juice is boiling, there will be still a *cup-full* of the elastic fluid.

But that no doubt might remain on this subject, a pie, containing a glass cup, was submitted to experiment; and the result was, that on opening the pie immediately after it was taken from the oven, no juice was found in the cup; although afterwards, when it began to cool, the juice almost entirely filled it.

With respect to the fourth question, proposed by your correspondent, I conceive that he has himself

suggested the manner, in which the cup is of service, in preventing the overflow of the juice; viz. that it supports the paste.

It is clear that when the paste is not supported, the juice being prevented by it from rising upwards, will naturally make some vent for itself out of the pie; and as the paste fits, in all probability, less closely to the edge of the dish, than in any other situation, the juice will there be forced out of the pie. But when the paste is supported, as by a cup, then the juice, meeting with no impediment to its rising upwards, will not be forced out at the bottom of the paste; that is to say, will not boil over.

This theory of the advantage of the cup is strengthened by the fact that the juice is more likely to flow over in pies, the paste of which is liable to sink; that is to say, when a paste is soft and putty, or when the pie is large: then the advantage of the cup is more particularly felt.

Your correspondent next enquires whether the making a hole in the paste of a pie be at all advantageous. I am disposed to think that it is; and am supported in this opinion by persons, who have practical experience on the subject. Besides, it is to be expected, that when no hole is left in the paste, the air contained in the pie, will, as it expands, make itself an opening at the bottom of the crust; and thus afford a passage for juice, when it rises up in boiling: whilst, on the contrary, when an opening is left in the paste, the air will escape freely, without occasioning any passage for the juice.

I have now answered, I hope satisfactorily, the questions proposed by the "desirer of information," but if the theories brought forward, and particularly the last, do not appear to any of your readers to be correct, I trust they will take an opportunity of shewing their inadequacy.

Before concluding, I would observe, that though the insertion of a cup is of undoubted advantage in preventing the overflow of juice in a fruit pie, yet that object would be attained with greater certainty, if there were substituted a vessel, having a broad surface, and supported by slender legs, somewhat like a common table. By a contrivance of this kind, not only would the overflow of syrup be less frequent, but the pies would be capable of containing more fruit than they could do when they have a cup within them. It would be advisable, too, that a hole should be left in the paste, in order that the heated air should have a free passage out of the pie.

But the most capital improvement in the making of fruit pies, would be to use deeper dishes, so that there can be no possibility of an overflow of juice.

If you think that these remarks will satisfy your correspondent, or inform your readers at large, you will, by inserting them in your paper, oblige one who is not so much as he could wish to be,

A GIVER OF INFORMATION.

Manchester, Oct. 30th. 1823.

FINE ARTS.

The great embellishments now making in the British Metropolis, united to the magnificent improvements and new erections which of late years have been erected, will distance all competition and comparison with every other capital in the world. The splendour of London, will shortly be, if it was not previously, equal to its opulence, and the Regency and Reign of his present Majesty, will form an Era in History. To begin with the city, the Royal Exchange is rapidly proceeding in the progress of renovation and repair, which will impart to that edifice, the splendour which should characterise the first commercial part of the Universe. The improvements at that astonishing building, the Bank, exhibit great classical beauty and grandeur, and the works proceed rapidly. The New Courts, adjoining Guildhall, are nearly finished; and the superb Colonnade of St. Martin's, is about to be thrown open to public view. A new post office is instantly to be commenced on a scale of magnitude hitherto unparalleled, and is destined to be a pile of the most noble aspect,—of the most picturesque effect. When to these great national undertakings, are considered the costly structures of Regent Street, and the adjacent buildings, the statue to the immortal WELLINGTON, in

Hyde Park, and the projected ones to his late Majesty and the Duke of York—add to these the costly and superb bridges lately thrown over the Thames, with all that London before possessed of beauty and wonder, we shall be astonished at the mighty powers of those who projected, and those Herculean labours which have performed such miracles.

The British Museum.—The new building for the reception of the Library presented by His Majesty is proceeding with great rapidity; the foundations, which are of immense thickness, are now laid. The edifice will be 300 feet in length and seventy feet high. There will be only one story above the basement, and the rooms are to be thirty feet in height. When completed, a part of the old museum will be taken down; and as the new repositories are finished, the whole of the old building will be removed. The one now in progress is intended to form a wing of the new Museum, and it is rumoured that one or more of the porticos will be supported by antique columns, which are expected to arrive in a short time in this country. The alterations it is calculated will occupy fifteen years, when the front of the new structure will be thrown open to the street, with a spacious Court-yard guarded by an iron palisading.

SONNET.

Sleep hung upon my eyelids—and I dream'd
I saw thee Emma on thy death-bed laid;—
Pale as the dress in which thou wast array'd,
Thy lovely cheek and features to me seem'd:

This pass'd—'twas night—and darkness silent roll'd—
Again I saw thee—with the cypress wreath'd—
So calm, so beautiful; then methought thou breath'd—
But cold thy corse was—and thy death knell toll'd:

It pass'd—methought I'd gain'd the skies bright dome,
The blue vault opened—and heaven rose,
And I did gaze with love and awe on those
Inheritors of that seraphic home;
Thy form in splendour o'er my vision broke,
Thou smil'd—thou blest me—and in tears I woke.
Manchester. N. W. HALCESRISA.

LOVES.

Being a reply to ANTIPATHIES in *Iris* No. 91.

I love the calm and silent hour of eve,
When the pale moon beams light on every tree—
I love the moon, she never seems to grieve,
But in the firmament burns splendidly.
And lists to faithful vows—I love to weave
The beautiful chaplet,—and I love to see
The face that beams with love,—some people try
To plague—but I've not one antipathy.
I love the flowing tresses of the air—
I love the flashing brightness of the eye,
When it is lighted 'neath the vivid glare
Of love—I love the heavy sigh
That moves the pearly bosom of the fair—
I love to see a real beauty cry—
"By the simplicity of each fair dove
Of Venus," I am made alone of love.
Liverpool. IGNOTO.

VARIETIES.

CATAPULT.—Josephus tell us (what, from the authority of so sacred and venerated a writer, we dare not question) that a soldier's head was struck off by a stone sent by one of these engines, and his brains carried three furlongs off. Lucan says that such was the velocity of the bullets discharged from these colossal slings, that they melted in the air.

Garrick roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and most probably suffered as much from their exertion. A gentleman once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply:—"Pooh! he suffer from his feelings! Why, Sir, I was playing with him one night in *Leam*, when, in the middle of a most passionate and afflicting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered—'D—me, Tom, it'll do!'"

DIFFERENT EFFECTS PRODUCED ON THE MIND BY A GRECIAN AND A GOTHIC EDIFICE.—When I go, said Mr. Paul Whitehead, (he was an eminent poet of the last century,) in Saint Paul's, I admire it as a very fine, grand, beautiful building; and after I have contemplated its beauty, I come out. But if I go into Westminster Abbey, — me, I'm all devotion!

INSENSIBILITY.—Frederick Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him, that his wife, who had been languishing some time, was very ill, and wished to speak with him: "I have only" said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then come and see her." A second messenger informed him that she was on the point of death: "I have not more than two words to finish," said Morel, "return to her, I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after, another messenger brought an account of her death: "I am very sorry" said he, "she was a very good woman." He continued his translation.

TURKISH BOW.—Barclay, in his *Icon Animorum* speaking of the Turkish Bow, (but pulling we suspect at the same time, the long bow,) says it will strike an arrow through a piece of steel or brass two inches thick; and being headed only with wood, it pierces timber of eight inches.

DIVING BELLS.—The first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with every thing for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged, to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of 200,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum he got about 20,000*l.*, and the Duke 90,000*l.* Phipps was knighted by the King, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time diving-bells have been very often employed.

THE ESSEX 'SQUIRE.—Foote, the English Aristophanes, was at Stratford, during the performance of the Jubilee, which was got up by Garrick, in honour of Shakespeare. Meeting, early one morning, an Essex 'Squire, full dressed in blue and silver, whose countenance expressed a kind of vagrant curiosity,—he was asked, as if doubting the worthiness of its object, "what all this meant;"—at the same time lamenting, that he had been "brought out of Essex," by the report of the Jubilee. Foote's cutting query, with a stare that may be easily imagined, was one of those singular strokes of English humour, that has seldom perhaps been equalled;—"Out of Essex? and pray, Sir, who drove you?"

A preacher observing that several of his congregation had fallen asleep, suddenly exclaimed, with a loud voice, "A fire, a fire!" "Where, where!" cried his awakened auditors. "In the place of punishment," added the preacher, "for those who sleep under the ministry of the holy Gospel."

The celebrated Blake, while engaging a Spanish fleet, lost one of his ships, which blew up. Seeing the spirit of his crew damped by this awful event, he called out, "Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation." This harangue raised the spirits of his men, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire.

The name of the forthcoming Waverley Novel is announced to be Saint Ronan's Well. It is, we hear, nearly ready for publication.

Captain Parry.—Captain Parry's Journal of his Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, is already in the press, with maps and numerous plates.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY.

DR. WARWICK purposes to deliver TWENTY-FOUR LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY, &c.: to commence his Course as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained.—The Lectures will be delivered on *Thursdays*, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and will be repeated at half-past six in the evening of the same day to those to whom the earlier hour may have been inconvenient.—Dr. Warwick begs to mention that although particular attention will be paid to the practical application of Chemistry to the Arts, yet it is intended to include the whole theory of the science, and to embrace the latest discoveries.

Subscriptions will be received at Mr. Sowler's, St. Ann's Square; Messrs. Clarke's, Market Place; and by Dr. Warwick, No. 1, Meal-Street, and No. 3, Grosvenor Place.

LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY.

MR. DAVIES, Member of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. and Private Teacher of Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, intends to commence his LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY, in the first week of January next, at the apartments of the Literary and Philosophical Society, George-Street.

The course will comprise about TWENTY LECTURES, and will be illustrated by an extensive Apparatus, and by a variety of striking and interesting experiments. The Lectures will be delivered twice a week, at seven o'clock, on Monday and Thursday evenings, if those times be convenient to the majority of the Subscribers. Terms: One Guinea and a Half for Gentlemen, and One Guinea for Ladies and for Young Persons under the age of fourteen.

Subscriptions will be received at Mr. Sowler's, St. Ann's Square; Messrs. Clarke's, Market-place; Mr. Thomas's, Market-Street; Messrs. Robinson and Bent's, St. Ann's-place; and Mr. Davies's, No. 6, King-Street.

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Mrs. L. GIBBON solicits the early attention of Ladies, as her numerous engagements will not admit of her remaining long in Manchester; and the stays being ready, Mrs. L. G. will upon the first application at *Mrs. Barwick's, 21 A, George Street, Manchester.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The information desired by N. W. H. cannot be satisfactorily answered through the medium he suggests.—We should be glad if our correspondent would favour us with an answer.

The object of *Amicus Eloquentiae* will be best attained if by an advertisement.

Globe's communication in our next.—Our columns were full up before its arrival.

An *Amateur* is referred to correspondents' notice, in the No. of the 25th of October.

We are at a loss to conceive on what account J. W. H. could have formed the mistaken idea, that we consider translations unfit for the *Iris*.—Our opinion is directly contrary. Judicious translations, on interesting subjects, would be acceptable.—This is not the first time, however, that we have acted upon the assumption that we entertain opinions to which we are, in fact, directly opposed.

One of our Readers will be pleased to accept of the following notice.

Manchester: Printed and Published by Messrs. St. Ann's Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

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The extensive circulation of the IRIS, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 94.—VOL. II.

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PRICE 3½d.

REMARKS ON EDUCATION.

Written for the Iris.

A KNOWLEDGE of the Latin language is by many considered essentially necessary to a right understanding of our own. It is not my present purpose either to defend or to oppose this opinion, as I am aware that much may be said on both sides of the question, and I have no peculiar predilection to descend to the arena of controversy. A classical education necessarily occupies a large proportion of a young man's time, and it may be questioned how far a youth, who is not intended for any of the learned professions, should be made to spend a most important period of his life in conning the pages of a lexicon, and studying the minutiae of Greek and Latin prosody. Much is to be acquired by a young man just entering into the world, besides a knowledge of the classics, to fit him for acting his part in society; and every parent, who wishes to give his son a liberal education, should keep in view his probable destination, and the time which is to be allotted to the acquirement of knowledge, and then endeavour to mark out for him a system of study which shall include in it as much as possible of what is calculated to be of real advantage to him in his future life. Many a parent, by grasping at too much, has been in danger of losing all;—being ambitious that his son should become a classical scholar he has allowed him to neglect what was essential to fit him for the sphere in which he was to move;—and by removing him from his studies at the precise age when he conceived he ought to be fit for business, without enquiring whether his proficiency had been great or small, or whether his mind had at all been directed to the subjects which were most important for him according to his prospects, he has in one moment demolished the still unfinished edifice which had taken years of labour to rear so far. If one enters on a course of classical study he ought by all means to pursue it, for I conceive a smattering of this kind of lore to be worse than a total destitution of it. If a knowledge of Latin is necessary to a thorough acquaintance with English, I apprehend a more efficient method than that which is practised in our grammar schools might be pursued for rendering it subservient to this particular purpose. It is a method which might be useful not only to those who never aim at being classical scholars, but to such also as aspire after distinction in this department of learning. The drudgery to which youths are subjected, during the elementary part of a classical course, and which, in the case of many who enter upon it, is never succeeded by the sweets of enjoyment which come, though late, to reward the early labours of the persevering scholar, is calculated to excite a strong disgust to every thing which is presented to them under the guise of learning, and eventually to wither the bud which at one time promised so fair.

The plan I have in view is by no means ma-

tured, as I have not had it in my power to bring it to the test of experiment.—But the following may be considered as an outline.

After making the scholar familiarly acquainted with English Grammar, which may be done at a very early age by making use of Lennie's popular work, and following the method which he details and recommends in the Introduction to his Key,—and teaching him the Latin declensions and conjugations and perhaps a few of the most useful rules of syntax, in order to give him some notion of the general structure of the language, and the most material features in which it differs from the English,—I would furnish him with a copious vocabulary of Latin words from which English ones are either directly or indirectly derived, and a corresponding vocabulary of English words with references to the Latin etymons. Such a work (which perhaps may be deemed a desideratum in our national literature) should point out the primary signification of the radical words, and some of the different shades of meaning which they may have afterwards acquired. These meanings should be traced back as far as possible to the original idea, and the most probable reasons assigned for the diversity of signification which, through a lapse of years, they may have obtained. This part of the work might be distinct from the vocabulary, and appropriated to the use of teachers, who might then exercise the ingenuity of their pupils in tracing etymologies for themselves. I am convinced that such a mode of tuition, if conducted with judgment, would prove highly interesting to the majority of scholars;—it would train them from an early period to close habits of reflection, and habituate them to the utmost precision in their use of language;—it would, in no small degree, quicken their inventive powers, and keep alive an interest in their studies which on the present plan, can hardly ever be maintained. It might be commenced at a very early stage of their education; for I have had an opportunity of witnessing the rapid progress of children in English grammar, when taught on Mr. Lennie's plan, and the intimate knowledge which they have acquired of the nicest intricacies of etymology and syntax: and the exercise which I now recommend might be conjoined with the latter part of their course of English Grammar, or follow it in immediate succession.

Various opinions will no doubt be entertained on the subject which has now been suggested, and if the Editor of the Iris give his permission, I should like to see it fully discussed by some of his able correspondents. I have no doubt but something might be devised and carried into effect, calculated to be extremely useful, not to the general student only, but also the candidate for classical distinction.

I shall conclude this paper with a few examples of etymology which may be amusing to some who have never turned their attention to this subject. It will be obvious that the signification of many compound words must be ascertained by the power of the prepositions which

are used in their composition. The most common of these are *a* or *ab*, *ad*, *con*, *contra*, *de*, *e* or *ex*, *in*, *inter*, *ob*, *per*, *post*, *pra*, *pro*, *re*, *sub*, *super*, *ante*, &c.

Spiro signifies to breathe, whence comes *spirit*, from an erroneous notion of the identity of the spirit and breath. Whence also *aspire*, to breathe after, to desire with eagerness; *conspire*, to breathe together, to agree to do any thing, to plot; *expire*, to breathe out, to give up the ghost or spirit, to die; *inspire*, to breathe into, to animate; *perspire*, to breathe through, to perform excretion by the pores of the skin, to sweat; *respire*, to breathe again, to continue breathing; *suspire*, to breathe deep, to sigh.

From *scribo*, to write, we have *scribe*, a writer; to *scribble*, a diminutive, to write carelessly; *scribbler*, a bad writer; *scripture*, the writing by way of eminence, the Bible; *ascribe*, to write or attribute to; *conscript*, written together, enrolled; *conscriptio*, enrolling; *describe*, to write concerning; *prescribe*, to write beforehand, to set down authoritatively, to order; *prescription*, a rule authorised by long custom, also a medical receipt; *proscribe*, to post up in writing, to doom to destruction, as the names of those who were capitally condemned used to be posted up in a public place; *proscription*, as a noun, has a similar meaning; *inscribe*, to write upon; *inscription*, something written or engraved; *subscribe*, to write under, to consent to, by underwriting the name; so also *subscription*; *superscribe*, *superscription*, to write over, to inscribe on the top or outside; *transcribe*, to write over, from one to another, to copy; *transcript*, a copy; *transcription*, the act of copying; *rescribe*, to write over again; *rescript*, edict of an emperor, of which there must be many copies for the information of his numerous subjects.

Grex, *gregis*, signifies a flock or company; hence we speak of *gregarious* animals, meaning such as are accustomed to associate in herds; *egregious*, out of, or superior to the flock, differing from others, eminent, remarkable, generally used in a bad sense, as deserting the flock is not commendable; *congregate* and *congregation*, imply, a flocking together, an assembly.

From *dies*, a day, we have *diary*, *diurnal*, journal. The list might easily be enlarged, but "satis superque."

Having mentioned Mr. Lennie's Grammar in terms of high commendation, it may be proper to remark that I esteem it only as a useful elementary work. It ought by no means to supersede the larger Grammar of Mr. Lindley Murray, which in connexion with his Exercises and Key, is an incomparable performance, and ought to be carefully studied by advanced scholars.

GIMEL.

Query. What is the difference between, *to understand*, and *to stand under*? The corresponding Latin word *intelligo* is similarly compounded.

We cannot resist the pleasure we feel in extracting the following lines from a little work called (rather singularly) "*forget me not*"—to mature years and lengthened study they would have done much credit, but as the production of a young lady who has not yet attained the age of *twenty*, we can place no higher compliment upon them than to say, *we shall not forget her!*

ELLEN. A FRAGMENT.

Is she not beautiful, although so pale?
The first May flowers are not more colourless
Than her white cheek; yet I recal the time
When she was called the rosebud of our village.
There was a blush, half modesty, half health,
Upon her cheek, fresh as the summer morn
With which she rose. A cloud of chestnut curls,
Like twilight, darkened o'er her blue-veined brow;
And through their hazel curtains, eyes, whose light
Was like the violet's, when April skies
Have given their own pure colour to the leaves,
Shone sweet and silent, as the twilight star.
And she was happy—innocence and hope
Make the young heart a paradise for love.
And she loved, and was loved. The youth was one
That dwelled on the waters. He had been
Where sweeps the blue Atlantic, a wide world—
Had seen the sun light up the flowers, like gems,
In the bright Indian isles—had breathed the air
When sweet with cinnamon, and gum, and spice.
But he said that no air brought health, or balm,
Like that on his own hills, when it had swept
O'er orchards in their bloom, or hedges, where
Blossomed the hawthorn and the honeysuckle;
That, but one voyage more, and he would come
To his dear Ellen and her cottage home—
Dwell there in love and peace. And then he kissed
Her tears away, talked of the pleasant years
Which they should pass together—of the pride
He would take in his constancy. Oh, hope
Is very eloquent! and as the hours
Pass'd by their fireside in calm cheerfulness,
Ellen forgot to weep.

At length the time
Of parting came; 'twas the first month of Spring.
Like a green fan spread the horse-chestnut's leaves,
A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,
The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs
Were covered with their blossoms, and the sky
Was like an augury of hope, so clear,
So beautifully blue. Love! oh young love!
Why hast thou not security? Thou art
Like a bright river, on whose course the weeds
Are thick and heavy; briars are on its banks,
And jagged stones and rocks are mid its waves.
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush
Over its many obstacles, and pant
For some green valley, as its quiet home.
Alas! either it rushes with a desperate leap
Over its barriers, foaming passionate,
But prisoned still; or winding languidly,
Becomes dark, like oblivion, or else wastes
Itself away.—This is love's history.

They parted one spring evening; the green sea
Had scarce a curl upon its wave: the ship
Rode like a queen of ocean. Ellen wept,
But not disconsolate, for she had hope.
She knew not then the bitterness of tears.
But night closed in; and with the night there came
Tempest upon the wind, the beacon light
Glared like a funeral pile; all else was black
And terrible as death. We heard a sound
Come from the ocean—one lone signal gun,
Asking for help in vain—followed by shrieks,
Mocked by the ravening gale; then deepest silence.
Some gallant souls had perished. With the first
Dim light of morn, they sought the beach; and there
Lay fragments of a ship, and human shapes,
Ghastly and gashed. But the worst sight of all—
The sight of living misery, met their gaze.
Seated upon a rock, drenched by the rain,
Her hair torn by the wind, there Ellen sat,
Pale, motionless. How could love guide her there?
A corpse lay by her; in her arms its head
Found a fond pillow, and o'er it she watched,
As the young mother watches her first child.
It was her lover—

L. E. L.

(Written for the Iris.)

A WEEK IN LONDON.

(Continued from our last.)

Private business being disposed of we continued our stroll to Carleton House, the town residence of His present Majesty, our introductions were of that distinguished quality, that admitted of little delay, and we were shortly permitted to an interior view of this chosen and favourite abode of royalty,—the splendour of this place alone would extend the limits of this journal to a tolerably sized volume, and it is with regret I condense it. Over the library door, the most frequented room of the illustrious tenant, is a fine painting of his late royal consort, and whatever may have been the unhappy and fatal causes of domestic disquiet, when many other and similar works of art were displaced, *this* was not suffered to be removed. The armoury is a grand collection, comprising many specimens of ancient warfare highly curious and entertaining,—but the most splendid of all is the drawing room, and here imagination itself, must make a pause. The ceiling is exquisitely painted; and at each end an uncommonly large glass which reflects the whole of the room, adding, artificially, to its size; the compartments are richly gilt, and the curtains of crimson damask, surmounted with the royal arms.

It would be difficult to compress all my notes and observations made in this splendid residence—it is one tissue of oriental magnificence, and superb decoration. The exterior front, now recently laid open from Pall Mall, and greatly improved by the splendid houses and other buildings, which from Regent-Street, and Waterloo Place, has been found fault with as being obscured by a heavy colonnade, which it is in contemplation to remove. The Opera House is another immense building, passing by which, and the celebrated equestrian statue at Charing Cross, we proceeded to St. Paul's: there are many objects worthy of curiosity in passing thither, amongst these we may mention the magnificent structure called Northumberland House. An obscure room, in a very humble pot-house, Fleet-Street, where the great moralist, Dr. Johnson pursued many of his literary labours. The church of St. Dunstan, remarkable for its striking figures, and here, numberless of the *light fingered gentry*, take their stand, to relieve the unwary visitor of any articles of superfluous apparel, or to dive into the inviting pocket of unsuspecting credulity; not an hour in the day passes, without numbers of persons being collected to gratify an idle curiosity, and seldom one passes without affording profit to the depredators. Approaching to the Metropolitan Church, the corner of Ludgate Hill, as well as its narrowness, militates, against the view of this immense pile, and that which would otherwise fix the stranger in mute and wondering attention, gradually unfolds itself; notwithstanding, there is much to impress the mind with on your approach. As you enter the church yard, on a pedestal stands an almost obliterated figure of Queen Anne; there are three principal entrances, and you ascend to each by an elegant flight of steps. Here as at Westminster Abbey, it is most desirable to enter during the performance of divine service, which is twice a day performed with much state; the vergers in their ornamented silk gowns, bearing silver rods, precede the dignitaries of the Cathedral as they enter, and accompany them

to the robing room; we passed the large front gate, as the organ was solemnly playing in the immense space; my companion paused in dumb admiration. Around on every side were exquisite works of art, mementos of the illustrious dead; above hung trophies of British valour of past and later days, the flags of conquered enemies gently waved through the great void; the immense colours of the Santissima Trinidad, which the gallant Nelson vanquished hang round the exterior of the dome, in the centre of which, and designated by a large metal covering, sleeps the hero of a hundred battles, enclosed in the relic of his triumphs,† and surrounded by the emblems of his glory. Amongst the mighty monuments, are those of Howard, Captain Falkner, and Abercrombie, the two last are exquisite works of art; many travellers, and I plead ignorance among the rest, are often decoyed into a search for the monument of the great architect, to which the classical reader is referred, by an inscription in letters of gold under the organ—concluding, "*Leetor si queris monumentum—circumspice.*"—"Reader wouldst thou seek his monument, look around thee,"—never remembering that the structure I was in was the noble monument he had raised to himself.

Here, in traversing these holy aisles the mind is impressed with a religious awe, and the organ hursting into the chorusses in the progress of the service, gradually swells its note till it has filled the fabric, and leaves the sound of its solemnity, as it descends again to that of the choir accompaniment. As soon as the service was ended we proceeded to examine that part of the church, the fret work and rich mosaic pavement, with the rich gildings and mouldings are admirable productions; the altar piece, on which it is impossible to be minute, has been acknowledged a Chef d'œuvre of that description of sacred embellishment; but much chance is not left to the casual visitor of retaining the precise beauties of this or any other building in the metropolis; the guides no sooner form their party, and receive the stipulated mite for the privilege of seeing *higher* beauties than you are hurried off in the same unbecoming manner, and rapidity of description defies art, but the most retentive of memories, or a frequent recurrence to the same objects, to be gratified by a remembrance of what has been seen, or heard. That miraculous part of the dome called, *the whispering gallery*, is the first place you are led to, and though from the church it appears at no great elevation, few ever arrive at it without feeling a desire to recruit; the railing of this gallery which is of elegant iron work richly gilt, is at the commencement of the dome, and as soon as the disposition to fall, which is generally experienced at the elevation, has subsided, the matchless paintings. &c. on the top are seen to great advantage. The visitors being ranged opposite to the place of entrance, the guide opens the door, and hanging it to with some violence the sound is like a reverberating peal of thunder, or the discharge of a piece of artillery in a mountainous country; the ear is then applied to the wall, and the guide whispers the particulars of the erection of the church which reaches you in a loud voice: those who wish it, now proceed up a dark and cheerless stair-case, to a room where you are shewn the original model of the church as *intended* to have been built, a great curiosity; thence to the clock where few go, from fear or weariness, but is well worth the labour; the interior machinery is in most beau-

† Nelson's coffin was made out of the mast of the *L'Orient*, taken at the battle of the Nile, and presented to him by his officers.

tiful order, and after prayers are over, you will arrive here about the hour of twelve; it is pleasing as well as curious to watch the breathless anxiety of the visitors as the hammer slowly raises itself to thunder the solemn note of this tremendous bell on the world below; this bell which has been heard at a distance of *twenty-three miles*, is deafening to the auricular organs, and painful through the intimation of the hour; from hence we proceeded to the top railing—many however relinquished the task, but no sooner had we arrived there, than a tremendous conflagration of great extent was visible in the city, it was soon apparent they were salt-petre works as the casks exploded and blew up vast columns of fire and smoke; from this great elevation a most awful view was commanded, and we were far beyond the height of the highest spires, which with other steeples, we enumerated no less than *seventy-three*, though the increase of smoke was against us; I shortly after left the fair companions who had towered thus far and with thirteen gentlemen, began to ascend to the bell.

This requires no ordinary resolution, as the ladders are by no means inviting and the passage extremely dark; before we got half way, six of our number had abandoned the enterprize, and I must confess the shame of being outdone, alone urged me to the completion; at last we reached this eminence, and, in aerial majesty, beheld the great and important population of London, as a Lilliput below, and drinking from a midshipman's locker, who had been more considerate than his associates, a glass of wine to the prosperity of the city and the King, we descended, and it is not easy to imagine the feeling which is experienced from so rapid a transition.

To be continued in our next.

MY NATIVE BELLS.

BY MRS. WILSON.

Ye sweetly ring, my native Bells!

Your soft notes float upon the gale;
Till my sad heart responsive swells,
And echoes back your mournful tale.

Ye tell me youth's bright dreams are gone,
And all that charm'd my earlier years;
While I am left to journey on,
A pilgrim through this vale of tears.

Ye say the joys of life's young day—
The hopes that gladden'd ev'ry scene;
Like rain-bow tints have pass'd away,
And left no trace where they have been.

Ye speak of hours too lightly priz'd,
(Regretted now their hopes are fled),
Of follies, thoughtless—unadvised,—
Of friends long lost,—“the obang'd, the dead!”

As waves that kiss the pebbled shore,
Are lost within the trackless main;
Like them Life's summer hours pass o'er,
And never can return again!

Still, still ring on, my native Bells!
For as your soft notes fill the gale;
My answering heart responsive swells,
And echoes back your mournful tale!

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

From the Literary Gazette.

A SAILOR'S TALE.

“They that wants pity, why I pities they.”

“Pray, Sir, bestow one ha'penny on a poor child, buy a morsel of bread; indeed I'm very hungry.”
“That was the petition of a little ragged urchin, as he

ran by the side of the worthy Captain N—, of the East India service. The ‘pray sir, bestow one ha'penny,’ was so common a sound, that it passed unheeded, but ‘indeed I'm very hungry,’ uttered in a voice of plaintive sorrow, could not be resisted by the humane and generous N—. “Hungry, poor child, while I am living on luxuries; let me see, let me see,” gazing in the lad's face. The tears were trickling down, but so obscured was every feature by dirt, there was nothing to excite satisfaction. They were close to the buttock-of-beef shop, in the Old Bailey; “Aye, aye, let me see,” continued N—, and, grasping the boy's arm, with eagerness entered the house. “Here, my good woman, give this lad as much bread and meat as will make him a hearty meal, d'ye hear, and I'll thank you to hear a hand.” The child looked at him with astonishment, burst into tears and caught hold of his hand, but instantly let it go again, with a look of deep humiliation and shame; there was no deception in it, it was the workings of the heart pictured on the countenance. “Look at the yong; dog! there, there, don't be anivelling, you little hypocrite,” while the dew-drop of pity trembled in his own eye. “Where's your parents?” “Parents,” repeated the boy. “Aye, your father and mother.” “I never had any, Sir.” “What's your name?” “Ned, Sir.” “Where do you belong to?” “I don't know, Sir.” “Where do you come from?” “I have been travelling about the country with old Nan, till, yesterday, she brought me here and told me to shift for myself; and indeed, Sir, I think I could work.” “Aye, aye, you've been well tutored, no doubt; there, run along, and sit on yon step and eat your meal.” Away trudged the lad, looking first at his victuals and then at his benefactor. “Poor fellow, what's to become of him?” said N—, as he paid the demand and walked into the street; “What's to become of him?” He stopped a moment, and looked towards the spot where the delighted boy was devouring his meal with all the savouriness of real hunger; at this instant, a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and together they proceeded for the Jerusalem. Can it be mere fate that regulates our actions? Is there no still small voice that whispers to the soul, soft as the balmy zephyr in the summer's eye? Ah, yes, it is the divinity that stirs within us, else why should this expression be deeply stamped in a moment on the mind of the Captain, the words of our blessed Master, ‘Forasmuch as you have done it unto one of these, you have done it unto me.’ The noise and confusion of Lloyd's, the transacting of business, rise and fall of stocks, the price of freightage, nothing could wear out the recollection of the poor little houseless child of want; and, ‘What's to become of him,’ frequently burst from his lips. As soon as ‘Change was over, away strode the Captain towards Newgate Street, with indescribable sensations of anxiety and feeling; yet without any definite intention—he reached the spot—the child was gone; in vain he inquired at the shop, the woman was ignorant of his route, but said he had come across to thank her, and pray for a blessing on his generous provider. “What, didn't you ask him where he was going, and what he meant to do?” “No, Sir, we have so much to attend to.” N— would have scolded, but conscience told him he had been equally negligent; and thus, perhaps, a useful member was lost to society, or what was worse, he might become its very pest. Quitting the house, he turned down the alley leading to the cloisters of Christ Church, where all the smiling countenances and cheerful looks of the boys, operated like a momentary charm. “And you,” said he, “poor Ned, might have been here, aye, shall be here, if I find you worthy—till I return from my next voyage, and then you shall go to sea; I know my friend C— would do it for me—but where is he!” He made every inquiry, searched every nook, but his efforts were vain. Leaving money and directions with the woman, that should be make his appearance again, to take care of the lad, he once more pursued his way to his lodgings. What nonsense, thought he, for me to take such interest in the welfare of a little ragged dog I never saw before; perhaps the scout of some infamous wretch, who has brought him up to all manner of wickedness—But avast, no, I cannot be deceived, that look was honest truth; poor fellow, what's to become of him? He had now reached the place against the walls of Newgate, where the porters rest

from their burdens, when, by the side of an apple stall, on some straw, lay the unconscious boy fast asleep. “Halloo, you young rascal!” roared the Captain, with a look between a smile and a tear, to the great terror of the lad, who sprang up instantly; “Halloo, what do you mean by giving me all this trouble, arn't I been looking for you this hour, while you lie skulking here in the lee scuppers; come, rouse out.” “God bless him!” said the owner of the stall, apparently in the last stage of a consumption, with an infant at the breast and a child about three years old by her side, “God bless him, my poor little Bess must have gone home hungry if he had not shared his dinner with her.” “Did he,” said N—, throwing down a crown, “then I say God bless him too; but come along,” catching hold of the boy's hand. Regardless of the looks of the assembled crowd, he brushed hastily through them called a hack, jumped into it, and away they drove, the Captain whistling with all his might, Dibdin's song of “The heart that can feel for another.” Arrived at an elegant house in Piccadilly, “Here, Will Junk; Will, where are you? you lazy old swab.” “Here, Sir; here, Sir.” “Take this young scamp and give him a fresh scrape and a paint, and then hand him up into the parlour upon a clean plate.” “Aye, aye, Sir,” replied Will; “come along, young six-foot.” In about half-an-hour the boy was brought up. “Well, now let me see, let me see,” gazing with astonishment on the animated and beautiful countenance of the delighted boy, whose full round eyes sparkled with pleasure;—“Well, Will, what do you make of him?” “I don't know, Sir, can't tell; it's a comical world, Sir.” “Aye, and there's comical creatures in it, Will, comical creatures in it,” giving the old man a look he well understood. “But let me see, come here.” His former questions were repeated, and many others put, but still the boy knew no more than that his name was Ned, and he had wandered about the country with old Nan. “He's got a some't hanging round his neck, Sir,” said Will, “but I wouldn't open it, to be made an Admiral; for I thinks it's a charm.” “Go along, you old blockhead: let me see, let me see.” The boy drew out a small bag closely sewed up. “Where did you get this?”—“I don't know, Sir; I've worn it ever since I can remember.” “I'll open it—no—yes—avast.” He paused a minute, raised the lid of his desk, and deposited it in safety. “Well, Ned, will you live with me?” The boy looked, but he could not speak. “What, dumb founded?” said Will; “d'ye hear, will you live with his honour?”—“Yes, for ever,” sobbed the lad, “if he'll let me.” “There, take him down, Will; and to-morrow morning, let him be fresh rigg'd by the time I turn out; and now send my dinner up.”

The father of Captain N— was the son of a wealthy merchant, who, by dint of industry and taking care of the pence, rose by degrees from a very low station to one of great opulence; but his penurious habits still continued, and, though literally rolling in riches, was always haunted by the fears of poverty. At the age of forty he married a young and beautiful female, of engaging manners and amiable disposition. The bear and the lamb were yoked together. On her part it was indeed a sacrifice; for her heart had been engaged to one who was her counter-part; but her father becoming embarrassed, and Mr. N— the principal creditor, how could they reject, or she refuse? Every effort was tried to avert the evil; but ruin came on with rapid strides, and the horrors of want, of pinching poverty, of a jail, resolved the heroic girl to sacrifice herself, to save her sinking family. She sent for her lover. Oh, what an interview was that! They who had pictured future years of mutual happiness; whose hearts were bound in the silken cords of real rich affection; whose existence seemed almost dependent on each other; yes, they met to meet no more; they should live and breathe, and yet be dead to each other for ever. I cannot describe their meeting and their separation; those that can feel will do it for themselves. Her lover left his native land—the land of his fathers—of his childhood, and once his dearest boast. Yes; he left it, and was never heard of more. As the wife of Mr. N—, Amelia endeavoured to discharge her duties with scrupulous attention; but still her thoughts would sometimes wander to the scenes of departed days, and remembrance linger on him who, perhaps,

had gone before her to the blessed realms of immortality. The birth of a boy now occupied her mind. None but a mother can tell a mother's delight, when gazing on her first-born; or a father the joy which a father feels, while looking on his smiling babe. But Mr. N—knew not these sensations; he was proud of his child, and loved his wife, as far as his rugged nature would permit; but he was not aware of the treasure he possessed. Immersed in speculations and amassing wealth, he was unacquainted with those little tender-nesses, those endearing attentions, so precious to a sensitive mind; and his early education being very imperfect, he was unable to converse on subjects gratifying to an enlightened and liberal understanding. Amelia's chief delight was to watch and tend her blooming boy; and for a few weeks in the year to visit her place of nativity in Devonshire. There, with her parents, she could smile or weep without restraint. Eight years had now passed away since her parting with her heart's first love; and she once more arrived for a short time at the home of her parents. It was a sweet romantic spot, and at a little distance was a lonely wood, where the foot of mortal seldom trod; but it was hallowed to Amelia. There she had passed, oh! how many happy hours, in the society of Henry, as they sat in a small arbor, formed by their own hands with the twisted nut-boughs, upon a turf-raised seat, overspread with downy moss, while the wild thyme breathed its fragrance and the waving flowers their odours on the breeze. Here they would sit and watch the white sail far distant on the ocean, and picture the happy countenance of the mariner, who joyed to see his native land once more; or heave the sigh of lingering regret, as it gradually lessened to a spot just daz- zling on the horizon, with those who were bidding their own white cliffs adieu: here, too, they had pledged their vows in the presence of the Majesty of heaven. This spot had never been visited since Henry's departure; but the morning after her arrival, Amelia arose, and almost unconsciously advanced towards the place. She reached the opening pathway, between two old embracing oaks, who, like an aged pair passing through life's pilgrimage, had been each other's support through many a winter's storm. An indescribable im- pulse seemed to urge her on; and, without reflection, she separated the tangled wood, and wound up the ascent: yet did the well-remembered feeling thrill through her heart—the once-cherished hope that they might often meet together there. The umbrageous foliage wept its tears of dew as she hastily passed by the tree where her name was carved—the hazels had formed so thick a canopy above as almost to exclude the light of day—the arbor was now before her; but what were her feelings when she beheld a man kneeling at the mossy seat, in the attitude of prayer! "Henry, Henry!" she shrieked with convulsive agony, sprung to his side, and grasped his hand. Oh! hor- ror, horror! Shriek after shriek followed; for she pressed the fleshless fingers of a dead man's hand, and her eyes rested on the blanched cheek-bones of a hu- man skeleton! Yes, it was Henry. At a short dis- tance was found a bottle, which had contained laudanum, enclosed in a sheet of paper, written in a wild, incoherent manner, leaving no doubt as to the manner or cause of his death, under a total deprivation of mental faculty. * * Amelia awoke once more from a state of lethargic stupefaction to sense and reason. She gave the above brief sketch, clutched her hands, closed her eyes with a shudder, laid her head back upon her pillow, and her pure spirit returned to Him who gave it.

IN PRAISE OF CRANIOLOGY.

You may fag at your school or your college,
You may pant for your ribbands and scars,
But without it you'll never get knowledge,
And never need go to the wars.
Though they dub you a doctor for ever,
Though you fight till you're nothing but stomp,
Who dares be courageous or clever,
If he is deficient in—bump?
Oh, bump, bump, bump!
Cut the nose from my face—but oh, never,
Never curtail me of bump.

Why is a virgin false hearted?
A negro for logic unfit?
A fool and his money soon parted?
And no critic at all in the pit?
Why can't a member make speeches?
An alderman play at hop-jump?
Why should a man's wife wear the breeches?
Because they're deficient in—bump.
Oh, bump, bump, bump!
Magnified, mystified bump!
I ask not love, laurels, or riches,
But give me abundance of—bump.

COMIC PAINTING.

BY THE FACETIOUS CAPT. GROSE.

Of all the different artists who have attempted this style of painting, *Hogarth* and *Coytel* seem to have been the most successful; the works of the first seem to stand unrivalled for invention, expression and diversity of characters. The ludicrous performances of *Coytel* are confined to the history of *Don Quixote*.

On examining divers of *Hogarth's* designs, we find he strongly adopted the principle here laid down. For example, let us consider the prison scene in the *Rake's Progress*. How in- compatible is it for a man who professes wings and the art of flying, to be detained within the walls of a gaol; and equally contradictory is the idea of one suffering for the non-payment of his own debts, who has the secret of dis- charging those of the nation!

In the *Four Times of the Day*, what can be more truly consonant with the scene near *Isling- ton*, where, in the sultry heat of summer, a number of fat citizens are crowded together in a small room, by the side of a dusty road smoking their pipes, in order to enjoy the re- freshment of country air? In the *Gate of Calais*, how finely does the fat friar's person and enthusiastic admiration of the huge sorloin, mark that sensuality so incompatible with his profession; the fundamental principles of which dictate abstinence and mortification? In that admirable and comic print, the *Enraged Musi- cian*, the humour lies solely in the incompatible situation of the son of *Apollo*, whose ear, trained to melodious and harmonious sounds, is thereby rendered extremely unfit to bear the tintamarre, or confusion of discordant noises, with which the painter has so ludicrously and ingeniously surrounded him.

The picture of *Grown Gentlemen* learning to Dance, painted by *Collet*, was well conceived; and though infinitely short of *Hogarth's* execu- tion, had a very pleasing effect, both on the canvass and on the stage, where it was intro- duced into a pantomime. In this piece, every person was, by form or age, totally unfit for the part he was acting.

Anachronisms have likewise a very laughable effect. King *Solomon* in all his glory, deline- ated in a tye or bag wig, laced cravat, long ruf- files, and a full dressed suit, will always cause a smile; as would also the siege of *Jerusalem*, where the emperor *Titus* and his aid-de-camp should be represented in the foreground, dressed in great wigs and jack boots,—their horses de- corated with laced furniture, holsters, and pis- tols; in the distance a view of the town, amidst the fire of cannons and mortars. Our theatrical representations afford plenty of these ridiculous absurdities,—where we frequently see the cham- ber of *Cleopatra* furnished with a table, clock, and harpsichord, or a pianoforte, or the hall of *Marc Antony* with a large chimney garnished with muskets, blunderbusses, fowling-pieces,

&c. and a picture of the taking of *Portobello*, by the brave *Admiral Vernon*.

Nothing affords greater scope for ludicrous representations, than the universal rage with which particular fashions of dress are followed by persons of all ranks, ages, sizes, and makes, without the least attention to their figures or stations. Habillaments also, not ridiculous in themselves, become so by being worn by improp- er persons, or at improper places. Thus, though the full-bottomed wig adds dignity to a venerable judge, we should laugh at it on the head of a boyish counsel; and though a tye-wig lends gravity to a counsellor or physician, it contributes greatly to the ludicrous equipment of a mountebank, a little chimney-sweeper dancing round the *May-day Garland*, or one of the candidates for the borough of *Garrat* in the procession to that election; a high head, and a large hoop, worn in a stage coach, or a full dressed suit and a sword at a horse race, are equally objects of ridicule.

Respectable characters, unworthily employed, are objects for the ludicrous pencil. Such would be a lord mayor or an alderman in his gold chain, dancing a hornpipe, or a serjeant-at-law in his coif, band, and spectacles, stand- ing up at a reel or cotillion. Employments accidentally improper may make a character ridiculous, and that for those very circumstances which, in another situation, render it respect- able. Thus, a military or naval officer dancing a minuet with a wooden leg, exhibits a truly ludicrous appearance,—consider the same per- son walking or standing, and his wooden leg makes him an object of respect, as a sufferer in the cause of his country.

Besides these general subjects, there are others which, like the stage tricks, will always ensure the suffrages of the vulgar; among these are national jokes,—as, an Irishman on horse- back, carrying a heavy portmanteau on his head, to ease his horse of its weight; a *Welsh- man* with his goat, leek, hay boots, and long pedigree; a *Scotchman* with his scrubbing-post, and a meagre Frenchman in his laced jacket and bag, having long ruffles to his sleeves, without a shirt. Of this kind are professional al- lusions:—a physician and apothecary are lawful game, by prescription; a tailor by trade; and a mayor, alderman, or churchwarden, *ex officio*.

Inducious representations of sublime or or- rous subjects, have often unintentionally been productive of pictures highly ridiculous; of this a striking instance occurs in a history of the Bible, adorned with plates, in one of which the following text of the 7th chapter of *St. Mat- thew*, verse the 3d, is illustrated:—"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" The state of these two men is thus delineated by the artist:—one of them has in his eye a complete castle, with a moat and its appurtenances; and from the eye of the other projects a large beam, like the girder of a house.

To conclude the instances of these acciden- tally ludicrous pictures, I shall just mention one which a gentleman of veracity assured me he saw at the *Exposition des Tableaux* at *Paris*. The subject was the death of the late dauphin, which the painter had treated in the manner following:—on a field bed, decorated with all those fluttering ornaments of which the French are so peculiarly fond, lay the dauphin, pale and emaciated; by it stood the dauphiness weep- ing over him, in the affected attitude of an opera dancer. She was attended by her loving children; and in the clouds, hovering over

them, was the Duke of Burgundy, their deceased son, and two embryos, the product of as many miscarriages; the angel duke was quite naked, except that the order of the Saint Esprit was thrown across his shoulders.—*Somerset House Weekly Miscellany.*

THE LARGE RADISH.

I like the old custom 'tween subjects and kings,
Of presents exchanging and such kindly things:
For both ruler and rul'd it is good:

The prince thus discovers his people him love;
And subjects the justice of princes thus prove:
Read my story 'tis soon understood.

When France's 4th Henry had humbled his foes,
And the league* being tired were fain to repose;
As the king was turned catholic quite:

The priests who were influence losing each day;
Having sought to do better betook them to pray;
No pretence left to cavil or fight.

A peasant from Normandy hasten'd to court,
Where the numerous day-flies of summer resort,
Of good wishes a load to discharge;
As, "god save your majesty! long may you live!"
But nothing besides had the rustic to give,
Save a radish enormously large.

The choice of his garden, and such a rare root
Was scarcely known ever from seed forth to shoot;
And his majesty took it as meant:
The donor he knew to be honest and true,
And though Monsieur Sully † look'd rather askew;
The man returned home well content.

A *Seigneur du Village*, who heard the folks tell,
Of his going to court and succeeding so well;
Of his luck somewhat envious, said;
"For a present so worthless an hundred good crowns!
Astounding! and to a bumpkin too! zounds!
Success must have turned the king's head.

Suppose something worthy a king I present,
My fortune is made, nothing can it prevent!"
So straight he repairs to his stud,
And chooses a courser of true English breed;
Perhaps a progenitor of that fam'd steed
Hight *Sherwood*, of mettle and blood.

This steed for rich trappings all others outvied;
In short he was fit for a king to bestride:
Then the squire while his project is warm;
Hastes with him to Paris, his sov'reign finds out,
Surrounded by nobles and knights bold and stout;
And his present he makes in due form.

The monarch was gracious, to him, as to all
Who his presence approach'd, high and low great and small;
And pleas'd with this token of duty;
The animal's port did not cease to admire,
His finely form'd figure, his strength and his fire,
His symmetry, merit, and beauty.

Then musing a moment, call'd out quick as thought;
"Hollo there! my radish!"—the radish is brought—
Says the king "I present you this root,
The most rare of its kind, from a distance it came;
I beg you will therefore, accept of this same;
And my thanks for your present to boot."

Manchester, Nov. 12, 1823.

G. G.

* This was a considerable number of priests, at the head of whom was the pope, the king of Spain, and the duc de Mayenne: their ostensible object was to hinder Henry, as a protestant, from succeeding to the crown of France.
† The duc de Sully, Henry's minister: he was very economical with regard to the public treasure.

MY FIRST FOLLY.

Abridged from *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*.

"Do you take trifle?" said Lady Olivia to my poor friend Halloran.

"No, Ma'am, I am reading philosophy," said Halloran, winking from a fit of abstraction, with about as much consciousness and perception as

exists in a petrified oyster, or an alderman dying of a surfeit.—Halloran is a fool.

Trifles constitute my summum bonum. Sages may crush them with the heavy train of argument and syllogism: schoolboys may assail them with the light artillery of essay and of theme; members of parliament may loath, doctors of divinity may condemn:—bag wigs and big wigs, blue devils and blue stockings, sophistry and sermons, reasonings and wrinkles, Solon, Thales, Newton's Principia, Mr. Walker's Evidouranon, the King's bench, the bench of Bishops—all these are serious antagonists; very serious!—but I care not; I defy them; I dote upon trifles; and my name is Vyvyan Joyeuse, and my motto is "Vive la Bagatelle."

I never fell seriously in love till I was seventeen. Long before that period I had learned to talk nonsense and tell lies, and had established the important points that a delicate figure is equivalent to a thousand pounds, a pretty mouth better than the bank of England, and a pair of bright eyes worth all Mexico. But at seventeen a more intricate branch of study awaited me.

I was lounging away my June at a pretty village in Kent, with little occupation beyond my own meditations, and no company but my horse and dog. My sisters were both in the south of France; and my uncle, at whose seat I had pitched my camp, was attending to the interests of his constituents and the wishes of his patron in Parliament. I began after the lapse of a week to be immensely bored; I felt a considerable dislike of an agricultural life, and an incipient inclination for laudanum.

My uncle had a delightful library where a reasonable man might have lived and died. But I confess I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading, so I deserted Sir Roger's Library, and left his Marmontel and his Aristotle to the slumbers from which I had unthinkingly awakened them.

At last I was roused from a state of most Persian torpor by a note from an old lady, whose hall, for so an indifferent country-house was by courtesy denominated, stood at the distance of a few miles. She was about to give a ball. Such a thing had not been seen for ten years within ten miles of us. From the sensation produced by the intimation you might have deemed the world at an end. Prayers and entreaties were offered up to all the guardians and all the milliners; and the old gentlemen rose in a passion, and the old lace rose in price. Every thing was everywhere in a flurry; kitchen, and parlour, and boudoir, and garret,—Babel all! Ackerman's Fashionable Repository, the Ladies' Magazine, the New Pocket-book, all these, and all other publications whose frontispieces presented the 'fashions for 1817,' personified in a thin lady with kid gloves and a formidable obliquity of vision, were in earnest and immediate requisition. Every occupation was laid down, every carpet was taken up; every combination of hands-a-cross and d-wn the middle was committed most laudably to memory; and nothing was talked, nothing was meditated, nothing was dreamed, but love and romance, fiddles and flirtation, warm negus and handsome partners, dyed feathers and chalked floors.

In all the pride and condescension of an inmate of Grovesnor Square, I looked upon Lady Motley's 'At Home.' "Yes," I said, flinging away the card with a tragedy twist of the fingers,—"yes: I will be there. For one evening I will encounter the tedium and the taste of a village ball.

"Come one, come all,
Come dance in Sir Roger's great Hall"

I went. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to meet him.

"By Mercury," he exclaimed, "I am metamorphosed, fairly metamorphosed, my good Vyvyan; I have been detained here three months by a fall from Sir Peter. Come! I am of little service to-night, but my popularity may be of use to you: you don't know a soul!—I thought so;—read it in your face the moment you came in,—never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there! I will introduce you." And so saying my companion have limped, half danced with me up to Miss Amelia Mesnil, and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of second-rate characters. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you.

First comes Amelia the magnificent, the acknowledged belle of the county, very stiff and very dumb in her unheeded and uncontested supremacy; and next, the most black-browed of foxhunters, Augusta, enumerating the names of her father's stud, and dancing as if she imitated them; and then the most accomplished Jane, vowing that for the last month she had endured immense ennui, that she thinks Lady Olivia prodigiously *fade*, that her cousin Sophy is quite *brillante* to-night, and that Mr. Peters plays the violin *à merveille*.

"I am bored, my dear Villars,—positively bored! the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Louisa,—positively bored; the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance, and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet; you have not danced with me, Margaret; it is impossible you can be so cruel!" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour,—but I was very late;—really I had not deserved it;—and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?"

"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay: you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge, and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"

"No! it is out of my way! I never do those things; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction: not altogether an usual one; but that matters little. Vyvyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent, and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans,—very handsome, and rather foolish,—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck.

She talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five

minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years. Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England to join my sisters on the Continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French and Italian, and music and manners at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country, I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a duelling pistol, an entertainment, of which perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the way-side bearing the welcome inscription, "Vine House." "Enough," I exclaimed, enough! one more scene before the curtain drops,—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!"—I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows in the back of the house, which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant my own rhymes.

"Are they your own verses?" said my idol at the window.

"They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware, that this is very indecorous."

"I am come to see you, dear Margaret;—which I cannot without candles;—to see you, and to tell you, that it is impossible I can forget—"

"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale! for—"

"Alas! I leave England immediately!"

"A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more; I must run down to coffee."

"Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small neat drawing-room I perceived a group assembled:—an old lady, with a high muslin cap and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee;—her nephew, a tall awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison;—and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa, and laughing immoderately. "Indeed, Miss," said the matron, "you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam."

I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the room. "Bedlam, madam!" quoth I, "I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week."

The tall awkward young gentleman stared: and the aunt half said, half shrieked,—*"What in the name of wonder are you?"*

"Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March, or a Cheapside blood on Sunday morning. Look at me! do I not foam? listen to me! do I not rave?—Coffee, my dear madam, coffee; there is no animal so thirsty as your madman in the dog-days."

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"My good sir," I began;—but my original insanity began to fail me, and I drew forth with upon Ossian's,—*"Fly! receive the wind and*

fly; the blasts are in the hollow of my hand, the course of the storm is mine!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death: I come abroad on the winds; the tempest is before my face; but my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant."

"Do you mean to insult us?" said the old lady.

"Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt?—really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman. "I shall call in my servants," said the old lady.

"I am the humblest of them," said I, bowing. "I shall teach you a different tune," said the tall awkward young gentleman, "really!"

"Very well, my dear sir; my instrument is the barrel organ;" and I cocked my sweet little pocket companion in his face. "Vanish, little Kastril; for by Hannibal, Heliogabalus, and Holophernes, time is valuable; madness is precipitate, and hair-triggers are the word: vanish!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman, and performed an entrechat which carried him to the door: the old lady had disappeared at the first note of the barrel organ. I looked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. "I wish you had shot him," she said, when she recovered, "I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool."

"Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me? perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may dote upon in other years; something that may be a hope in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something—nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation."

"You have earned it like a true knight," said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. "Look," she continued, "you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension." I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossoons in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smock frocks, and gay damsels in grogram. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place was arming and charging, and loading for a valley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! "Now," said I, "au revoir, my sweet Margaret," and in a moment I was in the lane.

"Gentlemen, be pleased to fall back!—farther yet,—a few paces farther! Stalwert Kern, in buckskin, be pleased to lay down your cat-o'-nine-tails!—Old knight of the plush jerkin, ground your poker!—So, fair damsel with the pitchfork, you are too pretty for so rude an encounter!—Most miraculous Magog, with the sledge-hammer, flit!—Sooty Cupid, with the link, light me from Paphos.—Ha! tall friend of the barrel-organ, have you turned staff-officer? Etna and Vesuvius!—wild fire and wit!—blunderbusses and steam!—fly. Ha! have I not Burgundy in my brain, murder in my plot, and a whole train of artillery in my coat-pocket." Right and left the ranks opened for my egress, and in a few minutes I was alone on the road, and whistling "Illibullero."

This was my first folly. I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again.

She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes.

THE NEGRO'S LAMENTATION.

The correspondent who has transmitted us the following "Extract of a letter from Demerara" we presume is acquainted with the facts it contains, for although there is a sublimity of sentiment in the soliloquy superior to what we should expect from an ignorant negro, the picture is too well, and too interestingly drawn not to claim our attention.—Ed.

'Twas night—and o'er nature's works, solemn silence and placid quiet reigned triumphant; no sound of toils or negro's wail, joined with the voice, of the iron hearted task master, now pierced the unwilling ear—all nature seemed hushed—and sleep with her healing bands, had twined alike the senses of the arduous planter and suffering negro in sweet obliviousness.

'Twas the hour of meditation,—and held sacred to reflection—withdrawing a short distance from plantation house, there seated upon a bank free from sinister reptiles—thought upon the beatitude of England's happy clime, and the halcyon days I there had spent; scarcely had I enjoyed my pleasant reverie for half an hour when I was aroused from my momentary stupor, by the heart rending laments and piteous wails of some unfortunate creature in all the agonies of despair. Drawing near the spot whence these sounds proceeded, I perceived, at a short distance from me, a negro leaning against a tree with his arms now extended imploring towards heaven, now crouched submissively upon his breast, with eyes rivetted on a small tumulus before him, (seemed by his attention to it, as if it contained his better half) broke out into the lamentation, which I have written as correctly as my memory will allow, is a subsequent part of my letter.

O my dear child! solace of all my woes! hope of my old age, my darling joy! thou wast the bark upon which I launched all my earthly hopes, art thou gone to that place from which thou must never return? and what worms now career in those eyes? whose affectionate beam comforted me in all my woes and eased all my toils—horrible certainly. O my son! thou hast left thy wretched father to eke out his few remaining days in turmoil and trouble: no obeying hand now, to support his fainting frame! no pitying eye beamed with affection's tear for my unmerited sufferings! and when death (terrible thought!) shall come and lay his rigid hand upon me, no friend near me to close my eyelids, no son upon whom I could cast my last lingering look! no child to comfort me when I must render back my soul to him who gave it—how different was the course which my romantic imagination had traced out for thee, when first I took thee in my arms a smiling cherub fresh from thy maker's hands! I had thought to have gained thy manumission—but 'tis over—all my hopes had vanished.

Peace to thy shade! may it hover round me still my guardian angel! as thou wast when living—no more shall my wearied soul aspire to freedom, since it has wrecked all my hopes, in the unfathomable gulf of demerity. Boast! boast! ye tyrant Britons! still boast your glorious land of freedom, which the moment the slave's foot touches, his shackles fall from him and he is free! if it be true I know not, but feel the terrible certainty, that when his cursed foot prints Africa's happy shore, the land is contaminated and he enslaves it. Farewell! adieu my—

Here is passion choked his utterance—he fell pronestrate on the grave of his unfortunate son.

I knew him well—he was a favourite slave of my friend Nevison's, who treated him kindly, and has recently manumitted him.

The son whom he so piteously laments, had been persuaded to join the rebels on the memorable 18 August, and was wounded in the first fire of the 18th December, but dragged his way home to his masters, and expired in the arms of his father.

Your's, &c.

PETER.

George Town, Sept. 21st, 1823.

SONNET

TO J. MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Come, cried the pensive Muse, and I will lead
 Ye, my lov'd passions, to the sylvan bow'r,
 Where the lone bard—Montgomery—woos my pew'r;
 And He—as we attentive list—shall read.

'Tis done—while silence leant to hear thy lay—
 Hope gaily smil'd and whisper'd pleasures near;
 While valour grasp'd with nerv'd arm his spear;
 And virtue own'd the magic of thy sway:

Still as thou read'st the various passions rose:
 Religion knelt and rais'd to hear a her eyes—
 Anguish pity wept ideal woes;—
 And love enchanted breath'd his rhapsodies:

The Muse delighted—heard applauses breathe—
 And bound around thy brow her proudest wreath,
 Manchester. CASWIN.

PARODY.

Oh! say not woman's heart is cold,
 Or lost to every feeling;
 Mark but that look,—that glance behold
 Whilst every care revealing,
 And sure 'twill prove that each fond thought,
 With kind compassion's glowing;
 When love and pity melt the soul,
 And burning tears are flowing.

Oh! say not woman's tear is false,
 Or that it flows at telling;
 It is the soft perceptive glow,
 Which melts without compelling;
 The flush that lights up beauty's cheeks,
 Whilst every care revealing,
 Her warm expressive soul bespeaks,—
 Bespeaks her gen'rous feeling.

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

A man had a horse, as of old it is said,
 Which once took the freedom to toss o'er its head
 His wife, when endeavoring his spirit to check,
 And in doing so, broke her most beautiful neck.
 For a twelvemonth he mourn'd as good husbands
 should do,

Lamented her sore—(if the story be true?)
 But reasons there are his affection to doubt,
 As all will agree when the tale is made out.
 Mr. True-love a neighbour, who, plagued with his dame
 Had heard of this nag's woman-slaughtering fame,
 His parts and his paces, of all had heard tell,
 Had "bad carried a lady" he knew "very well."
 So straight to his master he went in a trice,
 Had begg'd him to fix on his horse-flesh a price;
 'For, whatever it is I'm determin'd to buy,
 And as for his virtues, I don't need to try;
 Is he'll answer may purpose I know to a T,
 'e quickly decide what the sum is to be—
 But the owner soon stopp'd him and said "'Tis not well,
 or though I don't ride him, I don't mean to sell.
 Indeed!" said the other, "not use, and still keep?
 Why, sure to your int'rest you must be asleep,
 And really I think you the oddest of men;"
 Not so," replied he, "I may marry again!"

GEOFFREY GIMCRACK.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of *gros de Naples*, of a barbel blue, ornamented
 on the front with a richly embossed serpentine waving of
 in; the bust, which is made to wrap over on the right side,
 has the same kind of trimming to the skirt; between each
 row of which is a small silk button, of the most unrivalled
 workmanship, though apparently simple: a blue satin belt en-
 girds the waist, fastened in front with a gold buckle. The
 pelerons are puckered, but not very full; and the cuff, at
 the wrist, is finished by indented antique squares; but they
 turned back, which is an improvement. The ruffles are
 of fine lace, vandyked. A double muff of

Mechlin lace surmounts the pelisse. The bonnet is of white
 figured *gros de Naples*, crowned with a simple bouquet of
 double blue hyacinth, and tied with barbel blue ribbon; a lace
 or blond corsette is worn underneath; and a white gauze veil
 is thrown in careless drapery over the left side of the bonnet.
 A gold chain, with a large prospective-eye-glass, is generally
 adopted with this dress, and a ridicule of white *gros de Na-
 ples*. Half boots, of corded silk, of a barbel blue, and lemon-
 coloured kid gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Frock of *tulle*, over a slip of lavender-coloured satin, with
 white satin ornaments *en clochettes* round the border, divided
 by narrow puffings of an oblong form; and next, or rather ter-
 minating the hem, one narrow flounce of double *tulle*. The
 corsage is of lavender-coloured satin, ornamented round the
 tucker part of the bust with puffings of white net, *en bouf-
 fants*, with a bow of lavender satin in front, and one on each
 shoulder. The sleeves are short, and are also of lavender sa-
 tin, ornamented with pearls, and finished by one row of fine
 broad blond. Fatina turban of lavender, or celestial blue
 gauze, lightly entwined with pearls, and adorned with a few
 wheat ears, formed of the same valuable article; the hair is
 ranged in beautiful ringlets over the face, which is not obscured,
 but embellished by this light dressing, and this is all the dis-
 play of hair that is seen under this tasteful head-dress. Neck-
 lace of twisted pearls, from which depend Arabian talismanic
 ornaments, as low as the girdle, terminated by rich tassels of
 turquoise beads, headed by gold amulets, on which are en-
 graved Arabic characters. A carved ivory fan, white satin
 shoes, and white kid gloves, complete this truly fascinating
 and elegant costume.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

*Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and
 Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal obser-
 vations made at Manchester, in the month of October, 1823,*
 by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.

	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.55
Highest, which took place on the 25th.....	30.25
Lowest, which took place on the 11th.....	28.70
Difference of the extremes.....	1.55
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 8th.....	.44
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	5.4
Number of changes.....	12

TEMPERATURE.

	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	49°.5
Mean of the 20th decade, com. on the 28th Sept.	50.2
" 21st ".....	48.8
" 22nd " ending on the 26th Oct.	50.5
Highest, which took place on the 6th.....	62.
Lowest, which took place on the 31st.....	39.
Difference of the extreme.....	23.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 8th.....	14.

RAIN, &c.

3.060 of an inch.

Number of wet days.....	20
" " foggy days.....	1
" " snowy ".....	1
" " haily ".....	1

WIND.

North.....	0	West.....	0
North-east.....	9	North-west.....	1
East.....	1	Variable.....	2
South-east.....	2	Calm.....	0
South.....	1	Brisk.....	1
South-west.....	15	Boisterous.....	0

REMARKS.

Oct 12th, heavy showers of hail and rain, about
 five o'clock in the evening.—From the 20th to the 26th
 very fine weather; on the latter day, clouds gathered,
 and the wind veered from north-east to west, which
 brought a slight hazyness but no rain.—28th, great
 fall of the barometer, and a very rainy evening.—30th,
 temperature at bed-time, and during part of the even-
 ing, about 38°; slight appearances of snow for the
 first time this season.

Bridge-street, Nov. 10th, 1823.

VARIETIES.

We have heard of the fall of Lucifer, and the fall
 of Cromwell, and the fall of Wolsey, but one of the
 pleasantest tumbles upon record was that of a Mr.
 Fell, who, when he removed from one part of the me-
 tropolis to another, wrote over his door, "I Fell from
 Holborn-hill."

One day, during the late sale at Wanstead House,
 the old gate-keeper at Lea Bridge, was accosted by a
 gentleman on horse-back with—"Well, what's the news
 to day?" "Nothing in particular," replied the old man,
 "only they say that Long Wellesley has shot himself;
 is it true?" "True enough," replied the other. "Well,
 then, it's a very good job," said the old man. Immedi-
 ately after, an elderly gentleman came through, and
 inquired of the old man if he knew the gentleman just
 before him. "No, sir," was the reply. "Why, that,"
 says the other, "was Mr. L. Wellesley!" "Then I
 have made a sad mistake," said the old man, "but it's
 too late to mend it." In the evening Mr. Wellesley re-
 turned, and, on passing the gate, very good humour-
 edly inquired of the old man, if there was any thing
 new afloat? "No," says he, "only it is true Mr. Wel-
 lesley has shot himself, for he told me so himself this
 morning."

BEARDS.—The high estimation which beards were
 held in of old, is proved by the history of the manners
 of every civilised region of the world. Indeed the
 disputes that occurred from time to time upon the mode
 of wearing the hair, has not unfrequently been as fatal
 to the contending parties, as those originating in mat-
 ters of faith, or civil policy. Baldwin, Prince of
 Edessa, pawned his beard for a great sum of money,
 which beard was redeemed by his father Gabriel, Prince
 of Mitilene, with a vast treasure, to prevent the igno-
 miny which his son must have been exposed to, by the
 loss of that venerable characteristic of man. The
 modern *fops* might well smile, on reading of the time
 which certain city *beaux* spent under the hands of a
 barber in the days of beards. One, a Mr. Richard
 Shute, a London merchant, in the time of Charles,
 says his grand-daughter, Mrs. Thomas, "was very
 nice in the mode of that age, his *waist* being some
 hours every morning in *starching* his beard, and cor-
 ing his *Whiskers*: during which time, a gentleman
 whom he maintained as a companion, always read to
 him upon some useful subject."

A GOOD SHOT.—If we are to receive Shakspeare's
 authority for a fact, we must acknowledge that the
 famed Douglas, the Scot, was as good a marksman
 with a pistol bullet, as any of your modern gamblers.
 Prince Henry, in speaking of his gallant enemy, says,
 "He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills
 a sparrow flying." Our sagacious critic Johnson con-
 sidered this a poetical anachronism. He says pistols
 were not then known.

Prince Rupert's skill in firing at a mark, we have,
 however, on the evidence of eye witnesses, of whom
 King Charles I. was one. Prince Rupert being at
 Stafford, in the time of the Civil War, while standing
 in the garden of Captain Richard Speyde, who had
 taken up arms for the King, and at about sixty yards
 distance, made a shot at the weather-cock upon the
 steeple of the Collegiate Church of *Saint Mary*, with
 a screwed horseman's pistol, and single bullet, which
 pierced its tail; the bullet hole plainly appearing to
 all that were below; which the King presently judged
 to be a casualty only. Prince Rupert, however, im-
 mediately proved the contrary, by a second shot to the
 same effect. This is recorded by Dr. Plott, in his
 History of Staffordshire.

MISERIES OF LOVE.

"Mrs. Seymour," says the lover, "smiled at my
 declaration, but her smile was rather marked by
 incredulity than approval: I saw this, and was pre-
 ceeding to meet the scruples I thought the abrupt-
 ness of my passion might have raised, when she
 asked me in a good-natured tone, if I was fully aware
 of Maria's situation. I precipitately answered in the
 affirmative, and confessed the whole of what the box-
 keeper had told me. Mrs. Seymour began to look se-
 rious, and requested to know if I had made a minute

inquiry, or received more explicit information. Wondering at the oddness of this question, I answered, no, and was proceeding to state, that as beauty, character, and accomplishments were the only things I aspired to possess, the fortune of her daughter would neither constitute an allurement, nor force an objection. "On that point, sir," replied my projected mother-in-law, "your most sanguine hopes might be gratified; but there is one obstacle to a union with my daughter, which I fear you will find insuperable."—"I find insuperable! I, madam, who am devoured with eagerness to call her mine—and let the tenderness with which I shall meet her evince the warmth of my attachment! Impossible!"—"But have you heard, sir, that Maria has had the misfortune"—I felt a cold perspiration creep over me as I strove in vain to quit my chair, and it was with exceeding difficulty that I could articulate, "How, madam! has Miss Seymour been so?"—"when the old lady interrupted me with fresh earnestness, "Have you never heard that my daughter has got—" "Got!—Heavens—is it possible so much loveliness can be?"—"It is too true, sir: by a trifling slip in early life she has got"—"Got what, madam?—for Heaven's sake relieve the cruel suspense," cried I, jumping up by a violent effort—"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Seymour, with a sigh that sounded like a preface to a tale of woe—"Alas! sir, my poor dear daughter"—sobbed the deeply affected old lady, covering her face with her handkerchief, "has got—A WOODEN LEG!"

One, cut deep into the head in a foolish fray, came to a surgeon to be dressed; who, searching to see if his brains were not perished, and not easily finding them, "Oh!" quoth he, "do you think I have any brains, that so rashly entered into a brawl?"

NEGRO LOGIC.

When a slave, says Mr. Stewart, in his work on Jamaica, makes free with his master's property, he thus ingeniously argues: "What I take from my master, being for my use, who am his property, he loses nothing by its transfer."

RUSSIAN CLERGY.

Mrs. Henderson, in a letter published in the Missionary Herald, says, that at the time when a Bible Society was formed in Novgorod, Russia, there were many of the clergy who had never seen a Bible, and, on hearing of it, asked what kind of a book it was.

POLAR EXPEDITION.

It is understood, that the Admiralty have it in contemplation to commission the Discovery Ships for another voyage to the Polar Seas, with this difference, that their route is now to be by Behring's Straits; whence they will sail eastward. The distance which must be traversed before they can well be said to commence proceeding to the object of their mission, and the consequent difficulty of reserving the necessary supplies, have hitherto been the obstacles to the attempt by this passage. This latter impediment it is proposed to obviate, by sending a supernumerary vessel laden with necessaries, which will probably accompany them to the neighbourhood of the Kamchatkan coast. Capt. Parry is again to take the command.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Mathews, as he always does, drew a most respectable and crowded audience at our Theatre on Saturday night, in the character of Goldfinch, in the *Road to Ruin*.—He is indeed always at home, and his personification of this gay character was most happily hit off. His self-possession, and laughter looking features, forcibly reminded us of Liston, and it will by no means detract from Mr. Mathews' original cast of character, to draw the comparison.

Miss Rock in Sophia was excellent, we had almost said charming, and she met with that rapturous applause which her exertions and talents most justly entitled her to.

Monsieur Tonson followed, and if we had ever entertained a gloomy idea it would have vanished when

Morbleu appeared.—The versatility of talent which Mathews elicits, gives us some hopes that we might yet expect to see him pine in *Romeo*, or rave in *Lear*.

MINOR THEATRE.—Mr. Farrell is treating the Manchester public with a display of the beautiful stud of Horses belonging to Mr. Adams.—We were much pleased as well as surprised at the splendour in which the *Secret Mine* has been got up, which does credit to the spirit of the Manager; we wish we could add that the house justified a supposition that his exertions would be suitably recompensed.—The processions were well arranged, and as well performed, and the scenery and dresses elegant. Mr. Grierson did justice to Ismael, and Mr. Emley made much of the simple Chinese. The quadrupeds had, however, as much of popular applause as the bipeds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should wish to enquire, as we are now approaching the most dreary and comfortless part of the winter, if it would not be a matter of great utility to light some of our public clocks with gas.

What a commanding situation, for instance, the Infirmary would be, and how beneficial to every one who passes that way.

Salford Chapel was proceeded in to completion; can any of your readers inform me of the reason of its discontinuance? the abandonment of such an undertaking, at such a time, seems to betray a neglect or a remissness not easily to be conjectured. Ycur's,

Piccadilly, Nov. 12th, 1823.

RADIUS.

DEFENCE OF THE SYSTEM OF GRATUITOUS EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You have repeatedly stated your willingness to allow general subjects to be freely and fairly discussed, in order that they may, by investigation be duly estimated, and but for this rule which you seem to have laid down for yourself, and which is very well as a general principle, I should never have expected to see in the *Iris* the weak and obtrusive attack upon our public establishments of education, which was published a few weeks ago in a letter signed "A Buyer of Calicos," an attack which I am surprised to find has been suffered to pass without a proper reply from some of the excellent persons who advocate and promote the reprobated charity; which consistently with the purest benevolence has for its object to circulate, "the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

The nature of these objections is such as must prevent them from producing any particular impression, they are only fit to be read and forgotten, and as they are incapable of defence, I am sure they will not find an advocate: for persons in low life have a right to do all in their power to raise themselves; and the children of persons in middle circumstances, whatever sacrifices their parents may have made to procure an education, ought not in this case to have any particular favor shewn to them: the state of events ought not to be altered to prevent their degradation,—the flood gates of knowledge, which will promote a universal vegetation of intellectual excellence, should not be shut to preclude those changes in society which your correspondent anticipates and laments.

If education be a good thing it ought to have unlimited diffusion, and its influence, like the sun's, should be equally felt by all. It is asserted that religion suffers by this circulation of learning, since it leads to investigation and sorting among persons who are incompetent to judge, and who are often found to prefer ingenious paradox and error to simplicity and truth. But this objection will be of no avail with those who remember that the plan of universal instruction is patronized by some of the most pious ministers in every religious persuasion; and as for those who contend that education makes the lower orders discontented with their situation, and not so willing to labour in their proper sphere when they see that they have knowledge above

it, why truly the notions of such persons are unworthy of comment, more particularly so, as the poor have a hard fate, and the sooner they can improve it the better.

I have now, Sir, clearly shewn that your correspondent's opinion upon the subject of charitable education, cannot be supported, and consequently that the system of gratuitously teaching the offspring of the indigent, is perfectly consistent with the principles of reason and the preservation of religion, and that every objection advanced against it must be as powerless as the rock which is dashed against the rock, and as fruitless as the chaff which is scattered in the wind.

INVESTIGATOR.

Manchester, Nov. 13th, 1823.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Preparing for the press, A Treatise on organic Chemistry, containing analysis of animal and vegetable Substances, &c. founded on a work on the same subject, by Professor Gmelin, of Heidelberg, by Mr. Dunglison, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of several learned Societies, foreign and domestic.

A New Edition of Milton's Poetical Works, with copious notes and illustrations, by J. Williams, Esq., Editor of the last Edition of Blackstone, is in the press.

Memoir of the late Mrs. Henrietta Fordyce, Relict of the James Fordyce, D. D. containing Original Letters, Anecdotes, and Pieces of Poetry; and "A Sketch of the Life of James Fordyce, D. D."

In the press:—'Notes of the War in Spain.' By Thomas Steele.

Percy Mallory. By the Author of "Pen Owen."

ADVERTISEMENT.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRY,

And a short Memoir of that interesting and benevolent Lady.

Was published on the 20th of October, Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

POOLE'S ELEGANT POCKET ALBUM, for 1824. Embellished with 12 Views and 5 Portraits of Distinguished Characters.

Same time was published,

POOLE'S GENTLEMAN'S POCKET BOOK, embellished with a *Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York*.—Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

London: Printed for JOHN POOLE, 8 Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to call the attention of our correspondents to the letter of *Investigator* inserted in this page.—There seems to exist such a contrariety of opinion on this subject, that we shall be glad to see it fully and candidly discussed. We repeat however, that those who enter into the controversy will, as much as possible, confine themselves to the subject. Its system in question must produce a great revolution in the state of society, and, therefore, it merits an impartial and serious examination.

We have been applied to, but in a very obscure way, to show what difference there is between the word *Bellify* and *Belley*. As the question is put, we cannot give an unqualified answer: our knowledge of the two extends to this, that the one is a pretty sure concomitant of the other.

Antiquary is informed, that we have it in contemplation of an early period to present our readers with a concise and authenticated account of the town of Manchester, from its earliest known history.

I. G.'s Lines to Caswin in our next.

Those subscribers who intend binding the present volume of the *Iris*, and whose sets are incomplete, are requested to make early application for the deficiency, as several of the numbers are nearly sold out.

Manchester: Printed and Published by HENRY SMITH, St. Ann's-Square; to whom Advertisements and Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

AGENTS.

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A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

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No. 95.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1823.

PRICE 3^d.

ORIGINAL.

THE VILLAGE HOSTESS.

SCENE, A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

TRAVELLER—VILLAGER.

TRAVELLER.

Beneath this darkling Pine's uncertain shade
Methinks unwonted verdure decks the mound,
And every simple wild flower has display'd
Its loveliest hues, and sheds its fragrance round:
And lo! a stone just peeping from the ground
Silver'd with moss its venerable head,
Denotes the neighbouring mansion of the dead.

Say, Villager! what mortal moulders here,
Beneath the heaving turf's perpetual green?
Less envied far, in humid vault and drear
Imprison'd sleep the sons of pride, I ween,
Than thus, beneath the ethereal arch serene,
Where, whispering soft, the tall Pine seems to wave
In guardian semblance, o'er the hallowed grave.

VILLAGER.

Stranger! by chance or holy purpose led
Where consecrated bounds these guests inclose
Sleeping in still seclusion, gently tread,
Nor violate thine ancient friend's repose:
For still her name the rude, brief legend shows,
Whilere to many a weary traveller known;
Read then (for thou canst read) the sculptur'd stone.

TRAVELLER.

Ah! well I mark the name to pilgrims dear
As to the withering herbage geni'l rain;
Of gentlest manners, and of heart sincere,
In happier times the friend of all was JANE,
Her home the haunt of every village swain,
The Exciseman gay, the Schoolmaster severe,
The Doctor spruce, the Curate frequent there.

As near her board, with foaming honours crown'd,
Engag'd in social chat or sage debate,
Passing their glass of sparkling liquor round,
The politicians of the hamlet sat,
How wisely they retriev'd the sinking state!
Held the long parley! wing'd the pointed jest!
While boisterous mirth his loud applause express'd.

There paus'd the wandering Jew: the patient Scot
Belated there unbound his cumbrous load
Farborne and painful:—each his toils forgot,
As each her hospitable threshold trod:
In sooth, 'twas meek Courtesy's abode:
Told but the woe-begone his tale of grief,
And ne'er did JANE withhold the prompt relief.

VILLAGER.

Aye—many a mortal of the vagrant train
Wilden'd by night, with weariness oppress'd,

When howl'd the wind, when beat the driving rain,
Found unbought shelter there, refreshment, rest.
She ever lov'd to succour the distrest,
Condemn'd by friendless penury to rove,
Or stern mishap, or ill-requited love.

And when poor Robin, herald of the year,
Proclaim'd the glad approach of festal day,
Shrovetide, or Easter, Wake, or busy Fair,
What Hostess hast thou seen like her, display
Each culinary vase in bright array?
What dainties vied with her's to allure the taste?
Who spoke so kind a welcome to the feast?

But chiefly ere the dawn when angels told
To wondering shepherds a Redeemer born,
Lustrations pure and rites ordain'd of old,
Conspir'd her simple mansion to adorn:
Then rural neatness usher'd in the morn
With bays and holly, and immortal yew,
Of Heaven's unfading bliss the emblem true.

Fail'd not to assemble there our choral throng,
With minstrelsy attun'd to holy rhyme,
Chaunting as festive joy inspir'd the song,
Each psalm and carol sacred to the time:
There maidens fair, and swains in youthful prime,
As love inspir'd, and music's thrilling sound,
Join'd the gay dance, with many a whirl and bound.

There too, in martial guise and rustic phrase,
The stripling mimic tales of terror told,
Stalking in arms grotesque and visard face,
As erst Saint George and other champions bold:
How hardy Jack the Giant's might contriv'd,
How courteous knight reliev'd the Fair distrest;
Till kindred ardour fir'd each youthful breast.

Oft have I heard the pageant train rehearse
Harsh sounding names, and deeds of glory done,
And tell in many a legendary verse
Of dragons vanquish'd and of battles won.
And lo! the dire encounter is begun,
See the proud victor spurn the prostrate slain,
And see the vanquish'd rise to fight again.

Oft near her cheerful hearth the wily dame
Expert in secrets deep and Fortune's lore;
To listening maids would solve some mystic dream,
Or in the tell-tale hand their loves explore;
Such were our artless joys in days of yore,
Ere vanish'd at suspicion's dark controul
Nature's prime grace, simplicity of soul.

TRAVELLER.

Kind Swain! I mingle my regrets with thine,
But haste forbids my feet to linger here:
Thee too thy rustic labour calls,—be mine
Dropping o'er this lone grave the pitying tear,
To urge on my journey shelterless and drear:
We mortals are but pilgrims of a day,
Here we just stop and rest: then pass away:

Short is our stage; and transient is the date
To man assign'd his wilder'd race to run:
But who can tell, in this eventful state
What sorrows shall obscure his setting sun,
And dim the hours in cloudless morn begun!
Life's faithless joys what gathering ills deform!
How oft on sunshine waits the inclement storm!

VILLAGER.

Farewell! but hear: On her declining age,
Misfortune frown'd, nor merit's self could save,
Misery's keen pang neglectful to assuage,
Cold CHARITY prepar'd her scanty grave.
Not such the dole, her warm compassions gave;
Ere freezing want the generous wish repress'd;
And obsequ'd the sigh that labour'd in her breast.

But yet if virtue claim the willing song;
If honest praise on rural worth await;
Aye, yet,—full oft the list'ning youths among,
Shall many a hoary swain lament her fate
And as this path he treads in pensive state,
Sigh o'er her name, and halcyon days of yore,
Till busy memory sleeps to wake no more.

(Written for the *Iris*.)

A WEEK IN LONDON.

(Continued from our last.)

It was now a good opportunity of shewing my companion the celebrated steak and chop house called *Dolly's*—and it was time for refreshment; it was a short step, and as we entered, the mingled fumes of their capacious kitchen had nearly denied us ingress. No sooner ordered than done, but the repast as far fell below the report, as the Queen of Sheba's astonishment exceeded what she had heard; it was cut *thin*, and served on *pewter* , and we departed, not dissatisfied but disappointed, and hastened on to the Royal Exchange. It was founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, and was proclaimed *Royal* by Queen Bess, who honoured its opening with her presence: here is a place to try the nerves, if not confound the senses of any untutored traveller—the stir, noise, impatient activity—avarice in her thousand forms looking out her victims—a Babel from all the tongues of the known world uttering discordant sounds—the thousands of placards with which the walls are alike covered and defiled, convey as many sorts of communication.

If you accost any one in this area your subject must embrace *money*, or you are not listened to—and who can conjecture the immense wealth which every commercial day exchanges possessors; it is surmounted with a new and elegant tower, though the interior of the area is much dilapidated, and the figures of the monarchs in the niches are not only fast losing their royalty but their faces. We now passed to the Bank, and the spectator is confounded at its endless extent—at its unbounded wealth: wandering

through all the public offices money is seen flying about like dirt, and yet nothing is carried on in the midst of a seeming confusion without the most scrupulous care and exactness; in changing ragged notes, which we were compelled to do, (for they will not be looked at in London) we passed through a variety of gradations—the first clerk tears off one number—the next the corresponding corner and then the signature—the last preserves the skeleton, who gives you a note elsewhere, and you procure your substitutes; I should have observed that in all these different transits the body of the note receives a private mark. In the large yard were lying bars of solid silver, with soldiers performing guard over them, and we received the tempting invitation to convey one way, without, perhaps, the power to lift one. To Guildhall, hence, was the walk of a few minutes—this is very celebrated for its antiquity more than its beauty, but modern days have done as much for splendour in the interior, as time has detracted from its exterior: without much previous introduction you come at once into the large hall where the civic dinners and other sumptuous entertainments are given—a room indeed well adapted to the purpose from its commanding extent; there are some elegant monuments erected round and upon the walls, one to a very popular lord mayor—a superb one to Nelson, and the last, remarkable for its chaste execution, to the late Mr. Pitt, who is represented in full length in his senatorial robes, standing on England surrounded by the sea, and in a posture indicating the attitude of delivering an eloquent address. The Egyptian Hall does honour to the city, and is decorated with many paintings of long esteemed and respected Aldermen—and here I cannot help mingling a little pleasantry with a descriptive narrative;—many of these pictures (but I believe the story has been published) had from extreme age so far abandoned their colours to the canvass as to render a similitude to the originals impossible, even to those who had other traces of their ancestors; in consequence, and to obviate this, a Court of Aldermen summoned a celebrated artist to say what sort of varnish would best bring out the colours—he offered various opinions, and a diversity of preparations, but a wag who was present said that those who wanted to shew an alderman in his true colours should varnish with turtle soup. The exquisite taste of the whole suit of apartments may be inferred from the high dignity the corporate body of London hold themselves in, and with some reason; their own Monarchs and Princes frequently sit down with them to the festive board—the allied Monarchs of Europe have done the same, and the place is worthy of the honour. The Mansion House, a large but heavy building, is the exclusive residence of the Lord Mayor for the time being, and the city has provided most magnificently for its chief magistrate; here we could not gain admission, but were favoured with a description by a friend. The morrow was Sunday, and it might be thought it would have interfered with our short stay, but no:—this is the day of grand military service at Whitehall, and a numerous crowd early assemble for admittance; a sort of herald proclaims to the assembled multitude that none can be admitted who have boots, or do not wear a white neck-handkerchief,—this observance I presume arises from the almost regular presence of royalty. Every Englishman's heart must beat high with exultation at entering this depository of his country's honours—not the whole grand and striking elegance of the place can keep the eye from an observance of those pre-

cious spoils, the French Eagles; there are brass entablatures underneath descriptive of the dates and fields in which they were captured—the two last from Waterloo are the only ones with flags attached to them, and were unfurled only a few days before that decisive victory; the Eagles screw off the tops to be preserved on an emergency, are of silver gilt, and attached to ebony poles: numerous other flags of Wellington's Peninsular acquirements hang about these, one a very memorable trophy, from the desperation with which the French officer defended his sacred trust, and it is literally covered with his blood. Above all these, is the famous invincible standard of Napoleon, taken in Egypt, an interesting object frequently missed by strangers. The Royal Pew is the next object of attention, comprising a whole gallery, with every superb decoration ingenuity could invent; the canopy is surmounted by the royal arms—the top is painted with scriptural devices, by West: the organ, a noble erection, is here accompanied by the royal band, a strange but highly sublime addition, and a greater attraction than the preachers.

We went to numerous of the churches which adorn the metropolis, especially to, what should never be omitted by a stranger, St. Stephen's, Walbrook; here will be seen architecture in all its beauties—lightness with true elegance combined; the altar piece has a fine representation of the martyrdom of that Saint. In the evening to the Magdalen Hospital, in the Chapel of which are to be found the choicest oratorical preachers in England; few enter here, however insensible to feeling, without the tear of pity or remorse having bedewed their eyes: the unfortunate females who have in an evil hour, by the influence of their own weakness, or the vile arts of some seductive miscreant, fallen from the path of honour into the polluted sink of shame, form the interesting part of the congregation,—rendered invisible by screens, they sit near the organ and accompany its notes to appropriate hymns, in the most touching strains; hundreds have been restored to virtue and to society—have become good wives and good mothers, and died leaving behind them memorials of their gratitude in the munificence of their bequests.

Oh Women! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from virtue's track,
'Tis Mercy only can beguile
By gentle ways the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be vept in showers away.

Thus I repeated to my fellow-traveller on leaving this interesting place, and so closed Sunday.

THE BEGGAR.

Begging in the streets of London seems nearly suppressed: amid the immense subdivision of labour and professions, this avocation is gone. There is always a great deal of nationality about the beggar, and I could almost regret that I have not had a proper specimen of the manners of the country in the exercise of its lowest calling. An Irish beggar is like no other; none but himself can be his parallel; he seems to mock his misery; is full of jests and saws; his whole life has been little removed from want, and he therefore exercises his trade with the dexterity of an experienced hand, and the good-humour of one who had been reconciled to it

before it was forced on his choice: but to see him in perfection, he must be met in his own country. A Scotch beggar goes about his business in a very different style; he is more inclined to appeal to your sense of justice than your compassion, trusting that you will believe that necessity alone has forced supplication on him; and he seems, therefore, as if he was drawing on an established credit with you, rather than as one opening a new account. I have once or twice met a poor female, in a retired corner, in whose cautious, timid look, the image of a parish officer seemed to be reflected; but I fear my kindly feelings have been nipt in the bud by meeting, in High Holborn, a sturdy Amazon, who, with the screaming brat she carried, were both eating tarts. One might have been excused had they supposed that the manners and condition of beggars could not admit of much change; but here the hand of luxury has been at work, as well as in higher regions. Poor Jane Shore's situation was very different, when she was obliged to go from door to door with the heavy "clap dish," to receive the alms of broken victuals which the charitable bestowed on her. In an old poem she is represented as carrying about "a dish that claps and gave a heavy sound." This was a curious custom, of which we have no remnant left, as far as I know. From the fear of infection, beggars were obliged to carry about a dish with a moveable cover, which they placed at the doors of houses, then returned in a short while to receive what had been deposited in it: from this circumstance they were called "clapper dudgeons." It was customary, also, for the beggars to go about with a dish of this sort soliciting charity, which practice still remains in some remote parts of Scotland, where I have seen a long ladle employed, after the service, in making a collection for the poor of the parish.

MY OWN ROOM.

"My own room."—What a variety of consolatory associations are connected with this expression!—No man who can use it with truth is completely miserable. Abroad, he may be the victim of a thousand ills. Fatigue, vexation, fruitless toil, mortifications, neglect, and disappointment, may attend him through the happy haunts of men. He may be forced to parry the assaults of knavery on every side, until he is ready to sink with exhaustion in the unequal combat. But he has a sanctuary where he knows he can take refuge, and bar out all impertinent intrusion. He can hedge himself around with solitude, recover the native tone of his mind, "commune with his own heart in his chamber, and be still."

After a day passed in uncongenial pursuits and unpleasant rencontres, it is with feelings of inexpressible satisfaction that I revisit my own room of an evening. I shut my door, seat myself in my arm-chair, and defy the world. Abroad, I may be a dependant, a secondary being: but here, I am uncontrolled and absolute. This is my kingdom—I am Emperor here. It is true my domains are neither rich nor extensive: but they are mine in undisputed right and peaceable possession, "et mihi magni satis." I say to myself with peculiar complacency,

I shall be free—
Here at least
Here I may reign secure.

Nor do I reign over myself alone. Like Alexander Selkirk, in the island of Juan Fernandez,

I have my subjects, who are likewise my companions and friends. Obedient, loyal, dutiful to the last degree, never murmuring, never seditions, never even speaking except when permitted. They are likewise a most noble and intelligent race, being composed of the choice spirits of every age and every country. Many of them are by birth of the order of nobility, and I even reckon among my subjects some crowned heads, as Frederick of Prussia, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. My subjects, gentle reader, are my books.

It is not to be imagined how few persons, comparatively speaking, have rooms that they can truly call "their own." To say nothing of soldiers and sailors, and the great majority confined in prisons, from the King's Bench to the Hulks inclusive, many heads and many members of families have no rooms of their own. A married man whose wife is a shrew, seldom or ever has a room to himself; and many married men whose wives are not shrews, are similarly circumstanced. A single man who boards and lodges in a family is usually in a like predicament. But, by the way, this subject of board and lodging, boarding-houses included, well deserves a separate essay, and perhaps I may favour my public with something of that sort one of these days.

Those unfortunate persons whose circumstances will not permit them to have rooms of their own, are much to be pitied. The best advice I can give them, is to escape into solitude as often as they can. Occasional solitude is essential to the soul's health; no man, who is altogether deprived of it, can long preserve any originality of mind, or any freedom, firmness, or independence of character. A friend of mine who had no room of his own, and was so situated as to be obliged to listen every day in silence to the most revolting absurdities, and to witness the most flagrant violations of good taste, feeling, and even decorum, without daring to express dissent or disapprobation, took the following method of counteracting the deleterious effect which such a course of life must infallibly produce upon the mind. He took a solitary walk every evening, during which he employed himself in recollecting all the absurd opinions he had heard in the day, and confuting them with extraordinary ability. The rudeness and folly that he had witnessed, he exposed with uncommon power of ridicule and invective, playing by turns the parts of Horace and Juvenal. He replied to insults with becoming spirit, dealt desperately in keen retorts and overwhelming rejoinders, and sometimes proceeded even so far as to give the lie direct, and inflict personal harassment. This last operation was generally performed by kicking the posts, or belabouring the mill-stones with amazing energy and effect. By this salutary exercise my friend contrived to reserve his mental health, as well as his bodily, and to lose nothing of the original and vigorous tone of his character.

A philosophic cobbler of my acquaintance, who lived in an attic in Crown-street, Sevenials, with a wife who weighed sixteen stone, and six children, took a different method of refreshing his exhausted spirit. He used to get it on the leads of the house to meditate, like *zac*, "at even tide," saying that it was "better to dwell on the house-top, than with a brawlvoman in a wide house." When, however, cold weather obliged him to descend from eirie, he contrived a novel and most ingenious plan of retirement. Fortunately for his pose, though he had a great soul, he possessed but a little body, not measuring more

than four feet one inch. He had a wooden box made of tolerable dimensions, with a hole in the top to let in light and air, and so contrived as to fasten inside. To this sanctum our new Gulliver used to retire after the fatigues of business, to indulge in philosophic contemplation, and read "Zimmerman on Solitude." On such occasions he always took the judicious precaution of stopping his ears with tow, that his divine cogitations might be undisturbed by the conubial storm that raged without. For the man who, uncompelled by necessity, voluntarily deprives himself of the inestimable privilege of a room that he can call his own, I confess I entertain no compassion; he has forfeited all claims to human sympathy, and is "a wretch whom it were gross flattery to call a fool."—*Lit. Museum.*

MANCHESTER, EIGHT O'CLOCK A. M.

'Tis now the hour of dust, and Manchester
Is in a solemn, cloudy, darkness hung;
And I, so fond a thing is dust to me,
With all the weary puffs of exhausted breath,
Can't keep it off my clothes,
The e'en my breath is gone with overpuffing.
I'll stay and house awhile—the dust is terrible,
And the rude manners of the servant girls
Give it a most alarming aspect.
How awful is this gloom! And hark!
The clank of meeting brushes loudly sounds,
That the contending maids do almost knock
Their weapons' heads from off the handles.
Broom threatens broom in high and boastful clankings.
And see,—there's one has knock'd her brush clean off,
And is most dextrously fastening on again,
With dreadful note of preparation;
While I, with horror stopp'd here sit,
And inly ruminat the morning's danger.
By my soul! my stern impatience chides this tardy-gated cloud,
That like a foul and ugly witch doth limp so tediously away.

I'll to the street, and once more try
To force my passage thro' it.

ANTI-PULVIS.

Manchester, Nov. 18th, 1823.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

A SAILOR'S TALE.—(In continuation.)

"Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away."

For some time previous to Amelia's death, Mr. N— had contracted an acquaintance with the family of a reputed wealthy merchant lately arrived from India. A correspondence had commenced on mercantile transactions, under mutual obligations, before he quitted the East; but now having met, a similarity of disposition produced a closer intimacy, and they became almost inseparable. This family consisted of a Mr. Perkins, a widower, and two daughters. Early in life he had been educated for the station of a lawyer's clerk, but possessing a genius above the drudgery of the quill, he left England as a bold adventurer, having nothing to lose, but every thing to gain.

India at this time presented a large field wherein to cultivate his talents; it was a rich soil, promising an abundant harvest to repay his labours. Handsome in person, gracefully polite, he had studied human nature for the worst of purposes, and could become every thing to every body. A coward in heart, yet daring in danger; and though shrinking with horror from the monitor within, he would nevertheless stand unappall'd to face the weapon uprais'd by insulted honour or outraged integrity. Arrived at Calcutta, his cheerful manners and polish'd ease introduced him to several respectable families, till after various vicissitudes, by cozening the unwary and flattering the great, he contrived to amass some little property, and lay the

foundation of future wealth. But difficult was the task he had to perform; hourly experience told him there were many, very many, pressing forward to the same goal, and by the same dishonourable path, who would rejoice to establish their own estimation on the wreck of another's. Chance, however, introduced him to the Governor-general, who, though he in some measure penetrated into his character, yet considered him as a fit agent to employ in a doubtful embassy to one of the Princes of the interior. His shrewd penetration and polite address gained the desired end, and he returned to the seat of government universally applauded. Fame, riches, honour, now lay before him; but the baneful passions that lurk'd within the dark volcano of his breast, would at times burst forth, and render him an object of abhorrence to the truly virtuous and good. Riches, riches, were all his heart's desire, and for that he would have sacrificed his soul; yet he was the man of honour. Engaged in another embassy, his palanquin and attendants were attack'd by a party of marauders, who having conquer'd and plunder'd, left their victims apparently dead upon the plain; but Perkins, though severely wounded, was saved through the intrepidity of a Sepoy, who covered his body and fell dead upon it.

The victors were as sudden in their retreat as they had been in their attack, in consequence of the intelligence received from another party of wanderers that a troop of horsemen were rapidly advancing. The troop arrived, and proved to be a large party of Armenians, well armed and mounted, who were proceeding with their retinue in the same direction as the embassy. After examining many of the different bodies, without discovering any who yet linger'd in the vale of existence, they were about mounting their horses to pursue their route. Beneath the accumulated heap of slain lay the faint and motionless Perkins. Alive, yet unable to move; sensible, yet denied the power of speech, he witnessed their examination, heard their remarks, and knew they were going to abandon him to his fate, without the possibility of making the least exertion to inform them the lamp of life was yet glimmering in the socket.

Conscience, like an overwhelming torrent, now rush'd with fearful recollection of the past, and presented to his agonized anticipation an awful futurity. The sword of retributive Justice seem'd sheath'd in his heart; Hope spread her pinions, and Despair clutch'd his victim. He heard the tramping of the horses, and supposed the rear of the company were passing the spot—when, what was his delight to recognise a well-known voice, uttering in all the eagerness of desire, "Hoot, hoot, wait a wee, gude folk, and tak me wi' you, for 'tis nae gude to remain here and be slay'd alive by the black beetles." Yes, it was Andrew Magennis, his confidential servant, clerk, and locum tenens. Andrew had fought very bravely, till finding they were worsted, he had sought his opportunity to decamp, and throwing himself upon his face as one dead, suddenly sprung up while they were plundering the baggage, and fairly took to his heels. A neighbouring jungle afforded him shelter, and here he watch'd the proceedings of the second party, when finding they were friends, he quitted his concealment, and presented himself to their view.

The troop halted, and he was introduced to the presence of a venerable man as the leader. Andrew made his salaam with all the grace of a native, for he was not unacquainted with the benefits of boogie. "Een, Sirs, a fearfu' onslaught this! And my maister, too, puir bodie! Well, well, you're no leave me here." The leader shook his head in token that he was not understood; but poor Andrew construed it into a rejection of his suit. "Eh, Sir, you would-na leave a puir Glasgow lad to perish i' the wilds of Ingeu? And mair, when you ken that he's a descendant of the Mac Innis', although for reasons best interpreted by himself, my gude fether spellit it M-a-ma-g-e."

At this moment an individual of the suite rode up, and enquired in tolerable good English the cause of the present scene. Andrew related it with as much brevity as in him lay, representing himself in no ordinary capacity, and was not a little gratified to find that his relation produced some marked tokens of respect toward himself. A horse was provided, but still he wish'd once more to see his friend. "An' wad you

haud a wee the wiles I tak one mair look before the fowls of the air prew upon the carcass?" And (thought Andrew) it may be the rogues have dinnae taken all the siller, perhaps have miss'd the pouoh a'thegither, as these breeless rascals din nae ken the right way to honest men's pockets. His request was complied with. Turning over the mangled bodies, he discovered at last that of his principal. "Puir bodie? puir bodie! (stooping down and commencing his search.) Verra true is it as Solomon says, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. As I live, here's the siller! But look ye, was there ever so unceevil a corpse as to be prying into the actions of the living? See if he has na open'd aye of his eyes,—and now there's the twae glowing full in my face!" In fact, Perkins, relieved from the burthen above him, nature was resuming her functions, and after considerable exertion the wounded man was enabled to tell his own tale. The good Samaritan poured oil into his wounds, set him upon his own beast, and slowly conducted him on his journey. Arrived at the splendid residence of his benefactor, every care which humanity could dictate was manifested towards the sufferers, for Andrew too had received some marked tokens of the Indian's friendship in various parts of his mechanism. A few weeks produced a convalescence, and Perkins was able to crawl about, often attended by his generous protector.

The Armenian merchant was considered the most wealthy among his people, and beloved by all. He had two daughters, the pride, the delight of his heart. By some accident Perkins obtained an interview with the youngest, and so well improved his opportunity, that another and another succeeded. But why need I relate every circumstance attending the progress of villany? When the hour fix'd on for departure arrived, it was discovered that the Englishman was already gone, and had stole the fairest jewel from the old man's breast—his daughter. So secretly had every thing been plan'd, that they were far distant before a discovery took place; and being in the neighbourhood of the English camp, were actually married by the chaplain to one of the regiments. On her part 'twas a union of affection; she had left all for him—country, friends, religion—all for her husband; but on his 'twas avarice and ambition. Should she be pursued, the hand of the assassin would seek every where to wipe away the stain. Her father loved his child—it broke his heart! He bless'd her in his dying hour, and left her an equal portion with the rest.

Perkins, on his return to Calcutta, found himself possessed of immense wealth, and all the heart could reasonably desire. His wife was lovely, tender, and fondly attached to her husband; but he, incapable of one sentiment which springs from the softer feelings of the mind, treated her with unkindness and neglect. He had gained his point, the fortune of his wife, and now seem'd to consider that wife as an incumbrance with it—a prevention to the abandoned propensities he had hitherto indulged. Mrs. Perkins, when too late, saw her error, and short was her passage to the silent tomb: she died giving birth to her second daughter, and shared the same grave with her offended parent.

Released from that restraint which the virtuous hold over the mind of the vicious, Perkins gave loose to his unbridled appetites, and indulged in almost every criminal excess; but though an adept in dissimulation and fraud, there were others who could surpass him, as his heavy losses at the gambling-table clearly manifested. His splendid mansion was the abode of luxury and voluptuousness, and the education of his children was entrusted to persons who considered it their interest never to thwart the views or inclinations of the young ladies. . . . There some individuals who, in spite of every requisite to render their name illustrious and their society estimable—aye, it seems even in spite of themselves, continue to pursue a line of conduct that eventually must degrade them in the estimation of mankind, and destroy their own enjoyment. And are they happy? Oh no! there is no peace to the wicked. . . . Years rolled rapidly away, and the Misses Perkins attained the age of womanhood, well skill'd in superficial fashionable accomplishments, but with minds uncultivated and hearts perverted. The style in which they lived at Calcutta, united to the extravagance, and latterly an increased thirst for play in Perkins, considerably reduced that wealth which most imagined,

from appearances, to be boundless; but the breeze does not always blow from the same point of the compass, and Fortune is equally variable in her smiles and favours. Loss followed loss, and the wreck of a rich ship, which through some mismanagement was uninsured, determined him to quit India with the residue of his property, and once more seek his native land.

The diminution of his riches was known only to his daughters, who inherited the baneful passions and principles of their father; though in Miss Julia, the youngest, there would at times a semblance of her mother's soften'd tenderness be displayed, like a bright flower bursting through the weeds that check'd its growth.

Arrived in the metropolis of England, they established themselves as befitting the character of those who had recently quitted the fountain of wealth in possession of its most ample stores, as by this means they entertained hopes of retrieving their shattered fortunes, either by union with some fool of quality, or as chance might direct. The interview with Mr. N—, which called forth some of his natural peculiarities, render'd him at once a desirable object on whom to practise their proposed plan; but Mr. N— was already married. No matter, many things might occur; at all events they could manage to derive some credit from the acquaintance; and this desire was increased by the unoffending and amiable Amelia, who, though gentle and affable at most times, yet always felt a chill of repulsive coldness at her heart whenever she was compell'd to associate with these females in their visits.

There is a certain instinct in virtue, which, like the sensitive plant, shrinks when touch'd,—a kind of intuitive feeling, that seems almost supernaturally to know when and where to reject the evil and chuse the good. Such was Amelia's; nor did the Misses Perkins possess one quality which could recommend them to her susceptible and well-cultivated mind. She was unable to penetrate their design in ingratiating themselves with her husband, though she would sometimes mention it to him with mild remonstrances. These things were known to the unamiable trio, and operated as a strong inducement for the destruction of their hapless victim.

Nature had been very bountiful to Amelia in the beauty and symmetry of her figure, of which advantages the other ladies could not boast; they therefore determined to be revenged on Nature in the person of her whom they now literally hated. For this purpose they glean'd from every possible source, both pure and impure, all the accounts of her origin, and made themselves acquainted with most of the particulars of her early life; but all was beyond the reach of calumny; the breath of slander could not taint the polished mirror which reflected her virtues, and on this account the sting of malice received a double portion of venom. The connexion with Henry Morton afforded them some hope of carrying their diabolical intentions into effect; for from motives of delicacy to all parties, it was partly unknown to Mr. N—. He had heard of the young man, and knew there was some partiality existing, but not its extent. Self—self was his chief consideration.

Perkins, who still pass'd for a man of immense wealth, though his income was much straitened by their style of living and his ill luck at play, render'd himself necessary to Mr. N— by tampering with his passions and practising upon his peculiarities, so much so that he was seldom at home; indeed the conversation and manners of Margaret and Julia Perkins was more suitable to his taste than the mild sweetness and elegant demeanour of Amelia. The name of Morton had frequently been introduced en-passant, without exciting more than a remembrance in the mind of Mr. N—, who was ever silent on the subject. This was precisely what they wish'd, for his silence gave them opportunities of conversing and throwing out hints, which, though unnoticed, never failed in their operation. On one occasion, by a preconcerted scheme, he was ushered into a room adjoining one where the ladies were seated, and overheard them discoursing on the subject. They were speaking of Morton as one they had known in India, and represented him as a depraved and abandoned character; who previous to quitting his native land, had seduced a young female that was on the eve of marrying to another, and they understood

were since actually married, without his being aware of the cruel deception.

Jealousy is a rank weed, which must either be torn by the root from the heart at one determined effort, or it spreads its poisoned influence and destroys existence. Mr. N— had doubted and trembled, yet still held firm belief in the rectitude of his wife, but he failed in banishing suspicion from his mind; and as the attachment to her society decreased, so in the same proportion the doubts of her integrity were multiplied. On this occasion he waited not to hear more, but rush'd from the house, enter'd Mrs. N—'s apartment, and demanded when and where she had last seen Morton. Surprised at his abrupt entrance, and the question that was asked in no very courteous manner, kept Amelia silent. "Tis plain, 'tis evident!" exclaimed the distracted man, and left the room. Astonishment for a while chained every faculty of Amelia's mind; but conscious innocence and a sense of duty soon recall'd her usual firmness, and she hastened after her husband—she left the house. Mrs. N— attributed this occurrence to the right authors, and the following day sought an opportunity of entering on the subject, but all her efforts were vain. The conflicts in the breast of the unhappy man were very great; but pride war'd him not to condemn without further proof, therefore he buried it in his own heart, as he hoped, in secrecy from all the world, for he imagined the Perkins were ignorant of his ever having known Morton; and he now determined to appear as if unconscious of what he had heard.

Amelia made preparations for her usual visit to her parents, but the child, on some pretext was to remain in town. About a week after her departure, Mr. N—, accompanied by James, dined at the splendid mansion of Mr. Perkins, in Portman-square. The name of Morton was again introduced, when Miss Julia remark'd, in an apparently indifferent manner, how strongly James resembled him, and inquired of Mr. N— whether he knew the person, or was in any way related? The first remark threw the wretched man entirely off his guard, and the inquiry destroyed the remains of self-possession. The scene which is here baffles description; but how was it heightened on the announcement of a courier, who enter'd almost breathless, delivering a letter containing the information and manner of Amelia's death, written by the Curate of the neighbouring village! Over what cursed the veil must be drawn: 'twas horrid—dreadful! Humanity while it contemplates the picture, shudders at the reality, and throws down the pen?

LINES

To the *Myosotis* or "Forget me not," a wild flower planted by the Author in a friend's garden.

So small is thy attractive power,
So transient thy most brilliant hour,
Thou well art named, thou simple flower!
"Forget me not."

But though small homage waits on thee,
In thy frail form a charm I see,
Which seems to whisper still to me
"Forget me not."

And I have chosen thee to tell
What makes my labouring bosom swell,
And when I'm gone to say, "Farewell,
Forget me not."

To those whose kindness many a day
Drove care and sorrow far away,
I would each opening bud to say
"Forget me not."

And when thy summer glories die,
And winter's terrors rule the sky,
Thy form, though faded, still to sigh
"Forget me not."

Sweet flower! I ask no fairer tomb
Than o'er my dust that thou may'st bloom
To whisper midst surrounding gloom
"Forget me not."

Manchester.

S. W.

HOGARTH'S ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

There has been much enquiry as to whom the hero of this masterpiece of graphic humour was meant to personate; some affirming it to resemble one celebrated performer, and some another. The countenance plainly bespeaks him a foreigner.

Hogarth's advertisement for this print appeared in the London Daily Post, 1740:—"Shortly will be published, a new print called the *Prooked Musician*, designed and engraved by William Hogarth; being a companion to a print representing a *Distressed Poet*."

It is probable that Hogarth had no one particularly in view for his *Distressed Musician*; for with very few exceptions, the satire of his pencil was free from personalities.

Monsieur Roquet, the enamel painter, in his explanation of Hogarth's works, written in French for the information of the Marshal Belleisle, when prisoner in England, says of the print, "Le Musicien est un Italien que les cris de Londres font enragé."

Mr. Nichols, in his account of this print, assures us, that the musician represents Mr. John Festin, the celebrated player on the flute. Dr. Burney fixes the resemblance to *Castrucci*, whose instrument was the violin. Hogarth has represented his subject with that instrument.

"Mr. John Festin, the first hautboy and German flute of his time, had numerous scholars, to each of whom he devoted an hour every day. At nine in the morning he attended Mr. Spencer, grandfather to the Earl Spencer. If he happened to be out of town any day, he devoted that hour to another. One morning at that hour he waited on Mr. V. afterwards Lord V. His Lordship was not up. Mr. Festin went into his chamber, and opening the shutter of a window, sat down in it; the miserable figure represented by Hogarth, was playing under the musician's window. A man with a barrow full of onions came up to the player, and sat on the edge of his barrow, and said to the man, 'If you will play the *Black Joke*, I will give you this onion.' The man played it. When he had so done, the man again desired him to play some other tune, and then he would give him another onion."

"This," said Festin, "highly angered me; I cried out, Z—ds, Sir, stop here. This fellow is ridiculing my profession: he is playing on the hautboy for onions.' Being intimate with Mr. Hogarth, he mentioned the circumstance to him; which, as he said, was the origin of *The Enraged Musician*. The fact may be depended upon," says Mr. Nichols. "Mr. Festin was himself the enraged performer;" adding, "the story is here told just as he related it to a clergyman."

Dr. Burney, who was contemporary with Hogarth, has left us a very different account of the origin of this most humorous composition, ascribing the circumstances to a piece of the lively painter's waggery. "The violinist *Castrucci*, who was more than half mad," says the Doctor, "is represented in one of Hogarth's prints, as *The Enraged Musician*; this painter having sufficient *polissonerie*, previous to making the drawing, to have his house beset by all the noisy street instruments he could collect together,—whose clamorous performance brought him to the window, in all the agonies of auricular torture."

This *Castrucci* was a celebrated performer on the violin, and leader of the band at the Opera.

He was a pupil of the famous Corelli, and one of the best players of his master's concertos. Hickford's great room in Brewer-street, known of late years as the Westminster Forum, was originally built as a concert-room. In the year 1731, at a concert held there, by advertisement, it was announced, among other performances, that Signor *Castrucci* would play the first and eighth concertos of Corelli, and several of his own compositions,—particularly a *solo*, in which he engaged to execute "*twenty-four notes with one bow*."

We may suppose the musical wags were apt to play upon the feelings of this *genus irritabile*, for the following day the advertisement was burlesqued, and a *solo* promised, not by the first, but the last violin of *Goodman's-fields*,—a theatre of a low cast,—in which the performer would execute twenty-five notes, with one bow.

Poor *Castrucci* at length met a formidable rival in *Clegg*, and was obliged to yield the palm to his superiority. *Clegg*, however, practised so incessantly, that he lost his reason, and being confined in Bedlam, he there occasionally played upon his violin; where, as we may naturally suppose, the unhappy musician was said to have drawn crowds of auditors. In these days, when things so commonly tended to the *outré*, and Bedlam was open to all who hunted for strange sights, it cannot be doubted that thousands would flock to hear a maniac playing upon the fiddle.

ODE TO MORNING.

IRREGULAR.

Hail fairest morn, who like a bashful maid,
In youth all beauties, with enchanting mein
And graceful modest step, from heav'n art seen,
Descending with ambrosial gems array'd.
Goddess of the locks of gold,
Maiden of the brilliant eye,
Celestial Robes thy form enfold,
None with thee in charms can vie:—

Streams meand'ring,
Zephyrs wand'ring.
Earth gives thee her grateful strains;
Flowers delighting,
Strolls inviting,
Beauty, matchless beauty, reigns!—

Coy nymph, in whom the charms of heav'n unite;
Whose balmy breath throws loveliness around,
And spreads with fragrant herbs the velvet ground,
Whose presence yields to all supreme delight:—
Care sees thee, but to her cave is gone,
In the deep rifted rock her low complaints sorrow
breathes;
Joy, with garlands of myrtle and roses trips on,
And the brows of the maidens with coronets
wreaths.

Now gently the gondoles glide on the lake,
Sweetly the tender flute pours its soft lay,
Smoothly the waves on the sanded shore break,
While to pleasure and love we are hast'ning
away:
Where eglantines fondly entwine
O'er the arbour where wild-roses rove,
When the light of thy smile shall first shine,
I will haste to the arms of my love;
We will watch thy last glance,
As thou part'st from our sight;
And when noon shall advance,
And the sun the meads light
Dearest nymph, we'll then think of those charms we
adore,
And sigh lovely morn that thy reign's so soon o'er.

CASWIN.

Manchester, November 18th, 1823.

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

Mrs. Gally, the subject of the present brief Memoir, was the wife of Dr. Gally, who held the living of Saint Giles's-in-the-Fields. He wore a black satin rose in his hat, which was then in general use by clergymen of a certain rank in clerical graduation.—Mrs. Gally was a person of considerable importance, having been the heiress to her brother's property; his name was Knight, and every thing indicated his having been a man of some consideration, in the north of England, where his estates lay.—The old lady was, in truth, very singular, and seemed to be a preserved specimen of an extinct species. The house she lived in stood in Great Russell-Street, and was one amongst many others which were sacrificed to the making of new streets, round the British Museum. There she lived regularly all the winter, and sometimes more than the winter, in a style befitting rather the widow of a bishop, than of an ordinary beneficed clergyman, and with exactly the same sort of society. She never went out, excepting to church, and for one round of visits, in the early spring mornings; and these visits, though pretty extensive, were always made in a sedan-chair: for nothing could prevail on her, after the death of her husband, to use her coach, except on the greatest emergencies. For this inconvenient forbearance, she gave a reason that seemed to have little validity in it: she did not like to use it, with the Doctor's armorial bearings on it, nor would she have it painted with the usual lozenge upon it, indicative of the death of her husband, which she called an advertisement of "This house to let." "I should have thought," observes her *Memorizer*, Miss L. M. Hawkins, "that neither by person nor age could she be exposed to many inquiries 'for terms;' but of that, Miss Hawkins adds, she was certainly the best judge." "Certainly the best judge," though the phrase generally adopted on such occasions, is seldom correct. Mrs. Gally ought, for her own sake, to have been the best judge; but it is not every one that knows what is best for themselves; and generally, perhaps, a disinterested by-stander, in the game of life, is a more competent judge, than the person who is immediately engaged in it, and whose passions as well as understanding, are concerned in the proper management of it.

Mrs. Gally had never altered the mode of her dress, from the time of her marriage. Hating domestic trouble, but disposed, at the same time, to be very exact, her dinners were arranged by a regular rotation-bill-of-fare;—and on the same principle, she had labelled patterns and exact measures for all her household linen, of every description.

The society that met at her house, from time to time, was truly delectable; at that period, what were called, "running visits," were quite the fashion; and as the ambition for a large acquaintance increased, they were afterwards called, "flying visits;" afterwards, when that ambition had operated so far as to render "personal service" impossible, they obtained the expressive appellation of "squib visits," till the matter was wholly given up, and assemblies, routs, and "at homes," next succeeded, and, indeed, still continue to be the rage, in London, at the present time. The last, indeed, many persons had adopted, by being "at home," one evening in a week; but that was often inconvenient, and besides shewed the paucity of their connexions.—But Mrs. Gally's was an incessant "at home;" and she rarely passed an evening without visitors. On Sunday evenings, in particular, she had a formidable circle, and Sir John

Hawkins and his lady were often of the party. It was very attractive, being attended mostly by Dr. Hurd, both before and after he was a bishop—Dr. Kaye, afterwards Sir Richard Kaye and Dean of Lincoln—Dr. Warburton and his lady—Bishop and Mrs. Moss—Bishop Halifax and his lady—Dean Tucker—Dr. Gloster Ridley—and many others.—Of Dr. Hurd it may not perhaps be generally known, that, in case Buonaparte had effected a landing in this country, it was the intention of our late reverend Monarch and good old King, to have removed his family to Hartlebury, being at that time the residence of Dr. Hurd, as Bishop of Worcester. When he was afterwards translated to the See of Lichfield and Coventry, he was obliged to take his name off his door, so troublesome were the multiplicity of begging applications, and so open did it lay him to imposition.

Mrs. Gally was one of that class of reading females, who, if they did not read, did nothing.—On her reading a work, by an author of the name of Hamilton, on the subject of "an intermediate state," and conversing with a friend on the question, she was referred to what was well known to be the opinion of Dr. Gally concerning it. To this remark, she replied, "I know that; but I don't pin my faith on that of my husband." The reply itself is strongly indicative of her own independent mind, and personal character.

November 12th, 1823.

S. K.

SIGNORA JOSEPHINE GIRARDELLI, THE FIRE EATER.

(From *Smeeton's Biographia Curiosa*.)

This extraordinary woman was born in the city of Venice, in the year 1780: from whence she came to London in the year 1816, to exhibit her astonishing powers of repelling heat. The novelty of her performances attracted many persons to witness her exploits, which she displayed at No. 23, New Bond-street, to the wonder and terror of her spectators. The following extract from her 'bill of fare' will convey to the reader some idea of her numerous feats:

"She will, without the least symptom of pain, put boiling melting lead into her mouth, and emit the same, with the imprint of her teeth thereon; red hot irons will be passed over various parts of her body—will walk over a bar of red-hot iron, with her naked feet—wash her hands in aqua fortis—and put boiling oil into her mouth, &c. &c."

All these operations she performed with apparent ease, and seemingly without the least pain.

Upon the great success of Girardelli, several minor salamanders started for public favour, particularly that famous really incombustible phenomenon, Ivan Ivanitz Chabert; who boasted of having been shut up in an heated oven, with a shoulder of mutton, and remained therein till the mutton was baked; this, he said, was performed before the College of Physicians at Paris. He likewise could eat burning charcoal, and a lighted torch with a fork, like a salad. He also offered his assistance to persons whose houses were on fire. This clever fellow exhibited in Pall Mall, London, 1818.

Malcolm says, in his *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London*, p. 330, that in the year 1718 there was a fire-eater, of the name of De Hightreight, a native of the Valley of Annivi, in the Alps, who exhibited his juggling tricks of kindling coals on his tongue, swallow-

ing hot oil, &c. &c. five times a day, at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-Street, at 2s. 6d. 2s. and 1s. 6d. each person.

Shortly after appeared Robert Powel, the fire-eater: this juggler exhibited from the year 1718 to 1780.

Voltaire says, in his common-place book, 'I saw at Lyons a sort of mountebank, who professed to eat fire, drink boiling oil, and walk barefoot over red-hot plates of iron: he had a female companion as accomplished as himself. They told me that their secret for walking over red-hot iron consisted in rubbing their feet beforehand for a good while with oil beaten with iced alum; and that, to swallow fire, nothing was requisite but to keep the mouth extremely moist: as to the trick of dropping melted sealing wax on the tongue, it only required the courage to do it.'

It is more than probable the ancients were masters of the art of resisting heat; for, among many stories, one is related of Amigudi, wife of Henry II. emperor, who, being accused of adultery, proved her innocence by undergoing the trial of *ordalia*, viz. by going blindfold and barefooted over certain plates of fire-hot iron.

ADVENTURE OF MADAME DE SENETAIRE.

A noble-minded cultivated woman can seldom be placed in a situation where her talents and amiable qualities cannot keep pace with every exigency.

Madame de Senetaire, widow of the heroic Guy d'Exuperi, retired to the castle of Miramont, where she determined to pass the first year of mourning; but, superior to prudery, and sanctioned by the company of an aged lady, her aunt, she did not decline the visits of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. After some months were elapsed, many young cavaliers of the highest consideration for rank and martial glory paid a declared homage to her attractions. Several of them were with her in the balcony of her castle one day, when she saw Mentail, the king's lieutenant, at the head of some cavalry, dragging to prison a number of Hugonots. Madame de Senetaire shed tears, but soon recollected that shedding briny torrents would not avail the sufferers, and, turning to the preux cavaliers, said,

"You have many times complained, I give you no opportunity to prove your desire to serve me. If you are sincere, you will permit me to lead you to the deliverance of those victims. Who, 'tis true, are Catholics, and they differ from us in religious tenets, but they are our fellow-beings. It is for us to consider what they suffer—not what they believe."

The nobles, thus called upon by beauty, never thought of deliberating. They were speedily armed; and the widow, equipped as an Amazon, was the first ready to mount her milk-white charger. A gold-hilted brand gleamed in the sun, waving her followers to spur their steeds against Mentail. His troops were dispersed, and the captives set free. Enraged that a woman should compel him to abandon his prey, Mentail collected two thousand men to besiege the castle of Miramont. He was again defeated. Henry the Third, incensed at the disgrace of his officer, sent a chosen band with orders to raze the castle of Miramont to the ground. This news spread through the province, where Madame de Senetaire was revered and beloved. The noblemen, gentlemen, and peasantry, con-

federated to assist her. Henry reflected with more coolness upon the hazard of embroiling his subjects for an unmanly triumph over a lovely woman, whose offence originated in humanity, the greatest charm of her sex. He withdrew his squadrons, and the lady remained unmolested.

ON QUADRILLES.

I have resolved never again to dance;—and yet this is a cruel resolution at two-and-thirty.

For ten years I have been a happy member of our social assemblies in the pleasant town of M——. My subscription will be saved; but how shall I fill up the tedious winter months without the recollections of the past, and the anticipations of the coming ball? Delightful companions of the full moon—blooming creations of defiance to hail and frost—ye are gone, and my solitary hearth must be my solace.

I shall never forget the night when the seeds of your destruction were first sown. Louisa W. had to call, and I was her delighted partner. The eager hands were clapped, the discordant strings were screwed up into tune, and we were debating with the venerable leader of our country band the relative merits of "the Honey-Moon" and "Speed the Plough." With the most correct taste, Louisa had decided for "right and left," a preference to "la poussette,"—we were ready. At that instant a handsome officer of dragoons—the coxcomb—advanced to Louisa, and in the most humble tone—the puppy—ventured to recommend a quadrille. Louisa's eyes consulted mine, and I boldly consulted the leader. I knew the range of his acquirement, and I was safe;—we went down with "the Honey Moon;" but the evil was rooted.

Within a fortnight there was a special meeting of the subscribers to our assembly-room to discuss an important question. It was concerned at the particular desire of a lady of fashion, who had become a temporary resident among us. I knew there was mischief brooding, and, as I was petulant, I staid away. Poor Kit the master of our band, and his faithful followers, were dismissed after thirty years' duteous service; and four fiddlers, from Paine's I think they said, came from London by the coach—fine-powdered fellows in silk stockings—but no more to compare with Kit's crew for strength and untiring execution than a jew's-harp to a hand organ. But they were wonderfully applauded; and Louisa, seeing that I would not sanction them, recommended me to take lessons. I would as soon have learned to speak High Dutch.

They have now gone on for two years with their Quadrilles—but I have done with them. I hate their curtsies and their bows—their skipping in and their skipping out—their endless labyrinths—their barbarous nomenclature.

Departed visions of the dear country dances of my boyhood, to what foreign land are ye fled? Even the shopkeepers of M——, who meet every Christmas at the Hoop and Griffin to "a ball and supper" have banished you. Are ye gone to thrust out waltzes from Germany, or fandangos from Spain—are ye departed to un-nationalize other feet, like the detestable quadrilles have corrupted ours? Ah no—ye have not the subtlety of your hateful rival—like your unhappy countrymen, ye must give place to the cuckoo tribe, who drive you from your nests.

It is only twenty years since I learned to dance—ay, sirs, under a pupil of the celebrated Vestris—and my knowledge has become obsolete. To outlive one's old friends is the most

ainful feeling in earth's pilgrimage—and I have done this before I am grown grey. "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Money Musk," and he "Devil among the Tailors," and "Drops of Brandy," and Off She Goes," and "Mother Casey," and "Molly put the Kettle on," "Lady Montgomery," are with the things before the flood—and "I weep for them." But I will never abandon my early faith for "La Poule," or "L'Été," or—Psha! I hate myself for knowing even these execrable names. I will practise, even with my own chairs, "up the middle and down again, swing corners, hands four, and right and left," till the gout overtakes me—but I will never prostitute myself to "doss-doss, chassée en avant, balancer, tourner les dames, or chaine-An-glaise,"—no, not if I could secure myself an exemption from crutches till my eightieth winter. I have two much patriotism in my blood.

I am satisfied that my hatred to quadrilles is not a vain caprice, but is founded upon moral and philosophical principles. There is nothing kind, genial, manly, womanly, cheerful, ebullient, in the quadrille. It is a formal and impermanent piece of personal display, from beginning to end. It is cold, repulsive, artificial;—it requires practice and skill—it is altogether an affair of the feet and not of the heart. It is unsuited to our climate and our habits;—it is for a people who would corrupt the unconstrained intercourse of our English dance into a matter of intrigue. But our country dance was made expressly for, if not by, our character. It requires no skill but what a good ear and good humour may supply; it breaks down the usual cold intercourse of the sexes into an unpressing and regulated familiarity; it calls forth all the thousand graces of innocent hearts and unclouded spirits; it creates an interchange of individual sentiments, in the midst of the most social sociality. No maiden ever went away less innocent to her freest thoughts from a country dance, though her fingers had once or twice replied to a scarcely perceptible pressure from those of her handsome partner. But the balancing and footing of the quadrille—the display of personal advantages upon the most approved system of studied grace—it is altogether an unnatural and constrained affair—and when the implicity of the heart is fled, its innocence is mocking very hard to be let out.

A ball supplies the most exquisite pleasure to youthful and unsophisticated minds—and let us enjoy it, in the freshness and vivacity of our national dance. Quadrilles were made for rules of forty and martinets of fifty. But I say live to see a re-action—Quadrilles have ascended to the kitchen;—and so Sir Roger de Coverley may again find his true place in the swing-room.—*Knight's Quar. Mag.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW THEORY OF THE EARTH.

This is the age of speculations, in science as well as commerce; and he is a poor philosopher indeed who is not some new conjecture on the way the world was made, though Sir Richard Phillips believes he has settled the point long ago; but, however cogent his words are, that they are not convincing to every one evident, from their being new theories started.

At a meeting of the Phil. Literary and Philosophical Society, held at their room above the Exchange, on Monday evening, Dr. Alderson read a very ingenious paper, developing a new theory of the formation of the earth. The Doctor supposes the earth to have been originally a transparent globe, containing all the materials of which it is composed in solution; that by cer-

tain operations of the sun's rays upon the globular fluid, the different affinities were gradually destroyed, the solid matter, according to its solidity, receding to the centre, stratum super stratum, whilst the lighter or gaseous particles took their position on the outside. The first appearance of organized life was in this fluid, consisting of fishes of all grades. From these was produced calcareous matter, which gradually rose above the surface of the surrounding aqueous medium, on which grew mosses, lichens, and plants of that description, originating a soil fit for a better description of plants and vegetables, a state followed by the creation of a higher race of animals and man.—Mountains, rivers, valleys, and other varieties on the face of the globe, are accounted for by a course of reasoning. After the deluge a great change is supposed to have taken place in the atmosphere, deducted from the appearance of the rainbow, of which there is no mention before the flood. This change produced disease and shortened life, the length of which, antecedent to the flood, is ascribed to the purity of the air, which will also account for the size of many antediluvian animals. His theory, the doctor maintains, is perfectly reconcilable with the Mosaic account of the creation.—At this meeting, Dr. C. Alderson was elected an honorary member.

GAS.

On the 20th ult. the town of Abergavenny was for the first time lighted with gas; upon a new and improved method, recently invented by the engineer, Mr. Simeon Broadmeadow. This discovery promises considerable advantage to gas establishments, by superseding the use of the retort and purifier, as the common coke or coal tar even answers the purpose of the retort, and the purifier is rendered altogether useless. By the method adopted by Mr. Broadmeadow, the quantity of inflammable gas is increased full one-third; and, by the action of atmospheric air, rendered perfectly pure and free from sulphur. This undoubtedly is one of the greatest discoveries hitherto made in the manufacture of gas, and may be equally applied to gas manufactured from oil, as well as that manufactured from coal; and as the advantages likely to result, from the discovery are about to be secured by a patent to the inventor, it may not at present be prudent to give any further explanation.—*Gloucester Journal.*

A NEW BAROMETER.

Take a common phial bottle and cut off the rim and part of the neck. This may be done by a piece of string or rather whip-cord, twisted round it and pulled strongly by two persons in a sawing position, one of whom holds the bottle firmly in his left hand. Heated in a few minutes by the friction of the string, and then dipped suddenly into cold water, the bottle will be decapitated more easily than by any other means.

Let the phial be now nearly filled with pump water, and applying the finger to its mouth, turn it quickly upside down; on removing the finger, it will be found that only a few drops escape. Without cork or stopper of any kind, the water will be retained within the bottle by the pressure of the external air; the weight of the air without the phial being so much greater than the small quantity within it.

Now let a bit of tape be tied round the middle of the bottle, to which the two ends of the string may be attached so as to form a loop to hang on a nail: let it be thus suspended in a perpendicular manner, with the mouth open downwards, and this is the barometer.

When the weather is fair, and inclined to be so, the water will be level with the section of the neck or rather elevated above it, forming a concave surface. When disposed to be wet, a drop will appear at the mouth, which will enlarge till it falls, and then another drop, while the humidity of the atmosphere continues.

To the truth of this experiment, I can give my *probatum est*, but shall be glad if any of your scientific correspondents will explain more particularly the ratio of it.

Why will not the water remain in the bottle unless the rim be cut off? which is the fact. Why should the water drop in moist weather, when (as I have tried) holding the bottle before the fire will produce the same effect?—*Calcutta Journal.*

VARIETIES.

In the *Northumberland Household Book*, for 1612, we are informed that a thousand pounds was the sum expended in house-keeping; this maintained 166 persons; and then the wheat was 5s. 8d. per quarter. The family rose at six in the morning—my lord and my lady had set on their table for breakfast—at seven o'clock in the morning—A quart of beer,—a quart of wine,—Two pieces of salt fish,—Half a dozen red herrings,—Four white ones,—and a dish of sprats!!! They dined at ten—supped at four in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted.

But now—

'The gentleman who dines the latest
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest:
But surely greater than them all,
Is he who never dines at all.'

DANDY HATS.

Our city has been much amused with a low tripod-kind of a hat, made of fine beaver, and worn by our bang-ups. Some call them the *Touch*, others the *Gaps* and *Stare*; the real name is the *Bolingbroke*. It is about six inches in crown and four in rim; shaped like an inverted cone. It is a real tippy. We yesterday saw one of the fancy dressed quite unique, blue frock, black silk Wellington cravat, buff waistcoat, Gossack pantaloons, high-heel boots, black riband and eye-glass, bushy air frizzed, and surmounted with one of these little tippy hats. He looked like an hour-glass, and mimed his steps along Broadway in the real *Jenny Jumps* style. The ladies were highly amused, and more glasses were directed towards him than would be to the Emperor Turbide, had he just landed; while our blood, insensible to all this curiosity, danced up the street, humming the favourite air of, "Look, dear ma'am, I'm quite the thing; natius hay, tippity ho!"—*New York Paper.*

MEN WHO PLAYED FEMALE PARTS ON THE STAGE.

Curiosity would naturally lead to the enquiry of,—What sort of men, in personal appearance, were those who played the female characters before lady actors were permitted to appear on the stage? The question is easier than the answer, having neither painting nor written description to guide us in the research, unless, indeed, we are to give credit to what has been said of a well-painted youthful head, from which there is a print inscribed Richard Kynaston. But admitting this to be authentic, it does not represent a lad of about fourteen or fifteen, when we know that Kynaston personated female characters when he was a man; otherwise, Davenant the manager could not have answered King Charles II. as he did, when his Majesty was so impatient for the drawing up of the curtain,—“Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the Queen is shaved.” Kynaston played the Queen.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

Shakespeare's character of Lord Byron! exclaim our readers, with surprise, what an anachronism!—Well, be it so; and yet we contend that no individual has drawn the character of the noble poet more correctly than our immortal bard: indeed, we have long been told that 'each change of many-coloured life he drew.' But what is most remarkable is, that Shakespeare has not only sketched, or rather given, a full portrait of an individual, strictly resembling Lord Byron, but the character he has drawn bears the same name. This is, perhaps, the most striking coincidence on record. In proof of our remark, we might refer to the whole character of Byron in 'Love's Labour Lost,' which is an exact counterpart of the Lord Byron of the nineteenth century. Two passages will, however, be sufficient to show the resemblance. In act IV. scene III. of the play, the Biron of Shakespeare says:—"By heaven I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy."

Thus are a few traits in his lordship's character developed, but it remains for Rosaline to exhibit the remainder; and no one who has observed the manner in which lord Byron has dealt his satire on friends, relatives, and all who approached him, but will acknow-

ledge that his character could not have been better described than in the following lines, from the last scene of the play, in which Rosaline says—

"Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the circle of your wit."

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The *Marriage of Figaro*, was represented here, for the first time, on Saturday evening last, and introduced Miss Stephens as *Susannah*:—she was all that was excellent, but we should do an injustice to her not to notice the Scottish air of "*Coming thro' the Rye*." It was a harvest she had three times to reap, and each time with increased effect. Our favourite Miss Rock, in *Cherubino*, made us regret that she sustained a character opposite to her sex, but she was excellence throughout. Mr. W. Rees in *Antonio* made us forget the science of Horticulture in his intemperate drollery, and it will do no discredit to his sober moments to say, that he is the most accomplished drunkard we ever saw. The house was crowded to an overflow.

MINOR THEATRE.—This elegant little place of amusement, has now passed into the managing and effective hands of Mr. Arderton, and if we may judge from the patronage that gentleman received on the night of his benefit, his exertions will be successful. *Timour the Tartar*, has been splendidly got up, and very respectably performed.—Mrs. Emley, as *Zorilda*, appeared to great advantage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—One of your correspondents was some time since pleased to call forth the ingenuity of your poetical friends by filling up blank lines, and has, from his long silence, I presume, declined making any new propositions; thinking, therefore, that their powers will be falling dormant if not again called into action, I beg to recommend the trial of an Acrostic, as an ingenious plan of proving their skill. But, not wishing to confine them too much, I will not give one particular name, lest hitting upon one which might tune the chord of A. whilst poor unfortunate B. was sighing in vain to address his dear dulcinea of another name, would only strike flat, and thus cause an unfair competition, but leave each to his own choice.

I have myself more than once wielded my pen for this purpose, and, poor as the productions may be, I must add them to shew that I do not shrink from the task I propose; and should this merit a place in a succeeding *Iris* shall feel that they are treated to the extent of their deserts.

The following was written after hearing a friend very strenuously maintain that Beauty was an indispensable requisite to the marriage state, it will fully shew my opinion on the subject.

Beauty, what is it but a name?
Each eye it dazzles, nought imparts,
And burning as a lambent flame
Unties, but not unites the hearts:—
To-day it blooms, to-morrow dies,
Yon star not sooner leaves the skies.

Nor could my pen be still after visiting that little prodigy Master Hubbard, but up rises the following:—

Hubbard, thy power Promethean like indeed
Unites us to a new, unheard of creed—
But how so small a piece of Nature's art
All features true to nature can impart
Runs past idea—trees, men, dogs, complete
Drop from the scissors, and th' astounded visage meet.

Were I not sensible how very far the best attempts to give a bare idea of the powers of this youth fall short of the original, I should not have ventured on the foregoing.

And as a conclusion add another, written to a fair Lady—

Done was creation's work, art saw it close,
And chaos vanish'd as the hills arose,
Late tho' the action, nature seem'd to fail,
Each scene was ragged till she form'd a Dale.

I shall now hope to read several acrostics in your paper, doubting not but the authors of various beauti-

ful stanzas which have appeared there, will add their powers to form such pleasing specimens.
Liverpool, 1823.

IGNOTO.

APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

MR. EDITOR,—With much regret I view the very slow progress of the formation of an Institution which would prove so beneficial and important to this, our highly flourishing town. I allude to the establishing a Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library.

Such an establishment would open a wide field for amusement to individuals who would eagerly embrace the opportunity of an easy access to Literature and the Arts, which the Subscription Libraries in Manchester render impossible from the high price of tickets, and annual subscriptions, and thus denying youth in certain situations of life, of procuring that knowledge so essential for them, and which would occupy time too often fatally mispent.

It would be highly creditable to those individuals who have already agitated the subject, to come forward; and I cannot believe, from the characteristic spirit of the inhabitants, that so useful and profitable an Institution will be suffered to remain any longer in abeyance.

Your's, &c.

Nov. 19th, 1823.

I. T. K. S.

REMINISCENCES.

MR. EDITOR,—"*BUTLER'S REMINISCENCES*" having appeared in your valuable pages, you will not, I apprehend, object to something ORIGINAL of that sort, and I shall from week to week furnish you with some of my own. I shall commence, therefore, with an instance of *Pulpit Oratory*, which I have no fear of being acceptable to your readers.

The following extracts were taken down by me, from the singularity of their application; and the sentiments of the worthy Divine who uttered them are in full consonance with his own character.

Would that every one, bearing what he does, and forbearing as he does, had an equally exalted mind. In a population, where two-thirds are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and where there is the largest *Sick Club* in the kingdom, lives this venerated, this respected clergyman; he could never be prevailed upon but once to preach the Sermon given on their Anniversary Dinner, and he did that with a reluctance which indicated something more than strong objection. His Curate had recently died, and there was no alternative.

Unwilling to refuse his parishioners, and anxious as he ever was to conciliate all, he agreed to the proposal, and when the village bells had dropped their merry peal, he appeared in his canonicals to the summons of the solemn toll. It ought here to be remarked that in a spacious church-yard, is erected a genteel but small tavern,—this was devoted to the better part, or I should rather say, the more respectable and affluent part of the congregation, whilst round the church-yard, and over the mouldering and mouldered remains of thousands, was spread one vast tent for the accommodation of the others. It is a very necessary part of the story to say, that combined with much and real philanthropy of character, the good pastor possessed a noble independence of mind,—he had given his word, and he abided by his promise.

He read the prayers in his usual and dignified manner, and on mounting the pulpit, took a text, which, for my life, I could trace no connexion with the subject he was about to address himself on.

"The people of Nineveh shall rise in judgment against this generation, for they repented at the preaching of Jonah."

It was in vain, through a long and impressive harangue, to trace any, the least relation to the business he was engaged to descant upon, but he concluded thus—

"Jonah was a strange man vomited from the belly of a fish, upon a strange shore, he called out '*yet three days and Nineveh shall be overthrown*;' he was disregarded—but upon a repetition of the threat, it went from the houses of the nobles, into the palace of the king, who immediately stripped off his royal robes, and put on sackcloth and ashes,—he proclaimed a fast,

and prostrated himself in the House of God, imploring and interceding for his sinful subjects. His prayer was heard—Nineveh was saved, and her ruin postponed beyond that generation.

"Now I, born amongst you, known to you, and I believe respected of you, may preach a twelvemonth and be happy if I make a single convert. Do you on this day put on an attire of humiliation?—No!—you come clothed in your holiday suits. Do you proclaim a Fast?—No!—you spread your tables of revelry—*and where?—Why in the very parlours of the Church itself.*—Learn from this first to benefit yourselves, before you pretend to extend that sympathy to your fellows."

The same excellent man speaking of Ingratitude, said—"I have preached much on this abominable sin, and I fear to little purpose, and I know not what to liken it to, except it be to a *forest of trees*!—the foliage of which has been produced by the kindly rays of the sun, and which as soon as that is accomplished about our those very beams by which they have been brought into existence."

Can any thing speak more for the truly independent heart, or sincere affection for his flock, than such bold and generous effusions—at the time they are administering and conveying the rod of correction, are bleaded with all those charities which comprehend the essence of virtue, and every trace, as far as human imperfection can imitate, of our great Master's monitory lessons.

ADVERTISEMENT.

REMOVED.

MRS. LLOYD GIBBON respectfully informs the Ladies of Manchester and its Environs, that she has REMOVED to No. 7, GROSVENOR-PLACE, OXFORD ROAD, opposite *All Saints' Church*, where they may be immediately suited with her PATENT ANATOMICAL PLATS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Village Hostess.—The author of this very beautiful poem, inserted in our first page, has our thanks.—We beg to see our work enriched by his Muse.

We announce with pleasure, that another communication from the *Green Dragon*, will appear in the next number of the *Iris*.

In reply to T. T. we have only to say, that if either he or any other person will write a temperate reply to the letter of *Investigator*, inserted in our last number, we shall be glad to give it to the public through the medium of the *Iris*.—We do not intend to take any part in the controversy ourselves, though we think that the subject is of much importance.

We thank N. W. H. for his very polite note.—We shall be happy to have the promised interview.

Peter's witty and very ingenious communication, entitled, *Hy-men's Creed*, if published, we fear, would have a devastating tendency.

Excursion's note is received.—We have not yet had leisure to revise his MS.

A *Constant Reader* is respectfully entreated not to be a *stunt Writer*, unless on some more edifying subject.

"*The Pleasure of Solitude*," and "*Lines to Stella*," are our next.

A *Friend to Justice* may have his curiosity gratified by reference to a work entitled *The Gleaner*, published by the late Mr. Cowdroy.

An authenticated youth of sixteen is strongly recommended to the writing school; and the postage of his letters, (which we do not solicit) will be indispensable.

We have to acknowledge receipt of Q.; T. M.; G. D.—a *Perambulator*; and several others, which shall meet our attention progressively.

Those subscribers who intend binding the present volume of the *Iris*, and whose sets are incomplete, are requested to make early application for the deficiency, as several of the numbers are nearly sold out.

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MANCHESTER INSTITUTION, AND A NEW UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have been highly pleased to hear of the proposed Institution in Manchester for the promotion of science and the arts; and I doubt not that when it is once established it will be found exceedingly useful to a large portion of the immense population of this flourishing town. Notwithstanding all that has already been said and written on the subject, I might also "give my opinion"; but, as I can have little hope that any suggestion of such an obscure individual as myself would have the least weight in directing the arrangements that may ultimately be made, and as I am not particularly anxious respecting the exact plan which shall be adopted, provided the leading features are preserved, I decline the office of dictator, and content myself with stating that I shall be willing to co-operate most cordially, as I may have opportunity, with the friends of an institution which promises such happy results, although they should differ with me in some points of inferior consequence. Whatever plan shall be fixed on, however, I should like it to be one that is calculated to diffuse, as extensively as possible, among the various classes of society, the advantages which are anticipated.

But I beg leave, through the medium of the Iris, to call the public attention to an object of still greater magnitude and more extensive utility.—I have long been struck with the difference in the constitution of the English and Scotch universities. The former confine their privileges to individuals within the pale of the Established church, and leave the rest of the community, for any thing they have provided to the contrary, to grovel in consummate ignorance. The latter, on the contrary, open their doors to all, without distinction of creed, and afford the opportunity of acquiring a liberal education to all who are willing to embrace it. This is surely as it ought to be; for why should genius be allowed to lurk in obscurity, and be denied the advantages it might derive at these proud seats of learning, merely because it happens to reside in a mind inflexibly conscientious,—which cannot without a sacrifice of integrity and of principle conform to a church from which it dissents? I know that the church of England is exceedingly jealous of its honour, and disdains to share any of its privileges with dissenters. It execrates the spirit of non-conformity, while at the same time, by its own overbearing spirit, it extends the cause of dissent, and furnishes innumerable recruits to strengthen the camp of the enemy. The founders of non-conformity were men of inestimable worth and of highly cultivated minds. They had been educated in the Universities of their country, and were warmly attached to the best interests both of church and state. But a bigotted and tyrannical government would not tolerate their scruples of conscience, but excluded them from the church of which they were some of the brightest ornaments and supports. Their sons were deprived the privilege of drinking at the fountains of literature, and in a few generations a race of ministers arose among dissenters not worthy to be compared with the illustrious founders of their community,—men of narrow minds and full of bigotted antipathy against every thing connected with the church, and withal of such slender literary attainments that they could hardly fail to bring their whole order into disrepute. The consequence was, the breach between the church and dissenters was every day enlarged, and a "comprehension" which many of the best friends of religion on both sides earnestly desired and hoped one day to witness, was rendered altogether

impracticable. Now what might have been the consequence had dissenting ministers been still allowed to study at the Universities? It is probable that the hostility which was engendered among them against the establishment would never have been so strong; but by the mutual intercourse of the candidates for the ministry among both parties, and by the similarity of their studies and pursuits at the most susceptible period of their lives, every asperity would have been softened and both parties been inclined to merge some of their harshest peculiarities, and thus prepare the way for an amicable coalescence. By denying to the dissenting ministry of England the advantages to be derived from a liberal education, and from some other causes which need not here be enumerated, the ministerial character both in and out of the establishment has been lowered materially below the standard it held a hundred and fifty years ago. Their character being depressed, their influence is lessened, and they have less power to do good than they might otherwise have had.

Now let us mark the contrast with regard to Scotland. Dissent from the established church of that kingdom was not suffered to be a barrier to the attainment of learning at the Scottish Universities. A learned ministry was there always held in estimation, and the same literary and scientific attainments have ever been required of dissenting ministers as of clergymen of the Kirk. Nay more; they are not satisfied with their candidates for the ministry possessing these attainments, but they must have acquired them at a University, and have studied there sufficiently long to entitle them to stand candidates for a Master's degree. In this point indeed they are far more strict than the church of England; for it is well known that many have obtained ordination within her pale, who never so much as saw the far famed cities of Cambridge and Oxford.

Now what has been the consequence of this liberality on the part of the Scotch universities? Do we not find that the great body of dissenters there, are closely assimilated to the Kirk? that instead of having adopted a different creed and a different system of polity, they in fact most rigidly adhere to the recognized standards of doctrine and discipline in the establishment, which a great part of the establishment regard as little as many in the English church do the thirty-nine articles which they are bound nevertheless to subscribe? Nay more, so little are they entitled to the character of dissenters, that the name *Seceders*, which they assume, could not be more appropriately applied; and the light in which they are viewed by many liberal churchmen in Scotland, will appear from a motion having lately been introduced into the presbytery of Glasgow, to endeavour to effect a union between the Establishment and the United Secession church, which now contains a number of congregations equal to one third of the amount contained by the Established church.

Dissenters in England have of late begun to see the necessity of a learned ministry, and have accordingly founded a number of seminaries for their education, under the name of Academies and Colleges, at which their object is in a greater or less degree attained; and many send down their sons to study at the Universities in Scotland.

But these academies, respectable as many of them are, are far from supplying the place of a university, and being designed only for ministerial candidates, the latter are wholly unprovided for. It is surprising, therefore, that no great public establishment has been attempted in England on the plan of a University, which might be open to the youth of all denominations, and be conducted on a scale of liberality worthy of the age and country in which we live. Ireland has already done this. The University of Dublin is on the exclusive plan of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Catholics were allowed to establish the college of Maynooth, to prevent the necessity of their going abroad for the education which was required for their priesthood, and government has been liberal in its endowments and benefactions. The Protestant Dissenters, who are almost exclusively of the presbyterian denomination, like their brethren in Scotland, admitted none to the office of the ministry who had not studied at a University; and for this purpose they were obliged with great hardship and at much expense to migrate into Scotland for that which was denied them on their native soil. In the year 1810 however, they had the happiness to see a college erected among themselves, under the most auspicious patronage, I mean the "ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION," at Belfast. This seminary is open for all religious denominations, and has already acquired no small share of celebrity for the success with which the study of literature and science has been prosecuted. It is conducted much on the same plan as the University of Glasgow, by men well qualified to give a high tone to the education of the north of Ireland, and it is recognized by the two great presbyterian synods of that country as superseding the necessity of their students going to Scotland for their education. Although they have not the power of conferring degrees, their certificate is considered of equal value, and has hitherto been given with a more strict regard to the qualifications of candidates, than is for the most part attended to by some of the Universities. At Belfast the mathematical and physical sciences are pursued with great ardour and success; and these chairs are at present filled by gentlemen of eminent attainments, one of whom is a member of Dublin University. The Greek Professorship was lately held by the late Rev. Wm. Nelson, D. D. M. R. I. A. well known to the public as the Author of "Greek Exercises." To evince the liberality of this establishment it may be mentioned that it is patronised both by churchmen and dissenters. Among the incorporated proprietors are the Lord Primate of all Ireland, the Marquis of Donegall, the Marquis of Downshire, the Bishop of Dromore, the Bishop of Down and Connor, and many other distinguished characters. The Marquis of Donegall is President, and the Marquis of Downshire is one of the Vice-presidents; and the Visitors are the Noblemen and Prelates already mentioned, together with the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Synod of Ulster, the Representatives in Parliament of the town of Belfast, and those for the counties of Down and Antrim, and the Sovereign or Chief Magistrate of Belfast, all for the time being; to whom are added eight gentlemen periodically elected.

This Institution is highly honourable to the public spirit and generosity of the gentlemen of Belfast and its neighbourhood, with whom the scheme originated; and, as the pecuniary resources of individuals are far more extensive in England than in Ireland, it is high time that we should follow an example so worthy of imitation.

The proper site for a new College or Academical Institution in England on liberal principles, I shall not pretend to determine. It is of more consequence, in the mean time that the attention of the public should be directed to the importance of the object, and the best means for carrying it into effect. Should it be conducted on the plan of the English or Scottish Universities? Perhaps a combination of the excellencies of both should be adopted. But by all means let a scheme be pursued which shall not be attended with such expense to the student as at present is incurred at Oxford and Cambridge, and which precludes many a deserving youth who is destitute of a fortune and of friends from availing himself of the advantages there

to be enjoyed. One cannot but think with pain of the difficulties and hardships which the amiable Henry Kirke White had to encounter before he was able to enter the University; and many have been the buds of genius, which have been destroyed by penury's chill blast!

I see no reason why the Institution which I recommend should not enjoy the privilege of conferring degrees. I do not exactly know whence the Universities have derived this power, but I suspect it emanated originally from the court of Rome. As the crown is now invested with some of the powers which were formerly considered inherent in the Roman see, I suppose that the king enjoys this as part of his prerogative. In this case, sufficient interest might be used to obtain this privilege for the proposed college, although I have no doubt but strong opposition would be experienced from the great monopolizers of English literature.

But as I have extended this paper already to such a length I must stop thus abruptly, by subscribing myself yours, &c.

GIMEL.

RODRIGO.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

NEAR TOLEDO, in SPAIN, they shew the remains of an ancient CASTLE, situated between two very high rocks; which is said to have been built by enchantment. Under the Castle was (say they) a cavern, rendered formidable by this prediction, that if any one should dare to explore its recesses, all Spain would experience a dreadful calamity. This threat effectually repressed all curiosity; till RODRIGO, king of Spain, ventured to open it, in expectation of finding concealed treasure. He found there a number of STATUES of an uncommon and warlike appearance; and was at the same time informed, that Spain was ripe for destruction,—and that the MOORS—a barbarous people, whom those statues represented, would soon overrun the country. Accordingly those formidable invaders quickly appeared; and king Rodrigo lost his life in opposing them: or (as some say) in endeavouring to escape after a defeat, was drowned in the river GUADALETE, about the year 714.

WHERE old TOLEDO's gothic towers
Frown on the traveller's wary eye,
While o'er his head suspicion lowers,
And holy murders prompt the sigh;

Might he indulge the inquiring gaze,
And dare its vicinage explore,
A RUIN's mouldering site betrays
The Country's dread, in days of yore.

For there—Tradition shuddering tells,
Where sever'd rocks a space disclose,
Rear'd by a dark MAGICIAN's spells
An ivy-mantled CASTLE rose.

Black was its awful front, and deep
Its vast recesses pierc'd the ground:
And Spirits there were deem'd to keep
Mysterious vigils, hovering round.

But stoniest hearts with terror quell'd
Forbore those precincts lone and wild:
Each host his stranger thence withheld,
And each fond mother warn'd her child.

'Twas said, that when the mansion rose,
The WIZARD wove this threat'ning spell:
"LET none my secret haunts unclose;
Let mystery here for ever dwell.

"WOE to the intruder,—woe to SPAIN:
Iberia's suffering sons shall weep,
When human steps have rous'd the Bane,
And burst the imprison'd Demon's sleep."

BUT see!—at length the monster Fame
On every height has ta'en her stand;
And bade her brazen trump proclaim
The tones prophetick through the land.

Full wide was heard the tell-tale blast,
It thrill'd each anxious breast with fear:
Big with his kingdom's fate, at last
The tidings reach'd RODRIGO's ear.

"Fraught is the jeat with vain alarm,"
The haughty KING was heard to say;
"My prowess shall dissolve the charm,
And drag the monster forth to day.

"Some miscreant there his wealth conceals,
Too weak the treasure to defend,
And trusts, dispersing idle tales,
The fiction shall his scheme befriend."

He said: and oas'd his limbs in steel,
And grasp'd a falchion in his hand;
Then, lest his single might should fail,
Around him calls a trusty band.

Straight, to the fatal walls they wend,
Athwart the desert waste and drear;
While from the turret's height descend
Ill-boding sounds, and words of fear:

"INSATIATE KING! thy bold emprise
Shall prove the dire prediction true;
On rapid wing thy ruin hies,
And hapless Spain this hour shall rue."

On rush'd the prince.—With thundering noise
Self-loos'd, the jarring bolts rebound,
The brazen portal open flies,
And echoing murmurs roll around.

Now silence reigns! no shapes appear:
Wrapp'd in the dome in pitchy night;
Save that across the expansion drear
A flitting TAPER throws its light.

"Thou!" cried the king, "our feet befriend,
And guide us through the doubtful maze:
Haste, and your leader's steps attend,
Led by yon meteor's cheering blaze!"

THUS he:—and loud their shouts resound
Through lengthen'd aisles, and desert halls:
Now, deep-sunk in the treacherous ground,
A CHASM unclos'd the sight appals!

"WHO dares with me the gulph descend,
And brave its windings dark and drear?
Fortune the fearless shall befriend,
And be the glittering prize shall share."

Dismal the passage was to view,
And deep the vault's descending sight;
And dimly burn'd the taper blue,
And cast around a livid light.

No fears deterr'd the monarch bold;
Insatiate avarice steel'd his breast,
And through the vapour damp and cold,
His eager feet undaunted press'd.

When lo! the vault expanding wide
Gap'd on the view, a vast profound!
No end the aching sight desoried,
No limits mark'd its concave bound!

The clash of arms, the shouts of fear,
Re-echoed through its ample range,
And dying groans assail'd the ear,
With portent dire, and accent strange.

Nor longer now with feeble rays
A single taper sheds its light:
Ten thousand pour their dazzling blaze,
Disclosing far those haunts of night.

Such,—poets feign, the infernal hall
Of PANDEMONIUM seem'd of old:
For there on many a pedestal
Mensur'd a WARRIOR strong and bold:

In armour all! as rang'd for fight!
So far could magic art avail!
Each hand uprais'd its weapon bright,
In act the gazer to assail!

Full in the wide den's lurid glare
The host fantastic stood confest:
Such gestures wild! so fierce an air
No sculptor ever yet express'd!

LOST is the MONARCH in surprise!
And scarce the wildering scene believes;
And scarce he trusts his wondering eyes;
And doubts the sounds his ear receives!

When from the cavern's inmost bound,
A voice in tones prophetic broke;
And pealing thunder shook the ground,
As thus the POW'ER malignant spoke:

"GREEDY MONARCH! imag'd here
See the SWARTHY FORMS appear!
Hosts of foes—a murderous band
Threaten thy devoted land!
Lo! the destin'd hour is come
Pregnant with IBERIA's doom!

"SEE! the threatening forms advance!
See! they couch the quivering lance!
Followed by a savage train,
Hark! OPPRESSION clanks his chain!
Selfish MONARCH! imag'd here,
See their swarthy forms appear!"

BORNE on swift wings, the monster Fame
On every turret took her stand;
And bade her brazen trump proclaim
The tones terrific through the land.

"Lo! o'er the realm destruction looms,
Your generous efforts all are vain:
Her swarthy legions AFRICK pours,
And ruin frowns on hapless SPAIN.

"FRAUGHT is the tale with vain alarm!"
The haughty king was heard to say;
"My prowess shall avert the harm,
And drive the invading hordes away."

FIERCE was the war:—the conquering MOOR,
Rodrigo's might in vain withstood,
When loud was heard the battle's roar
By GUADALETE's purple flood!

(Written for the Iris.)

A WEEK IN LONDON.

(Continued from our last.)

THE dawn of Monday had no sooner broken than we rose to put in execution our journey to Windsor, but having a few hours to spare we resolved to visit the tower. On our way thither we came in contact with Billingsgate, the chief mart for fish, in London, and most assuredly a disgrace to it. There is scarcely a provincial town in England, as a sea-port, that does not possess more convenient and respectable accommodations. Indeed, throughout the country, Billingsgate is as proverbial for coarse manners, as Jezebel of old was for renowned wickedness; and the comparison will bear ample milation, for a few minutes visit to this elegant entrepot of Fiscal variety will soon convince the traveller into a belief, that from the west end of the town he has arrived in another country, and were it the Antipodes it could not be different. From polished manners to refined brutality; from studied politeness to unreserved impolicy; in fact, from all that learning could give an advantage to, or amiability of mind could accomplish, down to the lowest vulgarity in life, and the most shocking depravity in manners, are to be met with here: though its site is on the banks of the Thames, its waters add no sweetness to its edifice, if such it can be called; and it is some consolation that the delicate ear, or the more refined olfactory, cannot

the visitor more hastily to depart, than his curiosity had invited his visit. This is no place to introduce females to, much less its society; we, therefore, had only a cursory insight and went direct to the Tower.

This building was erected, as is supposed, by Julius Cæsar, and afterwards added to, and strengthened by William the Conqueror, to overawe the city of London—for the purpose it could not have a better situation. It completely commands the Thames, and its other Fortifications, which comprise all that ancient strength could construct, or modern ingenuity could devise, render it at once a place of defence and convenience. A large mote surrounds it, and the cannon from the battlements are seen bristling on every side. The draw-bridge, over which you pass for admission, separates in an instant, the main land from the fortress. It will be necessary here to guard against extortion, for much previous ceremony introduces a visitor who expresses his wishes, and in proportion as that ignorance to specified forms is manifested, those exactions are increased. The purchase of a book sold on the Ramparts, and which includes every direction and *laurel charge* is the best guidance to, and protection from, official assistance and delinquency. To pass over minor objects, which are abundantly interesting of themselves, you come into the grand room, where are always ready for service ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND stand of arms. The inconceivable beauty of this place passes any powers of my description; for, added to their beautifully neat and polished condition, they are placed in such forms, as absolutely to deceive the imagination. *Pillars of muskets, Stars of swords, canopies, counterpanes, pyramids, festoons, and innumerable other devices, bewilder the mind.* Our guide told us that the Emperor of Russia, at his introduction, made a full pause on his entrance, and in tolerably good English said, "*No wonder England is impincible!*"

But we had an advantage rarely to be met with, and which arose, not as in other cases from superior privileges, but from chance. The trophies of Waterloo were just deposited, and formed the only imperfect assortment in the room—they were then in a train of arrangement—novelty—patriotism—feeling—all combined to render them objects of much curiosity. The Cuirasses, which in all Napoleon's wars, came in for the finishing stroke, when victory appeared on the side of his opponents, were viewed by us with no ordinary sensations. A musket-ball, however close, rings, or at most *dinges* this novel mail, if in a *straight forward* direction. Our brave fellows found this to their cost, but poor General Picton, wearied out with the loss of valuable life, could wait no longer, and bringing up the light artillery, poured out from their brazen mouths, a shower of grape, whilst he (a manœuvre unprecedented, before his time) led the Infantry on to an attack of this formidable cavalry, and fell in the heroic attempt. The cuirasses we saw bore testimony to this bloody conflict—they were inwardly *inlaid* with the gore of their wearers, but on trying one on, I was sensible of the total inefficiency they must have in close combat, for neither the arm nor body has its pliancy, which is so essential at a critical moment. One observation, however, ought to be made—there are no horses equal to the English, and the French on this occasion were literally *run down*.

The spoils of the Spanish Armada were next shown to us, and surely imagination and invention must have been put to the rack to discover

such tortures as were prepared for the English by these presuming Spaniards.

The thumb-screws are ingenious but terrible instruments, and there is also what is called the *Englishman's toothpick*, another weapon intended to rack those who had most nobly defended their country. A vast variety of ancient and costly weapons, inlaid with silver and richly embossed are shown amongst these; and indeed these preparations appear to have been of that studiously devised character, as to have precluded the possibility of failure.—You are next introduced to a room which makes a most imposing display—where the Kings of England, large as life, are mounted on horseback. The impression on the mind on the first entrance is, that they are living, animated creatures: many of the horses possess the trappings they wore when bestrided by their royal chieftains, and several of the royal figures are enclosed in the very mail they were accustomed to wear. Amongst these, that of Edward, the Black Prince, is the most conspicuous.—The likenesses of the different monarchs are said to be excellent—many we could trace from coins we had seen, and only a few days before, his present Majesty had been to view them, and, on casting his eyes on the figure of George the Second, said to the governor, "*That would almost make me believe my grandfather was yet alive, or that he had been raised from the dead!*" To the Amazonian beauties of Britain, one treat will be exquisitely dear. The guide conducts you to the end of a room, where, suddenly drawing up a curtain, Queen Beas is represented in the very armour she wore when reviewing her troops at Tilbury. The horse, remarkable for its symmetry, is close to her, attended by her page, as beautiful a specimen of wax work as ever was accomplished. Few leave this without regret, for her reign is associated with some of the most proud remembrances of England's glory. I believe the *frill*, also, round her neck, is an original.

The parade of the garrison was no small gratification: it was composed of a part of the royal guard, who decided the battle of Waterloo, when lying down under a small hill to shelter themselves from the enemy's shot, the Duke of Wellington called out, "Up guards and at 'em!" Their march in divisions was as a *compact wall*,—the band which accompanied them was superlatively fine, as in the park.

"*England with all thy faults I love thee still.*" And so any one, not dead to patriotism, on such a review of his national honours, however absorbed in political opposition, would say.—We passed a variety of other curiosities, none indifferent, to the room where the two royal princes were smothered, as history relates, by King Richard III., and called "*the bloody Tower*." The bed yet remains.—From hence to the wild beasts.—These are some rare specimens of natural history; they have chiefly been presents from various potentates in different quarters of the world to our own sovereigns, and have been singularly prolific; and we saw some fine young whelps of the lioness.

A story, not without its interest as an instance of intrepid presence of mind, was related by our guide, and should not be passed over; that his predecessor having by accident left the cage of the tiger open and coming himself into the yard, found the vindictive animal loose and in an attitude to spring upon him. What was to be done?—Death seemed certain. To endeavour to escape was worse than to remain.—did heaven watch over him?—The lion was the king of beasts and he had foudled him in his den, and

been a companion with him. He, however, approached, by an instinctive idea of security,—opened the cage and let the lion out. The tiger appalled, retreated to his cage, and the keeper, protected by his noble preserver fastened the door, whilst he cautiously and gratefully enticed back the generous instrument of his salvation.

(To be continued in our next.)

LANDSCAPE PAINTING, AND EFFECT IN WATER-COLOURS, &c.

By David Cox.

"The principal art of landscape-painting," says Mr. Cox, "consists in conveying to the mind the most forcible effect which can be produced from the various classes of scenery; which possesses the power of exciting an interest superior to that resulting from any other effect; and which can only be obtained by a most judicious selection of particular tints, and a skillful arrangement and application of them to difference in time, seasons, and situation. This is the grand principle upon which pictorial excellence hinges; as many pleasing objects, the combination of which renders a piece perfect, are frequently passed over by an observer, because the whole of the composition is not under the influence of a suitable effect. Thus, a cottage or a village scene requires a soft and simple admixture of tones calculated to produce pleasure without astonishment; awakening all the delightful sensations of the bosom, without trenching on the nobler provinces of feeling. On the contrary, the structures of greatness and antiquity should be marked by a character of awful sublimity, suited to the dignity of the subject: indenting on the mind a reverential and permanent impression, and giving at once a corresponding and unequivocal grandeur to the picture. In the language of the pencil, as well as of the pen, sublime ideas are expressed by lofty and obscure images; such as in pictures, objects of fine majestic forms, lofty towers, mountains, lakes margined with stately trees, rugged rocks, and clouds rolling their shadowy forms in broad masses over the scene, much depends upon the classification of the objects, which should wear a magnificent uniformity, and much on the colouring, the tones of which should be deep and impressive.

"In the selection of a subject from nature, the student should ever keep in view the principal object which induced him to make the sketch; whether it be mountains, castles, groups of trees, corn field, river scene, or any other object, the prominence of this leading feature in the piece should be duly supported (throughout); the character of the picture should be derived from it; every other object introduced should be subservient to it; and the attraction of the one should be the attraction of the whole. The union of too great a variety of parts, tends to destroy, or at least to weaken the predominance of that which ought to be the principal in the composition, and which the student, when he comes to the colouring, should be careful to characterize, by throwing upon it the strongest light. In his attention to this rule, however, the student must be particular not to fall into the opposite extreme, by suffering the leading object of his composition so fully to engross his attention, as to render him neglectful of the inferior parts. Because they are not to be exalted into principals, it does not follow that they are to be degraded into superfluities.

"All the lights in a picture should be composed of warm tints, except they fall on a glossy or reflective surface,—such as laurel leaves, glazed utensils, &c. which should be cool, and the lights small, to give them a sparkling appearance; but care must be taken not to introduce a cold colour in the principal light, which, as already mentioned, should be thrown upon the leading feature of a picture, as it conduces to destroy the breadth that should be preserved; while, on the contrary, the opposition or proximity of a cool to a warm colour, assists greatly in giving brilliancy to the lights. If the picture, for instance, should have a cool sky, the landscape ought to be principally composed of warm tints; as contrast of this description tends to the essential improvement of general effect.

"All objects which are not in character with the scenes should be most carefully avoided, as the introduction of any unnecessary object is sure to be attended with injurious consequences. This must prove the necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with, and obtaining a proper feeling of the subject. The picture should be complete and perfect in the mind, before it is even traced upon the canvas. Such force and expression should be displayed, as would render the effect, at the first glance, intelligible to the observer. Merely to paint, is not enough; for where no interest is felt, nothing can be more natural than that none should be conveyed.

"Finally, it may be observed, that it is only by a due attention to each distinct part, and by a skilful combination of all, that the whole can be effective and delightful."

TO SCOTIA.

Hail, Scotia, hail!—where'er I roam,
Where'er I wing my weary way,
I turn to thee, as that dear home
From whence my doom has been to stray:
Ah, fell ambition!—other lands
Have seen me toiling after fame,
As though their shores held golden sand,
As though life rested on a name!
Land of the mountain and the flood,
From whence I drew my childhood's bloom,
Where rises ancient Holyroods;—
There would I seek my lonely tomb:
Choice boon!—when we have travers'd wide
The farthest bounds of ocean deep,
Should we return, and sink beside
Those mounds in which our fathers sleep.
Long years have rolled, since pale adieu
Sighed from my lips with falt'ring breath,
Sad was the hour—to thee still true,
I'd seal thy welcome with my death;
Though as I wander'd reckless on,
'Twas mine to see earth's fairest daughters;
Yet, far more dear to me, that sun
Which gilds thy clear pellucid waters!
Thy bonnie braes, thy snow-clad hills,
The merry pibroch's blithesome sound,
Bid care and its attendant ills
Be buried in the jovial round:
These scenes to me they once were gay
When life was in its purity;
But now their joy hath fled away,
For visions of futurity!

Liverpool.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BERNARD BARTON.

Extracted from *'Times Telescope for 1824.'*

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers *'some account'* of the *'QUAKER POET,'* whose elegant and interesting productions have afforded so much gratification to every reader of pure taste and right feelings. Of the authenticity of the materials our readers may be perfectly satisfied, as they are furnished by one who is well acquainted with Mr. Barton.

BERNARD BARTON was born in the vicinity of London, on the 31st of January, 1784; his father was in trade in the metropolis, whither he had come from his native place, Carlisle. The subject of this memoir had the misfortune to lose his mother one month after his birth: her maiden name was Mary Done, and she was a native of Rockcliffe, Cumberland; she died at the early age of 32.

His father died before Mr. Barton was seven years old; but his second marriage, which took place a few months before his death, provided an excellent parent for his children: to her, and to his two sisters, both several years older than himself, our author owed infinite obligations. His education at one of the Quaker seminaries was, of course, plain and circumscribed, being pretty much confined to useful, indeed necessary, branches of knowledge. But his father had been a man of greater natural and more cultivated intellect than many; he had read much, and on the abolition of Slavery, in which he was one of Clarkson's earliest associates, he had, on several occasions, proved that he could write well, though, we believe, he was never avowedly an author. He had left no despicable collection of books, so that in his school vacations ample means were afforded to his son of indulging his taste for reading.

In the year 1806, Mr. Barton took up his residence in the pleasant town of Woodbridge in Suffolk, and commenced business as a merchant; but an unlooked for domestic affliction of the severest kind was about to visit him, and his worldly prospects were to receive an irrecoverable shock,—the loss of his amiable wife, before they had been married a twelvemonth, and soon after the birth of her child! This excellent woman, to whom our poet was for so short a time united, gave rise to some of his best pieces.

This mournful event, combined with discouraging prospects of a mercantile nature, induced our author to retire from commercial pursuits on his own behalf; and in 1810 he obtained a situation as a clerk in the Woodbridge Bank, which he still holds.

"Soon after Mr. Barton had entered upon his present situation, he began 'to commit the sin of rhyme,' and, a new Provincial Paper being established about this time, it became the vehicle of his effusions: by degrees he became bold enough to send a short piece now and then to a London paper, and at last, in 1812, ventured on an anonymous volume entitled *'Metrical Effusions,'* 250 copies of which were printed by a bookseller of Woodbridge, and sold within the immediate circle of our author's acquaintance. In 1818, Mr. Barton printed, by subscription, a volume of *'Poems by an amateur,'* of which 150 only were struck off, and none ever sold at the shops. Encouraged by the very flattering manner in which these impressions of his poems were received by his friends, he at last ventured to publish, in a small volume, *'Poems by Bernard Barton,'* which was very favourably noticed

by the Literary Journals, and being afterwards made still more known by an article in the Edinburgh Review, has now reached a third edition. Little more than a year ago he published *'Napoleon, and other Poems,'* of which there have been numerous very flattering notices in the critical journals.

Such has been the literary career of Bernard Barton. If it have not left behind it the brilliant track of other poetical comets, it has been less erratic in his course;—and his Parnassian vespers may be said to possess all the mild and soothing beauties of the Evening Star. If his Muse have not always reached the sunward path of the soaring eagle, it is no extravagant praise to say that she has often emulated the sublimity of his aerial flight. But the great charm thrown around the effusions of the *'Quaker bard'* is that *'lucid veil'* of morality and religion which *'covers but not conceals'* that *'silver network'* through which shine his poetic *'apple of gold.'*

We must now conclude our notice of the bard of Woodbridge: it has occupied more space than we usually allot to articles of this nature, but the interest and the novelty of the theme must plead our excuse. Should this brief account excite the curiosity of our readers to become better acquainted with our friend, we refer them to the whole-length portrait painted by himself, and contained in every page of his *'Poems.'*

THE CLUB.

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Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when posess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

CLIV.

THE President, who has been indisposed during some weeks, was at the Club this evening for the first time since his recovery. His re-appearance at the Green Dragon, was evidently very gratifying, not only to the members of the Club, but also to the landlord and his whole family. Our host would not suffer the old gentleman to go up stairs without the assistance of his arm; the mistress of the house ran after them with a candle in each hand, lest the large gas lamp in the stair-case should not give a sufficient supply of light; and the servant girl, whose adventure with the ghost is mentioned in our third number, hastened before, to have the pleasure of placing our friend's chair, and giving the cushion a few additional thumps.

When the President was seated, and had replied to the congratulations on his recovery which were addressed to him by the members, so many questions were put to him on the subject, that he was insensibly led to give a sort of history of his indisposition, and, from doing so, to enter somewhat into detail with respect to the manner in which he had endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours of a lingering disorder.

"Amongst the books," said he, "which I have looked into while I have been confined to my room, is *'Ockley's History of the Saracens,'* and I mention this work in particular because I have been much struck with some of the sentences, or maxims, of Ali, the nephew of the impostor Mahomet, a translation of which Mr. Ockley has appended to his book. There is one of these sentences especially which afforded me much matter for reflection; and

which I think equally remarkable for justness of thought, and elegance of expression. Perhaps," continued the President, "my friends will not be so much interested by it as I have been, for the solitude of a sick chamber has, I am aware, the power of adding very greatly to the force of an affecting sentiment; but I will venture to affirm that there is not one of them who will not admit that it contains an important, though a mournful truth.—It is this—

"The remembrance of Youth is—a Sigh!"

"This short remark," added the President, (who observed by the attentive silence of the members that they wished him to proceed) "this short remark has dwelt upon my mind during the greater part of the time I have been indisposed; and the more I have considered it, the more reason have I found to acquiesce in its correctness.

"We are all fond of looking back upon our early days. We recollect, with vivid interest, the pleasures, and the adventures of the first years of our existence, when the senses were unimpaired, and every enjoyment was heightened by the absence of anxiety and care. But the very fondness which we feel for this retrospection confirms the truth of Ali's remark; and whilst we contrast the light-hearted, and unsuspecting, gaiety of youth, with the laboured, and often affected, mirth of maturer years; we spontaneously add our testimony to its correctness, and sigh, almost unconsciously, for the days which must never return.

"If we think with this feeling of regret, of the unsophisticated pleasures of youth; it is certain, that, in reviewing the past, we find quite as much reason to lament the departure of that fairy colouring, with which the spirits, and ardour, and inexperience, of youth, always invest the prospect of life. Rousseau has admirably exemplified this regret, when he exclaims 'How is it, that having met with so many worthy people in the days of my youth, I should find none of them in my old age?' In this respect every reflecting man resembles Rousseau. How different does even successful life appear at sixteen and at forty! What a change has taken place in our estimate of human beings, and human pleasures! and how often,—satiated with the possession of real blessings,—or disgusted by the unexpected depravity of those whom we had too highly valued,—or wearied with the every-day recurrence of petty solicitudes,—how often do we recall the fairy pictures of youth,—and wish that the enchantment could still last,—and sigh that it is no longer possible!

"In the recollections of our youth, too, we unavoidably include the remembrance of those who were the associates of our early days. Of some, perhaps, whom we loved with all the sincerity and ardour of youthful feeling, and who have been torn from us by the hand of death. Ah! who that has ever felt an unfeigned attachment, and having that attachment faithfully returned, has been doomed to mourn over the grave of its object, can possibly look back upon life without feeling, that sadness darkens the pictures, and that the recollection of youth is indeed—a sigh!

"But there is yet one other view of the spring of life, in which the truth of this remark is conspicuously apparent. Scarcely any man, I think, whose education has been in any degree liberal, enters into life without some designs of distinguishing himself by moral and intellectual excellence. Noble and honourable views are natural to the mind of ingenious

youth; and the enquiry which Cowley makes—

'What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the future age my own!'

is, tacitly at least, the question, which almost every well educated and virtuous young man, frequently proposes to himself. But who, that has passed the meridian of life, and looks back upon what he intended, and what he has performed, but must deeply sigh at the contrast which he will infallibly perceive? Who, indeed, that makes such a retrospect with the seriousness which its importance deserves, will not be struck at once with sorrow and surprize when he considers that much of the knowledge which, in his youth, he intended to acquire, is still unknown to him; and feels many imperfections even yet clinging to his moral character which, at the outset of his career in life, it was his purpose speedily to overcome."

The President, who, from the interest which he felt in the subject, had spoken longer, and with more earnestness, than was quite consistent with the still delicate state of his health, paused here, and the subject was taken up by the other members. Several remarks were made; but as their insertion would extend the paper to an unusual length, we shall not, now, present them to the public. M. M.

MR. WEARE'S MURDER.

Every nerve of pity has been of late shaken by this well-known tragedy, and humanity shudders at the act, while moral rectitude blushes at the crimes which led to it. That paralyzing, demoralizing sin, *Gambling*, was its fatal origin. The details have been too shocking, if the atrocities connected with it had not been too long, to have met insertion in our pages. What is recorded of it in the London papers would make a tolerably sized volume, and each day adds some fresh particulars.

When will those lawless depredators cease to pursue this fatal path?—When, awed by these terrible examples, cease to participate in such enormities? In a traffic, which, as our *Iris* of the 1st November truly expressed in a French translation on one of those sinks of infamy, was

"Ruin in the loss, and dishonour by the gain."

The highwayman is less dangerous—a family—desperation—self-support—a thousand other reasons, all inexcusable, indeed, may operate to cause a sudden deviation from the line of virtue: but the cool, calculating, heartless murderer, not of an individual, but of whole families, who draws a blush of shame over the faces of innocents, and a curtain of disgrace over inoffensive relatives: oh! such bloodless recreants, having no pity themselves deserve none. There is an unfading honour in a man who perishes in honest pride of poverty, but none, no none, to the unfeeling, the abandoned wretch, who can cause the low partner of another's hearth to say,

"He comes not!
I have watch'd the moon go down,
And yet he comes not," &c.

We have made this hasty preface to *Emma's* lines, in the plenitude of our heart-sickening detestation of this horrid vice, happy that in arresting the eye of any such, it may palsay his hand also.

It seems, however, and we thank God for it, to have been the total dissolution of this pestiferous connexion—each villain trying to involve his confederate. Thus is it always the case where a friendship is not cemented by virtue, one link of the chain broken, and the union is for ever at an end.—Ed.

Lines WRITTEN ON PERUSING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ABOVE MURDER.

How calm the scene! how tranquil is the grove!

The feather'd songsters all have bade adieu,
Save the sweet redbreast, warbling to his love,
In notes melodious, and affection true.

But hark! my friend, what means that dreadful sound?

Why flies the robin from the peaceful vale?

Why does all nature seem appalled round?

The sound was murder, and the cry was wail.

From Gill's Hill-lane the horrid groan proceeds,
In Gill's Hill-lane the fatal deed is done—
Behold the bloody knife among the weeds,—
Unhappy mortal!—now thy race is run!

Where has the sanguinary wretch retired?

Blood marks his steps—he joins the gambling set;
And in the cottage which we late admired,
The assassin trio are in council met.

Gambling the cause—and then fell hate ensues—

And blackest vengeance will the losers vow—

And man in human blood his hand embues—

—the brand of Cain's upon thy brow.

Will heaven look on and not reveal the deed?

No! God is just, and blood for blood must flow;

To death your country's laws have ye decreed,
(The murderer's doom) yourselves have struck the blow.

Yet ye have kindred who will mourn your fate,

Though you, their hearts have lacerated deep—

Oh fallen, fallen is their happy state,

And gentle pity turns aside to weep.

Manchester.

EMMA.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

As I walked one moonlight evening, about a fortnight ago, along Piccadilly, I observed a girl meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me and made a sort of halt, but said nothing; I am ill at looking any body full in the face, so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her; she had by this time resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form which the poorness of her garb could not altogether conceal; her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire which her appearance gave me of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances, I therefore walked back and repassed her, with such a look (for I could bring myself to nothing more) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished: "Pity a poor orphan," said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped and put my hand in my pocket; I had now a better opportunity of observing her,—her face was thin and pale, part of it was shaded by her hair of a light brown colour, which was parted in a disordered manner at her forehead and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half out-stretched to receive the bounty I intended for her; her large blue eyes were cast on the ground, she was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it, on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttering something which I could not hear, and then letting go her cloak and pressing her hands together, burst into tears. It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it; I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend, close by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes. Her name she told us was —, the place of her birth one of the towns in the north of England. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably well supported, their father hav-

ing died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood. That last summer her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after was marched off along with some other recruits, to join his regiment; that this she believed broke her mother's heart, for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and at length had died about three weeks ago; that immediately after her death the steward employed by the Squire of whom the farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arrears of rent. That as she had heard her brother's regiment was in this neighbourhood, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her. But she found on arriving here that the regiment was gone to some distance, she could not tell where. "This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart, and I have had something wrong here (putting her hand to her bosom) ever since. I got a bed and some victuals in the house of a woman here in the town to whom I told my story, and who seemed to pity me; I had then a little bundle of things which I had been allowed to take with me after my mother's death; but the night before last somebody stole it from me while I slept, and so the woman said she would keep me no longer, and turned me out into the street, where I have since remained; I am almost famished for want." She was now in better hands, but our assistance had come too late; a frame naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey and the hardships of her situation; she declined by slow but interrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short time before she expired she asked to see me, and taking from her bosom a little silver locket which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

Manchester.

M. N.

TO CASWIN.

In reply to his Lines on the "SPIRITS" in the *Iris* of the 1st of November.

Hail to thy muse, oh Caswin! if thou find
A spirit from imagination's brain,
That e'er could soothe or tranquilize a mind,
Or cleanse the foulest leprosy of pain,
To bind a heart once firm—now rent in twain,
Then shall I deem thee somewhat more than kind,
As frosts dissolve in heaven's pellucid rain,
Such would that spirit be to mine—so keen
That when a zephyr sighed, those sighs would intervene.

Raise it, my friend; but then her form must be
Aerial woman—aye and such a soul
As might escape an Eden's tempting tree,
One who ne'er mixed a dreg in sorrow's bowl
Or bruised a heart of bleeding misery—
Such as could set a captive trouble free;
And might the knell of parting anguish toll,
And if my heart she even deigned to touch,
The pressure should be light—it will not bear too much.

Canst thou do this? if not thou canst but try,
To draw an image which may bring relief;
Which I may dwell upon with pleasure's eye,
To draw a sun-beam o'er a mist of grief,
And tear from memory's book its canker'd leaf;
Then will thou wipe a tearful optic dry,
And make a lengthen'd wretchedness but brief,
That I, unknown, may profit from thy song,
And thou wilt cure a pain which I have nurs'd too long.

Manchester.

I. G.

ANECDOTES, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE STATE OF
THE HIGHLANDS AFTER THE REBELLION OF
FORTY-FIVE.*

The field of Culloden, and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their highest glens,—they chewed the cud of bitter reflection,—and they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death amidst the snows of winter. But savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities such as these, calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in its native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of its live stock: and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive "Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey."[†]

It was about this period, and (though it may surprise many (it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R—I, a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasant intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Divie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless wastes frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R—I forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search for them.

The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and there sprinkled,

* Written, we have little doubt, by Sir Walter Scott.

† A great chieftain of the vale Urquhart having had his cattle stolen by the vassals of another head of a clan to the westward, and having sent a messenger with a remonstrance, had his herds restored to him, and received a letter, which still exists, containing the apology, that the fellows had mistaken his orders, which were to go to the land of Moray alone, "where every gentleman was entitled to take his prey."

have Gaelic appellations, implying, that they never see the sun. There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of a rock, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling foot-path, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in mid-way air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed, for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

Such was the scene where Mr. R—I posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and at last the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a group, and stood bellowing as if unwilling to proceed farther. In the rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R—I saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountaineers, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claspnet, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling-pieces. Mr. R—I's party consisting of not more than ten or eleven; but telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards, and ranged themselves in front of their spoil.—Mr. R—I and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R—I," said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself; if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me."—"I will treat," replied Mr. R—I, "but can I trust to your keeping faith?"—"Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the other, with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle; Mr. R—I had not so much about him, but offered to give what money he had in his pocket—being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded—the money paid—the guns uncocked and shouldered—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony.—"And now, Mr. R—I," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts, to see that none

of them be awanting." Mr. R—I did so. "They are all here," said he, "but one small dun quey."—"Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R—I's people took charge of the cattle and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word;—next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and dragged appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

ON DUELLING.

Suppose an high spirited but good-natured young man receives an insult. It is possible that his first or at least his second impulse may be to pass it over, and content himself with despising the brute who offered it. The brute, however, mistaking love of peace for fear of war, and glad of an opportunity of oppressing safely, repeats the aggression: the bye-standers, who, to a young man, are the representatives of all mankind past, present, and to come, begin to shew by their looks that they had not expected so much philosophy. Our hero gives or sends a challenge; "a meeting takes place," the brute is shot dead, and nobody regrets him, not even his creditors for they had lost all hopes.

But, in the meantime, what is the situation of the young man and the seconds. Divinity and law have long ago settled the question—they are murderers. A warrant is issued for their apprehension; they possess, however, good friends who have spare attics, and the warrant cannot reach them. But their mothers, sisters, mistresses, and maiden aunts, who read in the papers that the coroner's inquest has returned a verdict of "wilful murder against John Smith, Charles Jones, and William Brown," are in despair. The horrible visions of black caps, chains, and gibbets, sit before their eyes; and, in short, whole families are thrown into unaffected and very severe affliction. In the midst of all this suffering the assizes approach, and the accused surrender themselves for trial. The "unfortunate gentlemen" (to use the phraseology of the newspapers) appear at the bar, "dressed in genteel mourning and deeply affected with their awful situation." The counsel for the crown details the case, lays down the law, "under the authority of his lordship," and then concludes by telling the jury, that "if the facts are as he has stated them, he cannot see how they will avoid pronouncing the verdict of *guilty*: but he fervently hopes that something may arise to relieve them from so painful a duty." In the examination of the evidence every body is aware, that the judge, the counsel on both sides, and the witnesses, are straining all their ingenuity to prevent a verdict against the prisoners; and every body sympathizes with their endeavours. His lordship, in his charge to the jury, explains to them again, that every man killed in a duel is murdered, but he at the same time shows that there are some technical defects in the evidence, which he places before them in a strong light. The jury "turn round for a few minutes," and find a verdict of "not guilty." Upon this there is considerable applause manifested among the auditory, "which meets with the marked reprehension of his lordship," who threatens to commit the offenders. The court is now cleared: all the world is pleased to find that poor Smith is acquitted, agrees that duels are horrid things, and hopes that, as they become so common, the judge will direct the very next man who fight one to be hanged.

HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF A COMMON FIDDLER.

A poor fiddler is a man and fiddle out of case, and he in worse case than his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together, (as the Indians strike fire) and rubs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing than giving him, for he sells nothing dearer than to be gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he

have but two, and yet he begs too, only not in the downright for God's sake, but with a shrugging God bless you, and his face is more pin'd than the blind man's. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring John Dory. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis sometimes mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent. His other pilgrimages are fairs and good houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas, and no man loves good times better. He is in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the Inn, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfect than their men. A new song is better to them than a new jacket, especially if indelicate, which he calls merry, and hates naturally the puritan, as an enemy to his mirth. A country wedding and Whitsun ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician, and overlooks the bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk and in the stocks.

VARIETIES.

DR. BAILLIE.

The late lamented Dr. Baillie was allowed to be the most attentive man to his patients in the profession. Nothing annoyed the doctor so much as to be sent for to attend trifles or fancied illness. Upon one occasion, about two or three years since, he was called very late one evening to attend Lady H——, he immediately repaired to the house, was admitted, and found the lady in apparent good health. The doctor, however, prescribed a gentle opiate, evidently endeavouring to conceal his chagrin; he then made his retreat. He had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs when Miss H—— called from above, 'Dr. Baillie, pray, may mamma eat oysters for supper?' 'Oh, dear, yes, miss,' was the reply, 'shells and all if she pleases!'

PATRICK HENRY.

The celebrated patriot and orator, Patrick Henry, who had so large a share in the independence of the United States, left the following testimony in favour of the Christian religion in his will:

'I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the *Christian Religion*. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.'

ELEGANT COMPLAINT.

The veneration in which Lady Hamilton held the immortal Nelson is well known; and when his coxswain landed her ladyship at Palermo, she turned to him and said, "now my good fellow," presenting him at the same time with a moidore, "what will you have to drink?" "Nothing your ladyship," said the gallant Tar, "I am not thirsty." "Oh hat Lord Nelson's coxswain," said she, "must have something, therefore say, will you have a dram, a cup of wine, or a glass of punch?" "Well," said Jack, "if I must drink, I will take the dram now, and I will be drinking the cup of wine, while your ladyship is mixing the glass of punch for me!!"

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GENERAL BLIGH.

When Mr. Bligh was Captain in a marching Regiment, as he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered:—in the mean time some sporting gentlemen of the country, coming in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company, asked who they were? The landlord told them he did not directly know, but he believed the gentleman was an Irish officer. "Oh, d—n him, if he is Irish (says one of the company,) a *potatoes* will serve him. Here, waiter, take this watch, (pulling out an elegant gold watch,) carry it up stairs and ask the gentleman what's o'clock: the waiter at first remonstrated, but the company insisting on his delivering the message, he was obliged to

comply. Mr. Bligh, as may well be imagined, was surprised at such an impudent message, but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent word to the company, that he would tell them before he departed,—this message however produced his dinner, being sent up to him in quiet; which after he had eaten, he claps a couple of large horse pistols under his arm, and going down stairs, introduced himself into the company who had sent up such a message, by telling them he was come to tell them *what a clock it was*; but first he begged to be informed, to which of the company the watch belonged? Here a dead silence ensued: Mr. Bligh then began to his right hand and asked them severally the question, each of whom denied knowing any thing of the circumstance. "Oh, then gentlemen (says he) I find I have mistaken the company, the waiter awhile ago brought me an impudent message from people in this house, which I am come (as you see, pointing to his pistols) properly to resent, but I find I have mistaken the room." Saying this he wished them a good evening, which they as politely returned, paid his bill, stepped into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept to his death, and has left it by will lately, with a large fortune to his brother, the present Dean of Elphin.

ANECDOTE OF THOMAS GUY.

One winter evening, as Guy (the founder of the celebrated hospital bearing his name) was meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to inquire for him was introduced, and, after the first compliments, were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat. Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality, an art in which I used to think I excelled; but I am told by all who know you that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy. "Why, then, we can talk this matter over in the dark." So saying, he with the greatest deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle! Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of Guy's superior thrift, and took his leave.

CRITICISM.

When Lamothe's Fable appeared, it was the fashion not to allow them any merit. Impatient at the chorus of censure in which persons who had not even read the book joined, a witty rogue played some of these last a treacherous trick. "Do you know," said he, "that charming Fable of Fontaine's, which one of his heirs found among some old family papers?" The reply was in the negative. He then pretended to read it. The exclamations were prodigious. "How charming! That's the true fabulist. What genius!" &c. &c. After having allowed this concert of praises to be played out, "Gentlemen," said the droll, "I am sorry for your taste. The fable which I have just recited to you is one of the collection published by this poor Lamothe, who without being a *genius*, is not altogether a block-head."

The counterpart of this little adventure took place a few days ago in a party in which new poetical productions were undergoing discussion. Provoked at seeing some literary fanatics ranking the author of the "Meditations," above all other authors living or dead of the nineteenth century, a lady who was present maliciously meditated a little innocent trap for them. "But do you really believe," said she, "that Chénier, for instance, has not written as good verses as M. de Lam—?" Every body exclaimed against such a supposition. The debate grew more animated. The lady took down a volume from the book-case. "Listen," cried she, "to some stanzas of an ode by the author of Fénelon." They listened with impatience, and soon interrupted her; "What an involved style! What a clatter of pompous words! How far all that is from ——" "Not so far, gentlemen," replied the lady, "I perceive that I have committed an error, and that is a passage from the 'Meditations' that I have been reading to you."

HOG IN ARMOUR.

The expression "hog in armour" seems to have arisen from that animal, or parts of it, having been thus distinguished in the 16th century, when served up to the table. Thus, in the best of dishes for the dinner at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, we find, amongst others, "shields of brawn in armour."

MASQUERADERS IN REAL LIFE.

It was a well-remembered anecdote, at the late court of France, that at a ball and masquerade given to the noblesse, much attention was excited by the following laughable circumstance. During the festive scene a tall figure, in a yellow domino, was seen to approach one of the sideboards, where the choicest viands were laid out, and to eat of every delicacy in a most voracious manner. He then retired, but again returned to the attack, and in the course of the evening contrived to commit great havoc and destruction among the good things on the different tables. The quantity of wine he drank, was also a matter of astonishment to the attendants, who called the attention of the company to this phenomenon. The yellow domino, without noticing their observations, proceeded to gratify himself with delicacies in all directions, when he was more narrowly watched, and seen to retire, pass into the centre of the Swiss Guard, and then return again in a few minutes. Determined to know whether he was man or devil, one of the company seized him and insisted upon his unmasking, when lo! it appeared that the yellow domino, during the course of the evening, had served as a passport to half of the Swiss Guard, to enjoy the good things so plentifully spread before them, but which their dress and their duty had alike precluded them from partaking of.

NEW COINAGE.

The double sovereigns have been issued: but the number cast is so limited, that there is no chance of any being in general circulation, as each banker is only allowed 25, and the Bank of England clerks one.—The coin nearly resembles the single sovereigns, only upon a larger scale, and with the addition on the rim of *Anno Regni IV. Decus et Tutamen*: on the exergue is the year of coinage, 1823.

APPARITION OF A HUMAN HEAD.

The public mind has been as much engaged on the subject of this supernatural appearance, as on that of the late horrid murder; and to those of our readers who have not an opportunity of perusing the passing transactions of the times, we shall give it in substance. We do so with some hesitation, however—all nerves are not the same, but be they ever so relaxed, it betrays an unpardonable want of confidence in that Supreme Being, who for inscrutable purposes suffers these awful monitors to present themselves to human eyes, to admit of fear. We have treated the matter thus seriously because there appears to be no doubt of its truth, from the high quarter from which it has originated, and the consequences which have ensued.

It appears that H— castle, the residence of the Earl of H—, a nobleman high in his Majesty's government, and remarkable for his strength of mind, has formerly been subject to similar visitations. A few weeks back, as Lady Georgina, his daughter, was passing through her apartment, she saw the air-drawn figure of a human head detached from the trunk, gliding before her. After the first apprehensions of doubt had failed, she fell into strong hysterics, and remained so the whole night. No one could devise the cause. In the morning, as the noble Earl left his chamber, the figure appeared before him—preceded him down to his study, where he was about to write, and situated itself on the table opposite to him. With a firmness peculiar to his lordship, he took up his pen, after gazing at it a few seconds, and commenced his business; and on raising his eyes, it had vanished. On his lordship mentioning the circumstance, it appears Lady Georgina communicated the hidden cause of her alarm, and this united proof that they had laboured under no optical illusion, with some other circumstances comprehending the tradition of a decapitated ancestor, resolved the noble lord instantly to leave and shut up the castle, which he has done. We have connected the subject from the various reports stated of it, and it appears to be a prominent topic in the higher circles.

REMINISCENCES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In my last I gave you a specimen of original Pulpit Oratory; it was not founded on any opinion I had of its eloquence, though it is not devoid of that qualification, but full of that *purity of heart* most acceptable to him who made it. I now give you a few more, but from very opposite characters; the first, are from a high bred, but truly orthodox, Oxonian—he was urging with no little eloquence, the folly of men endeavouring to represent the Image of the ALMIGHTY which, however well intended, not only proved futile, but frequently ridiculous, and he brought his subject to a conclusion with what, in my humble conception, was a master piece of reasoning.

"What would be thought of that Artist who endeavoured by his pencil to pourtray the form of a sound, or what colours would he use to represent that of an echo?—how much more ridiculous then is it to attempt a figure of the Almighty."!!!

The same eloquent gentleman, when engaged to plead the cause of a charity, the establishment of which is calculated to relieve the most afflictive of all human sorrows, *insanity* excepted, that of *blindness*, had exhausted every ingenuity of heart and learning, and when his auditors had already drawn largely from their local exchequer, and had deposited the same in their gloves, or held their bounty secreted in a corner of their pockets, he closed his book—and after a moment's pause said—but in a strain of voice which acted upon every nerve, and that by an extemporaneous effusion,—"And if my humble efforts in behalf of this interesting charity should induce you to outstrip the bounds your charity had prescribed—(then with much pathos) believe me, you will never have occasion to blush at the sacrifice."

This, Sir, was, in the modern phraseology of the day, "a *seller*"—it came at a moment when every feeling was wound up to its highest pitch, and the individuals of a congregation, the most respectable, perhaps, of any in the country, had to smile at each other from the involuntary impulse with which the calculating hand was thrust again into the pocket, not to speak of those who providing only according to their wishes, had to draw upon their neighbours. There is a something lovely—nay pleasing, even in this reflection when dignity can forget in the House of God the character it assumes out of doors, whose temper is won over by the power of his Messenger, and when every other feeling becomes subservient to duty.

I have said by the power of a Minister, for many there are, whose heartless delivery of a tenfold eloquent appeal would have past unheeded and unnoticed, for to say with Hudibras

"What is a Sermon good or bad
If it's delivered like a Lad?"

The other, was that eccentric but amiable character, the Reverend —, of whose deviations "from the sublime to the ridiculous" I had heard so much—in this, said the departed disturber of the world, Napoleon, "there is but one step"—and I found it so. His Sermon throughout three parts, was marked not only with good sense but eloquence, and I had begun to entertain a suspicion that good nature, that universal, but invariable and undeserved stepping stone to calumny or ridicule, had spoken amiss of him, when on a sudden he made a pause of an almost unpardonable length—the interval was occupied in wiping his face, and casting a reverential and commanding look round his sanctuary—he recommenced—

"I was recently riding by a garden, the beauties of which attracted me, a bull passing at that instant pursued by some followers, broke down its fence, and every flower of nature vanished beneath the tread of its merciless hoof—it struck me, and the analogy is strong, that virtue might be compared to a choice garden, which although defended by prudence, savage and brutal violence will accomplish the devastation of, when all the unkindly blasts, or unseasonable storms of the year should have failed to have effected this object."

This discourse, delivered in Blackfriars' Road, related to an Execution which took place on the previous Monday—the relevance to which was singular, but its effect great.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Wight, Bow Street reporter to the Morning Herald, in the press a selection of 160 of the most humorous and entertaining of the Reports which have appeared in the Morning Herald in the last three years, illustrated by G. Cruikshank.

Among other new works announced are Moore's Life of Sheridan, Boaden's Life of Kemble, and Haslewood's Life of Rason, the Antiquary.

Mr. John Curtis has in the Press the first Number of his "Illustrations of English Insects," with highly finished figures of such species of Insects (with the Plants upon which they are found) as constitute the British genera, and descriptive letter-press to each Plate, giving as far as possible the habits and economy of the subjects selected.

Washington Irving, who has been on the Continent for some time, is said to be nearly prepared for showing to the public that he has not been idle. He remained some time at Versailles, and made a tour through Germany, where he has composed an ample sketch book.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRY.

And a short Memoir of that interesting and benevolent Lady.

Was published on the 20th of October, Price 1s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

POOLE'S ELEGANT POCKET ALBUM, for 1821.
Embellished with 12 Views and 8 Portraits of Distinguished Characters.

Same time was published,

POOLE'S GENTLEMAN'S POCKET BOOK, embellished with a Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

London: Printed for JOHN POOLE, 8 Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to *Pyrophilus* for his ingenious and scientific communication.—Nothing but the great labour and expense which we should incur by inserting it in its present form could induce us to decline giving it a place in the Iris.—We should be glad to receive at any time a scientific paper from our correspondent, if he can contrive to dispense with the introduction of tables.

We are not unused to *unpaid letters*, but really when I come to *unfranked Newspapers* it is too bad.—we are at it any time within 1s. 2d., but we chose to relinquish the gratification rather than pay the cost.—*Major Don's* publication is called to this.

Nimrod is evidently a young man aspiring to that distinction in literature, to which we should be happy to let him arrive;—we have not rejected his labours from any disrespect, but discrepancies have rendered its insertion impossible.—The application, however, is good.

I. P. W.'s verse is pretty, but we cannot reconcile the literary passion which seems to have taken possession of him in the absence of his fair, and thus expressed, the two opposite imprecations may be *feeling*, but they are not *reasonable*:

"Flow, flow from my eyes ye pearly tears."
"Cease, cease ye floods to bedim my eyes."

Floods generally *deluge*, not *dime*, and there is an analogy in "Blow, blow ye whispering breezes!"

We assure our friend *Peter* that it is with no little regret we relinquish the insertion of his former witty production;—we cannot, in *any shape*, divest ourselves of the fear (which is a great latitude in *weak minds*, to avail themselves of worse publications.

T. is reserved for future appropriation.—*Peter's* Poetical Hymen, in our next.

The length of the *original Poem* in our second part, has operated to the exclusion of a number of other articles we have received this week.

Those subscribers who intend binding the present volume of the *Iris*, and whose sets are incomplete, are requested to make early application for the deficiency, if several of the numbers are nearly sold out.

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AGENTS.

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Bolton, Gardner & Co.
Bury, J. Kay.
Chester, Poole & Harding.
Colehill, Wm. Tite.
Derby, Richardson & Handford.
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A WEEKLY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The extensive circulation of the *Iris*, renders it a very desirable medium for ADVERTISEMENTS of a LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 97.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1823.

PRICE 3½d.

(Written for the *Iris*.)

A WEEK IN LONDON.

(Continued from our last.)

The Custom House was our next visit from the Tower; a building of such vast extent as to render description incredible.—This noble and national fabric was erected in place of the one destroyed by fire, and it almost obliterated the remembrance of those important losses in the estimate of its present splendour. For the interior I shall confine myself to the *long room*, the extent of which I can only describe by the extreme taper which one end displays when viewed from the other.

There are several massy pillars which serve alike for use and ornament, but so ingeniously constructed that they disguise their real purpose, that of warming this vast room; I am not practised enough in the principles of Sir Humphrey Davy to explain the construction, but it is worthy the attention of the traveller. Business is carried on here with much celerity, and without that personal labour required at the other maritime ports I have visited; and with a trifling expense vessels are entered, and cleared out, whilst their owners are occupied on other matters. We embarked at London Bridge Stairs, for Greenwich, with a number of other strangers, and this little voyage will suffice to unvail, and yet exemplify, the notice which I had intended to have taken of the *East and West India Docks*,—it is curious to observe the etiquette established amongst the boatmen at the different stairs, who dressed in a peculiar way, and with a badge upon their arms, have sort of club or united fraternity, for the purposes of general regulation, which though upheld by no Charter, is so praise-worthy in itself as to have commanded the reverence of every part of justice within the limits of their appeal,—that is—*whoever offers to dispute the preference a passenger has given to the hand held* (the indication to an approaching customer his willingness to serve you), *or utters a catch of SLANDER against his fellow, is scouted from the water, and denied the privileges of their establishment!*—Methinks this is worthy of imitation. Their boats, or rather canoes, are well adapted to the tide they are destined to float on—they are beautifully built, and many of them elegantly carved and gilded; in stepping on one of these I had nearly upset it with its keel, and said to him when recovered of his tilt, "My good fellow, this boat would not be long upon our river" (the Mersey). "Pray, what river is that?" said he. "Why," replied I, "*Wigan!* did you never hear of it?" "Can't say I ever did, Sir," he answered;—my fellow, how should he? when there are thousands in "that overgrown place" who have never seen a field of corn in their lives, and know not the material of which the very bread they eat is composed—I know numerous instances of this fact in Spital-fields. Our several boats were pulled swiftly along, and we passed

on the bosom of old Father Thames in rapturous admiration of the views which unfolded themselves; the exterior of the Custom House here reflects itself in splendid majesty—the part facing the river, of stone, does high credit to the architect, and there is, on the centre column, a representation of the four quarters of the globe, with emblematical devices, choicely executed. We passed through numerous vessels till we arrived at one which bore on its flag "*The Church for Seamen*"—this was a novelty, but an agreeable one; we understood it was well frequented, and had lately been ornamented with an *Organ*. Some distance further we were attracted by the appearance of an elegantly gilt vessel, which the sun contributed to render more superb—it was the *Royal Sovereign Yacht*, waiting to convey one of the Russian Princes—our boatman informed us the admission to it was easy, and we left the rest of our little squadron to proceed to their destination for an inspection of this royal vessel; on our nearer approach we found her hull to be exquisitely carved and gilt; the bow supported the head of his Majesty, surmounted by the Imperial Crown on a cushion, the stem held the royal arms over the cabin windows—arrived at the steps, we were admitted with only a formal challenge, and the deck represented as excellent a specimen of cleanliness as I ever saw, bass matting was laid round for the visitors to walk on; she is about the size of a sloop of war, has three masts, with rigging which a lady who has spent her life in silk work might look upon with pleasure, so beautifully neat is its workmanship—she mounts 18 brass guns: we proceeded below, and were beginning to express our admiration, when we were suddenly stopped by an assurance that these were only the apartments of the inferior officers—they were panelled with polished mahogany, tastefully hung with scarlet moreen curtains, and elegantly furnished; we were led through a little lobby, at the termination of which was a door covered with red cloth, and edged with deep gold leather, on opening which we passed another of the same description which led us to his Majesty's state cabin, it was indeed worthy of so great a monarch, and filled us with admiration; a rich Turkey carpet (then protected by green baize) covered the floor; each side was panelled with thick looking glass, divided into compartments by various and richly gilt devices; over the mantle piece were the royal arms; even the mast, which necessarily comes through this part of the vessel, was made tributary to grandeur, by being made a splendid pillar with a rich corinthian capital; elegant lustres for lights were tastefully interspersed, and from the centre, one of as beautiful as well as ingenious description, suspended from a triton's head, so constructed that whatever roll the vessel may make in a heavy sea, the light continues in the same position; the tables are also of curious contrivance, being compressed for the convenience of four, or extended for the entertainment of twenty, in a minute's time. Passing through a lobby parallel to the other, we entered his

Majesty's bed-chamber—it is small, but very elegant; the bed resembles a couch, and the drapery (grey moreen richly lined and bordered) is tastefully hung, and terminates, near the head, like a tent, surmounted by the imperial crown—there was a rich coverlid over the bed, and a velvet cushion bordered with gold, and on which was another ornamental crown, supplied the place of a pillow, in the absence of its illustrious possessor.

We left this beautiful specimen of naval art, and proceeded on our voyage to Greenwich, and forthwith to its celebrated building. It forms a large oblong square with right angles, having two elegant turrets at each extreme; there is a delightful area in front, and the vessels passing in constant review have a most enchanting effect. From hence as far as the eye could extend, the Docks present vast forests of masts, and the bosom of the Thames is studded with vessels from all parts of the known world—it is impossible to form a picture equal to the grandeur of this scene, which must be witnessed before it can be believed. I viewed the picture, I must own, with a swelling heart—but it was of pride; the tide was just turning to ebb, and numerous vessels, some of war, were gliding down to leave this, or it might be, depart for their own country,—the day was lovely, the sea calm—and some verses which I knew *then*, but which some *prose* I have known *since* has made me forget, I repeated—however I patch them, for Thames was

Still as the undisturbed Lake—
The beauteous vessels onward glide
"Gently—as if they feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tide."

Could the frost of apathy withstand such a scene, and not dissolve in emotion? Yes it can—and, Mr. Editor, pardon a momentary digression, (*parvis componere magnis*) I think it will plead its own apology. I travelled from Liverpool one summer's afternoon to go into Merionethshire on a pedestrian journey of pleasure, with three others, one of whom had never been in Wales before,—we secretly conjured up by what means to awake his surprise at the beautiful scenery which this Eden of England possesses—the vale of Clwyd was but three miles out of our way, and we gladly put up with the inconvenience for the gratification of him seeing, in panorama, what we had previously travelled through; we knocked up a harper at a Welsh tavern, regaled ourselves, and proceeded—it was day break as we ascended the mountains which bound this lovely vale, and as we should be too soon before sunrise to have the effect we wished, we proposed a *nap* on the dry ground which skirts the ascent to the mountains; we lay till the sunbeams tinged their brown tops, and awoke our dormant traveller; we soon arrived at the summit which commands the view of a vale, which in a few words I will describe,—it is about eighteen miles long by seven to nine broad, varying—contrasted with the mountains on each side it is a cultivated garden, and studded with castles, towns, and villages, the silver Clwyd running through the

centre,—the sea terminates the prospect;—I thought of Moses viewing the Land of Promise. I cast my eyes upon the countenance of our traveller, expecting a *delirium of joy*,—finding a total vacancy, "*is not this Heaven?*" said I. "*Yes—eh! see that rabbit!*" and taking up a stone to throw after it, burst into a laugh of inanity;—I looked at my other companions, who chuckled their heads, and proceeded on, muttering internally a long Chinese malediction.

It has been said of the late Lord Thurlow, that he had features of iron and nerves of steel,—what must this being's have been composed of? but it is worthy of remark, and fourteen years of experience have proved it, that he has been insensibly cruel and depraved in the nearest and dearest ties of consanguinity and friendship. The remembrance of that journey, and the tranquillity of my mind at that moment will never be effaced, for as you said in the Iris, "the days of my youth are—a sigh," so I just now draw an aspiration the precise length of that tour—but to return.

Greenwich Hospital was formerly intended for a Royal Palace, but converted to the noble purpose of providing for England's naval defenders—the Painted Hall has been acknowledged to be superior to any thing of the kind in the world, nobody can divest himself of the idea but that the pilasters round the walls are real—after the strictest scrutiny with the eye the touch is even unsatisfactory, the fluted part is so inimitably executed. The ceiling, which in the ornamental devices is in itself rich, is one grand mass of picturesque magnificence. Nelson's funeral car stands at the extreme end, is separated by a richly gilt railing of iron defended by spikes; as I had seen this before I took advantage of the guide being elsewhere occupied, and determining to say I had been in it made a hasty effort to get over, and met with an accident which had nearly put an end to my descriptive tour—my boot catching a spike, I was precipitated with violence on my face against the flags,—stunned for the moment, I got into the car, and had the good fortune to return unobserved, leaving behind me and carrying with me a bleeding testimony of my indiscretion and loyalty; I mention this as a warning to others, as the punishment for this transgression is very heavy. The car is very beautiful, covered with black silk velvet, and the pictures in the shops are an exact representation. Hence to the Chapel, which is allowed to be a master-piece of art in its construction; it would be impossible, where all is excellence, to select any particular object—one, however, should not be passed over, the *Altar-piece*; the subject is the escape of St. Paul from shipwreck on the Island of Melita (Malta), executed, I believe, by West. After viewing the mess rooms, dormitories, and various curiosities, we proceeded to a tavern, frequented by these interesting veterans, to refresh, and a greater or more affecting sight could not be produced.—There sat, over their heavy vet, a score of Jack Tars "fighting their battles over again," and it was impossible not to sympathize in their narratives, for they gloried in their misfortunes.

We left here on foot for Deptford to see the *Nelson* of 120 guns, on the stocks, and nearly finished, and had a proud gratification of inspecting this immense vessel, the largest in the navy. We took boat again, and the tide carried us rapidly to London Bridge, where landing, we proceeded forthwith to the monument. This celebrated and beautiful column, built to commemorate the Fire of London, is said to surpass Trajan's Pillar at Rome,—it is fluted, with a

gallery and urn at the top, and forms a prominent figure amongst the wonders of the metropolis; we mounted by an inside circular staircase, and had a superior view of London than from St. Paul's; the base bears an inscription attributing the fire to the Papists, but Pope indignantly rebuts this in the lines—

"Where London's Column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

Sadler's Wells closed the evening, a place which should always be visited by strangers; it is singular as having the New River running under the stage, which is moveable, and the performances generally terminate with an aquatic scene, full of ingenious performances.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Traveller, thou know'st where Winwick's temple stands,

And proudly lifts its spire top in air;
The lofty site a prospect wide commands,
And its gilt honours glitter from afar.

Pleas'd with the sweet seclusion of the place,
In days of yore, as mouldering records tell,*
Those rural haunts a monarch lov'd to trace,
And there apart from grandeur, deign'd to dwell.

Fast by its walls, beneath a yew-tree's shade,
Where a low stone its humble head appears,
He lies, whose nod my timid youth obey'd,
Who for the Muses form'd my earliest years.

Firm fix'd upon a rock's projecting brow,
The Village Schoolbo' defied the shock of time;
Fancy depicts its cherish'd image now,
Delighted to retrace the scenes of prime.

There, while the tardy hours their circles ran,
Impatient childhood sate, compell'd to pore
On ling'ring tasks that with the dawn began,
And cou'd the ungrateful lesson o'er and o'er.

Hard fate, when scarcely from the sullied page
The curious eye a moment dar'd to stray;
Nor from the oaken bench, embrown'd with age,
The nimble foot might prove its light essay:

When on the silence scarce a whisper broke,
A kindred thought of pleasure to exoite;
Nor, unrestrain'd by Terror, Fancy spoke,
The fond idea of appall'd delight!

Save that the unpleasing hum of sad constraint
With sameness echoed through the mansion drear;
And ever and anon, the piteous plaint
Of smarting dullness smote the list'ning ear.

For ah! a wight he was whose very frown,
With mild awe each wayward thought repress;
And when he spoke, the authoritative tone
Awoke to terror each discordant breast.

Exalted high upon imperial chair,
He rul'd the assembly with despotic sway;
His sonant praise 'twas glory's self to share,
His wrathful accents widely spread dismay.

'Twas thence his glance each lurking corner try'd,
Suspicion's self sate brooding in his eye;
Where might the self-convicted traitor hide!
How frame, to meet his ear the fraudulent lie!

In vain the stammering accent would conceal
The hurried task, by negligence prepared;
Nor suppliant looks, nor artful tears avail,
Vindictive stripes from sluggard backs to ward.

With stern, convulsive grasp his forceful hand
The culprit seiz'd, while cries his terror spoke:
Nor idly fell the unrelenting wand,
As shrinking instinct wri'd to shun the stroke.

* Alluding to the legend yet to be seen upon the walls of the church: "*Hic locus Onocleae quondam placuit tibi valde Northumbriorum eras Rex nuncque Polorum regna tener, &c.*"

† Newton in Mackerfield.

What anguish keen from young sensation flows,
Full well my youthful feelings could attest;
But short-lived is the grief that Nature knows,
Wha a life's young tide invigorates the breast.

Hail! happy days! when sorrow soonest fades,
In swift forgetfulness a kind relief;
When quick transition soothes the vacant mind,
And liveliest joy succeeds to keenest grief!

Ah! could my ripen'd fancy still efface
From memory's brazen page each mournful scene;
With lighter hand the lines of pleasure trace,
Nor dwell on tales of woe that intervene!

Full oft again she'd join the sportive throng,
Hunt the gay mead, the fragrant breeze inhale,
Explore the mossy nest, the brakes among,
Or in the race outstrip the flying gale!

Again, with youthful eagerness, partake
The buxom joys that innocence bestows,
With morning suns to dreams of pleasure trace,
And sink with eve to undisturbed repose.

DANDYMANIA.

(Abridged from the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

The transformation of the chrysalis into the butterfly is not more complete or surprising than that of the slovenly schoolboy into the finished civil, academic, or military dandy.

Dandyism, at first, is like the small speck in the cloudless azure, which to the eye of the experienced mariner presages the gathering storm. In its birth it is scarcely noticed by common observers, or noticed only to be despised.

The late Hugh Peters was a striking instance of how far the genuine dandymania could carry a man, who in other respects was not destitute of natural good sense. In Hugh, indeed, this disease appeared to be constitutional; he exhibited evident symptoms of it at a very early age, and it continued with increasing violence to his dying day. This master-passion was not to be controlled by sickness, poverty, imprisonment, or exile. It burned with as much fervour in age as in youth, and was scarcely extinguished by that universal damper—death.

Hugh, as I have said, began dandyism at an early age. His parents were of a strict religious sect, and of course reprobated all vain ornament of the outward man; they were such that Hugh should be arrayed with the utmost plainness, in clothes of the coarsest texture, and the most ungainly fashion. The style of his habiliments was singularly ludicrous, and afforded infinite diversion to his young companions. Instead of being dressed in the fashion of boys of his own age and rank, he was attired like an old man. He usually wore a blue coat with covered buttons, which fitted him like a sentry-box; his waistcoat was of a sober brown with pocket-flaps "five fathom deep," overhanging a pair of scanty corduroy inexpressibles, scarce covering the cap of his knee. Old yarn stockings, shoes, or rather brogues, not inches in the sole, and a broad-brimmed hat completed the exterior of the elegant Hugh Peters.

The system pursued by his parents produced an effect diametrically opposite to their intention. It turned the boy's regard to the subject of dress, and generated and fostered the desire of decoration. He ventured, as he grew older, though with a trembling hand, to make some slight reform in his costume. He disfranchised his enormous coat-flaps, and succeeded in concealing a few sinecure pockets. This he

aged by cultivating a good understanding with his tailor.

Entertaining a high opinion of the symmetry of his person, he longed to reveal its graceful proportions in the seductive transparencies of stocking-web. His uncle, who was something of a dandy, gave him an opportunity of gratifying this penchant by the present of a pair of cast-off *tights*. These, though somewhat large, Hugh contrived, by his sartorial extensity, to adapt tolerably well to his own person. But on trying them on, though highly gratified by the contemplation of the femur andibia, he found that something was still wanting to the perfection of their development. Our desires increase with our possessions, and every new gratification gives birth to a fresh necessity. Hugh soon discovered that tight pantaloons without Hessian boots were as preposterous as a haunch of venison without currant-jelly, or a leg of pork without peas-pudding. But how to effect the desired union? Boots were dear, Hugh was poor; his uncle had no Hessians to spare, and his father's heart and purse were equally closed against him. He must either rear the pantaloons without boots (a thing not to be thought of) or steal a pair. Dire dilemma! diabolical alternative! But the genius of landyism descended kindly to his aid, and opportunely rescued her ardent votary from the hazard of crime and the mortification of disappointment. As Hugh cast around

"His baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,"

he suddenly espied his buff-leather gaiters, which hung upon a peg above his head. An idea flashed across his brain like lightning—one of those felicitous conceptions of genius, perfect as if matured by years of thought, sudden as inspiration! He seized the gaiters, posted to a cobbler, had them cut out into the shape of Hessian boots at top, blackened, polished, laced with tassels. What need of more words? Nothing could be more complete. The following day was Sunday. He appeared at church in complete costume,—cocked chapeau, pudding-cravat, red waistcoat, fireman's jacket, brown-coloured tights, and gaiter-boots.—the limitation of himself—the derision of many—the astonishment of all!

But the hour was at hand when Hugh was to at his slough, to unfold his glittering scales of the sunbeam, to burst the dark prison of his myslis for ever, and issue forth an airy butterfly in all the colours of the rainbow. His ther undertook a voyage to Smyrna. The face of air raised a storm, and plunged the aricious merchant in the deep. Hugh was heir of all his wealth, which was considerable, and as the trustees of the property did not pretend to any control over his conduct, the hopeful youth was left at the age of seven-

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

His first step was to enter the army, a measure of which he would not have dared to whisper during the lifetime of his father. He got on a dashing regiment of light-infantry, and became distinguished for the most extravagant foppery. Not contented with the costume of his corps, which was elegant and splendid, he was perpetually making such alterations and additions as his own whim suggested. His capricious taste in this way subjected him frequent reprimands and arrests for the violation of the regimental orders. His offences came at last so frequent and so flagrant, that his colonel, much of a martinet, told him that must leave the regiment unless he thought

proper to conform to its regulations of dress. Hugh promised obedience, and for a while was less open in his transgressions. But his ruling passion was too strong to be controlled for any length of time. He went to a garrison-ball in a fantastic costume which bore a caricatured resemblance to the uniform of his corps. The first person he met there was the colonel, who insisted on his leaving the room immediately; and as colonels seldom experience much difficulty in the removal of an obnoxious subaltern, his exit from the regiment very speedily followed his exit from the ball. He was, in fact, advised to tender his resignation; and he had too much knowledge of the army not to feel the propriety of following this judicious counsel.

Hugh was not very seriously concerned for the loss of his commission, as it left him "fancy free" to pursue his devious courages through the fields of foppery and fashion. He repaired to London, and soon became the very mirror of fantastic coxcombr. He had his day like other dogs, and the time has been when the promenades of Bond-street and Hyde-park would have been deemed to want their most essential attraction in the absence of "the original Hugh Peters." But, alas for human eminence, and the degeneracy of present times! The "lights of the world and demi-gods of fame" have quitted the stage for ever, and the fashionable, like the political horizon, is left in a feeble twilight, the precursor, it is to be feared, of a long night of Egyptian darkness. Brummel is extinct, Van Butchell in his grave. Sir I—, like another Ovid in Pontus, is exiled to the ungenial climate of St. George's, where he pours his unavailing "tristia," and *stoops* indeed, but, alas, no more to conquer! Baron Geramb is gone, and the gallant gay "Lothario" is sobered down into "Benedict, the married man." We listen in vain for the rattling of his chariot-wheels, and the high-crested cock has now become an empty name. Finally, Hugh Peters himself hath passed away, and the flags of Bond-street have forgot his step!

Hugh was, at this time, more remarkable for the singularity than the taste of his costume. He delighted in glaring colours, and a close fit he considered the "summum bonum." His motions were dreadfully constrained by the tightness of his dress, and the various organic functions seriously impeded. To button his coat required an effort almost superhuman. His inexpressibles (*horresco referens*) were perpetually yielding to the force of pressure, and leaving him exposed in some vital part. The tarsus, metatarsus, and toes, sustained infinite damage from the compressive action of the boot, and the uncomfortable projection of a heel three inches high. His feet became pleasingly variegated with corns and bunions, and were soon reduced to a state of premature superannuation.

I shall not speedily forget the first time I had the honour of beholding Hugh Peters. He was in full dress for the pit of the Opera. His coat was of the genuine Pomona-green, with a collar reaching to the crown of his head, basket-worked buttons made of silver, and skirts lined with white silk. His waistcoat was white, richly embroidered, and studded with three rows of small yellow buttons. Inside this were two more, cushioned and quilted, the one of scarlet silk, the other of sky-blue. Canary-coloured small-clothes, with flesh-coloured silk-stockings, decorated his nether limbs; and a pump, which might emulate a vice, with a diamond buckle, showed his almost Chinese foot to exquisite advantage. His cravat, which at the least he took an hour to adjust, was fastened in the centre

with a large emerald, and beneath it a waving banner of frill sported in the wanton zephyrs. A gold eye-glass with a red riband, white kid-gloves, and inordinate *chapeau-bras*—the portrait is finished.

Hitherto Hugh had given more attention to his person than his face; and, coxcomb as he was, he had still much to learn in the minutest details of dandyism. Critically nice in the cut and-fashion of his apparel, he was but a novice in the mysteries of the cosmetic art, his practice in this way scarcely extending beyond the more ordinary processes of ablution. He had, besides, certain prepossessions to overcome on this score. Notwithstanding the latitude of his foppery, he conceived that there was a fixed boundary beyond which it must not extend, and where manliness would say, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." He would wear, for instance, a coat tight enough almost to check respiration, but would shudder at the thought of a pair of stays. He might employ an hour in brushing his hair, but he would turn with loathing from the idea of painting his face. But it is the character of every folly, and of every vice, to increase, unless the growth be timely and effectually prevented. The insipient gangrene must be met with the knife and the cautery. Hugh's attention was first directed to his visage by some one remarking that his eyebrows were rather light. There could be nothing unmanly in adding to the expression of the countenance, to which dark eyebrows so materially contributed. He began first by pencilling, next proceeded to painting, and lastly to staining his brows, with a variety of deleterious composts. He became the dupe of advertising impostors, and the most absurd distresses were the frequent result of his ill-judged experiments. In the course of a few months his brows had successively assumed all the colours of the rainbow, to the vast amusement of his friends, and his own ineffable inconvenience. He persevered, however, with a constancy worthy of a better cause, and at last hit upon a composition which produced the proper hue; but after a few applications utterly destroyed the hair, and left him literally *browless*! His only resource was a pair of artificial eyebrows, which formed, as may be supposed, but an imperfect deception, and an insecure substitute for the natural.

Hugh's next discovery was, that a smooth skin and clear complexion were essentials of beauty. His toilet was soon loaded with cold cream, milk of roses, botanic bloom, eau de Cologne, and soaps of all sonorous titles borrowed from the "rich orient," and of a variety of shades of colour and degrees of fragrance. His hands now came in for their share of attention, and he consumed immense quantities of almond paste and white wax. Not satisfied with topical applications for the purpose of improving his appearance, he used warm baths, had himself blooded and physicked regularly with the same view. He consumed three estates, which he inherited, in the expenses of the toilet. When destitute of money, he ran in debt to gratify his vanity; and for some years previous to his death he supported his elegant appearance by certain financial measures, to which, peradventure, a fastidious moralist might attach an impolite epithet. Confined in the Bench, he used to saunter about, in a rich *robe de chambre*, green velvet-cap, and red slippers, with an immense Turkish pipe in his mouth, from which he exhaled not "Mundungus' ill-perfuming scents," but green tea! He debilitated his frame by the use of medicine, and

contracted complaints in his side and chest from continual pressure.

'Dandyism is in youth only ridiculous; in age it is contemptible. We have attempted the portrait of Hugh in his early days. At fifty he was the most artificially constructed being in existence; he was made up from head to foot. He wore a wig, false eyebrows, false whiskers, and false mustachios. He had a complete set of false teeth, his cheeks and lips were painted, and the furrows beneath his eyes were filled up with a white paste. His clothes were stuffed out at the chest and shoulders, his waist was tightened in with stays, and he had false calves to his legs. He was altogether a walking deception—a complete lie from top to toe—a finished specimen of that most despicable of all animals—the superannuated dandy.

ODE

(Addressed to J— G—, of Manchester.)

Again, Apollo, at thy sacred fane
A humble vot'ry, I an offering give;—
Wild-flow'rs the pensile tenants of the plain;
Smile God of song! bid the frail blossoms live.

Ask'st thou then J— G—, the efforts of my lyre,
Thy bosom's bitter anguish to dispel?—
Thou whose harmonious cadences would fire
The torch of gladness in the dreariest cell.

Ask'st thou from me the magic aid,
From me the dulcet flow of song,
To woo the nymph in smiles array'd,
And draw around the sportive throng.

If—whom misfortune's hand hath crost,
Who've sorrow'd from my earliest years,
Who mourn the ties of kindred lost:—
Oh no:—my off'ring is my tears.

Hence avaunt, rebellions thought!
Let me love's soft task essay;
For him, who one neglected sought,
And cheer'd my lonely way.

All hail divine Euphrosyne,
Goddess of extatic mirth;
Come in all thy pleasing wiles
Voice which every care beguiles
Maiden of celestial birth,
Weave the roseate wreath for me:

Let the strain of the harp o'er the calm waters float,
While bright from the sapphire the blue stars are beaming;
And the shades of the Bards, as we list to each note
Mover by, as the spirits we view in our dreaming.

As those meteors of light,
The heralds of night,
Which awe and encharm the fix'd—wond'ring—gaze;
Yet serene as the moon,
In her own cloudless noon,

O'er the streamlets reflecting her silvery rays:
By Her, the fair damsel whose dimples can steal,
Woe from the heart and its torn feelings heal,
From thy brilliant fairy home.
Euphrosyne attended come!—
She with temper light and free,
Clad in robes of modesty,
Health's faint blushes grace her cheek,
Love's mild pow'r her dark eye's speak;
While the amorous zephyr nigh,
Steals the odour of her sigh,
Sighs that rise unknowingly,
Bear her redolent in charms,
To my friends enfolded arms,
As those arms the maid enclose,
The passing winds will take his woes!—

When his love is told,
On a cloud of gold,
Let thy nymphs chanant their melodies sweet;
With asphodel wreaths
Which ambrosia breaths
Strew the poet's enchanting retreat.

While as I view the orbs pale night,
Upon thy Jasper watch tow'r wave;
I'll think with unalloy'd delight,
Ere long their beams may find my grave:
Oh bliss to sleep,
While o'er me weep,
The gentle dews from yon high dome;—
No cares intrude,
Death's solitude,
Peace is the lumate of the tomb!—

Manchester, Dec. 1823.

CASWIN.

EXTRACTS FROM LACON.

. The following articles are extracted, with some alterations, omissions, and additions, from the First Volume of *Lacon*, by the Rev. C. C. Colton, whose name has recently been brought before the public, in rather a mysterious way.—The style of *Lacon* is more *diffuse* than *laconic*; a fault, indeed, which seems to have increased in his Second Volume. But the propensity to write, like every other indulged inclination, not unfrequently 'grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength.' In point of fact, in this 'Age of Writing,' a bow of Ulysses is to be found in almost every town;—and

"Many write now who never wrote before;
And those who always wrote, now write the more."

S. X.

WIT HAPPILY APPLIED.

There is no quality of the mind that so instantaneously and irresistibly captivates, as Wit. An elegant writer has observed, that *wit* may do very well for a mistress, but that he should prefer *reason* for a wife. Whoever deserts reason, and gives himself up entirely to the guidance of wit, will certainly be exposed to many pitfalls and quagmires, like him who walks by flashes of lightning, rather than by the steady beams of the sun. The conquest, therefore, of wit over the mind, is not like that of the Romans over the body, which was regulated by policy, and perpetuated by prudence. The triumphs of wit may be compared to the inroads of the Parthians, splendid, indeed, but transient. Wit, however, is one of the few things which has been rewarded oftener than it has been accurately defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain, one day, What is wit? The chaplain replied, the vicarage of Bowden is now vacant; give it to me, and that will be wit. Prove it, said his Lordship, and you shall have it. *It would be a good thing well applied*, rejoined the chaplain.—The dinner which was daily provided for the Royal Chaplains at Saint James's, was relieved from suspension by a fortunate and extemporaneous effusion of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his Chaplains, and it was understood that this step was adopted as a conciliating mode of putting an end to the dinners altogether. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace; and whenever the King honoured his Chaplains with his presence, on that occasion, the prescribed formula ran thus: God save the King, and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God bless the King, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the monarch.

A BOX TICKET.

In all societies it is advisable to associate as much as possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best; but, because if disappointed there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, it is almost impossible afterwards to ascend. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.—The figure which Mr. Colton has here employed, is uncommonly good; but the advice he gives must be followed with some limitation. The Scripture says, we should take the lowest seat, and wait till some one says to us, "Friend, come up higher." Sterling merit will, sooner or later, generally meet with its due reward.

QUAINT COMPARISONS.

"That man alone," observes Mr. Colton, in one of his Reflections, "deserves to have any weight with posterity, who has shewn himself superior to the predominant errors of his own times; such a man," he continues, "like the peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom, he has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things; in short, a *promised land*, which like Moses on the top of Pisgah, he is permitted to survey, and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter or to enjoy."—Such a man, it seems, in Mr. Colton's quaint style of writing, is like the Peak of Teneriffe, he is like Socrates, he is, in fine, like Moses, on the top of Pisgah! We are also told, that the Peak of Teneriffe hails the

intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; that's right,—first come, first served. Next, that Socrates stood on the apex of wisdom, wiping his eyes, in order that he might more clearly see a brighter system of things; in short, a *promised land*! And this very naturally brings the writer to Moses, who saw more than he was permitted to enjoy,—a very common event to men in general!

THE MISERY

OF RECEIVING TOO MANY PRESENTS IN ONE WEEK.

It is not well to be always lamenting and complaining on one's own account, therefore I shall this time trouble you with the complaints of a particular friend of mine, whose name is Plod, and who is a very worthy man in the main, but not fond of being put to what he considers unnecessary expense. The complaint was rather a singular one, and the subject matter of it such as most housekeepers would have esteemed fortunate rather than otherwise: it was neither more nor less than that of having had too many presents in one week.

I am in the habit of popping in at his house occasionally, without invitation, and taking pot-luck, which I did a little while back, upon my return from a short trip in the country, and was welcomed by old Plod with,—'Ah! my dear Crockery, we are very glad to see you—lots of old victuals in the house—know you'll excuse it—always glad to see you, hot or cold; and as he finished in came the tray. I made an excellent meal on the remains of two or three sorts of game, and as many, or more, sorts of tarts, together with jellies, custards, and blancmets, evidently the reliques of a feast. When the table was cleared, the servant retired, and Mrs. P—, too, had quitted the room, I could not help saying, 'Why, Plod, you have been living rarely of late seemingly.' 'Ah! Crockery, rarely indeed!' sighed old Plod, with a most woeful note of admiration; 'but come, fill your glass of toddy, and I will tell you all about it.' I did so; and having drawn my chair close to the fire, poor Plod began his lamentation as follows:—

'You are aware, Crockery, that, having but a small family, I generally lay in my stock of provisions for the week at one purchasing; well, last Saturday, this very day week, I had a good fair supply—a leg of mutton, a fowl of veal, and a piece of roasting beef;—one day hot, and one day cold, and hashed, that's my way you know, Crockery. Sunday we cooked the veal, and on Monday morning the first thing comes a porter with two brace of partridges, carriage 2s. portage 1s.—by the bye, some of my friends in the country have a scurry trick of not paying the carriage of their presents, and so it happened with the whole lot this week. He was scarcely gone before another fellow came *bang*ing at the door with a *thumping* brace of carriage 2s. portage 1s. again. "Do me," said Mrs. Plod, upon seeing this, "what is to become of all the meat?" What, indeed, thought I, the veal being the only thing cooked. 'Next day, Tuesday, came a lot of grouse, carriage, &c. 5s. for they came from among the mountains; and presently after arrived, from a friend who lives 50 miles off, and has a taste in horticulture and tame rabbits, an immense basket of beautiful vegetables certainly, and a parcel of *doubie smuts*. I think my friend called them rabbits in his letter, but they were poor little *ninny* things: this cost 6s. and was positively worth the money—I could have done better by half in the market. So Tuesday passed over

and there was *some* veal left to mince on Wednesday. Mrs. Plod and I now began seriously to think what could be done with all this provision; we had no friends in town to whom we owed a present, and I have no notion of sending game to the poulterers by way of exchange. "We certainly must have a party!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. P—. A party! thought I, and down sunk my heart; while I seemed to feel divers pounds, shillings, and pence evanishing from my lower pockets. "We certainly must have a *dinner* party, my love," repeated Mrs. P. in a still more explanatory tone. Now, Crockery, whenever a lady says *my love* to her husband, the thing, be what it may, is decided; and I saw plainly we must have a dinner. But we had not done with presents yet, for before we got down—or got up, which you please—on the Wednesday morning, a brace of pheasants arrived, costing 4s. likewise a goose, with two dozen apples for sauce, from my tenant the blacksmith, at B—, with a ticket for 2s. 6d. making a total for carriage and portage, in three days, of 11. 3s. 6d.—pretty well for the beginning of a feast; and be it remembered, that all these presents will cost me, to return them at Christmas, a barrel of oysters to each at least.

However, it was now quite certain that we must make a muster of friends and acquaintances to help us to eat all these good things, and Friday was fixed on as the day for devouring. To work Mrs. Plod and I went,—she to inspecting and preparing, and I to writing of pretty polite notes, on hot-pressed, wire-wove, gilt-edged, and all that sort of thing: lamenting the shortness of notice, &c. but hoping to have the pleasure to see, &c. &c. &c. It was soon discovered that plates, dishes, and glasses innumerable must be bought, to complete our sets of each. All this was done; a handsome dessert was provided; Mrs. Brown, our occasional cook, was sent for; and for two days, that is to say Wednesday and Thursday, we lived on *gravy* beef, and other odds and ends, in a most uncomfortable way.

At length the great, the eventful day arrived; and, will you believe it? after all the good things were at and on the fire—yea, even after the cloth was laid, note after note arrived, bearing excuses. Mr. and Mrs. Noakes could not come, Mr. and Mrs. Styles could not come, Mr. and Mrs. Doe, and Mr. and Mrs. Roe, were in the same predicament, and so it went on with the Whites, the Smiths, and the Jenkinsees: in short, Crockery, I expected twenty people, and only six came; we had not even you to cheer us with your accustomed songs; and the whole thing was, to me at least, stale, flat, and unprofitable; and I will ask you, before Mrs. Plod comes in again, whether it is not a miserable thing for a man to have so many presents in one week? Ah! I knew you would say *yes*—I hope it will never be your case, my boy. I can assure you I was more rejoiced when the last "good night" had sounded at my door than I can express. It was but yesterday that this *entertainment* took place, and for about a fortnight I expect we shall have to live upon the cold meat and fragments that are left; for our small party performed a miracle in the fragment way. Come every day, Crockery, if you can, and help us off with it.

My friend ended just as Mrs. Plod returned to her seat; and upon retiring to my *sanctum sanctorum* I thought I could not do better than send you off an account of what I had heard.

Lit. Chronicle.

PINDARIC.

The Comforts of Editors.

"Nequiquam sapit qui sibi non sapit."

"An Ass, as subtle statesmen say,

"To neither can incline

"When placed between two loads of hay—

"That asses *case*—is mine."

That life's a vapour and a bubble

Each hour in passing marks,
And man, says Job, "is born to trouble,
As upward fly the sparks."

All men have sorrows retrospection shows,
But none like those of editorial woes—
For instance, now, Sir, you whose weekly *Iris*,
So full of sentiment and learned fare is.

I should be very glad to know,
If your's the art is
To please all parties?
Sir, is it so?
I answer—no!

Enter a friend—and with a sullen growl—
"Oh hang it, why what trash your work contains,
"It won't be better if you don't take pains,

"Upon my soul;

"Your sale will not increase you'll see;

"I'll pay my score

"And take no more."

Dear me!

Then, verbum sat,

Puts on his hat

And "muzzles" out of door.

Enter another—"oh! your last week's paper

"Has run the arts and the nine muses taper,"

"Tis full of merit;

"The lively wits

"And scrappish bits

"Replete with life and spirit:

"It will just suit the fashion of the day—

"Thought for the grave—and laughter for the gay!

"That's what I say."

Oh! what a life is this! remember well

"The man and ass"—who riding each, each fell,

And faith no wonder!

For it would be a matter of surprise

Escaping death by lightning from the eyes,

Not to be bruised a little by the thunder.

Is he not lacking sense,

Who for the mammon—that is, paltry pence,

Through classic lore

Will constant bore

Through mood, and tiresome tense;

Just by conflicting rout

Daily he knocked about

Like shuttlecock by battledore!

Upon my faith his *timbers* should be tight

Who stands betwixt two fires, in such a fight;

Give them as brother Pindar did—a *Settler*

Or by the interpretation *now*—a *Pettler*!

And let each gloat

The lines I quote

Fire catching as the purest tinder,

The words are these

So if you please

For *Peter Pindar*—

"In sonnet, ode, and Legendary tale,

Soon will the press my tanelful works display;

Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;

And your *petitioner* will ever pray."

"My labours damn'd, the Muse with grief will groan—

The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue!

Know I have teeth and stomach like your own,

And that I wish to eat as well as you."

TO THE GOD HYMEN, LICENSED CHAIN MANUFACTURER.

The Petition of a harrassed and suffering Worshipper of Venus,

Humbly Sheweth—That your Petitioner, was an unbending and stiff-necked creature, shielded equally from the darts of Cupid, and the fear of your chains, by the cooling hand 'of forty years apprenticeship, in the ways of women, till, in an inauspicious moment, he was pierced through the heart, by the lovely and penetrating rays shot from the eyes of one of the most bewitching of "witches" of sweet nineteen.

And that your Petitioner, from that moment, hitherto has enjoyed no alleviation, from the racking pains and torments which tear the admiring heart, but by the conduct of the dear

creature, they are increased daily, and that if you do not lend, speedily, your fastening hand, your Petitioner will soon be distracted, and bereft of his senses.

Furthermore, the conduct of the "witch," whose name is ———, calls loudly for your strenuous and enchainning hand, to stop that mad career which she appears determined to pursue.

On Sunday, at St. Peters, she puts down her veil, which makes her beauty appear more interesting whilst partially concealed; then raising it again, darts forth such piercing rays, from her two sunny orbs, and smiling charmingly at the same time, so interests him that he continues gazing and standing long after the Doctor has pronounced "*let us pray*," and thus subjects him to the sarcasms of his companions, who whisper loudly, "behold! the DENIED PETER."

Your Petitioner, is also subjected to the most distressing inconveniences, by the careless flirting of this unthinking beauty,—when he meets her in the street she smiles benignantly on her rejected adorer, who returns the smile, and when she has passed, your Petitioner is so infatuated that he turns and gazes upon her receding form, absorbed in thought, until, perhaps, floundering in the mud by the jostling of passengers, he recovers his senses.

In the pursuit of his vocation, he is also under much inconvenience,—upon paying his creditors he is incessantly writing, "*By cash to ———*," which his partner observing, with a smile desires to know where this beauty resides, who is such an enormous expense to him.

Your Petitioner, therefore, earnestly desiring to avoid all the above mentioned inconveniences, requests you will either link us together in your well MANUFACTURED chains, or will publish this Petition, that it may reach the unthinking creature who thus torments him, and be a warning to all "witches" not to disturb the peace of old Bachelors, but to attack the young ones, who will joyfully accept them; by so doing you will have the thanks of the unhappy

PETER BACCALAUREUS.

Piccadilly, Nov. 26, 1823.

TO LIEUTENANT H. MACKWORTH,

Of his Majesty's ship *Brazen*, who, by jumping overboard at a desperate risk, succeeded in saving the life of a seaman on the point of drowning. The captain and crew shed tears on his bringing the poor fellow upon deck, but were unable to utter a word.

They shall not die, who dare to do

Heroic deeds; and this was one

That forc'd the tear-drop from the few

Who saw the feat of glory done.

Though few were by, though few could weep,

What time thou saw'st him in the wave,

And plunging in the ravening deep,

The sinking man thou dar'd'st to save.

Yet more have heard, and more have wept,

Than thou can'st ever know, beneath;

Thy deed is chronicled and kept,

To form thy fame's perennial wreath.

The tear that lovely woman gives,

Is oft the passport to a smile,

And, born of nothing, scarce outlives

The sigh, that 'scap'd her lips the while.

When British tars bestow a tear,

'Tis valour's fall, or beauty's woe,

Or deed of mercy, doubly dear,

That bids the precious drop to flow.

Such drops are thine, thy honest prize,

The jewels of thy future crown,

Which God will grant thee in the skies,

While angels write its record down!

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION
FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

Far from the world, and ruthless strife,
Beneath the foliage-shaded bowers,
Exempt from care, I pass my life,
Calm flows the tenor of my hours.

Here can I taste elysian bliss,
Yielding to man a thousand charms;
Here do I learn, of happiness,
The most is found in nature's arms.

And here is all that mortal needs,
The luscious fruit, the crystal stream;
Where lies my path?—mid flow'ry meads,
On which, the heavens refulgent beam.

What, though anon a fated storm
Casts o'er the mind a moment's fear,
See yonder floats the misty form,
The beauteous Iris now shines there.

And so intralld in envious strife,
The soul becomes a prey to grief;
Retirement is the balm of life
Which yields the sufferer sweet relief.

Thus, have I seen in fury wild
Above the rock, the rushing foam;
But having gained the smiling field,
Partakes at length a tranquil home.

Liverpool,

ANCIENT RESIDENCES.

The ruins of the Castle of the Feudal Baron, a few moss-covered stones famous from being the birth place or the residence of active spirits, who have either incited us to good by their example, or,

"Left a name at which the world turned pale,
To paint a moral or adorn a tale."

when existing in remote solitudes, are visited with eager solicitude by the learned and the curious. It is not thus with the remnants of antiquity in London: the houses which belong to the most powerful grandees have been usurped by a vulgar race; no trace remains in the streets of the noble blood which has dyed the pavement with crimson hues; the noise and din of mechanic art drowns the powerful voice that speaks to us from the dead; and we hurry away from a scene of bustle and confusion, without giving a thought to the history of other days, to the calamities wrought by the wicked, and the sufferings endured by the virtuous,—titles which are extinct,—names of families as ancient as our earliest laws, are pronounced by us carelessly, as they denote some petty street. On the site of Westmoreland and Windsor Courts stood the noble mansion of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland; and part of that once magnificent pile, divided and subdivided into various habitations, still remains. This great northern family, which so often gave the law to England, boasts, amid its descendants, six Earls of Westmoreland, two Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, an Earl of Kent, a Marquis Montacute, a Baron Ferrers, Barons Latimer and Abergavenny, one Queen, five Duchesses, besides Countesses and Baronesses, and an Archbishop of York. These noblemen seldom visited London except when summoned by writ to attend upon the King, or when determined to brave the monarch by a display of their power, or to pluck a haughty favourite from the council board, or any other act of rebellion it was their pleasure to commit. Warwick,* called "the King-maker," rode through the streets at the head of 600 men, with ragged staves, the badge of the family embroidered on their red jackets; a retinue which enabled him to enforce his will despite of all opposition.

One of his most illustrious victims was John Tipstaff, Earl of Worcester, a nobleman of learning and accomplishments far superior to the age in which it was his misfortune to live. He caught the earliest dawn of that bright light which began to shed its beams upon a darkened world; and was a scholar and an author. He had married the sister of Warwick: but espousing a

* Warwick possessed a house in Warwick Lane, which still retains the statue carved in stone in front; he is mentioned here as the most celebrated member of an illustrious house, together with his more erudite and little less distinguished brother, the Earl of Worcester, who lived in Thames Street.

contrary side from the one which the haughty peer at that precise moment happened to be of, in the fatal wars between the Roses, he was brought by his sanguinary brother-in-law to the block. Caxton, one of the few persons able to appreciate the Earl of Worcester's mental acquirements, deeply lamented his untimely end.

In the *BARBICAN*, which was originally a Roman Specula, or watch-tower, and so long as London possessed its walls, was a station of such importance, that it was always entrusted to a man of rank, stood a house tenanted by several noble families, and at last descending to Catherine Willoughby, the third wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was chosen by her as her residence; when upon the death of that nobleman, she took for her second husband Richard Bertie, a person of obscure birth but liberal education. The lady became a zealous Protestant; amused herself during the reign of young Edward V. with ridiculing the church of Rome, by dressing one of her dogs in a surplice, and naming another after Gardiner. When the accession of Mary had given this cruel prelate the means of revenge, the Duchess prudently withdrew from a country, where apostasy or the stake would have been the only alternatives offered. Her courage, and the attentions of her husband, preserved her in many dangers incurred during her painful pilgrimage in Germany, where she was deserted by her servants, robbed by the natives, and refused admittance by more than one

"rude boor,
"Who 'gainst the houseless stranger shut his door."

Forced to take shelter in the porch of a church. Mr. Bertie addressed himself in Latin to two scholars whom he overheard speaking in that language, and through their interference they obtained more gentle treatment. The adventures of the fugitives, and the birth of a son, named, in consequence of his mother's wanderings, Peregrine, formed the subject of a long ballad preserved in the Roxburgh collection, "printed in Queen Elizabeth's time to the tune of Queen Dido;" the last verse will give a sample of the whole.

"A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertie called by name,
Born nam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame.
The daughter young that with her went,
Was afterwards Countess of Kent."

A legend more curious than the ballad, but not equally well authenticated, is attached to the story of the illustrious exile's first husband, and may beguile a lonely walk in the Barbican. The plot of Otway's tragedy, *The Orphan*, is said to have been taken from a fact related in a very scarce pamphlet, entitled, "*English Adventures*," published in 1667. Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, is in this work reported to be the hero of the tale. He lived with his father and brother, and a beautiful young lady, the ward of the former, in a country residence in Hampshire; the same fatal mistake as that which Polydore makes in the play, led to the same dreadful catastrophe. A duel ensued between the brothers, in which the injured husband fell; the lady lost her reason and died; the father also by the story became the victim of a broken heart: but in truth, Sir William Brandon, father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was killed at Bosworth Field, bearing the standard of the Earl of Richmond; and had the honour to fall by the hand of the usurper, Richard, with that desperate valour which won for him a soldier's death, in his last struggle for the crown, dashed at the standard of his rival, and, though thrown from his horse by the stout resistance of Sir William, cleaved the skull of his adversary, and swept on in search of Richmond. The legend relates that the unintentional author of the misery of his family quitted England in despair, with the determination of wearing out his life in exile; but his relations, supposing him dead, prepared to take possession of his estate; and, roused by this intelligence, he returned to his native country, and resided incognito in the vicinity of his own mansion. Whilst in this retreat, the young King Henry VIII., divided from his retinue whilst pursuing the chase, (the usual fête of royalty in every account extant of a hunting party) heard the cries of a female in an adjoining wood; the monarch reserving to himself the prerogative of murdering women, immediately rushed to her assistance. Two ruffians left their prey

to fall upon the intruder, and the King, in considerable jeopardy, was saved by the opportune interference of Charles Brandon. Roused from a melancholy reverie by the scuffle, he ranged himself on the King's side, disarmed one of the assailants, and forced the other to fly. The denouement is perfectly dramatic: Henry discovers his dignity and rewards his preserver; the lady is unaccountably left off, and Charles Brandon, instead of falling in love with her as in duty bound, gives his despair and his remorse to the winds, follows the King to court, and afterwards marries Henry's sister, the Queen Dowager of France.

It is supposed that the attachment of the Princess commenced long before she could entertain an idea that she should ever be united to the object of her secret choice. When obliged, by the cruel laws which bind royalty, to ratify the peace between England and France by a marriage with the old King Louis XII. her affections for the gallant English Knight were increased by the valour he displayed at the tournaments given on the occasion. His arms were so irresistible that the Dauphin, in a fit of jealousy at his superior prowess, clothed in the armour of a gentleman, a genetic German, who was considered to excel all his fellow men in strength, and opposed him to the accomplished Englishman. Brandon, penetrating the disguise, baffled the base plot; he grappled with his mean, yet powerful adversary, and disdaining to strike him in the knightly mode of warfare, struck him repeatedly on the head with the hilt of his sword, and leaving him breathless and bloody on the earth, presented his shield to the Queen, who, in the course of the unequal combat, had been surprised into a tender exclamation: alarmed for his safety, she unconsciously murmured, "hurt not my sweet Charles." On the death of the King, Charles Brandon visited the French court as Duke of Suffolk, with condolence on his lips, and congratulation in his eyes, and in less than two months carried off the young widow from all competitors. The kind offices of Cromwell, Henry's minister, and the tenderness of a heart not yet lost to every feeling of humanity, procured a pardon from the King of England, and the Duke of Suffolk made his appearance at a tournament amid the haughty nobles of the land, in a charger caparisoned with a saddle cloth made half of frize, and half of cloth of gold, and with a motto on each half. One of the mottos ran thus:—

Cloth of frize be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

The other:—

Cloth of gold do not despise,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frize.

a felicity of idea and expression which displayed spirit without presumption, and humility devoid of meanness. In the court which is now called Bridgewater Square, stood the town-house of the Earls of Bridgewater; a family as ancient as the Conquest. It was celebrated for its orchards, and formed a beautiful retreat in the suburbs of the city. There are few places more replete with romantic associations than the now despoiled Barbican. To the appointment of John, first Earl of Bridgewater, to be Lord President of Wales, we are indebted for that exquisite dramatic poem of Milton's, "*The masque of Comus*." Lady Alice, the fair daughter of this nobleman, had been upon a visit with her brothers to the Egerton family, and passing through Heywood Forest on their return, the party were benighted and lost their way. The vivid imagination of the poet instantly suggested the beautiful imagery with which he has decked the Sylvan scene. The enthusiasm with his train of Bacchanals—pleasure in its most bewitching shape—the gay and beautiful Euphrosyne arose—and delighted with the result of their adventures in the wood, the young people exhibited the *Masque of Comus*, as one of the festivities of Ludlow Castle, before the Earl their father, and his friends. The heroine, elegantly designated by the author as "*The Lady*," was performed by Lady Alice, and three of the principal male characters were supported by her brothers, Lord Brackley, the Hon. Thomas Egerton, and Sir Lawes. In Beech Lane, adjoining the Barbican, are the remains of the house of Prince Rupert: a spot who in the most brilliant times cherished a love of the fine arts, which unfortunately were not patronized during the licentious freedom of his kinemen's reign, languished under succeeding monarchs, more than

upon preserving the balance of Europe than cultivating science at home. Prince Rupert was the inventor of mezz-tinto engraving. A private soldier scraping the rust from his fusil, attracted his attention; a mere military man would have been wholly engrossed with the desire of seeing the musket restored to its pristine brilliancy, but the artist was struck with the possibility of turning the discovery to advantage, and subsequent experiments produced a style of engraving which Evelyn and contemporary amateurs beheld with delight. To ordinary minds, a midnight ramble in a wood, and the cleansing of a fusil, would have passed as common occurrences; but the slightest conceptions are sufficient for the foundations of noble works, when they fall under the observation of spirits gifted with genius. This is the enchanter's wand, the cabalistic word, which when wielded and uttered by a magician, creates out of the meanest materials, wonders and marvels, which charm and dazzle the admiring gaze of man.—*Museum.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorological Report of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of November, 1855, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.92
Highest, which took place on the 11th.....	30.40
Lowest, which took place on the 29th.....	29.06
Difference of the extremes.....	1.34
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 29th.....	.62
Spares, taken from the daily means.....	3.5
Number of changes.....	8

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	46°.6
Mean of the 23rd decade, com. on the 27th Oct.....	44.3
“ 24th “.....	44.6
“ 25th “ ending on the 25th Nov.....	48.9
Highest, which took place on the 8th.....	57.
Lowest, which took place on the 13th.....	30.
Difference of the extreme.....	27.
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 3rd and 5th.....	16.

RAIN, &c.

1.685 of an inch.

Number of wet days.....	16
“ “ foggy days.....	4
“ “ snowy “.....	0
“ “ haily “.....	0

WIND.

North.....	0	North-west.....	5
North-east.....	0	Variable.....	3
East.....	0	Calm.....	0
South-east.....	10	Brisk.....	2
South.....	0	Strong.....	0
South-west.....	12	Boisterous.....	0
West.....	0		

BREEDING OF LEECHES.

An interesting memoir on this subject has been published by M. Noble, in which he states that these useful animals may be preserved and bred in troughs, with a little care, and a few simple contrivances; the great mortality which occurs among them when crowded to small vessels, being owing to the stronger devouring the weaker for the sake of nourishment. M. Noble instructed a trough seven feet long, three wide, and many deep, with sloping sides, lined with clay. It had a constant stream of water passing through it, and one of the corners rushes were planted. It was exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the north wind. November he placed 200 grey and green leeches in where they passed the winter, buried in the mud. Towards the end of the following spring several young ones were seen sticking to the old ones, and swimming occasionally, as if to try their strength. In August observed conical holes in the mud, each of which contained a little oval cocoon, as big as that of a silk worm, and porous outwardly. Some of these were perforated at each end and empty, some were filled with a transparent jelly, and the rest contained from one to twelve young leeches, which in a few days shed their envelope, and swam vigorously about.

M. Noble could not observe the formation of any of the cocoons; but the mode of producing them has been long known to the people in the department of Finistère, who are thus enabled to supply Paris with leeches. The workmen dig them up from the bottom of the little muddy pools, and place them in small ponds prepared for that purpose. Six months afterwards the young are removed into larger ponds, on the banks of which cows and horses are brought to feed, experience having taught the country people, that the leech is never prolific till it has sucked blood.

VARIETIES.

SAINT ANDREW A WIT!

The smart answer of St. Andrew deserves mention. The devil, in the shape of a beautiful woman, being sitting at a bishop's table, Saint Andrew came there “as a pilgrim” to demand alms: upon which she (the devil) asked the Saint how far distant heaven was from earth? “Thou should'st better know than I,” answered Saint Andrew, “because thou hast fallen from thence.”

SINGULAR EXPERIMENT.

The *Lancet*, a medical weekly publication, has last week a description of a curious instrument, and no less curious operation performed with it by Sir Astley Cooper, at Guy's Hospital. The instrument, invented by a Mr. Reed, is for washing or cleaning out poison from the bowels; and to demonstrate its capability, a dog was poisoned for the edification of the students. “At the expiration of thirty-three minutes from the time the opium was given, the stomach was evacuated of its contents, and washed out, by means of the instrument. [It then describes the apparatus.] “The instrument succeeded very well in the dog, which appeared to be little worse for the experiment. Mr. Reed was in the theatre during the whole of the time, and superintended the use of the instrument; on quitting, he received the unanimous applause of those present. Sir Astley Cooper, just after the experiment had been tried, looking at what had been removed from the stomach, smiled, and said that the instrument would do well for an alderman after a city feast.”

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Some few days ago a vessel, in which was embarked two loving couples, struck upon a rock off the coast of Cornwall, and began to fill fast, in spite of all endeavours to clear her by exertion, or relieve her by the pump. The ladies importuned their husbands to give them their last embrace. They did so; and one of the parties clung together with a fervour which indicated a determination to die in that unity they had vowed to do. The other also embraced, but said, “my dear, the vessel is sinking and our children are unprovided for—you cannot reach the land, and I can, God bless you!” and he prepared to swim as the vessel was going down.

At this critical moment the captain announced that the vessel was safe, and the parties were shortly afterwards landed. It is as singular as painful to state, that the two who clung to each other in the moment of peril, have separated for ever, from some hidden cause, and they who were about to separate for their children's good, are living a happy and domestic life.

IMPROVEMENT IN BUILDING.

A Cotton Mill, thirty yards long by ten yards wide, situated at Gait-Stock, near Bingley, the property of Mr. J. G. Horsfall, of that place, has within a fortnight been raised a story, by the application of the Hydraulic Press, without disturbing the roof or displacing any of the machinery. This operation is performed by placing the pump under the rafters in succession, and working the piston, when the roof is seen to rise about eight inches at a time, and stones of the requisite dimensions are introduced in succession, till a course of stone is placed all round the mill: the pump is then again applied in the same manner as before, and other stones placed, till at length the story is completed, and the additional room gained without affecting the stability of the edifice. The saving of expence by this mode of elevating a building is considerable, and in the present case it is estimated at from 80*l.* to

90*l.* Our correspondent, who is highly respectable, adds, that the weight of the roof and timbers could not be less than eighty tons, that the room gained is ten feet high, and that not a single slate has been broken.

THE USEFULNESS OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

In Clarkson's history of the abolition of the Slave Trade we are told of a witness, on his examination before a committee of the House of Commons, deposing as to the excellent treatment of the negroes when on board the slave ships: among other things he states, that “they were fed with pulse dressed after the English fashion, and that the dance was promoted, &c. Now at first this sounds not amiss: for it is well known we English like our peas with butter, salt, and pepper; and then nothing promotes the dance like music: so that we are disposed to consider the condition of a slave while on ship-board as rather to be envied than otherwise: but then comes the sequel, which is brought out by cross-examination; the “pulse dressed after the English fashion,” turns out simply to be *boiled horse-beans*; and the *whip* is much cheaper than *music* for promoting the dance; which was merely jumping together for exercise as they were chained together round the hold of the vessel; for such was the admission wrung by counsel from this very credible witness.

LANGUAGES

Captain, afterwards Sir Alexander, Ball, was once stationed off Goree, on the coast of Africa, and had on board his ship a detachment of the 75th regiment, composed chiefly of Welshmen. A party of them had permission to land on the Continent, and commenced a little barter trade for articles of provisions, &c. with some of the natives who had come from the interior. To the surprise of the Cambrians they found that some Welsh words, used among themselves, appeared to be understood by the negroes. They then addressed them in Welsh, and received replies in a language something similar to Welsh, and thereby maintained an intercourse with the natives in a broken but intelligible manner. So extraordinary a circumstance could not fail to become known to the Captain, and he, with his usual sagacity, was determined to ascertain the fact. He accordingly invited some of the natives on board, and deputed a few of the most steady and intelligent men in the regiment, and who had not been on shore, to converse with them. A conference was accordingly held before him and the whole crew, of course occasionally interrupted by words which were strange to each party; but a conversation was held in a language understood by both.

The astonishment of the Cambrians is not easily conceived, at finding negroes speaking a language in which they could make themselves understood to Europeans of so peculiar a dialect! Captain Ball asked a sergeant what he thought of it; and the reply was, that the language was certainly not exactly Welsh, but it was so very much like it, that he understood the natives much better than he did a man in the regiment who spoke Irish.

SWALLOWING KNIVES.

A few days ago, William Dempster, a juggler, while exhibiting his tricks in a public-house in Butcher-gate, Carlisle, actually accomplished the sad reality of one of those feats, with the semblance of which only he intended to amuse the audience. Having introduced into his throat a common table knife which he was pretending to swallow, he slipped his hold, and the knife passed into the stomach. Surgical aid was procured, but the knife had passed beyond the reach of instruments, and now remains in his stomach. He has since been attended by most of the medical gentlemen of the city; and we understand that no very alarming symptoms have yet appeared. His sufferings at first were very severe, but he is now, when not in motion, comparatively easy. The knife is 9½ inches long, one inch broad in the blade, round pointed, and the handle of bone, and may be generally distinctly felt by applying the finger to the man's belly; but occasionally, however, from change of its situation, it is not perceptible. —A brief notice of the analogous case of John Cumming, the American sailor, may not be unacceptable: —About the year 1799, he, in imitation of some jug-

glers whose exhibition he had then witnessed, in an hour of intoxication, swallowed four clasp knives, such as sailors commonly use; all of which passed from him in a few days without much inconvenience. Six years afterwards he swallowed fourteen knives of different sizes; by these, however, he was much disordered, but recovered; and again, in a paroxysm of intoxication, actually swallowed seventeen, of the effects of which he died in 1809. On dissection, fourteen knife blades were found remaining in the stomach; and the back-spring of one, penetrating through the bowels, seemed the immediate cause of his death.

SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

LOVE, like the Scotsman's pills, has wonderful properties. According to the Salopian Editor [not the Shrewsbury Chronicle] it kept Capt. Parry physically WARM amidst the rigours of an Arctic winter!!! We never knew before that LOVE had this surprising quality. But, if the writers have not exaggerated its wonderful properties, our youth, whether male or female, have only on the approach of winter, to fall desperately in LOVE, which will render them proof against the season, and they may then safely dispense with the cloaks, &c. with which they have heretofore, in the simplicity of their hearts, endeavoured to keep out the winter's cold.

MR. LOGIER'S SYSTEM.

It is with great pleasure we announce to our Musical readers the complete success of the Logierian System, in Berlin. An examination of Mr. Logier's Pupils, under the immediate sanction and direction of the King, took place on the 14th and 15th of January last; in consequence of which, Mr. L. received the following document from the Minister:—"Sir, you are herewith informed, that in consequence of the happy result of the examination of your pupils, on the 14th and 15th of January, together with the favourable report of the Committee appointed to investigate your system, his Majesty the King has been pleased to grant the necessary sums for defraying the expenses of introducing your system into the different States; and you are hereby required to declare, whether you are prepared to commence your instructions, upon the condition specified by you on the 15th of March; and whether you can finish six professors before the end of December in this year."—Academies on the Logierian System have already been opened at Leipzig, Naumburg, Potsdam, and various other places with the greatest success; and twenty professors (among whom is the celebrated Bach) have adopted it, under the immediate patronage of the King.—Mr. Logier received a letter of introduction to Sir G. Rose the British Ambassador, and through him has been introduced into the first society of Berlin.—Mr. L. has received the most pressing invitation from Vienna and St. Petersburg.—Sure the enemies of Mr. Logier must at length feel ashamed of their virulent and illiberal opposition, to a system which has thus been found worthy the patronage of a Prince and a nation, celebrated throughout Europe for their musical skill and talent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAVILLER.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—There is not a more abhorrent member of society, nor one who with a malignant and demoniac smile, scatters discord and misery, with such an unpliant hand under the most specious and delusive appearances of learning and reasoning, than the hated caviller. This opinion was formed by the painful experience of having a friend, who in all other qualities of the mind, was a sensible and rational man; but possessed of this greatest of evils, which detracts supereminently from his other pleasing qualities, and throws a murky shade of impenetrable nigritude over him, which I can never divest him of, not even with the assistance of sound reason or good sense, for he tenaciously adheres to his own opinion, though convicted of an error in the minds of the auditors, and thus by his obstinacy in captiously cavilling, destroys the social peace and harmonious concordance of our fraternity.

On Saturday, in conformity with my established cus-

tom, I purchased a number of your amusing and interesting Iris, and had perused it with considerable satisfaction, and an increased determination of support, when up rose my friend Paul, this caviller and inimitable disputant, and with bistrionic attitude and peculiar grimace, uttered the following philipic:—

"It is no small matter of astonishment to me, how rational men, can prostitute their talents, to compose for so insignificant a paper as the Iris; here you behold Gimel tugging through three lengthened columns of uninteresting and unnecessary instruction, and seems by his style to consider his readers as having never learned the propositions in composition; but he commands attention and secures admiration by his Hebrician signature, or his writings would bebetate the most persevering.—There Caswin sighs on through unconnected and irregular verse, now presenting images to the eye, and then withdrawing them too hastily to make a lasting impression; his metrical compositions compel me to judge him some love-lorn SWAIN."

My friend thus descanted upon all the originals that presented themselves in your miscellany, but the above are sufficient.

In reply, it was observed, that if the Iris was beneath his learned notice, why endeavour by his malignant and incorrect assertions, to poison the minds of his friends, and cause impediments to their receiving that satisfaction which your paper universally gives to our circle.

Besides to every unprejudiced mind, the generous efforts of Gimel's labour, must be evident;—it was an interesting and learned disquisition, and to those who were versed in classic lore, it strengthens and refreshes the memory, of what has been perhaps too long neglected, and to those who have never studied the Latin language, it is an inestimable treasure; the derivatives of many hundred English words, may be discovered in his short letter which is not too verbose, but pithy and amusing.

Caswin's verses are irregular, and flighty; now grasping the skies with enthusiastic ardor, and now descending to terrestrial objects, he evidently is a man of genius, and knowledge and the irregularity of his metrical composition, does not in the least minorate the efficiency of the verse.

I have made known to you the trouble under which I at present labour, that it might meet the eye of those who are petulant, opinionated, and cavilling, and caution them to beware and not subject themselves to the just observation that, "*Illi damnant, quod non intelligunt.*"

Your's, &c.

Piccadilly, Nov. 25th, 1823.

SIMON.

REMINISCENCES.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—My last treat of pulpit, and I will now give you two instances of

SENATORIAL ORATORY,

which having had the pleasure of hearing at the time, I can also testify to the incorrect reports made of them in the public papers—a general and crying evil—the House of Lords was crowded to suffocation—the subject was whether or not Great Britain should persevere in sending out an additional and powerful reinforcement to the peninsula—Earl Grey, in a luminous and forcible harangue, protested against the measure—urged the inutilty of it—the hopelessness. "What," said he, "shall we exhaust our blood and treasure in so doubtful a cause, or at so remote a distance wage uncertain war against the colossal power of France? in a country where we are denounced as heretics, where jealousy has already arisen amongst their leaders, and one entire army has surrendered? It would be madness! In this case, and as circumstances present themselves, we may despair of Spain!" "Never!" said the Marquis Wellesley, rising instantly as the noble Lord had seated himself, "never! is it characteristic of Englishman to abandon a brave people because the aspect of their affairs now wears a lowering complexion? Were the Spaniards conquerors themselves, where would be our glory? If I contribute to a man whose wealth places him above what it might prove an injury, but if I dispense it to the needy, and he recovers his misfor-

tune, how grateful to my feelings!—Despair of Spain!

Think ye that you ensanguined cloud
Raised by war's breath, hath quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow, he renews his golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

What, would you cast into the dust the laurelled flag of Britain, bright with the glory of conquest, or keep it on your own proud shore of liberty, when liberty pants for its presence elsewhere? For myself every tie of blood however near and however dear should be engaged in the glorious combat. Let not the hands of Britons at home, damp the hearts of Britons abroad, and they will conquer; I say again, NEVER DESPAIR OF SPAIN!"

The whole house rose simultaneously, and cheered the manly speech. On another occasion shortly afterwards, as Mr. Canning was pleading the catholic cause, against a most potent opposition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer handed to the Right Honourable Gentleman a memorandum in pencil of news he had just received of a great victory gained by the British in Spain, and as he was reading it, the park and tower gun made the august fabric ring. With that splendid versatility of talent for which the Right Honourable Gentleman is so remarkable, he communicated the news to the house in this short sentence—

"Why what an anomaly is this in withholding support to the measure? even now the cannon of the metropolis is pealing in honour of victory,—of victory gained by Protestant England fighting for Catholic Spain!" (Enthusiastic cheering)

The following letter from Stockport we received this morning, and insert it *literally*.—We are far from complaining that the *original matter* with which we are favoured, should be thought worthy of transposition, but we are more than displeased when an *acknowledgment* is not even granted us.—If this were the first time we might have passed it over, but an article headed *The Test of Affection*, inserted in our *Iris* of the 23rd March, 1822, was also copied by the *European Magazine* verbatim! We are willingly disposed to believe that the Editor of that respectable publication imposed upon. If so, he will only do himself and us harm by holding up to public exposure the individual who he deceives him.—Ed.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—You will, no doubt recollect the very excellent article, entitled "*The Half Hangit*," which appeared in your valuable publication about twelve months ago. *The European Magazine* published on the 1st December contains, among its ORIGINAL Papers, the same tale word for word! Perhaps the Editor of the *European* presumes, that because the *Manchester Iris* is a provincial paper, its circulation is very limited, but I fancy he is a little mistaken: at all events were I the Editor of the *Manchester Iris*, I should give him of the *European* a plain opinion of his piracy. I am, Sir, Your's &c.
Stockport, Dec. 4th, 1823.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Emma came too late, but we will attend to the impression of her seal, "*Forget me not.*"

A Traveller on the exactions on the road, has been obliged to—he would oblige us by a fresh communication.

Peter has been attended to.—The Torch of Hymns has been applied to his Creed, and the incense has succeeded or descended as its merits might require.—We wish we could have given it insertion.

R. W., T. R., and several others are come to hand: they must take the will for the deed, for they must repose in our portfolio till the exchequer of previous treasure has been honourably distributed.—The old bridge is a subject we do not wish to touch upon, and we shall be very glad to get over it!

Those subscribers who intend binding the present volume of the *Iris*, and whose sets are incomplete, are requested to make early application for the deficiency, as several of the numbers are nearly sold out.

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BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD ERSKINE.

FEW individuals holding the rank in society that Lord Erskine did, have passed to the grave with so little notice as this distinguished orator and patriot. It is true that every newspaper has recorded his death, a few have inserted an account of his funeral, and some have given a memoir of his life, but still the country does not seem to have fully appreciated the worth of Lord Erskine, or it would have felt the loss of such a man more severely. It is true also that the noble lord was far advanced in years, that the fire of his genius burnt not with its wonted vigour, and that his eloquence had ceased, as in former time, to sweep away every thing before it; but to the last, listening senates applauded and respected his talents, and few individuals ensured a more respectful attention, or possessed a greater influence in the House of Peers than Lord Erskine, whose manly and honest patriotism secured him the esteem of all parties. But the services of Lord Erskine ought to secure him a dear remembrance in every British bosom. We erect monuments to warriors who have sustained the military glory of their country in a contest, which in itself perhaps, was any thing but honourable; we raise statues to statesmen whose policy has been equivocal, and of the merit of whose services the nation is by no means agreed; we perpetuate the memory of our authors and our artists, and long may they be perpetuated; but what are the services of the soldier, the intrepid seaman, the artist, or the author, compared with those rendered by Lord Erskine to his country? He was the preserver of the liberty of the press—that palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman; he was the saviour of the trial by jury, which, while preserved, is an insuperable barrier against despotism,—a rampart which may bid defiance to every assault.

Lord Erskine, though the son of a peer, had few of the advantages which nobility is generally supposed to confer; he was poor and almost friendless; he felt a pride in avowing it, and well he might, for by the unaided power of his mind and the untutored graces of his talents he raised himself to the highest honours.

Thomas Lord Erskine was the third son of Henry David, Earl of Buchan, and was born about the year 1753. He fixed upon the navy for his profession, went to sea at a very early age, and served under Sir John Lindsay, nephew of the celebrated Earl of Mansfield; under this officer he acted in the capacity of lieutenant, although he had not a commission of that rank; and this circumstance is said to have caused him to quit the navy, as he was unwilling, afterwards, to return to sea in the inferior rank of midshipman.

Determined not to spend an inactive life, young Erskine, on quitting the navy, entered into the army as an ensign, in the Royals, or

1st Regiment of Foot, about the year 1768: in this regiment he served six years, three of which he passed in the Island of Minorca; and, while there, with a versatility and eccentricity which distinguished his character, he read prayers and preached two sermons to his regiment.

From his infancy, he was distinguished by a singular ease, humour, and acuteness in conversation; and Dr. Johnson, who met him in company, while in the army, says, he 'talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention.'

On the death of his father, the Countess of Buchan, a lady possessing a high degree of mental energy, and intellectual talents of the first order, prevailed on her son to quit the army, for the dry and tedious study of the law; his sword was exchanged for a brief—and his Vauban and Polybius were thrown aside for Bracton, Littleton, and Coke.

Mr. Erskine entered as a fellow-commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1777, and, at the same time, inserted his name in the books of Lincoln's-Inn, as a student at law. One of his college declamations is still extant, as it was delivered in Trinity College Chapel. The thesis was the revolution of 1688; and in treating upon that glorious event, Mr. Erskine gave a powerful prognostication of that forensic eloquence, which was afterwards to clothe the dull details of law in an immortal garment of light and beauty. This declamation gained the first prize; but with that delicacy which has always characterised his lordship, he refused to accept it, alledging that, as he had declaimed merely in conformity to the rules of the college, and without being a student resident within its walls, he did not deserve it, and ought not to take it.

Shortly afterwards, an ode appeared in the 'Monthly Magazine,' in imitation of Gray's 'Bard,' which was attributed to his lordship. The playfulness of a vivid imagination, and of a laughter-loving disposition, are its principal characteristics; but it cannot boast of any very distinguished poetical excellence. The origin of this production was a circumstance of a most humorous nature. The author had been disappointed by his barber, who had neglected to attend him as usual, and, consequently, prevented him from dining in the college hall. In the moment of disappointment, hunger, and impatience, he is supposed have poured forth a malediction against the whole tribe of the dressers of hair, with a prophetic denunciation of a future taste for cropped crowns and unpowdered heads.

When his lordship became a member of the university, he had no intention of deriving any other benefit from it than merely taking a degree, to which he was entitled as the son of a peer, and by which he saved two years and a half in his progress to the bar.

In order to acquire a knowledge of the mechanical part of his profession, Mr. Erskine entered as a pupil in the office of Mr. afterwards Judge

Buller, then an eminent special pleader; and, on the promotion of this gentleman to the bench, Mr. Erskine entered into the office of the present Baron Wood, where he remained a year.

While his days were devoted to the mechanical drudgery of his profession, his evenings were frequently spent at Coachmakers' Hall, where a debating society was then held, nor was Mr. Erskine the only orator that was indebted for much of his celebrity, to the practice afforded him by institutions of this nature.

After completing the probatory period fixed for attendance in the Inns of Court, Mr. Erskine was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1778. He did not remain long without a brief, for, on the 24th of November, in that year, we find him astonishing the Court of King's Bench by his courage, and making Westminster Hall ring with his eloquence. His first brief was to defend Capt. Baillie, who, on being removed from the superintendence of Greenwich Hospital, by the Earl of Sandwich, the first Lord of the Admiralty, was charged with having published a libel on that nobleman. It was in the course of this, his first speech at the bar, that Lord Erskine displayed his fearless independence, and laid the foundation of his future greatness. Mr. Erskine attacked, with great severity and with the most pointed sarcasm, the several governors of the hospital, particularly the Earl of Sandwich, and when reminded, by Lord Mansfield, that his lordship was not then before the court, he thus burst forth in the most impassioned eloquence:—

"I know my lord, that he is not formally before the court; but, for that very reason, I will bring him before the court. He has placed these men in the front of the battle, in hopes to escape under their shelter; but I will not join in battle with them; their vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with me. I will drag him to light, who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert, that the Earl of — has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace; and that is, by publicly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring Captain Baillie to his command. If he does this, then his offence will be no more than the too common one, of having suffered his own personal interest to prevail over his public duty, in placing his voters in the hospital. But if, on the contrary, he continues to protect the prosecutors, in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the abhorrence of the numerous audience that crowd this court.—If he keeps this injured man suspended, or dares to turn that suspension into a removal, I shall then not scruple to declare him an accomplice in their guilt—a shameless oppressor—a disgrace to his rank and a traitor to his trust.

"My Lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an advocate alone—I speak to you as a man—as a member of a state, whose very existence depends upon her naval strength. If a misgovernment were to fall upon Chelsea Hospital, to the ruin and discouragement of the army, it would be no doubt to be lamented; yet I should not think it fatal: but if our fleets are to be crippled by the baneful influence of elections, we are lost indeed!—If the seaman, who while he exposes his body to fatigues and dangers—looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity

and old age—sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the riot and mirth of luxurious landmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded helpless companions of his glory,—he will tempt the seas no more. The admiralty may press his body, indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution; but they cannot press his mind—they cannot press the heroic ardour of a British sailor; and, instead of a fleet to carry terror all round the globe, the admiralty may not much longer be able to amuse us, with even the peaceable unsubstantial pageant of a review.

"Fine and imprisonment!—The man deserves a palace, instead of a prison, who prevents the palace, built by the public bounty of his country, from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue."

In the defence of Lord George Gordon, for his share in the riots of 1780, Mr. Erskine commenced his first opposition to the doctrine of constructive treason; he commenced his splendid speech by an ingenious exordium.

"I stand," said he, "much more in need of compassion than the noble prisoner. He rests secure in conscious innocence, and in the assurance that his innocence will suffer no danger in your hands, but I appear before you a young and inexperienced advocate, little conversant with the courts of criminal justice, and sinking under the dreadful consciousness of that inexperience."

Mr. Erskine's duty on this trial was to reply to the evidence, and in no part of his profession did he display greater tact than in this branch of it. Having stated the doctrine of high treason, as established by the celebrated act of Edward III., and as expounded by the best authorities, he made a most dexterous application of those rules to the evidence which had been adduced. Those who study his celebrated speech on this occasion, will observe, with admiration, the subtleties with which he abates the force of the testimony he has to encounter, and the artful eloquence by which he exposes its effects and contradiction, when he abruptly and violently exclaimed—"I say, by God, that man is a ruffian, who, on such evidence as this, seeks to establish a conclusion of guilt."

The sensation produced by this mode of address, which, though not without several examples in Cicero, is not altogether suited to the sober declamation of English eloquence, was extraordinary; and the magic of the voice, the eye, the face, the figure, and the manner in which it was uttered, was quite electrical, and baffled all power of description. The feeling of the moment alone, that sort of sympathy which subsists between an observant speaker and his audience,—which communicates to him, as he goes on, their feelings under what he is saying, deciphers the language of their looks, and even teaches him, without regarding what he sees,—to adapt his words to the state of their minds, by merely attending to his own,—this intuitive and momentary impulse alone could have prompted a flight, which it alone could sustain; and as its failure would have been fatal, so its eminent success must be allowed to rank it among the most famous feats of oratory.

In the defence of Paine, for publishing his "Rights of Man," Mr. Erskine delivered a most powerful address, rich in poetic eloquence. When Mr. Stockdale was prosecuted for a libel on the managers of Mr. Hastings's impeachment, he displayed an eloquence and an ingenuity fully equal to any of his preceding efforts. After shewing how much the imputed atrocities of Mr. Hastings's administration were to be attributed to his instructions, to the policy of Europe in distant countries, and to the tyranny of civilized man, he introduces a personal adventure of his own in North America, as bearing

particularly on the subject. Speaking of the feelings of distant and reluctant nations submitting to our authority, he said,—

"I have heard them, from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by his subjects, addressing the government of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert encroached upon by the restless foot of the English adventurer,—who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself in the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shades of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.

"These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control, where it is vain to look for affection."

In the state trials of 1794, Mr. Erskine, by his talents, not only procured an acquittal of all the prisoners, but he expounded and defined the law of treason so clearly, that he may be said to have saved, by anticipation, the lives of hundreds, who must have suffered had the doctrine of constructive treason, against which he so successfully contended, been established.

But we cannot follow Mr. Erskine through his long and glorious career at the bar, for it would demand from us an account of almost every important trial that occurred during a period of nearly thirty years. On all occasions in which the liberty of the press or trial by jury were to be defended, he was the eloquent and dauntless advocate; nor was he to be deterred from what he conceived to be his duty by any circumstances of a personal nature.

A proof of this occurred on the trial of Paine, to which we have already alluded. On the trial of Horne Tooke, Mr. Erskine declared that a conspiracy was formed among the higher orders to deprive Paine of a British trial: "I assert," said he, "that there was a conspiracy to shut out Mr. Paine from the privilege of being defended; he was to be deprived of counsel; and I, who now speak to you, was threatened with the loss of office if I appeared as his advocate. I was told, in plain terms, that I must not defend Paine. I did defend him, and I lost my office." The office to which Mr. Erskine alluded was that of attorney-general for the Duchy of Cornwall.

Mr. Erskine was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. When on the trial of the Dean of Saint Asaph, for a libel, Judge Buller, his former legal preceptor, interrupted him in his argument, and threatened to compel him to sit down,—Mr. Erskine said, "My lord, I will not sit down. Your lordship may do your duty, but I will do mine." On another occasion he acted equally firm towards Lord Kenyon, and, throughout, the whole of his conduct at the bar appears to have been, as he thus described it in one of his contests with the bench:—"It was," said he, "the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty; and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice, of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

It was not to political subjects that the brilliant powers of Lord Erskine's mind were confined; no lawyer could point out with more eloquence, the happiness of domestic life, or the misery and desolation which follow every violation of it, as his speeches in actions of this kind amply prove.

The political life of Lord Erskine is brief. In the year 1783, he was elected member of parliament for Portsmouth, and continued to possess a seat in the house, until called to the House of Peers, and the woollack at the same time, in February, 1806. His lordship held his office of Lord Chancellor only during the brief administration with the whigs, a party with whom he has always acted, though he was perhaps one of the most liberal of the party, Lord Erskine retired with them, and received the usual pension of 4000*l.* a-year.

As a senator, Lord Erskine did not shine as he did at the bar, though many of his speeches display great eloquence and acuteness, and few members in either house commanded a more respectful attention than his lordship. As a lord chancellor, Lord Erskine's name will not rank high, and few of his decisions are likely to form precedents, but as a man, his memory will be long cherished, for he was honoured in his conduct, amiable in his manners, and firm in his friendships.

Lord Erskine had been nearly half a century absent from Scotland, when, richer in honour and fame than in wealth, he, about four years ago, visited the land of his birth, and a public dinner was given to him at Edinburgh. It was during a second visit to Scotland that he was seized with an inflammation of his chest of which he died, a fortnight ago, at the house of his brother, the Honorable Henry Erskine.

Lord Erskine has been twice married, and has left several children. His lordship was honoured with the order of the thistle by his present Majesty, who always considered Lord Erskine as one of the oldest and most faithful of his friends.—*Literary Chronicle.*

STANZAS ON A DECAYED YEW TREE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

WHILE silent ages glide away,
And turrets tremble with decay,
Let not the pensive muse disdain
The tribute of one humble strain,
To mourn in plaints of pity due
The fate of yonder blasted YEW.

Long blotted from the rolls of time
The day that mark'd thy early prime,
No hoary sage remains to say
Who kindly rear'd thy tender spray;
Who taught its slow-maturing form
From age to age to brave the storm.

Beneath thy widely branching shade
Perchance his weary limbs were laid,
Content, without a stone—to share
The umbrage of thy grateful care;
His utmost wish for thee to shed
Oblivion's dews around his head.

And long thy darkling foliage gave
A hallowed stillness to his grave;
For there—if legend's rightly tell,
No vagrant reptile dar'd to dwell:
Even sprights, by moonlight wont to sleep,
Scar'd at thy presence fled away.

As thus, in contemplative mood
The venerable trunk I view'd,
Forth issuing from the sapless rind
A hoarse voice trembled in the wind.
Amaz'd I stood: and wing'd with fear
These accents caught my wond'ring ear.

Me to the precincts of the place,
That antique hallowed pile to grace,
From native woods, in days of yore,
The fathers of the hamlet bore:
Foster'd by superstition's hand,
A late memorial now I stand.

My spreading shade, extending wide,
The village wonder—and its pride,
I mark'd as years revolv'd, the blow
That laid thy hardest grandsire's low.
Now worn with all-consuming age,—
I yield to Time's relentless rage.

Nor fondly blame, with strain severe,
The simple zeal that plac'd me here,
Nor dare thy fathers to despise,
And deem their upstart sons more wise:
Let self-conviction check thy pride—
To error both too near allied.

Of zeal's unletter'd warmth possess,
Yet still, Religion fir'd their breast;
Frequent the hallow'd court to tread,
Where Mercy bears Repentance plead,—
Constant the grateful hymn to raise,
Our Zion echoed with their praise.

Their sons—superior knowledge boast!
Knowledge how vain! since zeal is lost.
Now gradual, as my branches pine,
I see Devotion's flame decline.
And while, like me, Religion wanes,
Alas! her vestige scarce remains.

(Written for the Iris.)

A WEEK IN LONDON.

(Continued from our last.)

This day was marked out for a journey to Windsor, the *Castle* of which, independent of its antiquity, was then the mournful residence of the best of Kings;—we departed at an early hour, and passed through Brentford, and *Hounslow*, the *Heath* of which is notorious for its robberies and murders: at a small village we took up his Majesty's *bread*, carefully packed in tin cases, and which having always had a predilection for in the days of his vigour, had been furnished him up to that hour, as, through both mental and bodily darkness, he could discriminate between that and other.

On our arrival, and previously to an inspection of the *Castle*, which, it should be remarked, or many miles has a grand and imposing appearance, with the royal standard waving from the round tower, we heard at the Inn many interesting anecdotes of our "*good old King*," and had a personal narrative of his benevolence, from an actual dependant on his bounty. His eccentricities were mixed up with his general character, nay, his very foibles were proverbial; but there was but *one opinion* amongst all, even his enemies, (*if he had any*) as to his meek and generous nature. To this place he has often been known to come on foot from the castle, at the early hour of *five*;—on one of these occasions, he overheard his own servants in the stables disputing about the payment of some *gin*, which they had that morning been indulging in, and giving the landlord the mount, said, "tell them *the King* has settled their dispute, but if they attended to their duties as he does, and abstained from such practices, they might live to be as old as he is." A far stood in the eye of the worthy man as he related it, and communicated itself by sympathy to that of his wife. A visitor to this place I pause some time before he enters the Castle;—there is much to command his silent admiration. It belonged to William the Conqueror

to mark out its intended grandeur, but it remained for George the Third to complete its beauty. There was a party waiting at the gates on our arrival, and amongst the rest, a French Nobleman with a Cross of Honour on his breast. We were shewn through a variety of spacious apartments, till we came to the *Beauty Room*, so designated from having the favourites of Henry the Eighth in miniature;—they are, indeed, justly praised, and if they bear any resemblance to the originals, do justice to the taste of that amorous, but cruel monarch. All the rooms we passed through were boarded with *polished oak*, and *bass matting* to the communicating apartments, his Majesty having a strong objection to *carpets*; but every place had a *time piece*, and most of them a marble bust of the Princess Charlotte.

The ceilings of many of the rooms are beautifully painted, and the King's fondness of the arts is most conspicuous throughout these noble apartments.

We now came to a large mahogany folding door—our guide made a pause; and listened—Reader! *the mightiest Monarch in the world*, was here, pacing in irregular steps, wrapt up in sad but happy insanity, "*ever and anon*" he touched the chords of his piano, then resumed his walk; his beard we understood was of venerable whiteness, flowing down to his chest;—we saw his favourite dish, *the leg of mutton*, come in, and our guide paid a tribute to the excellence of his appetite. Our French companion manifested his sense of the unhappy condition of the British Monarch, for he could not withhold the tributary tear. "He believes," said the guide, "he is always in the company of *Angels*"—happy idea!—we hope that his imagination is realized.

We were next conducted to a large room with a magnificent table in the centre; at each end were laid two flags, by the replacing of which annually, two noble Dukes preserve their titles—those of Marlborough and Wellington, the latter had only recently been placed there, and the French nobleman exclaimed, with a shrug, "*Ah! le Duc de Wellington!*" The Royal Bed-chamber is adjoining this, and is remarkable for the gorgeous tapestry of the curtains; it is the manufacture of ancient days, and not to be equalled now. There are some lovely pictures in this, as in all the rooms, but the Arms of England, in marble, by a youthful sculptor, snatched from oblivion by the King, cannot fail to arrest the attention, and was presented as a grateful tribute to his Royal benefactor. The Terrace is a noble walk, higher than the lofty trees which encompass it, and from hence are clearly seen the "*antique towers*" of Eton College;—this is an interesting object, having been fostered by every succeeding Monarch, but by none more than his late, and present Majesty. The view from hence comprises many counties, and is, without exception, the most enchanting prospect I ever saw—the *role of Clwyd* not excepting. As we repassed through the apartments, the remains of some milk were in a bowl of silver gilt, that his Majesty had just been partaking of, and which I could not resist drinking to his health, for the affection I bore to his amiable character. We were now ushered into a spacious court-yard, and the different residences of the Royal family were described to us, without a permission to enter them, and were thence conducted to St. George's Chapel. This magnificent piece of architecture has improved under the hands of many successive monarchs, and the entrance to it stamps

the mind with a religious awe. There are here many splendid monuments, but one *tearfully* struck us, if I may be allowed to manufacture an expression, which serves to illustrate the heart of that "*good old man*" on a subject that terminated in the subversion of his reason. It is a simple slab of white marble bordered with black, and bears this inscription—

To the Memory of

For fifteen years the faithful Servant of Her Royal Highness
the Princess Amelia,
And who died three days after her.
Erected by the command of His Majesty
King George the Third.

Could any thing speak more for the love of a daughter, the feelings of a father, or the regard for a domestic? for myself every other monument sunk into insignificance in the contemplation of so much virtue—such amiable condescension. I cannot quit his memory hastily, and I may at least be allowed to quote from myself

"Our sighs support thy bier,
And thy best epitaph is—every Briton's Tear."

The stained glass window is an object of great curiosity; the colours are superlatively fine, and were singularly preserved during the Revolution.

But while gazing on this, we were reminded on what we were standing—the entrance to the sepulchre of the *Princess Charlotte*. I must again tear a leaf out of my *own book*; for we had already trodden upon the graves of the illustrious *Pitt*, *Fox*, and *Nelson*, and now we were standing on the consecrated sepulchre of the *Heiress to the British Throne!*

"Lo! the Divine, in deep reflection, cries,
Whilst inspiration moves his sacred tongue,
Earth's highest title ends in—*Here he lies!*
And '*Dust to Dust*' proclaims his noblest song."

This sepulchre is shelled all round, and of late has received many illustrious tenants; it was a mausoleum suggested by his late Majesty, and throughout superintended by him:—when finished he took a survey of it, and placing his cane on the shelf which was to be appropriated to his own coffin, said "Here I shall lie, and I do not think I shall be the *worst* man that will be buried here." The fret work is very exquisitely carved, and the banners of the Knights of the Bath add a solemnity to the whole. The organ is a very superior instrument, and has often been the solace of our lamented Monarch, who was by no means an indifferent performer.

We arrived in London time enough to pay a visit to the *King's Bench*, the rules or liberties of which are very extensive, but which are only to be obtained by satisfactory security. This is the place to see *real* "*LIFE IN LONDON*," from the pampered voluptuary to the desolate mechanic. It comprehends within its walls, a Green Market, a Butcher's Market, and a Fish Market—with all the *et cetera* which would form a *village*. The game of *tennis* is the chief amusement here, and is played in high perfection. Visitors to this place should be cautious—the traps laid for the unwary are ingenious and multifarious.

OPTICS AND CHARACTERS.

Stampering down St. James's-street the other day, with little occupation either for mind or body, I met with a fashionable friend, who, after a thousand expressions of delight at seeing me, and almost as many apologies for having only five minutes to speak to me, begged I would accompany him to a shop close by, where he must positively go without delay; "for," added he, looking at an eye-glass that was suspended round his neck by a chain of exquisite workmanship,

"this glass is absolutely too antique to be endured an hour longer, I must go to Rubergall's immediately and get something that will look a little more *comme il faut*!"

As I knew that my friend only wore the glass for fashion's sake, and not from any defect of vision, I was not a little surprised that he had not rather chosen Hamlet's than Rubergall's, as I thought that the jeweller's would have been a lounge better suited to one of his taste and pursuits than the mathematical recesses of the optician. But I soon found that novelty was the charm that brought the young idler to this abode of science, and that as there was no likelihood of his ever having any other occasion of entering its learned bound, he was glad of the opportunity afforded him by making a trifling purchase, of examining the many wonders of optical inventions, and of willing away an hour that might otherwise have hung heavily on his hands. I was almost ashamed of the trouble that he delighted in giving, and of the many puerile inquiries he made concerning every article that was exhibited for his inspection; and was really surprised at the number of curious instruments that were spread before him, ere his inquisitive spirit was satisfied.

Being rather apt to carry my thoughts farther than is common, or perhaps useful, I soon began to consider the variety of Glasses that were here displayed, with reference to the characters by whom they would probably be used, and thus in a manner identified these characters with the glasses themselves. Thus, the eye-glass, made more for ornament than use, conveyed to my mind the exact idea of my Friend, who by the occasional aid of a convenient shortness of sight, could, with the most perfect good breeding, pass by a very particular friend, if he were not dressed precisely as a man of fashion ought to be; or if he happened to encounter him at a time when he did not desire his company.—The Opera-glass, which in all its infinite varieties was laid before him, reminded me of the Critic, who can never be satisfied with a mere casual view, and must always inquire into the intrinsic merits of every thing that meets his eye; and, whether in the decorations of a theatre, the painting of a fine picture, or the architecture of a noble building, must always refer the decision of merits to the theory of taste and the rule of art. Microscope, the investigating, the scrutinising, the minute microscope, was the Virtuoso; the shell gatherer, the fossil fancier, the collector of coins; the searcher into the beauties of a fly's wing, the forceps of a spider, and the eyes of a magnified ant: The Telescope, which, unable to notice the objects that immediately surround it, always turns its light to prospects which distance alone renders worthy of its observation, was the coxcomb Traveller, who, despising his native land, its beauties, and its comforts, is ever wandering into foreign countries, in search of something to admire: or it might more strongly resemble the Poet, whose excursive fancy ranges with equal facility over earth, air, and sea. The night Telescope, contrived solely for the votaries of Urania, could be no other than the Astronomer, who prefers winter to summer, because the nights are longer; to whom daylight is tedious and uninteresting, and who hails the rising of the evening star almost as fervently as the Persians worship the sun. The darkened or smoked Glass, used for looking at the eclipsed sun, I did not at first apply to any character, but, determining that it should not be omitted, I fancifully converted it into the envious being, who, when a man of talent is under a cloud, will add to the shade by which he is enveloped, because the brightness of his genius has thrown his humble abilities into deeper obscurity. The Green Glasses, the preservers of the feeble sight, were very like people of weak minds, who must bring every thought and action to their own tone, before they can see or understand them.

My attention was next attracted to a pair of spectacles of a very strong magnifying power; which my companion in his idle folly chose to try on, when he was told that they were for extreme old age, and he seemed to please himself with calculating on the length of time that would elapse before he should be obliged to have recourse to them. These suggested to me the idea of a captions and querulous Old Age; which, though surrounded by infirmities and afflictions, yet adds to the heavy load that oppresses it, by aggravating every inconvenience, and enlarging every trifling ail-

ment. I almost grew sad as I contemplated the picture of human suffering that I had brought so forcibly before my "mind's eye"—and was sinking into a deep reverie, when a loud laugh from my friend changed the current of my thoughts, and I found that he was amusing himself with the grotesque figures of some cleverly designed Magic Lantern Glasses, and instantly I flew from the decrepit and peevish old invalid, to the merry companion, the wit, the satirist, who turns every thing into a jest, to whom life is a perpetual round of gaiety and good humour, and who sets every character in the most ridiculous point of view, by the aid of a false light and a little exaggeration.

THE CLUB.

No. XXXVII.—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1823.

To the Members of the Club at the Green Dragon.

GENTLEMEN,—It has afforded me more pleasure than I have experienced for some time to observe that you have resumed your literary labours. I unite my wishes to those of a great number of your readers that neither the ill health of your respectable chairman, nor any other unfortunate circumstance, may deprive the public for a considerable period at least, of the benefit of your interesting lucubrations.

You are not to infer that because few persons have come forward to offer you their assistance, that, therefore, there are but few who can appreciate the merit of your productions. As I have perhaps had greater opportunities of ascertaining the state of public opinion, permit me to redeem the town from the imputation that it would lie under if it should appear to be insensible of your merits. A very worthy motive to which I can do no more than allude, has probably prevented some of your best friends from relieving your labours by the substitution of their own. But I, gentlemen, am oppressed by but few scruples which are calculated to shew that I have formed a mean estimate of my own powers; and I have, therefore, the vanity to hope that my assistance, which it will be my pride to furnish, will not be altogether unacceptable, though my style, as well as that of some other scribblers of greater notoriety, has not received the unqualified approbation of the Club at the Green Dragon. My vanity, which my friends are pleased to assure me is my principal defect, was still gratified by your notice; and because I cannot be persuaded to conceal this foible of my nature, a quizzical friend of mine told me the other day, that, in this particular I resembled an interesting young lady of his acquaintance, who has no weak point in her appearance except her forehead, and yet is so very destitute of that native shrewdness which distinguishes her sex, as to range her hair so as to have it completely exposed. My friend read to her in vain the passage in one of your essays in which you caution your fair readers against leaving themselves so open to the impertinent examination of the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim, whose scrutiny might be so easily set at defiance by those graceful curls which might increase the personal charms of a lovely female. As I am sorry to observe that the fashion in question is rather general, I hope you will give the ladies some advice upon the subject. If they still persist, I fear that France or some other nation which we have been accustomed to despise on this account, will, notwithstanding the great natural advantages in our favour, bear away from us the palm of beauty. Let me remind our fair townswomen of a criterion which you stated in your paper on straight waists, when you appealed to the high authority of the artists,

who have certainly never yet thought of drawing a nymph, a naiad or a grace, or, indeed, any thing better than a cassandra with a bare forehead. Only think how fatal it might be to expose the wrinkle which a curl would charmingly conceal! Besides, there is another circumstance of which the ladies seem to be very little aware; I mean the disclosure of their favourite secret, since there is no fashion by which their ages may be so easily discovered. I once knew a single lady who, for many years, passed off for five and twenty; but being resolved, on an unlucky occasion, to adopt the fashion of exposing her forehead, she, at the same time exposed her age, and was obliged ever after to submit to be treated as an old maid,—but I am unconsciously taking the subject into my own hands when I only intended to draw your attention to it.

You sometime ago made your readers a promise which I regret that you have so long delayed to perform. It was your intention you stated to give some further account of the different clubs which had been visited by the member whose adventures are related in your third number. As this is a season of the year at which clubs of every kind are generally formed, some observations on the subject from the Green Dragon might be productive of good effects, in giving a direction to public mind. The Card-Clubs, which have, I am assured, already become very numerous, deserves your representation in particular; for they not only engender angry passions and other injurious excitements; they not only cause discord among the best friends, and promote private scandal; but, if I am not greatly misinformed, they were latterly so organized by designing persons, as to occasion much pecuniary inconvenience to individuals and in some cases to whole families. It has even been whispered that Mrs. —, who, during the last winter, played at cards oftener, it is suspected, than she did any thing better, was obliged to use paint to conceal the feelings which would otherwise have been exposed in the altered complexion of her once sweet and blooming countenance.

Hoping to see your attention very soon directed to this subject and to others by which the public taste may be improved, I remain, gentlemen, your well wisher and ready assistant.

ANTHONY PRUDENT.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

By Mrs. Barbauld, written in her 60th year.

When life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seiz'd some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful then it is to die!

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah! then how easy 'tis to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,—
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'Tis Nature's precious boon to die!

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

Here I am again.

- - Fol-de-rol de-rol-lol, fol-de-rol-de-ray. Ha! how are you, Mr. Editor?—here I am again, as staunch an old blade as ever knock'd a cock-maggot out of a king's biscuit, or shook a mosquito by the ears. Aye, aye, you may talk of your Penny-rammers and your Mar-maids in Chancery, your Mix-i-can scenes and Cracker-acts of the Ganges; but what are they to the sights I've seed in my life? This is a comical out-of-the-way world I must needs own, for a man no sooner dowses his coat than somebody else is ready to put it on, and swear point-blank they have had it ever since it was a jacket. Howsomer that says nothing:—here I am again, and if you wants a few more tough yarns from the same winch, I'm your boy. What! did you think I was going to desert? Lord love you, old Jack never was the lad to flinch from his gun or forsake his colours. Let but Humanity beat to quarters and Benevolence take command, I'm on deck in a minute, and clear for action. So you see here I am again—none of your Tom-Coxes-traverse gentry, no one hatchway, down tober—in every body's mess and nobody's watch. No, no, all fair and square by the lifts and braces, that's poor Jack's plan. None of tea-for-two and toast-for-six without a friend to share it. Give me the feeling heart and the helping hand adorned with the richest of all earthly gems, the sparkling tear of gratitude; and this puts me in mind of a circumstance that happened the other day—There, don't be in a hurry, you gentlemen of the press are so impatient. "Let me gang ma ain gait," as old Hameish says; that is, hobble along as well as I can. You forget I've got one leg in the grave, and the other is longing to be with his mate; but wait a wee, wait a wee, Mr Editor, and you shall have it as clear as ink can make it. Why, d'ye see, an old messmate of mine got married some years ago, and what then?—why, he'd a whole troop of children before he could look round him, and that's poor work upon three farthings a year, and receive it quarterly—it made him calculate his vulgar fractions. Howsomer he struggled with his difficulties, kiss'd his wife, nursed the bairns, and turned a penny when he could get it. Well, d'ye see, about six weeks ago he was sitting on the bench a-top of One-tree-hill in the Park, in a lack-a-day-sigh-cal manner, swinging one leg for pastime, and beating a tattoo upon the other, occasionally picking his teeth to clear them of the remains of a chesnut dinner. (By the bye they're good for nothing this year, and so our dessert's spoiled.) His last shilling was confounded restless, and had been driven from pocket to pocket undergoing fifty examinations to ascertain whether it was a good-oun. He was giving it another twirl in the air, when a poor ragged Tar ranged up alongside, and dowsing his truck, supplicated charity. He had not been accustomed to beg, for his head hung down with shame, without raising his eyes to the person he implored; and he was actually wearing round to sheer off without having his petition answered, when my messmate sprang up, grasp'd his hand—"What, Johnson, my worthy old soul, come to this!"—Aye, aye, Mr. T—(said the veteran,) needs must when the old-in drives; and I'm sure, of all the foul fiends hunger's the worst. But what's the use of distressing you with my complaints? I know you've a generous heart, and will only make you more unhappy, 'cause you can't relieve them. Heaven knows half-pay's little enough or a wife and family, for I hears you're married.—"Why aye, Johnson, I have a family, and they are so dear to my heart that I wouldn't part with one of them o be made Lord High Admiral, though I confess I'm often obliged to sail c'ose-haul'd to get 'em a meal. However they will dine hearty to-day, God bless 'em! and so, my old boy, you shall share all I have in the world; and for to-morrow—why aye—to-morrow—no matter, Providence will never see that man wreck'd on a lee shore that takes in a tow an old shipmate in stress; so come along, Johnson—remember 'There's sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.' Come along, y old worthy,—a crust of bread and cheese, and a lass of grog to the King, will bowse all taut and get

us in good sailing trim." And away they started for the town.—For several weeks after this, poor T—got lower and lower, and his half-pay was spent. Reduced to the greatest straits, in hourly expectation of being ejected from his lodgings for rent, his heart was fill'd with bitterness. A few days ago, having failed in an effort to procure a supply, he returned home half distracted. His wife sat, in calm dejection, with an infant cradled in her arms that vainly sought for nourishment, but not a tear, not a sigh, not a look escaped to wound the susceptible mind of her husband: the arrow rankled within, but the little innocents around were crying for food. (Oh what a scene was this for a parent! "Almighty Ruler! (exclaimed T—) what have I done to merit thy wrath—why pour out the phials of indignation on my helpless offspring!" But a look from his partner calm'd the intemperance of the moment, and folding his hands upon his breast, he bowed his head with pious resignation—"Father, forgive!—not my will but thine be done!"—Sir, you're wanted, (said the landlady of the house, tapping at the door,) there's the postman with a letter for you.—"I have no money, my love, to pay for it, (said T—to his wife:) what's to be done?"—The postage is paid, (said the listening landlady;) I supposes they knew you were down in the mouth." His heart was wrung too bitterly to heed this sore bit, and hastening to the door, "Be you Mister Squire T—, of the Royal Navy? (titter'd the man)—be you the gemman?"—"I suppose that letter is designed for me, (taking it); yes, 'tis right." He returned to his room. "Who is it from?" inquired his wife. "I know not, (said he,) 'tis very carefully sealed at both ends; but the writing and direction lead me to imagine 'tis from some poor fellow that needs assistance like myself. Oh that the time should ever arrive that I'm debar'd the satisfaction of succouring a friend in distress! (He pass'd his hand across his face)—Well, open it and see." He unfolded the sheet, when the first thing that was presented to his sight was a Five Pound Note. Only those who have felt the pinching pangs of poverty, and witness'd the wants of those so dear to their hearts, without a shot in the locker, grasping at the last beam of expiring hope—only those can tell what the sensations are when unexpected, unlook'd-for succour comes. He fell upon his knees—his wife clung round his neck—the children gather'd round, while he pour'd forth his heart in gratitude to Heaven. The letter ran thus:

"DR SUR URE ONNER—This kums hoping to find u well, nd to let u see the gud tun n did oud Johnson wull niver skip from his hart—fast i kud get—bownd to Ingee—dout hundestan letter righting—God bless u—
OULD JOHNSON."

Need I tell you what follow'd? Oh no, you can picture it yourself. Worthy soul! may he never want a friend in this world, and have his name enter'd on the Book of Life in another and a better. Poor T—! we were shipmates together in the flag-ship under Lord H—, and that comical dog, Billy C—, was in the same mess. Billy was upwards of fifty; and though he had had several commissions, threw them all np, preferring rather to be honoured as the oldest midshipman in the service, than be pointed at as the youngest lieutenant. He was a great favorite with the Admiral, to whom he was distantly related. Just after we had refitted at Plymouth, orders came down for the fleet to sail. Up went blue Petre, and all hands prepared to pay their tailors' bills with the flag-end of the fore-top-sail sheet; for they knew by going to sea in his debt, he'd never cease praying for a fair wind to bring 'em home again. Well, d'ye see, Billy was ashore, and no one could discover where he was stowed; but the Admiral, unwilling to leave him behind, requested the Lieutenant on duty to ferret him out and get him aboard. This was no easy task; and Mr. E—, after overhauling about fifty houses, was returning to make his report, when passing a door in — street, he heard the well-known voice singing, with great glee—

"Then hant away, pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go."

Passing through the outer room and entering the kitchen, there sat Billy very comfortable by the fire, with one hand turning the spit to his own music, and with the other basting a fine fat goose that was roasting. His gold-laced cock'd hat ornamented the handle of a saucepan, his side-arms hung pendant from the leg of a grid-

iron, and his uniform coat and waistcoat dangled from the same peg with an old warming-pan—

"We're in for it now, 'tis a folly boys,
To be down-hearted, yo-ho!"

But observing the Lieutenant enter, his song ceased. "What cheer—what cheer? Glad to see you. What, are you come to dine with me?"—No, Sir, (replied E—, scarcely able to refrain from a roar of laughter,) No, Sir; I come with the Admiral's orders for you to go on board.—"What, and leave the goose?"—"Come, come, Mr. C—, be serious; there's the signal for sailing at the mast-head, and the fleet are order'd to sea directly."—"Well, tell them to wait till the goose is done."—"Nonsense! would you skulk ashore when, perhaps, we may fall in with the enemy, and bring some of them home with us?"—"Why, not altogether that; but the goose will be spoil'd, for there's not a soul in the house beside myself."—"Oh never mind the goose, you'll take that with you. But come, bear a hand, you have already incur'd the Admiral's displeasure, and surely you wouldn't act ungratefully to him who has always behaved so generously to you."—"Touch my honour, touch my life. No, I'll only get a fresh scrape and a paint, clap my rigging over the mast-head, and then we'll make sail together; but the goose will be burned."—"Confound the goose! (said E—, stripping off his coat)—Look smart, and I'll turn the spit till somebody comes; and down he sat. Away went Billy, having mounted his uniform, to call the mistress of the house, and get shaved; but scarce had he turned the corner of the street when he ran full butt against the Admiral. "Halloo, Mr. C—! (said his Lordship,) I understa d your leave of absence is expired: what are you doing ashore?"—"I don't know, my Lord, I've been very unwell these two days—confined by a room-a-tism."—"Those are idle excuses, Sir. Pray have you seen Mr. E—? Ah, now, if I could see you copy that young man, what satisfaction and pleasure it would afford me!" Billy shrugg'd his shoulders and laugh'd. "What insolence is this, Sir! (said his Lordship)—I cannot express my indignation. Tell me directly—Have you seen that gentleman?" laying a particular stress on the last word. "Yes, my Lord, (replied Billy,) and so may you if you go to N—there," pointing down the street. "What do you mean, Sir?—your insinuations are base. But come, Sir, I'll be satisfied—show me the way; and Billy conducted his Lordship to the door. But what was the Admiral's surprise and chagrin to see the person he had just been commending busily engaged in attending the sputtering bird, now almost burnt to a cinder! His back was towards them, but hearing some one behind, and concluding it was the proprietor of the rookery—"Come along, old Bet, a pretty kettle of fish I've made of it!—there's the fleet getting under weigh, and old shiver-the-wind will give me a sermon as long as the main-top bow-line. Here's the goose as brown as a berry, and I've burnt my fingers with the ladle." This was too much for Billy—he roared till his sides shook. But who can paint the astonishment and embarrassment of the young Lieutenant, on turning round and seeing who was present! "Old shiver-the-wind is greatly obliged to you, Mr. E—, (said his Lordship, bowing and walking off); and now I shall know in whom to place confidence again. Make haste down to the barge, and wait till I come;" and away he went. "What's the matter, what's the matter, Mr. E—? (said Billy, almost convulsed with laughter on seeing the young Officer throw himself into the chair in an agony)—What's the matter? Why, the Admiral knows that Spit-head's a naval station, and you are always fond of imitating the philosophers of grease."—"I'll have satisfaction, Mr. C—; this is your doing."—"So you shall, so you shall, (spreading a large sheet of brown paper, and packing the goose up in it.) You put the goose upon me, you know—I clapp'd it upon you—and now we'll go and saddle it upon the Admiral;" and off they set for the boat. His Lordship soon joined them, and the boat shoved off. "What, what is this smell, Coxswain?" inquired the Admiral. "'Tis Mr. E—'s goose, my Lord," said Billy. "How is this that you dare to presume upon my indulgence?"—"Indeed, my Lord, I—I—the goose—I—I—!" replied the stammering Lieutenant. "The goose—I—I!" (reiterated his Lordship,) what do you mean, Sir?" But Billy, seeing he had run his cable out to the clinch,

and that the old gentleman began to get serious, made a thousand apologies, and explained the whole business, taking the blame to himself, and respectfully entreating pardon where he had so often obtained it before. But 'twas not till the general action fought soon after that the Admiral was any way reconciled. "How these balls hiss," said E—to Billy, both stationed on the quarter-deck. "Aye, aye, (retorted Billy)—Aye, aye, it puts one in mind of the goose."—"So, (exclaimed his Lordship, who had overheard it, and turn'd short round)—So you can't forget the goose, Mr. C.—Well, well, baste the French as well as you did the goose, and I shall be satisfied." A few minutes afterward, and the enemy dropt along side. The boarders came rushing from their quarters, when Billy snatch'd up a cutlass, and springing from the nettings on to the Frenchman's deck, roared out, waving his sword, "Here's my spit; ev'ry mon his bird, and I'll tak gibbie;" and cutting down all before him, though severely wounded, fought his way to the taffaril. E—was close at his side, and together they dowsed the colours, amid three cheers from all who witnessed the exploit. The cheers were returned by the boarding party, for the finest ship in the enemy's squadron was now their own; and many an old goose* at Greenwich lives to tell the tale.

AN OLD SAILOR.

* Goose, a nickname given to the pensioners.

MOSQUITOS.

adit iter liquidum celeres neque commovet alas.—VIRG.

I was very tired, and went to bed about eleven. It was a hot summer night, and so light was my room with the soft yellow beams of the moon, that it was long before I could win "nature's sweet restorer" to my eyelids. As I am a gentleman of an exceedingly thoughtful disposition, I was not at a loss for amusement. I began to run over the events of the day that was gone; and after some little preamble, my meditations gathered around the pretty form of a certain lady of our city,* and I lulled myself into a gentle slumber by thinking of her. I lay for some time in that most luxurious state between sleeping and waking—just on the boundary line of mortality—with half my senses yet clinging to this earth, and the rest already beginning to rove in the lightness of freedom through the realms of fancy. I was indeed in a most delightful state of mind, and scarcely felt the couch that gave rest to my weary frame. Fairy visions, beautiful as the hues of the rainbow, floated in mine imagination. The conceptions of fancy embodied themselves—the very wishes of my waking moments were half accomplished; and I became as it were the mighty ruler of a world of mine own. Sometimes I thought I was falling through the immensity of space, and passed by planets in my way; but it was pleasant to me, and I seemed to be wheeling in graceful circles in the air, as in my younger days I have seen the eagle do, far away in the calm sky. Sometimes I thought I was sporting in the green meadow, romping and racing with the most lovely maidens that I had ever beheld; and in a "*proh pudor*" I dreamed I was actually kissing Mrs. L—. In short, gentle reader, some kind spirit had lifted me far above the scenes of earthly degradation, and I was revelling in the gay pleasures of another world.

At length my fancy began to cut terrible capers. The pretty girls—the green meadows—and Mrs. L—'s rosy lips—passed away; and methought I beheld a battle. I stood upon the brow of a rugged mountain. The sea dashed and foamed on one side, and the crash of war arose on the other. The wind blew in roaring whirlwinds, and bore the white foam of the

ocean in snowy wreaths along the air. The sky was blacking with huge clouds, that rolled like a troubled ocean immediately over our heads. The lightning burst through the gloom in bright sheets of fire, or quivered in terrible lustre along the dark sky, as though its mighty vault had been rent in twain. The thunder crashed along the heavens with a noise as if ten thousand worlds had tumbled together and shivered into ruins. I turned mine eye from the stormy clouds to gaze upon the fight. I saw warriors bestriding fiery horses—they rushed over the shrieking bodies of the dying, and mingled their might in one terrible thunder of ruin. Sabres flashed—the thunder and the cannon shook the earth with their mingled tumult. Shrieks, shouts, and the clashing of arms, sounded in mine ear, and I was about to fly away from the scene, when I saw in the very midst of the battle, the form of a beautiful woman: her raven ringlets were streaming in the wind, and her white hands uplifted in terror at the desolation around. I was rushing to her relief, when I saw a huge ruffian approach to her side—he seized her silken ringlets—he tore them from her head—and dared, in the insolence of his triumph, to grasp her throat; and the shriek, that arose above the storm of war, was answered by a laugh. Another, and another, roughly seized the beautiful being: until I shouted revenge, and rushed to her rescue. Many a bright blade flashed around me, many a swift bullet whizzed by mine ear, but I tore the falchion from the clenched hand of a dying wretch, and mingled in the battle. The lofty figures of my enemies bore back at my approach. I cut my way to the terrified girl: and when she saw her brutal insulters gnashing their teeth at my feet—she sprang to my side, and clung to my bosom. A giant monster struck at her white forehead. I turned my wrath on him—his blade shivered into a thousand atoms—I cleaved his coward skull to the jaw, and he fell shrieking from his horse. Dreadful were my struggles—terrible was my revenge. I bore her back amidst the maddened fury of all around—sprang with my lovely burden upon a fleet steed; the noble animal fled like the wind; the clouds disappeared as we rode; the sun shone again in bright cheerfulness—the birds sung music to our way—and in a few moments methought we were in one of the most beautiful countries I ever saw, and heard the clang of war only as some gentle breeze bore it at intervals to our ear. Reader, reader, who shall tell the happiness of my bosom, when I bore my pretty maiden from the saddle, and felt that we were free! Roses clustered in blushing wreaths around us, and perfumed breezes kissed away the drops that exertion had gathered to my brow. I looked upon the being I had rescued; and, looking—I loved. She smiled upon me—her lips parted—she was beginning to speak, when the voice of a distant trumpet broke upon our ears. Nearer, and more near, came the fatal sound; sometimes breathing soft music, but as it approached it gave a long loud thundering twang, and—I awoke. The fairy scene vanished; but the sound of the trumpet continued. I lifted myself in my couch—and, gracious fathers! it was a mosquito! a little vile rascally mosquito was flourishing in all the glory of long legs and sharp sting, around the very pinnacle of mine unhappy nose!

Now, was ever such a misfortune? To be dragged down from the fairy realms of imagination—from blushing cheeks and blushing roses—from fame—and victory—and love—to be torn away from these pleasures by the humming of a

mosquito! at whose approach the enchanted spell was broken, and every vestige of my happy vision melted away—it was too bad—it was miserable. I lay upon my couch in a state of most pitiable melancholy, mourning over the sad certainty that I was only my poor humble self—that I had not been the wonder of the world—that I had not even *seen* a battle. I had not rescued lovely innocence from ruin; and instead of cleaving the brutal ruffian from his stead, I had been, in all human probability, flourishing away at my poor unoffending bed-post, or heating, mayhap, the meek and unresisting form of my own pillow.

Pity me, indulgent reader; but do not laugh when I assure you, upon mine honour, I was exceedingly indignant; and what increased my passion to a most alarming degree, was the fact that the little rascal kept humming about my face—now sailing around mine ear—then cutting a few flourishes about my nose—and sometimes, with the most perfect *sang froid*, alighting upon my very cheek. I struck my face with all my might, in hopes of crushing the intruder to death, but he escaped from the blows, and all their fury fell upon myself. I began to be outrageous, and had already fretted myself into a copious perspiration, when to my inexpressible delight, the fury of the besieger abated—I heard his hum dying away in the distance—feebly, and more feeble, it just reached mine ear—and I could distinguish it no more.

I flung myself upon my pillow, and after a few moments repose, a gentle slumber began again to steal over my senses—mine eyes closed; the miseries of mankind were again passing rapidly from my recollection; my spirit began again to float through the creation of fancy, and mingle with the visionary wonders of the dreaming world. I was just forgetting myself and all my sorrows, when—"terrible fate," the approaching music of my long-legged friend was audible away off in the farthest corner of the room; and, to my utter consternation, I could distinguish the varied hum of several of his companions. The persecuted Frenchman, when he beheld, for the fifth time, the exulting phiz of his waggish pursuer, and exclaimed in the miserable consternation of his half-broken heart, "Begar; here's Monsieur Tonson once again," did not feel half the vexation experienced from my nocturnal visitor. In the name of comfort, thought I, when will misfortune end? Gently and playfully sported the little fellows, before they thought fit in their wisdom to sit down to supper. They sailed round and round; now retiring, so as to flatter my mind with the vain hope that they were leaving me for ever; and then coming boldly within an inch of my nose. Unhappy man, thought I, upon what trifles does your peace depend. I called my stoicism to my aid, and determined to sleep in spite of them. Yes, thought I, without opening mine eyes, for I was very sleepy with all my vexation, I will not let so small a trouble cause a single sorrowful—I was interrupted in my soliloquy by a sharp sting on my forehead, upon which my philosophy and equanimity vanished, I was compelled to act upon the defensive. I tried to catch some of them as they flew by me. I whirled around the clothes, in hopes of burying them in its folds. Alas! alas! I had no sooner composed myself to rest again, under the foolish supposition that I had driven them away, than the same everlasting hum came whizzing about mine ears, and sailing in the most provoking composure around every feature of my face. At length I sprang out of bed in despair—opened the windows and doors of my

* New York.

room, and paced the floor in angry sleeplessness. A gentle breeze came murmuring into the chamber, and bore away my tormentors. I looked out upon the silent world. The beautiful streaks of morning were just stretching along the eastern sky. I felt a little soothed by the beauty of the scene; my irritation gradually subsided—I flung myself again on my couch, and the bright beams of the morning sun awoke me from a refreshing slumber. When I arose, I happened to cast my eyes upon the white washed ceiling, and there I beheld a mosquito reposing his delicate frame, after the fatigues of the night. I mounted a table and two chairs—softly and carefully raised my extended palm, and gave a most terrible slap. There was blood on the place when I got down, and happening to look in the glass, I found my teeth set together, in a most revengeful manner.

MARY M'CLEOD.

"O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the unrequited hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of Seraphs whispers peace to thine!"

The wisdom of the Persian adage—"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end," need not be illustrated better than by the catastrophe of the following melancholy story, in which the eloquence of Sterne could hardly be required to render its termination additionally appalling;—fiction need not lend her aid to render the colouring more attractively impressive.

It was hardly possible to imagine the existence of a more amiable spirit than that which actuated the conduct of the charming Mary M'Cleod. The circle of friends which had assembled at the house of her uncle, at Lubec, in Danish Pomerania, was composed of rather a large family circle of the youth of both sexes, and they formed a constellation of no ordinary interest; for there was more than one youthful Tyro of the number, of acknowledged talents, and yet none whose acquired principles could render the fondest parent solicitous to prevent the object of its affections from being blasted by its contagious influence. Amid all their dancing and revelry—in the deepest warmth of sparkling disputation—Mary M'Cleod always held a foremost rank; and, without intruding herself forward as the arbitress of any other person's opinion, she in reality gave a tone to that of the whole—for those who could not be convinced by the strength of her reasoning, were always ready to admire the manner in which it was delivered, and were always willing to believe that her eyes said less than her other arguments.

Boasting, one evening, how little she was subject to the impressions of fear, it was resolved, by her thoughtless juvenile associates, that an attempt should be made to expose what they considered vanity in the extreme; with this view, after some consultation, they resolved to introduce into her bed a portion of a human skeleton, with its head reclining upon a pillow, imagining that, when the unfortunate subject of this memoir should undraw the curtains of her bed, an involuntary scream would expose that even her fears could be easily worked upon. They listened, when she had retired from the dance, with no ordinary silence; but for such an exclamation they listened in vain; no scream—not the least sound was heard;—the light of the lamp, too, was extinguished, after a seem-

ingly long interval, and all was apparently buried in a profound, uninterrupted silence. Concluding, therefore, that the fearless maiden had seen the skull, and removed it in silence, they retired with some little disappointment at the ill success of the plan they had laid to alarm her. In truth, Mary M'Cleod had not seen the horrid spectacle; she reposed in the same bed with a human skull, totally ignorant of so appalling a sight, and slept as sound as innocence always will, in peace by its side. The moon rising during the night, shed its rays through the window of her room, full upon the head of the skeleton, presenting an object barely visible to the eye, and for that reason more horribly awful than language could attempt to describe, more especially as there were no objects distinctly present to the eye which could dispel any dreadful illusion which such a spectacle, under such circumstances, could give rise to. Upon this scene, arranged by an unfortunate occurrence of events, as if laid out by the hand of a demon, beamed the bright eye of Mary M'Cleod, as she awoke from a dream—fell like the sparkling eye of an angel hovering over chaos. The shock was too exquisitely horrible to be endured; her fine spirits could not withstand the blow; and but a few minutes sufficed to convert the soaring spirit of her whose wit had lately abashed even the most presumptuous, into that wild horror-stricken essence which directed the wild motions of a beautiful unfortunate maniac.

Listen, said the wife of the worthy host, a physician of long practice in the most benevolent of the sciences—Listen to that curious, long-continued laugh! it is surely the laugh of your favourite, Mary M'Cleod! in a few moments all the inmates of the house were assembled at the door of the room, which contained the beautiful form from whence this wild laughing emanated; it paused for a few moments, and then again proceeded—again it ceased, and all became silent as the grave. Again the laugh went on—no entreaties could stop it—all questions passed away unheeded. It sounds, said one of the servants, as if it was approaching the window. This suggestion roused the weeping energy of the worthy doctor: he hastily burst open the door, and rushed into the room; but his benevolence came too late, for the unfortunate subject of the story had precipitated herself to the ground, and was borne back, by her agonized companions, more dead than alive. The doctor soon foresaw that the injury she had received would render all care useless—death had marked her for his own. The incessant care, however, which was bestowed upon her, brought her from a state of torpor to some little feeling. Her half-dead attendants had yet a hope for the best; but death came on apace—no balm could cure an injured frame, whose angelic spirit was, if possible, still more dreadfully wounded—her days of suffering were therefore few; and on the morning in which she fled into the field where folly never riots, the bright spark of reason returned to her once again—all her powers of mind came back with renewed strength; and calling around her the weeping group, with whom she had parted but a few evenings before, she begged of them to forget her fate as completely as she forgave those who were the unintentional cause of her death. Do not imagine, said the retiring angel—do not for one moment believe that I am sorry that the period is come when I shall be set free from a pilgrimage which might, perhaps, have ended still more unfortunately, and might not have afforded so useful an example of the

dangers of working upon the fears of any one; nor should I have been so tried, had not my vanity laid claim to what no one ever possessed—a total absence of all fear. In all future periods, amid the gay scenes of life, when anger shall prompt you, you may recollect to forgive others as Mary M'Cleod forgave you; and if ever my spirit shall be deputed again to visit the earth, I shall, perhaps, be that very attendant spirit, who, at that very moment, will bring back to your recollection the fate of Mary M'Cleod.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IMPROVED LAMP.

M. Fresnal has lately constructed, in France, lamps on the principle of M. Argand; but having, instead of one circular wick, two or three of such, concentrically placed, and admitting up a free current of air between each wick. The perfect combustion produced by the great heat and free access of air, to the oil thus volatilized at top of the wicks, is said to be productive of very great advantages, as to perfection and economy of light. Flat wicks have for a long time in this country been placed side by side, and near to each other, with similar advantages, by Major Cochrane and others.

VARIETIES.

SWALLOWING SWORDS.

It is not generally known, says a correspondent, that the juggling part of swallowing a sword, which has just produced so fatal a result to an awkward practitioner, and which Ramo Samee previously exhibited with so much eclat, is a very ancient conjuring trick, as appears from the following curious passage in Plutarch; "From hence resulted the pithiness of the Laconian speech, an instance of which we have in King Agis, who, when a pert Athenian laughed at their short swords, and said that the jugglers and mountebanks swallowed such upon the stage, answered him, 'Short as they are, we can give our enemies a home thrust with them.'"—*Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.*

SELFISHNESS.

Some persons (we hope the number is small) seem perfectly callous to every thing, which does not immediately touch their own persons. Sympathy is a stranger to their bosoms; love and friendship, and every other generous sentiment, is as incomprehensible to them, as the theory of light and shade is to a blind man.

A man of this description, who was visiting the Vatican at Rome, "after staring some time, with marks of terror, at the Laocoon group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh, 'Egad, I was afraid these serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me! but I am happy to recollect they are of marble.'"—"I thank you, sir, most heartily," said another spectator, "for putting me in mind of that circumstance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for these two youths."

A COMMON TUNE.

A lady the other day, who had made some progress on the piano, and whose vanity prompted her to display proficiency on every possible occasion, asked another who was sitting by her, if she knew what she was playing? "I do," answered her friend, "you play it very often." "But what is it called?" "The fool," returned the other.

PORTRAIT.

"Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who showed him a portrait that he had just finished; "I have made that attempt already," replied the painter, "but, what the picture gained in expression, it lost in likeness; and by the time there was a little common sense in the countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore, to make an entire new picture, with the face perfectly like, and perfectly meaningless as you see it."

KEEP COOL.

Much good advice is given in these two words—*keep cool*. There is an old proverb which says, "When Passion takes the helm, the ship is in danger;" and few persons, we believe act from the impulse of feeling, without subsequent regret. "Give me the man, (says Hamlet) who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart." We presume our readers recollect the advice of the philosopher Athenodorus to Cæsar, when the former was about retiring from court, on account of his great age. "Remember, Cæsar, (said he) whenever you are angry, that you say or do nothing, until you have distinctly repeated to yourself the four and twenty letters of the alphabet." Upon this (says the historian) Cæsar, catching him hastily by the hand, cried out, "Stay, stay, Athenodorus! I have need of thy presence longer still;" and so detained him another year. This incident is celebrated by the ancients as a rule of excellent wisdom, and does high honour to this intrepid and honest counsellor to the world's master.

DOMESTIC YEAST.

Ladies who are in the habit (and a most laudable and comfortable habit it is) of making domestic bread, cake, &c. are informed that they can easily manufacture their own yeast, by attending to the following directions: boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

CHARLOTTE AND WERTER.

A lady sometime ago took her daughter to the boarding-school for the purpose of education, when, after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes on some worked-picture subjects in the parlour, and pointing out one more attractive than the rest, asked, "What is that?" "That, (replied the lady of the school) is Charlotte at the tomb of Werter." "Vell, I sww, (rejoined the cockney) it is wassly beautiful! Betsy, my dear, you shall work Charlotte at the Tomb of Vater."

THE DANDIES.

That race of nondescript animals, which are now called dandies, or *exquisites*, were formerly called *fops*, and *macaroni*. The latter appellation arose from the following circumstance: "Folengio Theophilus, of Mantua, an Italian poet, gave the name of *Macaroni* to one of his poems, from an Italian cake, which is sweet to the taste, but has not the least alimentary virtue; palliating (on the contrary) the appetite, and cloying the stomach. These idle poems, thus called, consisting of buffoonery, became the reigning taste in Italy and France; Gill, at last, every thing insipid, contemptible, and ridiculous, in character, dress, or behaviour, was finally summed up in the despicable appellation of a *macaroni*, or a *fop*."

OIL GAS.

At a late meeting of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Company, Sir Walter Scott said, that he had had three months' experience of Oil Gas light in his house at Abbotsford, and he could assure the meeting, that nothing could be more pleasant, more useful, safe, and economical. He was sure the expense was not the twentieth part of what it formerly cost him for oil and candles. The light itself was greatly superior, was extremely cleanly, saved much trouble to servants, and did not produce the least smell, or the least injury. Not only could it be used in kitchens and dining-rooms, but it was extremely useful in bed-rooms, where a flame could be kept up during the whole night so minute as to be scarcely perceptible, which could be enlarged to a powerful light in an instant at any hour when wanted. It was also very safe, at least it was much safer than common lights, for it was not carried from place to place as common lights were, and unless combustibles were brought to it no danger could arise. The light was indeed so convenient, cheap, and delightful, that were it once introduced, he was convinced it would be used within two years in every private house in Edinburgh.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

Such extraordinary interest has been excited by Captain Parry's two Voyages, in search of a North-West passage, that any event having the least connexion with so adventurous an enterprise must be interesting. We are really glad to inform our readers that such an event has happened in the arrival, in this town, of two Esquimaux Indians, from Baffin's Bay. They are the only natives of that frozen region which are to be found on our hospitable shores.—They are about twenty-five years of age, not fair indeed, but not disagreeable in feature and expression. Their hair is a jet black, and nearly as strong as horse hair—Their dresses are singular, as might be expected, and any lady desirous of seeing a new fashion, may behold in the female's attire, one, which if very ambitious of novelty and notoriety, she may adopt with very little chance of having her example followed. The man exhibits himself in his canoe, which seems as secure as a life-buoy, it being almost impossible to sink it. His fishing tackle, the dart with which he kills his food, his warlike weapons, sledge, and other articles of comfort, convenience, and defence, furnish half an hour's pleasant inspection for the curious as well as the inquisitive admirer of what is connected with the history of man. We have visited these very interesting persons, and we can without hesitation say, that we were gratified with what we saw, and should have been sorry if from neglect or carelessness we had not seen them. We shall now read with greater pleasure the descriptions which Captain Parry, Franklin and others give of the Northern people, their habits and amusements, for every such spectacle tends to enlarge the mind, and enables it the better to comprehend what is related. These Esquimaux contrive to amuse themselves with cards and toys; they can read a little; they have enjoyed tolerable health, except in the heat of summer, and they appreciate the pleasures of a good fire. They are accompanied by the Captain who brought them to England, and who is very polite in satisfying the enquiries of visitors.—These curiosities may be seen at the Exchange Rooms, Exchange-Street, from 11 till 3 in the Morning, and from 5 till 9 in the Evening.—Admittance 1s. Children 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR.—The new Institution, concerning which such exertions appeared lately to be making and such expectations entertained, seems to be now almost forgotten. I hope it will not, however, be neglected. Any of your readers, who know any thing of the proceedings of the Committee which has been formed for promoting the undertaking, would, I am sure, perform an acceptable service to many of their townsmen by affording some statements upon the subject.

There appears to be much contrariety of opinion respecting a suitable place for the Institution. This point is, certainly, one of great importance. There are a few particular motives to the building that ought to be kept in view by those who have any influence in the matter.

If lectures be connected with the Institution, a noisy part of the town could have no recommendation which could be a compensation for this advantage. In reference to this particular the building in King-street appeared to have been judiciously selected. The piece of land in Mosley-street is, perhaps, in this respect, still better.

As Manchester contains an increasing population, and as the desire for information seems to increase still more rapidly, the edifice ought to be made, at first, so capacious as to accommodate more persons than could, for some time, be reckoned upon.

I have heard it mentioned in conversation that there was, some time ago, an intention to remove our Infirmary to a more airy situation. If the intention has not been altogether given up, the wants of the new Institution might, I think, supply an additional motive for the proposed removal.

The ultimate prosperity of the Institution would, as some of your correspondents have clearly shewn, be greatly promoted by abridging the privileges of the governors in respect to the lectures. Those who contend for the present arrangements on this point, (and I be-

lieve they are very few in number) should be reminded of the fable of the dog and the shadow. They certainly defeat their own objects. When it is too late they may see and lament their error.

From the tardiness of the proceedings it does not appear likely that the Institution will be ready for use in the course of next winter. It would, therefore, be probably desirable that a temporary place should be procured for the purposes of the Institution.

It seems to me that it would be of service to the new establishment if you could publish occasional reports of the proceedings of meetings on the subject. There can be no reasonable motive for reserve; and there would be an obvious advantage in keeping up public attention in reference to the project. In this particular your publication deserves credit for having done much. You have furnished the best letters which have been written on the occasion; and you have produced, I believe, a greater number of articles upon the subject than all the other Manchester papers put together. I hope you will find your very laudable labours and encouragement in this case to be an occasion of future congratulation.

A FRIEND TO SCIENCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY.

MR. DAVIES, Member of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. and Private Teacher of Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, intends to commence his LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY, in the first week of January next, at the apartments of the Literary and Philosophical Society, George-Street.

The Course will comprise about TWENTY LECTURES, illustrated by an extensive Apparatus, and by a variety of striking and interesting experiments. The Lectures will be delivered twice a week, at seven o'clock, on Monday and Thursday evenings, if those times be convenient to the majority of the Subscribers. Terms: One Guinea and a Half for Gentlemen, and One Guinea for Ladies and for Young Persons under the age of fourteen.

Tickets not transferable, excepting to members of the same family.

Subscriptions will be received at Mr. Sowler's, 40th Square; Messrs. Clarke's, Market-place; Mr. Thomas, Market-Street; Messrs. Robinson and Bent's, St. Ann's-Place; and Mr. Davies's, No. 6, King-Street.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRY,

And a short Memoir of that interesting and benevolent Lady.

Was published on the 20th of October, Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

POOLE'S ELEGANT POCKET ALBUM, for 1841. Embellished with 12 Views and 5 Portraits of Distinguished Characters.

Same time was published,

POOLE'S GENTLEMAN'S POCKET BOOK, embellished with a Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Price 2s. 6d. Roan-Tuck, Gilt Edges.

London: Printed for JOHN POOLE, 8 Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to R. L.'s note we have only to say that we do not offer any remarks of our own concerning Debating Societies.—We are of opinion, indeed, that they are good things when well conducted.—The ability to deliver our arguments with ease and fluency, which can only be acquired by proper study, is certainly a very desirable attainment.—Oratory has, perhaps, been too much neglected in Manchester.—This is the reason that our meetings on public occasions, whether on the subject of politics, learning, or religion, excite so little interest.—We shall be glad to receive any articles respecting Debating Societies from some of our correspondents.

For the beautiful little poem, by Mrs. Barbauld, inserted in the present Iris, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to the same gentleman who favoured us with a copy of her *Lines on Life*, both written in her 80th year. Neither of these poems, we have reason to believe, was ever printed before.

We have to acknowledge communications from Ignatio; H. W. R.; Peter; Quiz; I. K.; and P. W. H.

Those subscribers who intend binding the present volume of the Iris, and whose sets are incomplete, are requested to make early application for the deficiencies, as several of the numbers are nearly sold out.

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MANNER.

Refine the taste, and elevate the mind.

I did not like it—there was something so imperious in the tone—so harsh and haughty; as though he had seen ill nature in my face, and determined to frighten me into respect. It was against mine importance—against mine honour—and (for I am an exceeding fiery-tempered old gentleman) mine honour took the alarm immediately. If he had only said, “Be so good, sir, as to get off my toe;” or, “Please not tread upon my foot, sir;” or if he had softened the command into something like a request, it would have been well: but sternly and angrily, “Get off of my toe! will you?” By all the dear courtesies of life, it was the most ungenerous way of asking a favour he could possibly have chosen.

I stepped aside, however, for I would not wantonly torture even a worm; but I did not feel at all satisfied with myself or him. Indeed, Mr. Editor, I was very angry, and the worst of it was, I did not know how to vent my spleen. I would have knocked him down; but he was a huge square-shouldered fellow, with a hand like a giant. Besides, if I had punished him as he deserved, there’s the law. And report, too—what would my friends say, if I should knock a man down, because he asked me not to tread upon his foot? No, I would not create as much confusion in the room: but I soon after, to my great satisfaction, found an opportunity to tell him, “You must pull off your hat, sir!” and made him so angry, that even to this day, when we pass each other in the street, we both hold up our heads so high, and look as fierce, as we possibly can. Now all this would have been prevented, had he only possessed the *manner* of a true gentleman, and said, “Be so kind, sir, as to stand off my foot.”

Be assured, Mr. Editor, there is something in the *manner* in which a word is said, or an action performed, that may entirely change its signification. An expression of the lip, a passing blush upon the cheek, a single glance from the eye, may soften the harshed word into a kindness, or a positive refusal into a reward as great as the one denied.

When Queen Elizabeth was leaning her royal ear to catch the fascinating whispers of the noble Leicester, we are told by a great writer, that she drew up her form in all its dignity, as she said, “No, Leicester, it can never, never be.” One would suppose that the word of England’s queen would have passed with her subjects; but there was a rich tenderness that trembled in her voice—a fond, lingering, tell-tale, something that rioted in her down-cast eye—a magic *manner* breathing around her, that flung out golden favours, in rich profusion, to the man she loved, and created hopes too powerful for even her words to destroy.

There are some persons in this world, who seem created with a thousand fairy enchantments woven around them. Say what they will—do what they will—scold, frown, or applaud—there is still the same beautiful *manner*, softening and

brightening in every word, and breathing its dear, mysterious influence in every look. Such a one was my niece, Caroline M——.

A few years ago, I found it necessary to leave my home; and the day before my departure, I rode up to her summer residence, to pay my farewell visit to her, and her sister Annette. I recollect the day well: it was a beautiful summer afternoon, as we all stood upon the long piazza, with my good horse pawing in impatience for my return. The sun gleamed upon us through the trees, that waved their rich foilage around the house. The honey-suckle, that had clambered up one of the white columns, like the tender caresses of a fond child reposing its rosy cheek upon the bosom of its mother, flung out rich perfume to the air. There were blushing roses clustering around us; and, as I kissed cheeks as beautiful as they, I felt myself gradually yielding to the influence of the scene. The rougher and less elevated reflections of my mind passed away, and I felt the enthusiasm and ardent spirit of times long gone by, stealing with all its witcheries upon my foolish old heart. I was awake to every impression, and then I observed the difference between the *manner* of Caroline and Annette.

Annette was a more cold and stately beauty than her sister. Her features, indeed, were regular; her complexion was fair and fine, and her eye large and piercing; but there was a passionless *hauteur* in her demeanour, a cold stoical character in all her beauty, that I felt new pleasure in turning to look on the gay, pretty Caroline.

She was different from Annette—as much so, as the monarch eagle, that wings its way, stately and proudly, through sunshine and cloud, is unlike the beautiful dove that would nestle in the bosom of every being it loved. She was not so tall as her sister. There was more of the rose in her cheek; she smiled oftener; and her eye, though not so large and pensive as Annette’s, was far, far more lively and expressive. There was a brightening tenderness in them that went to the heart—a sweetness,

“Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies
“From the lips to the cheeks, and the cheeks to the eyes.”

animated her beautiful face, and made her that dear, fascinating being that no one could look upon but love.

With the freedom of an old uncle, I kissed Annette’s cheek, when I left her; and her thin, well-formed lips spoke words, “Good by, uncle, I hope soon to see you again,” with their accustomed smile: but it had not the charm—there was no magic in it—it did not go so direct to the heart as to start the tear into my eye.

She could not have said much more to a spindle-shanked old gentleman like myself; but she might have said it differently. She could have given a little more *tenderness* to the last words she might ever speak to her old uncle. But no; her lips wore the same character as it was wont to; and the last tones of her undisturbed voice died away as coolly upon mine ear as though we had parted but for a single day!

It was not so with Caroline, when she pressed the hand I extended to her, and ‘with a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye,’ bade the last adieu to her poor uncle. The dear girl tried to smile away her grief, and be cheerful at her parting; but it would not do—the big tear came unbidden to her eye, and her silver voice was rich with all the tender affection of a lovely and devoted girl. There was a *manner* in her looks that showed how different a “good by” might be. I kissed away the tear from her cheek, as I drew her towards me, and pressed her in my arms. Visions of past times began to float in mine imagination. I recollected the bright scenes of my early loves; when young, and handsome, and gay, I had folded others in my arms, and kissed the fond tears from cheeks as beautiful as hers. I began to feel a melting in my own bosom; and, old and gray-headed as I was, I do actually believe that I was half in love with Caroline’s own dear self.

Be that as it may, the sun was departing in solitary grandeur behind the western hills, when I broke from the fascinations of Caroline’s *manner*. I kissed her dear lip as it said “Good by,” wiped away a tear, said a single “God bless you,” and the next moment was on my swift horse, dashing at full gallop down a steep hill, with Caroline’s “good by” still echoing, with all its soft, rich tenderness, in mine ear.

When I was tossing on the midnight deep, far from that lovely scene, I often lulled myself into a slumber by dwelling on the simple sweetness of Caroline’s “good by.”

THEODORE.

TO YOUTH.

Here Truth discards the dress which Fiction lent,
And clothes herself in sober argument.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEM IN EARLY PURSUITS.

THE language of experience may be spoken with boldness. It is the duty of every man to lay the gleanings of his observation, as well as his after-thoughts upon scenes in which he has been a principal actor, before those, who, younger than himself, are travelling after him, with an eagerness indicative of credulity, and the want of a settled aim.

Arrived at a period of life when early actions and early projects appear in their proper light, and when the world and man’s relative situation in it, are seen under the guidance of reason and truth, I deem it my privilege, as well as my duty, plainly and sincerely to offer to those who have yet to tread the ground which I have passed, a few items of caution and advice.

With a feeling of the deepest interest, I would warn the ardent, aspiring youth, of the quicksands on which *my* hopes, *my* peace, and almost every blessing of existence, except *honour*, have been jeopardized. I address myself to every heart just opening to the emotions of ambition; to all whose generous natures pant for eminence and honourable distinction; to all who can feel that the good Creator in forming man after His own

bright image, intended that His creature should glorify Him by the practice of virtue, and should secure peace of conscience by industry and *usefulness*.

To prove the sincerity of my intentions, I do some violence to my pride by giving, for the benefit of my young readers, my own (I fear not uncommon) history.

Like many others, my father's good name, a healthy constitution, and a warm heart, were my only inheritance; of consequence I was exposed to many privations and sorrows. But life was new; the world beautiful; my heart was pure, and light, and innocent; and often, when a tear bedimmed one cheek, the smile of joy illumined the other. My friends told me that I was destined to build up my own fortune, or to starve. But inspired by an active enthusiasm I seldom permitted gloomy thoughts to shroud the fair sunshine of my mind. Through a kind Providence, opportunities of a competent education offered. They were cheerfully embraced; and during those most blessed days of existence, the summer days, when the whistling school-boy parades his well-stored satchel, I can say without vanity, that I had no competitor more industrious or more eager to excel.

My labours were rewarded in the acquirement of useful practical knowledge; my friends were pleased, and, at the age of fifteen, the path of future travel was marked out for me; it seemed devious, rugged, and beset with difficulties; but conscious of the necessity, and also, conscious that perseverance and application would make all things easy, I ventured upon the path, elate and confident. I was ambitious, patient of fatigue, and I knew that, upon *myself alone* depended the character of my future fortunes. My friends declared that my genius would ensure prosperity; would bend all circumstances to its purpose: they praised my ardour; they applauded my assiduity. I felt an internal conviction that their applause was just; that their praises were deserved. The feeling was sweet, and it urged me on to higher exertion.

Thus passed three years delightfully and honourably. My prospects were bright as the untouched sun! Already, in beautiful perspective, I beheld the sequestered cottage, where, surrounded by verdure and blossom—blessed with peace of soul—soothed by the smile of chaste affection, and lulled by the music of the happy family. I should calmly pass the closing hours of life, rewarded by my own reflections; esteemed, beloved, and spoken of by the virtuous; moderately using the blessings which early industry had procured.

Fair visions of an innocent heart! bright creations of youth's buoyant fancy! like light that dances on a summer sea, ye illumined while ye adorned, but ye passed fleetly and for ever, like stars that set in winter clouds!

Behold the picture reversed. "Why have those talents availed you nothing? Why have friends been estranged, hopes destroyed, and the sky of life enwrapped in storm?" These are questions, my young reader, which naturally arise in your mind; and, at the age of twenty-four, with a shattered constitution, a purse untenanted, and aimless as to the future, I am prepared in sorrow, and in remorse to answer them.

Those questions can be solved by one sentence—My heart was good in its *intentions*, but I wanted system in business, and stability of character. As time rolled on, and my faculties expanded, the illusive charms of fancy captivated me, and instead of pursuing with enthusiasm, the profession selected by kind friends, and ap-

proved by my own feelings, I wandered forth among the *wilds* of literature, and the weed-grown wildness of the world, and strove to attain to perfection in all things; and thus, deserting the study which had once been my pride, I became as every person pursuing a similar course must become, *superficial* in all things. *Method* became irksome to me—the details of the business by which I was to live were viewed by me as galling chains upon my aspiring mind—my thoughts, no longer turned towards one object, restive and impatient, strayed to other things, and in the fatal infatuation of the moment, I stigmatized my more confined and industrious competitors as poor plodding wretches, whose souls glanced not beyond the vulgar sphere of *business*, with expressions equally profound or silly, just as the reader pleases.

Instead, as was *once* my custom, of devoting my hours of leisure to such publications as tend to develop the intricacies of real life—to better the heart by unfolding to its view the unassailable beauties of *truth*, or such as have an immediate reference to the essential arts and sciences, and attempt the faculties of man to the performance of the duties of his station, I now read, with indiscriminate avidity, abominable *verse*, or questionable *poetry*; or revelled, with the delirium of a voluptuary, among the empoisoning flowers of romance. I am not averse from your unbending the mind over such reading; but, feelingly, would say, beware of its *tyranny*! Fatal was its influence to me! and it will ever prove the bane of the enthusiast, if his propensities are not governed by the strong arm of judgment.

Allowing this species of writing to gain a complete *ascendency*, I now can feel was the one irretrievable mistake of my life; for, when convinced by maturer reason that man does *not* inhabit a world of the imagination; that fancy and fiction are the very antipodes of philosophy and fact, I find it impossible to correct the evil. Such reading acted upon my ardent temperament like fire upon flax. I became a poet, (at least in *my own* estimation,) and flourished away in all the glory and rapture of *newspaper immortality*. Nothing in the form of paper escaped the inflictions of my insatiate pen. I wrote verses in day-books and ledgers; I cut verses upon trees, and many a vine-clad bower bore witness to the fertility of my genius. I had an hundred projects in my head at once—I commenced a novel, wrote half of a tragedy, and a few scraps of a comedy; I also finished a melodrama, which some of my kind friends—"genuine men of taste," pronounced superior to the "*Seige of Tripoli*," or even that sounding work for posterity, the "*Mountain Torrent*!"—Oh! then how sweet it was to hear the black-eyed maiden whisper to her simpering swain, "there he goes," the young poet; my heart was full of happiness to hear even a dustman sing my latest song!

But the sphere of poetry was now too confined. I turned *politician*, and was ever received with the most unbounded applause at many places, which shall be nameless. I wrote circulars, distributed tickets, harangued at the polls, and punctually attended all those "numerous and respectable" general meetings, which occurred for the time being. There was no place where the voice of debate could be heard, where I was not. I was clapped on the shoulder by the "men of genius" who led our party, with the honied expression of "a very promising young man." When I could not defeat my opponents by sound argument, and the irresistible force of calm reasoning, I, like many other "honoura-

ble men" of the day, resorted to noisy declamation, until, unable to make themselves heard they would leave the field, conquered by the *roar* of my artillery. I was praised—was invited to dine with the "men of genius" with what a charming condescension they would then notice my unstudied jests! how ready to give way to my arguments! how willing to listen! In every sentence which I then uttered, they discovered the wit of Foote, or the elegance and force of Sheridan! How often have I been taken most cordially by the hand by Judges, Squires, nay even by Governors. How often has my coat of sober black been lighted by the smile of some *great man*. In those days of splendid projects I had many friends: "they all foretold the progress I should make," and *promised* liberally. I was exalted above *business*—nonsense! it was contemptible, low, mean. "Nature intended you for something greater," they all said; they were my friends, I was, in my own opinion, the Atlas of the political world. I aspired to all the dignities, and to all the immunities of an office: which, in these times, seems to consist in much self-importance, many lucious dinners, and little to do.

But—there is a time and a season for all things, says the wise Solomon. He speaks truth. The purposes of our "*men of genius*," and also of our "*great men*," were answered; a change came over the aspect of my affairs, like a cloud over the brightness and beauty of the heavens. I began to observe a mysterious alteration in the deportment of my political friends towards me; my pride was wounded, my fears took the alarm; they passed me with faces averted; there were no more smiling greetings from cottage windows—no more complaisant nodding, exciting the envy of the mere *plebeian* ruff; their doors and their hearts, were then evenly closed against such as me; they crossed the street whenever their eyes would encounter mine and nothing could insult them more than to say that a young man, without money, and without the claims of *family*, had ever dined, or associated with them! If they spoke of me, it was but to say, "He is a silly enthusiast," "he has wasted his time, his talents, and his health in the service of the party;" "it is strange that every poor assistant should expect us to notice him after the war is over!" "What a fool! he had better have attended to his business, and permitted richer men to embark upon the *sea* of politics." "Pitiful fool! why he must starve or beg; well, let him, it will teach others a useful lesson." Such was the language of cold-hearted baseness, which they then held—I shuddered, I started, I awoke!*****

BART

THE PRIMROSE.

Hush'd to reprove the insidious blast

In distant murmurs dies away,

I mark the melting snow-drift's waste,

Dissolv'd by Sol's untimely ray.

Fallacious verdure decks the mold,

The woodlark prunes his trembling wing.

The hawthorn's silken buds unfold,

And fondly hail a dubious spring.

Yet soon, on clouds tempestuous borne,

The scowling war shall winter wage,

Again shall drooping nature mourn,

Assail'd with aggravated rage.

Child of a Beam! in evil hour

Yon primrose lifts its infant head:

Ill-fated—unsuspecting flow'r,

Why leave thy genial mossy bed!

Ere long, the treacherous parent ray
That bade thy opening beauties bloom,
Shall see that tender form decay,
Regardless of a nursing's doom.

Rude blasts shall wound thy gentle head,
Chill frosts thy smiling face deform;
And Innocence in vain may plead
To save thee from the ruthless storm.

As here—the muse affects the shade,
Far from the gay world's flippant throng,
Humblest of flowers that deck the glade!
Thy fate suggests the moral song.

Oft as Imposture weaves the lure
The unguarded bosom to betray;
Designing Caution laughs secure,
While simple Feeling, falls a prey.

Φ

A WEEK IN LONDON.

(Concluded from our last.)

The Scenes in the *King's Bench*, are, however, widely different to those of some other prisons, and *Newgate* presented to us a dreadful sight, although a recent classification of the prisoners has added much to the comfort and discipline of the place. Men and women were umbled together in one general mass, and it was truly painful to see and contemplate, the contrasts. Here was a delicate female incarcerated for a crime which the villany of seduction, and her consequent exclusion from her relations, had caused her to commit, pining in hopeless and unavailing sorrow;—before her a wretch ardened by repeated iniquities, and bronzed by innumerable transgressions, making a mock of her miseries, whilst all the coarse indelicacies of brutal auxiliaries were brought in aid of rounding a heart, torn by conflicting passions, and which, I will venture to affirm, was dissolving itself into penitence through tears of her heart's blood. I took this helpless individual aside, or rather led her—her poor frame was exhausted—she told me, in language not to be understood, but coupled with the greatest delicacy, of her first fall, of her past sorrow, and her present misery. Would any of your readers believe, that *Man*, the designed protector of woman, could add to the tortures of an unhappy female? but I mention this afflicting interview, not because it is still reeking on my memory, but to convince your readers what sorry it is possible to find in London. I do not wish to chronicle an act which every *Man* would have done, but to demonstrate the sad association of inebriety with misfortune—too often med as a practice, instead of being pitied as a fault.—I offered her a few shillings, which she used as perfect dross to her, but taking my aid, and looking wistfully in my face said, "Will you my dear friend bring me in a drop of rum?"—I could not refuse—it was a comfort—a destruction—I went out and brought her a bane and antidote" she laid herself down her wretched couch, and thus her slumber elicited by artificial, which no natural means could produce,

"Oh think not ye who sober are
That they who drink are lost to shame,
Look at the soul's distressing war,
And do not vilify their name."

have been perhaps too tedious, but to those our readers who may chance to go to London, I could wish to recommend, whenever you would go from the city to Westminster, the safest and the cheapest way is to take a boat

from the Stairs at any of the nearest bridges; united to much personal comfort, the jostling of that busy scene in the Strand is avoided, and you are there in one fourth of the time—citizens from their birth had never found it out till I informed them, for with all their assumed consequence, and outside importance, they are the most shallow of all men I ever met in my travels. An example will illustrate this, though accompanied with some merriment:—We were passing down the Thames with other boats, and a gentleman had the tail of his coat in the water, another, in the true cockney phraseology called out, but in a sudden and alarming manner from the boat behind, "La! sir, your coat's on fire!" It had the intended effect to alarm the subject of the accident, but though he had not an idea beyond this thought, he was "applauded to the very echo," "which" did "applaud again!"

And now, Sir, in general terms, I must bring my descriptive account to a close, by observing that, on all occasions, an especial regard should be paid to the pocket—whether by legitimate or illegitimate depredators. Sorry I am, as an Englishman, to say, that London is a den of thieves. Look at the late melancholy catastrophe,—but I trust you have no such readers, and yet as a public Journalist, it is an imperative duty to run the chance and to tell them:

"Do what ye will ye sons of sorrow,
Beg, and have given you—but to plot and rob
Under a specious countenance, to spoil a man
Who never meant it you—Oh! it is base,
And for myself—those who such desolation wrought
To unoffending wife, and prattling child,
I would pursue them to the world's last verge
And make a gibbet of the first met tree:
And if he could not meet the sword of justice
I'd draw one of my own,—and of myself
Turn executioner."

The traveller should not miss, if it be open, *Vauxhall*—this enchanting place composed of a walled forest, the trees of which are lighted by myriads of lamps, has more resemblance to fairy stories than the fact. A beautiful Orchestra with a fine organ, is at the entrance, and the first rate singers are procured, in the intervals, and at appropriate stations are placed bands—some in Chinese dresses—some in Persian—but all the scenery is made to correspond with their habits, and the traveller will learn here, to his cost, the trite meaning of a "*Vauxhall Slice*." Bethlehem, or *Bedlam Hospital* is worth an introduction to, and on its gates are placed two excellent cut stone figures of *Melancholy* and *raging madness*—but let those who enter here study their nerves,—mine were strong then, but every one was unstrung. Before I conclude, and recommend the lonely environs of London, Kensington, Highgate, and Hamstead, to the notice of your friends, I must mention (but who has not heard of the "*Lass of Richmond Hill*." I made a literary visit there to the celebrated Dr. Walcot, better known by the name of "*Peter Pindar*"—and saw the individual alluded to in the song, she by no means answered the representation. The venerable and eccentric poet received my self-introductory note with much civility, and though completely dark in his optics, possessed all the fire of his writings and soon after we left, was gathered to the "*great majority*."

I have been hasty and unconnected, but I hope not uninteresting. Scenes of "*real life*" make an impression above those of fiction. If it has contributed to the amusement of your readers, I am content. Eloquence cannot be expected to be allied with description, and the delineation of such a world is not to be condensed but with difficulty! one merit, at all events will attach to it, that of *originality and truth!*

and as I began, so I end, by the observation of Prince Blucher, "*There is but one London in the world!*"

MR. EDITOR,—Agreeably to your request, I transcribe, with great pleasure, for insertion in your next *Iris*, the following excellent Fable, by Dr. Cotton, entitled, *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow*. Some of your readers may possibly have formed a most imperfect idea of this Fable, from having seen only a short extract from it, in one of Mr. Lindley Murray's publications, his *Introduction to the English Reader*. He has called it, *The Bee and the Ant*, or the advantages of diligence and application in early years; omitting entirely the remainder of the fable, which constitutes, indeed, the main part of it, the Sparrow, being contrasted with the manners and habits of the Bee and the Ant,—

As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing!

There is, in fact, a fourth party concerned,—though not distinctly mentioned by the Author in his *Dramatis Personæ*, being introduced, at the end of the piece, without the reader being aware that another Character was necessary to the complete *denouement* of this little dramatic poem.

There is also another request of yours, it is my intention, after much cogitation, to comply with, which is, to furnish your readers with a list of all the answers to various Enigmas and Charades, which have been inserted, from time to time, without solution, in the first and present volumes of *The Manchester Iris*. I mean to arrange these Answers, alphabetically, in order that your readers may still exercise their ingenuity in appropriating them respectively to the different compositions to which they severally belong.

Yours very truly,

December 18, 1823.

S. X.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

A FABLE.

By Dr. Cotton, Author of *The Fireside*, and various other popular poems.

Early one dewy summer's morn,
A Bee ranged o'er the verdant lawn;
Studios to husband every hour,
And make the most of every flower.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty, or perfume.
Thus she discharged, in every way,
The various duties of the day.

It chanced a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care.
A great economist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee:
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth attends,—
On poverty, the loss of friends.
Hence every day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parents' law.

Ab! Sister labourer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assigned.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Does not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, that shine so bright,
Renew their courses every night?
Does not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing—is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The Bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little Friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme.
Such talk was hateful to her breast;
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When, to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She viewed the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopp'd, and hopp'd, to snatch her prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,
Ask'd her, from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes?

The sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran—
Whenever I'm disposed to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet brood,
(For emmets are delicious food,)
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh! fie! the honest Bee replied,
I fear you make base men your guide;
Of every creature, sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'Tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the bees, to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the eagle from the wren!
O! do not *man's* example take,
Who mischief do, for mischief's sake;
But spare the Ant!—Her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind, with every virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoind'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the *ancient's* claim,—
Yet *moderns* disavow the name:
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot comprehend your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess, or the queen;
But what's a queen without the power?
Or beauty, child, without a dower?
Yet this is all that *virtue* brags,
At best 'tis only worth in rags.

Such whims my very heart derides:
Indeed, you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee,—to speak the truth,
I've copied *men* from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,—
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling Cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:
Near, and more near, Grimalkin draws,—
She wags her tail, pretends her paws;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton Sparrow died.

MANCHESTER.—AN ALEGORY.

A FRAGMENT.

—“If at great things thou wouldst arrive
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain.”

Milton's Paradise Regained.

Commerce volant.—As o'er Albion's Isle, the Goddess
dived her trackless way extramundane! where the sub-
tile æther, circulates in pristine pureness, before it is
tainted with miasms, commixing from this—terrestrial
sphere:—with eyes despicant, thus in conference com-
municative, addressed her attendant followers.

“Behold! O Profit and Perseverence, the destined
spot; the surcease of all our perplexity and search,—
here we will increase a Town; and by our combined
exertions, raise her to the climax of commercial influ-
ence and unbounded wealth; no spot shall be hallowed
by our sacred presence, no town shall stretch forth her
imploing arms, in piteous invitation towards us, whom
we will regard with propitiousness; no more will we be
compelled to seek out an appropriate habitation, by the
inertness and effeminacy of mankind;—this shall be our
residence, and here through a long series of prosperous
years, perchance for ever, we will cling adhesive, and
bless the land with fertility.”

Thus spoke the all bounteous Goddess—her two com-
panions respondent said:—

“Whatever was her gubernative will, that they would
staunchly adhere to, what portion of earth, she chose to
raise her imperial throne, there would they with affec-
tionate regard, and loyal hearts, serve faithfully and
with becoming submissiveness.”

With wings descendant; from her elevated altitude
where nestling with the skies, she had brooded on her
design, in preconsciousness of future greatness—on the
joyous land bounded, with her accompanying associates.

No sooner were they arrived at the destined spot,
than multitudes conjugating, rent the air with loud ac-
claims; the hills danced with joy as accipiens, the
echoes vibrated in tremulous windings amongst their
deepened cavities, and prolonged the joyous sounds; in-
toxicated with wildest pleasure at the unexpected bless-
ing, the multitude proclaim her Queen; and with heart-
felt “vivas” draw her with her two ministers on a tri-
umphal throne, through their then smoky and irregular
streets.

Mephitical Poverty heard of the unexpected and un-
wished arrival in her territories, of the omnipotent
Queen, at whose approach she stalked forth in pompous
array, with her two grim and tattered ministers, Misery
and Baddebt, to render up her domain, into the hands
of Commerce. Surrounded by the exulting populace,
the two mighty personages met in the street, and bend-
ing low, as to an acknowledged superior, Poverty pre-
sented the submission of the Town, which the Queen
receiving, graciously condescended partially to raise
from degrading servility; cringing Poverty half rising
from her lowly posture with look assipient by fright,
would have addressed her dethroner, but no sooner did
she behold in momentary gaze, that countenance, irradi-
ated with divine effulgence, than with demoniac shriek,

flashed this portion of earth, and winged her way to coun-
tries where she should be received with comity and
reign despotic.

Not thus were Misery and Baddebt expelled, the for-
mer, still feeling a passionate regard for his late sub-
jects, could not be ejected from the Town by all the re-
gent laws enforced against him, by the strenuous hand
of the Queen and her zealous ministers, but still drops
on his wretched existence, in the suburbs of this popu-
lous place, under the varying forms of Discontent, like-
ness, or Drunkenness.

The nobles, who, previously to the arrival of Com-
merce, had monopolised the profits arising from certain
causes, were averse to sudden innovations, and dissem-
bled totally from the democratic spirit which had placed
Commerce so suddenly on the throne, without a resis-
tance worthy their former aristocratic power; they,
therefore, secretly fomented dissensions between the
Queen and her ministers. Baddebt in consequence con-
tinued his seat in the legislative assembly, and met with
companions in opposition in a considerable body of the
delegates, called *Decoyers*, who, though they did not di-
ametrically oppose ministers, yet by their ignorance
and inconsistency in presenting new regulations and in-
novations, to the prescribed mode of business, con-
siderably augmented the influence of Baddebt. The *De-
coyers* were hitherto a non-descript race of men, and
before this period were scarcely noticed either by au-
thor or historic writers, but as they have made themselves
superfluously conspicuous in opposing the Queen, I have
penned a cursory account.

They are possessed of the shape and aspect of man,
but, eminently partaking of the nature of *goose*, having
the forward bearing of the former, with the pitiable
cackling of the latter. They are employed solely to decoy
the sibilant tribe, into a decoy for the purpose of pluck-
ing them of the *feathers*, and then liberating them; the
peculiar manner in which they effect this, is truly igno-
minious,—painting their face of a *brass* hue, they dive
out into the lake and will remain on the security for an
incredible length of time, until separating a *pen* from
the flock, by the allurements of *Bait-Goods*, draw the
wayward animal into the decoy, and then strip him of his
plumy honours; if this prove unavailing, he is brought
in by *main force*.

The ancient name was *Hookersin*, but in consequence
of combining artifice with force, they are now called
more appropriately *Decoyers*.

BYRON.

Piccadilly, Dec. 9, 1823.

A NEW DICTIONARY.

GENTLEMAN.—Any body.

GRATITUDE.—The art of forgetting favours.

INGRATITUDE.—A quality which we see in all
men—except ourselves.

DUEL.—An interview between two fools.

ADONIS.—The reflection of a dandy, in
looking-glass.

ABSTINENCE.—Getting rid of one surfeit
make room for another.

ABSTURD.—Any thing done or said different
from what we ourselves should do or say.

AROUNDANCE.—An imaginary quantity,
which every man thinks his neighbour
possessed, and himself deprived.

ABUSE.—Unwelcome truths.

ACCOMMODATION.—Obliging a friend in
order to serve ourselves.

OLD MAN.—Our parent.

ANGEL.—Our mistress.

DEVIL.—Our wife.

HONESTY.—A commodity which every
man has to dispose of, and is willing to sell till he
has a bankrupt.

BULLY.—A coward who strives to fright
away fear.

SWINDLER.—A gentleman who lives by
wits; but often finds himself at his wit's
end how to live.

POET.—A manufacturer of lines; consisting generally of eight syllables, sometimes of ten. They are paid for by the gross, and should be used immediately or they will not keep.

NEW MISERIES.

To be compelled to listen to the story of an honest man who has been unfortunate, and not to possess the means of relieving his distress.—A full heart and an empty pocket!

To have as much of sound principle as will keep you silent when a company of slanderers, like a flock of buzzards round a stray horse, are regaling themselves upon a *character*: knowing that you are deemed an idiot for not being fluent in scandal!

To be dunned by a wretch who stands before you with each fist resting upon money in his pockets, while you are full of *honour*, but empty of *cash*! feeling a painful desire to kick him down stairs, but constrained to soothe and to treat him with courtesy for the sake of those who look to you for bread.—Oh misery most refined!

Passing along the street in attendance upon a lady who speaks so loud as to leave you in a confusion of doubts, to know whether she is addressing the world or yourself—speaking to the *public*, or mildly replying in your private ear.—No small misery.

At an exhibition, to be seated behind the portentous skreen of a Leghorn, or the *total eclipse* of a dandy's dozen capes, and compelled to stretch your neck another joint—looking ever afterwards as if you had been half hanged!

Possessing a nice "musical ear," and to be doomed by unpyting *custom*, to listen to your favourite song murdered by some tasteless owl, with coffee-mill voice!—How must a professed amateur feel under such circumstance?

Trudging along beneath the burning glare of an August sun, to be blinded by dust: especially if it proceeds from the wheels of a coach bearing on its airy springs a man who you feel convinced, better deserves the most conspicuous place in the cart of Jack Ketch!—Money, like screws, will raise the heaviest substances.

While hanging in ecstasy over a beautiful woman as she gives language to the piano, or brings, with the light of her genius dancing on its chords, the voice of days gone by from the grace-displaying harp—to have your trance of bliss broken by the wild horse-laugh of some cream-devouring *ephemera*, without music in his mosquito soul! Starting back enraged, you tread upon some veteran's gouty foot; he, in anguish, jumps upon the cat—she dashes in torture from face to face, and exits through the window! the ladies scream—the children squall—the harp's untouched; and amid the "war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds!" you stand—like a fool! Sawing off a finger with a backed iron hoop, is but a trifle compared with this.

Reading a poem of your own composition, and in the midst of what you think the best passage, for the inspiration of sweet applause, and looking up from the paper, to find your audience—asleep! Such poetry has, no doubt, a large quantity of "midnight oil" in it: let it burn.

To see the woman you most love, hanging on the arm of the man you most hate; and, ever and anon, to see that most beloved woman smile fondly at that most hated man! Oh, fire and fury, powder and ball, what a sight!—Who would be a lover?

Jumping aside, with all due agility, to let a lady pass on a wet day, you, in your eagerness

to oblige, chance to scatter two small specks of mud upon her white flounce! You dye your white silk stockings *black*—ruin the gloss of your pumps—and are scolded for all your sacrifices!—Small inducement to politeness.

To be contradicted by a fool—jilted by a coquette—or cheated by a near relative—and, to meet them all, you have no other defence than sensibility!—Very common occurrences, but neither pleasant nor profitable.

"Biding the peltings of the pitiless storm," in the soiled and tattered garments of better days, while winter is brandishing his razor, and a fierce north-wester gives "dreadful note of preparation." But finding the chilling blast less hard to endure than the averted faces, or cold salutes of those who fattened on your prosperity, and whose cheeks caught the colour of the rose from the blush of your wine!—"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

BRYANT.

THE ADELPHI.

Perhaps there is no architectural curiosity in London, of equal interest, so little known as the extraordinary vaults beneath the Adelphi Buildings—and thousands pass its Durham-yard entrance in the Strand, which, by the bye is immediately under the Institution of the Society of Arts, without knowing they are so near an object that would, by many, be thought worthy of particular notice, if a shilling was charged for the privilege of inspection. These vaults are the sub-structure of the whole Adelphi, and upon which it is supported in a similar way to those portions of the city of Paris which are above the Catacombs, except that the latter is a mere excavation producing caverns, whilst the former is a noble work of art—exhibiting the ingenuity of the architect, and the boldness of his enterprise.

This immense building-speculation was erected about the year 1770, by Robert, John, George, and William Adam; and each name is given to a street in these buildings called, from the Greek "Adelphi," or the Brothers, and the vaulted avenues beneath and which lead to the river side, were also named in correspondence with them. Robert Adam, the elder brother, had visited Palmyra and Balbeck, the remains of celebrated cities in the deserts of the east, and had thence acquired a peculiarity of style in architecture, and which he displayed in the ornamental portions of these buildings; to this manner he manifested a decided preference, introducing an exuberance of delicate ornament in all his after works and which were very considerable—in fact he exhibited no small portion of zeal in furthering any good object that had engaged his feelings, and amongst them was his attempt to import and benefit the lower order of his countrymen—North Britons.

When he commenced this extensive building, he sent to Scotland for ship loads of them, patronized all the robust sons of the Land-of-Cakes that were willing to rise, by shouldering the hod and mounting the ladder; and to the horror and mortification of the legitimates in that way—the Pats and the Murphies, who time out of mind had monopolized the honors of both—shoals of them arrived, and were duly entered at their posts.—but it was soon perceived that these laborious honours were not in accordance with their natural habits, for *Saundy* was thought too long pondering on the *ponderosity* of the burthen before it arrived at his shoulder, and too often making *abstract calculation* on the steps he was to take before it could arrive at its destination at the ladder top. The Adams' were good calculators too, and moreover gifted with a sort of national philosophy; so considering that the change of habit was perhaps too sudden for these candidates for London employment, they hastily sent back to Scotland for eleven Scotch agricultural accompaniments called Bag-pipers, and who were invoiced as the *longest and soundest winded blowers* that had been exported since the Union.—Months after their arrival they were to be heard in and about the buildings, from the barges of bricks that

were unloading, to the middle and topmost scaffold: and below, the vaults were made to ring with the nasal sound, long before an echo had taken possession of their recesses and intricacies: this evidently revived the drooping spirits of these meditative labourers; but it was eventually discovered that Adams' had successfully bribed the DRONES to play in *quicker time* than had ever been practised in fair Scotia. From that moment the PIPER had lost his charm, the lofty ladder and the towering scaffold were despised, and the Saundies having had ample opportunity to *look about them*, relinquished, as they significantly called it, the CURSE OF ADAM, for *less labour and more pay*.

They were succeeded by the rejoicing Irish, who always labour cheerfully if treated kindly, and in this instance they were more than usually industrious; for, said a shrewd "Paddy" to his companions on the first Saturday night of their employment, "My darlings" said he to a bivouac of them—"these Scotch plodders, bodder them all, have a mind that we should do as much as themselves, and so, though they have taken away their bag-pipes, by the powers they have *'elegantly'* left us their FIDDLE."

THE VESPER BELL.

The festal eve, o'er earth and sky,
In her sunset robe looks bright;
And the purple hills of Sicily,
With their vineyards, laugh in light.
From the marble cities of her plains
Glad voices mingling swell;
But with yet more loud and lofty strains
They shall hail the vesper-bell.

Oh! sweet the tones when the summer breeze
Their cadence wafts afar,
To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas.
As they gleam to the first pale star.
The shepherd greets them on his height,
The hermit in his cell;
But a deeper power shall breathe to-night,
In the sound of the vesper-bell.

REVIEWS.

The Village Schoolmaster. A Poem. By LANCELOT RAYMOND. 12mo. pp. 32. London, 1823, Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

This poem* is an avowed, and by no means an unsuccessful imitation of 'Shenstone's Schoolmistress,' without the adoption of that obsolete phraseology, which the author of the latter borrowed from Spencer. There is a great deal of nature in this unassuming poem, and it possesses considerable merit.—*Literary Chronicle*.

* Written by a young gentleman of this town, and printed at our office.

"*While I live I love thee*,"* an admired Ballad. The Air by Mr. S. SMITH, the Bass and Accompaniment by Mr. J. BARDSLEY, Manchester.

This air is so regularly and scientifically constructed, that we shrewdly suspect Mr. Bardsley to be entitled to a little more honour than he claims. If Mr. Smith was capable of imagining a series of passages as smooth, as connected, as consonant with each other, as those of the melody before us, he had little occasion for an assistant to provide him with a bass and accompaniment. That Mr. S.'s fancy might suggest a loose idea or two towards an air, we can easily believe; but the same skill must have converted them into a melody that suggested the other parts of the composition. This particular remark is suggested by our general experience. Now professors, we know, will assume to be magicians, and real masters will assist and flatter them.—*Monthly Magazine*.

* For the words of the song, see Iris, Vol. 1, page 108.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

This extraordinary young woman, so celebrated in the annals of the French revolution, was a native of St. Saturnin, in the department of the *Orne*, and had from her earliest years been carefully educated by an aunt who lived at Caen. Before she was twenty she had decided on taking the veil, and her noviciate was just expired when the constituent assembly interdicted all religious vows for the future. She then left the convent, and resided entirely with her aunt. The beauty of her person, and particularly her mental accomplishments, rendered her an object of much admiration. She spoke uncommonly well, and her discourse often turned on the ancients, and on such subjects as indicated that masculine turn of mind which ultimately proved her destruction.

Miss Corday was not only beautiful in person, but she possessed, also, an unblemished character, distinguished for dignity of sentiment and benevolence of heart, and had never given cause of suspicions of a disturbed understanding: nor, until she struck a poniard into the heart of Marat, any indication of a violent temper.

She was not prompted to this rash action by any personal indignity offered to herself, by rage, by love, by jealousy, by religious enthusiasm, or any of those sentiments which alone have been thought capable of urging women to such deeds. She saw her country in calamitous circumstances; she dreaded their increase from the wickedness of one man whom the law could not reach; she was convinced that by killing him, she would be of more service to her country than by all the exertions of a long life.—“I killed one man,” she declared on her trial, to “save a hundred thousand.” She formed her design coolly, without entrusting any mortal with her intention: she undertook a long journey to accomplish it: she weighed all its consequences: she calculated on death, and in a more dreadful shape than that in which she afterwards met with it; she expected to be torn in pieces by the mob, or that her body would be dragged through the streets. The idea of these horrors did not shake the steadiness of her mind. She looked for no recompense but in the reflection of having prevented the death of thousands. She was allowed an advocate to assist at her trial. M. Chaveau, when the evidence was finished, pronounced the following brief speech to the jury:—

“The prisoner acknowledges the act of which she is accused; she acknowledges that she has long premeditated it; she acknowledges the various circumstances; in short, she acknowledges the whole accusation, and takes no pains to justify herself. In this, gentlemen of the jury, lies her entire defence. This astonishing calmness, this total self-denial, which betrays no remorse, even in the very presence of death; this calm and this abnegation, seem not to be in nature; they cannot be accounted for but on the supposition that political fanaticism put the poniard into her hand; and it belongs to you, gentlemen of the jury, to determine what weight that consideration should have in the scale of justice.”

The jury unanimously found her guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced. She then addressed M. Chaveau to this effect. Sir, you have spoken in my defence in delicate and generous terms; it was the only style proper for me. I thank you. It has inspired me with

esteem for you, of which I will give you a proof. The judges have informed me that my goods are confiscated. I am indebted for some things at the prison. I charge you to acquit that debt.”

A little before her execution, a confessor was introduced to her, and offered his services; she thanked him, and expressed a sense of obligation to those who had sent him; but said she had no need of his services.

When the officers entered her chamber to conduct her to death, she mildly begged to be excused for a few minutes until she had finished the letter she was then writing to her father.

The populace, in spite of their prejudice in favour of Marat, were so struck with her undaunted deportment, that they did not according to their custom, insult her as she was carried to execution. She occasionally smiled as she passed; and by that alone shewed that she paid them any attention. On the scaffold, her face displayed the bloom of health, and the serenity of a mind undisturbed.

The wretch who acted as the executioner of this brave woman, after her head was off, took it up, and holding it out to the multitude, with brutal exultation, slapped it twice on the cheek. Even the monsters who had condemned her to death, considered this as so inhuman an act, that they sentenced the villain to twelve years imprisonment in irons.

The heroic female was buried near to the grave of the unfortunate Louis XVI. in the church-yard of St. Magdelaine. This was occasioned by her having been executed in the same section.

In her way to execution, she excited a very strong and singular passion, in a young man of the name of *Adam Lux*, a commissary from Mayence. He published a few days after her death, a pamphlet, in which he proposed raising a statue to her honour, and inscribing on the pedestal, “*Greater than Erutus*.” He was sent to the prison of *La Force*, where he talked of nothing but Charlotte Corday—a few days after his imprisonment he was executed as a counter-revolutionist.

ANTIQUITIES.

A very interesting paper on the probable period when the use of brass or bronze for warlike weapons, utensils, &c. was superseded by that of iron and steel, has appeared in the first volume of the Newcastle Antiquarian Society. The author, the learned secretary of that Institution, after very ably tracing the use of the metals from the first “artificer in brass and iron, Tubal-Cain,” down to our own time, remarks:—“That as Moses mentions metal mirrors and tin, I infer that the Egyptians before this time were acquainted with the use of tin in hardening copper for edge tools; consequently that their most ancient arms and mining tools were made of bronze. That the era in which edge tools of bronze were in use in Britain, cannot perhaps be ascertained with any degree of certainty. There can be no reason to suppose that iron was introduced here, while bronze was used in Greece; or, that the Germans should be acquainted with it before the Britons. But when iron became plentiful amongst the Greeks, as it unquestionably was in the time of Lycurgus, 900 years before Christ, it would certainly be cheaper among the Phœnicians than either copper or tin. If, therefore, they traded in Britain at that time, it would be their interest to barter steel, for the goods they came for; and that of the Britons to receive it for edge tools, in preference of copper. The

disuse of bronze tools, and the introduction of iron ones into this country, was probably gradual; but from the above reasons I would conclude, that bronze began to give way to iron here, nearly as soon as it did in Greece; and consequently that all the Celts’ spear-heads, swords, &c. found in our island, belong to an era about 500, or at least 400 years before Christ, for iron, at that period, seems to have been general, among all the people along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. That the Celts were not imported into Britain, is plain: the moulds for casting them, and pieces of crude bronze being found in places where, from the cinders that were with them, they appear to have been cast.” The learned author, which we regret our limits will not allow us to quote more copiously, observes in conclusion:—“The extracts I have given out of Homer and Aristotle, prove that the Phœnicians were in the habit of bartering their toys and baubles for valuable commodities in Greece and Spain. I would therefore infer, that they exchanged trifles of that sort among the Britons for tin; and consequently that the articles of jewellery found in our most ancient tombs are of Phœnecian manufacture.” We hail the present paper, as an earnest of future communications of the kind, from the same learned source.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ACCOUNT OF A CARNATION, VIEWED THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

“From an elegant bouquet, I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful odour, the ear was constantly attacked by an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the corolla must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking with vivacity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. What a fragrant world for their habitation! What a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action. Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole of the base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope, on this occasion, had given what Nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants; these from little dasky flies, for such only the naked eye could have shewn them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with glossy gold, that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs.

their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vieing with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes, and brilliant beyond description, and almost too great for admiration. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females—courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance; or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity."

ON THE MANUFACTURE OF DIAMONDS.

A very pompous account having lately appeared in the American journals, of an immensely important discovery made by an American chemist, of a deflagrator whose gigantic powers have been successfully employed in the conversion of lamp-black into the most valuable diamonds, we have thought it a subject not uninteresting to our readers; we shall, therefore present them with a few facts, which will enable them to judge of the value and originality of this mighty discovery, from a land where every thing but man is found in its primitive, undegenerate size—a country whose lakes and rivers are the largest in the known world, and whose bays the sea-snake considers to be the only arms of the sea commensurate to its size.

The diamond, the most beautiful of the gems, was known in the early ages of the world: the ancients, who obtained it from India, considered it to be an elementary body, and they instanced it as an emblem of eternal duration. Our immortal Newton was the first to suspect, from the optical powers which it possesses, that it was combustible or contained a combustible basis. The sagacity of this astonishing philosopher failed him not in this observation, for he even lived to see it verified by the Florentine Academicians, who consumed several diamonds by means of a burning glass, in 1694, before Cosmo the Third, Duke of Tuscany.

M. Lavoisier, the celebrated French chemist, first demonstrated that, by combustion, it gave decided evidence of containing carbon, of which substance lamp-black is an impure specimen? and Mr. Smithson, Tennant afterwards showed that it is composed entirely of carbon; and, like lamp-black, by being burnt, combines with the oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and forms fixed air.

It thus being demonstrated that lamp-black and the most valuable of the gems were composed of the same substance, it became an interesting enquiry to find a mode by which the transmutation of a substance like lamp-black, into a sparkling chrysal, could be effected, but little knowledge has been obtained by the research. The experiments, however, of Sir H. Davy, appear to have led the way to those emblazoned forth by the American chemist. The President of the Royal Society having subjected lamp-black to the immense powers of the galvanic battery belonging to the Royal Institution, and to the gigantic plates of that of Mr. Childress, thus states the results, in the first edition of his Elements of Chemical Philosophy, published in 1812, p. 300:—

"A little hydrogen was given off from it, and it slowly volatilized in these experiments, and the part remaining was much harder than before, so as, in one case, to scratch glass? and the lustre was greater: but its other properties were unaltered, and there was no appearance of fusion.

The Editor of the Journal de Physique, published at Genoa, in commenting upon these experiments, sta-

ted that he had in his possession a diamond, on which there were several black spots, similar to charcoal.

Upon these facts we are much inclined to believe the American story is founded; but if we are mistaken, we shall hail the discovery with pleasure: for we are quite convinced of the truth of the observation, that science is of no country; but we must be excused if we are rather sceptical in regard to all those surprising accounts which cite as an authority an American Journal.

The glass manufacturers will look with anxiety for further accounts from the American chemist; for the next step will be the establishment of a manufactory in which diamond utensils will be made for all culinary purposes; and plates for windows, and drops for lamps, of sparkling diamonds, will soon be diffusing their brilliancy around us—for no one will use glass, when plates of diamond, of an eternal duration, can be easily procured.—*The Magnet.*

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

MR. EDITOR,—From the great interest which has been created by the late voyages of discovery to the Arctic Regions, for a North-West Passage, it perhaps may not be uninteresting to your readers, to present them with a Chronological List of all the Voyages which have been undertaken for the same purpose, by our adventurous Countrymen alone. In looking over this list, from the failure of so many attempts, it must strike every one with the very superior abilities of our great northern explorer, Captain Parry, who has added more to our geographical knowledge, of this part of the Globe, than any of his predecessors. R.

Manchester, Dec. 12, 1823.

- 1406, Sebastian,—*Cabota*,—discovers Newfoundland, coats the land to the 56th degree of N. L.
 1527, Dominus, Vobiscum,—one vessel lost.
 1536, Hore,—*Trinitie and Mission*,—bounded on Newfoundland.
 1576 & 1578, Marten Frobiisher,—under the countenance of the Earl of Warwick, sails with the *Gabriel*, the *Michael*, and *Pinnace*.
 1583, Sir H. Gilbert,—*five Ships*,—two lost with the Commander.
 1585, John Davies,—*Sunshine and Moonshine*,—discovered Cape Walsingham and Cumberland Strait.
 1586, Do. two other vessels, the *Mermaid* and *North Star*, reached 67. N. L.
 1587, Do. three vessels, *Elizabeth*, *Sunshine*, and *Helena*, discovered Cumberland Isles, Cape Chidley, and Warwick's Foreland.
 1605 and 1607, James Hall,—*Frost and The Lion*,—reached 67. second voyage, five vessels.
 2606, John Knight,—*Hopewell*,—reached only the Coast of Labrador.
 1609, Mr. Hudson,—one vessel,—discovers Hudson's River.
 1610, Mr. Hudson,—*Discovery*,—discovers Cape Wolstenholm and Cape Digges, is murdered by his Crew.
 1612, Cap. Bolton,—*Resolution and Discovery*,—penetrates into Hudson's Bay, discovers Southampton Island, Nelson River, &c.
 1612, James Hall,—*Patience and Heart's Ease*,—penetrated 67. Hall killed by a Greenlander.
 1614, Gibbons,—*Discovery*,—Hudson's Strait.
 1615, Robert Bylot, (Mate W. Baffin)—*Discovery*,—penetrated to 66. N. L. and 86. W. L.
 1616, Bylot and Baffin,—*Discovery*,—reached 78. L. discovering Sir James Lancaster's Sound.
 1631, L. Fox,—*Charles*,—penetrated into Hudson's Bay, and discovered "Sir Thomas Raes' Welcome."
 1631, Capt. James,—*Maria*,—wintered in 51. 32. N. L.
 1661, Zac. Gillam,—penetrates into Hudson's Bay, builds "Fort Charles," having got a Charter from King Charles, which is the foundation of "The Hudson Bay Co."
 1722, Barlour and Vaughan,—*Albany and Discovery*,—both vessels lost in Hudson's Bay.
 1722, John Scroggs,—*Whalebone*,—Hudson's Bay, reached 64. 56.

- 1741, Middleton,—Hudson's Bay, reached 66. 14. Lat. and 86. 28. Long.
 1746, Moor and Smith,—*Dobb's Galley and California*,—discovered Repulse Bay, Water Strait, and wintered in Fort York.
 1769 and 1772, Samuel Hearnes,—*Journey*,—to mouth of Copper Mine River, reached about 70. N. L.
 1773,—Capt. Phipps,* (afterwards Lord Mulgrave)—*Racehorse and Coreaux Bomb*,—penetrating to 80. 37. N. Lat. and 19. 9. E. Long.
 1776 & 79, Cooke and Clerke,—*Discovery and Resolution*,—penetrated to 70. 41. in Behrings Straits, discovers "Icy Cape."
 1776, R. Pickersgill,—*Lion*,—penetrated only to 68. 10. Davis' Straits.
 1777, Walter Young,—*Lion*,—reached 72. 42. N. L.
 1789, A Mackenzie,—*Journey Overland*,—discovers the sea at the mouth of the river which bears his name, 69.
 1791, C. Duncan,—*Beaver*,—penetrates Chesterfield's Inlet.
 1818, Capt. Ross,—*Isabella and Alexander*,—latter vessel commanded by Capt. Parry, reached 76. 57. Baffin's Bay.
 1819, Capt. Parry,—*Hecla and Griper*,—entered Lancaster Sound, and penetrated as far as 74. 26. Lat. and 114. Long. discovered the North Georgian Island.
 1819, Capt. Franklin,—*Journey Overland*,—reached the sea at the mouth of the Copper Mine River, and returned to Fort York.
 1820, Capt. Parry,—*Fury and Hecla*,—penetrated, in Hudson's Bay to 69. 40. Lat. and about 83. Long. discovered Winter Island.

* Capt. Phipps' voyage was confined to the East part of Greenland, (the efforts of all the other navigators were directed to the West part of it) this was the first expedition directly fitted out by Government, for the discovery of a North-West Passage to India.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have again ventured a communication, once more have I embarked upon the sea of literature, and entrusted my little shallo; upon the stream of Poesy; but I have not dared to sail alone, I have sought me company, and have cheated Time of hours in such sweet converse as could only flow from the society I fixed on. Their names and attributes herewith will point out their recommendations, and my motives, but in what form do they appear,—I'll tell you as an—

A few short lines, or long ones, 'tis the same,
 Cross is the purpose, crosswise trace the name,
 Read the first letter in each following line
 Of each first word, a true one they'll combine—
 So sweetly do they sound to lovers' ears,
 They banish quickly all unbidden tears—
 In dulcet numbers then let each one prove,
 Cool is the bosom that ne'er beam'd with love.

having now shewn the dress in which they appear, allow me, gentle reader, to solicit your kind allowances for errors of any description that may have unfortunately been cast upon my work; be ye sad, sorrowful, or sullen; pretty, peaceable, or passionate; woman, warlike, or wretched—attend, my aim is high. I hope my fall will not be great—Adieu, I recommend myself again to mercy,

The nine I sing, their presence I invoke—
 Hear me fair Sisters, from your lofty throne,
 Each thought assist, and polish ev'ry stroke,
 My pen dares but your powerful influence own,
 Unloose the bonds that tie my roving hand,
 Sweet is my theme, my strain be sweeter still,
 Enlist me then within your sacred band,
 Such know but to obey your potent will.

Call on the name, each hero sound the shell,
 And whilst the crowding legions headlong swell,
 Lead on your armament, and trust to fame,
 Leave to Calliope your favour'd name—
 In battle mighty, and in battle strong—
 Of you alone shall sound her echoing song—
 Press forward then nor hope a better fate,
 Earth may enfold, she will your deeds relate.

Cau Clio then refuse her heavenly aid,
Laugh at the stricken hero's fitting shade!
In sweetest sounds Calliope may chime,
Of what you only shall preserve from Time.

Erato, loveliest of the lovely Nine,
Rapt in poetic visions at thy shrine,
A willing votary to thee I bend,
To thee for inspiration, prayers I send,
Oh, gentle one, then do thy power, thy influence lend.

E'en Stoics halt, when in her powerful mood
Upstrung her lyre, Euterpe sends the flood
To distant ears, where reigning darkness lowers,
Enshrouds a host unskilled in music's powers:—
Round this fair muse each sense is lul'd to sleep,
Power yields beneath the tones so long and deep.
Each nerve she binds, her notes thro' ev'ry mortal creep.

Mark how the tragic muse, in solemn guise,
Erect, majestic, and with heavy pace
Lordly pursues her cause; her beaming eyes
Protrude with grief, her anguish-stricken face
Of agony still tells, with solemn grace
Most mournfully she seeks a lover's shrine;
Eventful deeds were acted at that place,
Naked he fell—but they are o'er, nor mine
Each act to name—among the muses she shall shine.

Pride of all nations, who, with vocal strain,
Of old didst warble with the nightingale,
Lending your music to each am'rous swain,
Your powers hymning in the lowly vale,
Mine be the task such gentle notes to gain,
Not thro' a pipe to tell my simple tale;
In dulcet numbers then your praise I'd sing,
And echoing hills should with my numbers sing.

The deadly trumpet's sound had died away,
Earth once again enjoy'd a peaceful sway,
Replete with ease; dread war was known no more,
Peace beam'd upon our isle from ev'ry shore,
Sweet plenty pour'd upon us from her shore;
In heavy visions pass'd the lingering day,
Cheer'd, tho' the dreams that w'd the night away;
How dull was morning, and when ev'ning came,
Only anxiety could fan the flame,—
Rapt in delight the God vouchsafed his lute,
Each heart was full—we heard thy sounding flute.

The comic muse—and wilt thou condescend,
High from thy seat a single ray to lend,
A single one upon thy subject reign;
Lowly and sad I pray thy valued aid
In deep devotion is my homage paid,
A votive creature seeks thy art to gain.

Urania, whilst I gaze upon the sky
Rapt in its spangled mantle, and would try
A wish for art, to know the starry train,
Night sheds her glories on my sight in vain,
In vain I seek thee, for thy power explains
All constellations, and when each one reigns.

IGNOTO.

Liverpool, 1823.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Our Theatre opened for the season on Monday last, and, though we are sensible of the pains and expense bestowed by the Managers on the decorations, we are sorry to say, that the glaring and vivid colours of the interior are equally disagreeable to the sight, and injurious to scenic effect.

The performers were received with all the gratulation of old and favourite servants, and individually, acquitted themselves so as to merit continued approbation and patronage.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. HOOPER from the Birmingham Theatre made his *debut* in the character of *Tangent* in *The way to get Married*. Of this gentleman, as a substitute for Mr. Brown, we are not yet qualified to speak; however, we think favourably, and hope he will be completely successful.

The same evening, Miss Clara Fisher sustained various characters in a most frivolous entertainment entitled *Old and Young*;—to children, such nursery scenes may be agreeable, to adults they will ever appear ridiculous and repulsive.

VARIETIES.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR PARLIAMENT.

"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for parliament?" said a lady the other day to her husband, who was confined to his chair by the gout. "Why should I, my dear?" replied he; "I am not qualified for the station." "Nay, but I think you are," returned the wife; "your language and actions are truly parliamentary. When bills are presented, for instance, you either order them to be laid on the table, or you make a motion to rise; though often out of order, you are still supported by the chair; and you often poke your nose into measures which are calculated to destroy the constitution."

DOMESTIC LIFE.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort to either his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon seas; meet difficulty, and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful is it to have to cheer, and a companion to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathizing partner is prepared!

CRANIOLOGY.

We all know with what irresistible faith professors are generally wedded to a darling science. Many curious anecdotes might be adduced to illustrate this, but we have only room for the following, respecting Craniology, or the science of determining the characters of our neighbours by the shape of their skulls. We extract it from *Grisoom's Year in Europe*:

"A medical acquaintance of Dr. B. the anatomical lecturer, had taken a guide to conduct him to the top of one of the mountains, and while exploring the summit, the guide happening to pull off his bonnet, to scratch his head, exposed, to the alarmed vision of the doctor, the organ of *murder*, very strongly developed. With the greatest caution, the doctor, watching his opportunity, slipped from the guide, and took to his heels down the mountain, leaving the astonished man utterly at a loss to account for such a strange proceeding."

CANINE SAGACITY.

Isidore Froiture, servant to M. Ternisein, an inn-keeper at Boulogne, set out for Montreuil on the night of the 13-14th, ult., with a cart of herrings destined for Paris. He had performed the same journey for several successive nights; and overpowered with fatigue fell asleep upon his horse, as he travelled the forest of Longvilliers. He was thrown, and the wheel passed over his head. The horses continued their route, and reached Neuville, where their appearance without their driver led to the apprehension that some accident had befallen him. A postilion was mounted, and sent to explore the road. At the entrance of the forest, a league and a half from Neuville, he heard the howlings of a dog; and soon after discovered the animal by the corpse of his master, which he would not suffer him to approach? He therefore returned to Neuville for assistance; and a person named Dumontier was the only one the dog would allow to come near, he being dressed in a blue carter's garb, like that worn by Isidore. The dog was at last got away and taken to Neuville, while the body was buried; but he broke the cord with which he was tied, and made his way once more to the spot where his master had been killed. Taken finally to Boulogne, it was three days before he would touch food.

LANGUAGE.

A correspondent assures us, that a Native of Morocco, who accompanied Mr. Lancaster to Ireland, found the Irish language perfectly intelligible, and was himself understood by the people. The same person could converse with the Welsh, but not so readily.

BOUNDARIES OF CHRISTENDOM.

Take a map of the world, and encircle with your pencil those countries where woman is not a prisoner or a slave—where life and property are secured by a well regulated policy—where civilized manners have prevailed, and general science has burst the fetters of the mind—and you will encircle precisely those regions on which the rays of revelation shine.

PUNCH.

Efforts have been making to induce the famous Paris Punch to come over to illustrate the Pantomime at Covent Garden; but it is not yet certain whether the French Judy will consent to part from their favourite. This performer is equal, if not superior to the celebrated Follet, and his motions sadly puzzle anatomy.—Being of a small figure, and dressed like Punch, he perfectly imitates all the attitudes of that wooden puppet; puts one leg behind and another before a straight line, while he knocks his head from side to side in the most PUNCHlike and marvellous manner, that, he is a living human Punch.!!

A NEW CRITIC.

The Stag under the Stage at Covent Garden had its most put Young out of Sir Pertinax on his first night. The animal happening to take a braying fit with the performer was in one of his best parts, and the interruption came so appropriately and naturally, that poor Sir Pertinax fancied it was a dead set at him from some one of the audience in front of the House. As much was he affected by this determined opposition, that he was on the point of stepping forward to claim a louder hearing, when the mysterious cause of the pausing was explained. It would have been curious to see a *Man of the World* put down by a *Beast*.

THE BRIDLE.

There is, in the church of Walton on Thames, a curious instrument, presented to the parish, about a century and a half ago, by a person of some consequence at that time, whose name was Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the fair sex, who had been guilty of defamation. It is of a singular construction, and, when fixed, one part enters the mouth, which prevents the possibility of articulation. It bears this very poetic inscription:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that talk idle."

Its presentation arose from the circumstance of the individual whose name it bears, losing a valuable case through the instrumentality of a gossiping lying woman.

TO ESCAPE FROM, OR GO INTO A HOUSE OF THE

Creep or crawl with your face near the ground, and although the room be full of smoke to suffocation, yet near the ground the air is pure, and may be breathed with safety. The best escape from an upper window is by a knotted rope; but if a leap is unavoidable, let the bed should be thrown out first, or beds prepared for the purpose.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications received this week shall have an earliest attention.

Those subscribers who intend binding the present volume of the *Iris*, and whose sets are incomplete, are requested to make early application for the deficiencies, as several of the numbers are nearly sold out.

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TO YOUTH.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEM IN EARLY PURSUITS.—*Concluded.*

Disgusted with the *littleness* of the soulless politician, and, if possible, more disgusted with the inconvenient want of memory displayed by our men of genius, and our "great men;" and, being convinced that there are unapproachable classes in society, and that the omnipotence of mere money is acknowledged by all, I made a noble struggle. I shook off my patriotic associates, many of them men born for better things, but, like myself, cursed with more enthusiasm than judgment; and a majority consisting of men who could talk most eloquently about "our lives, our property, and our sacred honour,"—without scarcely the means or ability to support the first, without one inch of the second, or an atom of the third. I again became diligent and attentive; neglected, but useful studies, were resumed; my voice was heard no more in the bar-room debate, nor at any "numerous and respectable meeting;" and those who sought me at ———, found me not.

How rich, in pleasure, was that period! the sweet feelings of earlier hours came thronging back upon my heart; my days were blessed by cheerfulness, my nights were undisturbed by uneasy dreams, and my mind felt the vigour of rekindled ambition. I had conquered *self*, and I esteemed it a glorious victory, and it was one which even now calls forth sensations of honest satisfaction.

But it was the sun illumining a passing cloud, to be enshrouded the more effectually by its dark successors;—the poison had sunk too deep; my firmness was inadequate—I relapsed. I fervently hope that there are many, more fortunate than myself, who can

"On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man;"

and who, more wise, can adhere to the good resolutions they may form, for in proportion to the number of resolutions which are broken, is the incapacity of the mind to keep those which makes.

Obedying my romantic feelings, I now read, Phillips, Curran, and Burke; and, burning to excel even a Demosthenes, I stood forth, "prouder than a sceptred king," as the principal spouter at literary club: and, judging from the long-continued roar which ever attended my displays, I acknowledged no superior, either remembered or existent.

Then came to while my mind still farther away from more profitable pursuits, lectures on hominy, physics, and political economy; and they were advertised in the very papers which fostered my delusions by handing down my speeches and my poetry to an admiring posterity! I once more threw aside the shackles of mere *business*, and studied Linnæus and incomprehensible Godwin: and discoursed so learnedly of pistil, stamina, castrating and transplanting, and gave such vehement dissertations upon political justice, rights

in common, &c. that, astonished at my return to former follies, my friends, justly offended, jeered me at the first, and then charitably pronounced me crazed.

But let me draw these desultory remarks to a close. All labour is now painful to my worn and wasted mind—but the task of thus sketching my own sad history is the extreme of anguish. I would willingly forget those days of delusion and of folly. To recall them for the benefit of others is a duty—it must be fulfilled. Memory compels the corroding reflection; she tells me of the many hours abstracted from business, most uselessly employed—of the many unprofitable acquaintances formed during that squandered period—of men who, slaves to indolence, and without a rational aim in life, strove to maintain a questionable respectability by mingling in the noisy, senseless, ward-meeting debate, or by flaming out like comets in the patriotism of these venal times to flutter their tarnished tinsel before the heavy eyes of a besotted audience.

As I now think of men and things with bitterness, I think correctly. I fear that my writing is like my mind, pointless and without force, but the intention is good. I can perceive the mistake and errors of my own life, and I wish others destined to a career of usefulness, (and who are not?) to restrain, in time, the misleadings of imagination. I am a privileged monitor: for, with a broken constitution—a mind incapable of firmness in resolution—its reason passively adopting the opinions, and, I might say, the instincts of *habit*—my profession but half understood—and myself utterly resourceless, I feel that the only duty left me to perform is to give my history to the *young*, that it may serve as a beacon to warn them of the many dangers in the ocean of life, and to shew the wisdom of their pursuing a correct course.

Oh ye youth! just entering upon the active duties of existence, be careful, I beseech you, to lay down a well-defined, rational, yet rigid system of conduct; let order and method govern all your actions, and prescribe all your studies—let nothing foreign to your business turn you aside from the path which leads to perfection in it. You owe to yourselves—to your country—to your God! a debt of immense amount; be *useful* to each, and you will cancel it.

Habits, like facts, are stubborn things; and when once disgraceful or improper habits have incorporated themselves with the very heart, it requires more than the strength of Hercules to dislodge them—it requires a continued exertion of *moral* power. It is better to resist at the outset than to depend upon our reason or our firmness in the future."

The preceding is the history of a friend once dear to me; he is now where, "deaf to the voice of censure or of praise," the sorrows of this life oppress him no more! His fine genius—his exquisite wit—his melancholy fate—will be remembered and mourned by a constant few. Thinking that the above sketch, left among his papers, hastily written and in an unfinished state, may, by its publication, serve the purpose apparently de-

signed by its unfortunate author, I give it to the world.

The chasms in the preceding "essay to do good" might be filled by many useful reflections: I leave it to such as can think, and can profit by their thinking, to ponder on the important truths contained in it—highly important, inasmuch as they include the language of experience. A picture is presented to the mind of which it will not be difficult to discover many originals in real life; and that mind on which its features make the deepest impression will, of consequence, receive the largest and most lasting benefit from the study, and will be enabled to correct, by the melancholy fortunes of him who sketched it, the follies, and thereby prevent the tyranny of the imagination.

BRYANT.

THOUGHTS ON A RAINY DAY.

I am naturally of a gay and care-despising turn; abhorring metaphysics, hating melancholy, and but little given to those speculations which clothe the mind in mourning, and cast a cloud of soberness over the brow. I have heretofore considered religion a decent sort of thing in its way, easily understood, and not entitled to more respectful attention than our gallant heirs and heartless heiresses in these days of refinement generally bestow upon an affectionate guardian.

Common respect, according to modern ideas, seems to be all that is necessary to extend to those from whom we receive the most valuable and most disinterested benefits. But I now begin to think otherwise upon certain points; I grow wiser as I advance in years; or, at least, I wear the appearance of wisdom, and indulge less frequently in the thought-dispelling mirth of youth, and seldom raise "the loud laugh that speaks a vacant mind." And particularly on a gloomy day like the present, when the clouds hang low towards the earth—when the rain falls with a certain heavy and doleful sound, and the streets are as deserted as if an earthquake had just passed through them, I unconsciously fall into a solemn reverie, which is only broken occasionally by a shudder, as conscience reminds me of the lightness and irreverence with which I have often thought and spoken of sacred things. It is then I feel that it is good to be serious sometimes; and it is then I recall to my heart the features and expressions of an estimable friend who used to say, "that there never had existed a man, who, when reviewing life at the hour of his leaving it, was ever sorry that he had prayed." It is a beautiful remark, and it convinces me that we should be sometimes *serious*. Wit may pass for awhile—it may receive applause; and its light, like the evening star illumining dark waters, may give beauty wherever it falls; but, as those waters are more sublime left alone in their darkness, so when the light of wit leaves the mind, and a calm solemnity comes slowly over it, the strength of its thought is more apparent, and its greatness is increased.

The fear of being termed a *preacher* by the common majority of mankind, should never be

permitted to deter us from useful reflections, even if they give a cast of pensiveness to the countenance; for the mind of man can never think too deeply when studying its own nature, or when dwelling upon things only inferior to itself by the disposition made of them for wise purposes at the creation of the universe.

By exploring the great works of an Almighty hand, which appear in perfect fitness or beauty wherever the eye can rest, we learn to repress the risings of self-importance, we are made acquainted with our rights and our rank, while convinced that, although ruling millions with the sceptre of reason, man is but an inhabitant of the earth in common with all that breathe. When thus employed, the meaner pursuits of life are excluded, the disposition to frivolity is weakened, and the mind appears in all the glory of its divine character. Who can feel the bitterness of earthly sorrow, or who can indulge in levity when placed amid a perfect landscape, to breathe the very spirit of the scene, and to see impressed on every thing around the evidences of a higher power? How the bosom swells while some wild cataract, roaring over its broken channel, pours upon the wind the music of its waters! its sensations are then closely allied to all that is pure in the nature of man, and, in some instances, must rise in communion with those which even angels may be supposed to cherish.

A forest, with its countless varieties of colour, its full masses of foliage, and the deep repose of its interior, should afford an idea of extent and sublimity; while the humbler family of flowers should convey a pleasant conviction that, throughout the wonderful economy of creation, beauty and sweetness are found accompanying and adorning strength, and lavishing the charm of their attractions upon the rude and the rough.

Yet, while nature holds an instructive volume, while she publishes to the heart her religion, a voice is heard from every moving sphere: it addresses itself to the reason of man—it is the voice of divine truth! It commands him to compare the religion of nature with that higher and holier system revealed, in beneficent goodness, from heaven to "Moses and the prophets."

And, on making the comparison, can no difference be discovered? Yes; the natural religion is but an evidence of the power, the illimitable dominion of God; and, as such, is entitled to the reverence of man; and the revealed contains the sacred precepts of His grace, His mercy, and His love! It is all that mortality could require. It includes the only law that angels could obey! It supplies every deficiency; it inspires every rational hope: it speaks the language of inspiration. The comments of a Creator upon the perishable works of his hands, are discoverable in its truths: the glories of a blissful eternity shine upon the pages which contain its principles! Although the material world is beautiful, although its skies are bright—its streams are flowing in freshness—and its breezes move along in fragrance and in purity, and we may get knowledge by studying its parts—yet are we called upon by a feeling, innate and uncontrollable, that is instinct in childhood and reason in maturer years, to look beyond its narrow limits for the framer of its admirable symmetry, for the bestower of its beauties—for its Creator!

We turn for an explanation of the mysteries which surround us, to that Book in which is revealed a purer and a more sublime knowledge than mere earthly wisdom could ever have offered to our understanding. We almost instinctively turn to it; we look from "nature up to nature's God;" to whom conscience flies when danger threatens, to breathe forth the brief and fervent

prayer; and to whom every action of our lives conveys an admission of His omnipotence. We subscribe to His superiority and to His goodness, often unconsciously. While surveying the vast world on which man lives, and moves, and has his portion of pleasure and of pain, the mind even of the dullest is filled with sensations of wonder and of gratitude. And why is that wonder excited? Towards whom do we experience those sweetest sensations of gratitude? A work far beyond our own capacity to execute, or even our fancy to suggest, is before us and around us, and therefore are we lost in wonder. "That work came not of chance," whispers every better thought. Reason, that portion of divine intelligence kindly lent to man, points out the *Great First Cause*: on the ocean as well as on the earth, it bids us to feel and tremble in the storm—to rejoice with gladness in the sunshine—to know His voice in the impartial thunder—to hail returning grace while His bow of promise is forming in the skies!

Oh, then the soul bows before its Maker! looks fearfully back upon the follies which may have sullied its purity; resolves against the passions which may degrade his nature; and acknowledges, with the sincerity of grief, the power and the misery of the only true God. Then, however gifted, however improved, the proudest and the vainest of men must, in conscience, admit bounds to human greatness: must deeply feel his inferiority to that incomprehensible perfection directing the movements of innumerable worlds, and speaking in thunders, or smiling in light, from His high throne in the heavens!

Yet such is the admirable structure of the mind, bestowed for the noblest purposes upon man, that, in proportion as it can become familiar with excellence—in proportion as it can receive delight from the study of scenes or powers superior to its own, will be its moral energy—its similarity to the objects of its study or its association. When that mind is directed to the contemplation of the attributes or the works of a Creator, the subjects appear too mighty for the grasp of created intellect: yet that He is—that he rules all-powerful, we are convinced by the incontrovertible evidence of His being all goodness—by the consciousness of our own existence. And while from the hills and the streams, the flowers and the fields, the bounded and the governed, yet apparently boundless ocean, reason might teach man to draw irresistible arguments, conscience breaks down all the barriers of doubt and of infidelity by the secret testimony of his own heart.

We possess, in a greater or less degree, the capacity to appreciate the beauties of nature; and it should be cultivated to the improvement of our hearts and to the enhancing of our happiness. For a habit of musing upon those beauties—of conversing with ourselves in the midst of nature's ever-varying scenes, will lead us to discover the connection between the harmony and propriety of created things and the power and benevolence of their Creator. It is an employment most innocent in itself, and one which, adding much to the stock of our earthly enjoyments, tends to fit us for a more exalted and more blissful state of existence.

Is there an unfortunate being among the millions of mankind who will claim the title of *atheist*? Go forth, thou man most worthy of compassion! in the calm of a summer midnight, when the skies are unclouded, and the stars are all out, trembling in their brilliance, and, calling to thine aid astronomy, that most beautiful of the sciences, gaze intently upon the objects then presented to thy view, and ask thyself whether

such could be the work of chance? What should be thy answer? what will be the reply of thy conscience?—No!—for then thou wilt be alone with thy God!

It is in such a scene—when all the world is still, that the cares and the trials of this life—the ingratitude of friends, too deeply seated in our hearts—the inconstancy of those who vowed to love us for ever, come thronging upon our minds; it is in such a scene that bitter recollections come to wring the unavailing tear. And then, robbed of every hope, deceived in every trust, and left to the severest of all life's ills—the misery of lonely reflection, where shall the unhappy fly for consolation, when the falsity of long-cherished opinions is discovered—when infidelity can afford no alleviation? It is to the precepts and practice of a rational religion—to the bosom of divine truth, that the lost one must fly when abandoned by the world, and awakened from the dream of error.

Can you imagine a Being suddenly appearing upon a dark and boundless ocean, when the thunders are roaring, when the lightnings are flashing, when the waves are heaving to the skies, when the storm is at the highest—can you imagine such a Being stretching forth his arm, and commanding the waves to recede, and the storm to pass away, and that they obey him! Then may you be entitled to form a faint idea of the might and the majesty of immortal truth. Truth comes, in the light of heaven, upon the dark ocean of humanity; she quells the wild waves of passion, she speaks, and the hoarse discord of error is heard no more!

BREARY.

THE POET'S AERIAL VOYAGE

Imitated from Casimir—Lycior. Lib. II. Ch. I.

Homage linquo, tollite pompas, &c.

Earth I forsake; through fields of azure light
I soar, and heaven-ward wing my ardent flight.
Bear me, ye fleecy clouds! and bid me ride
Propitious breezes! to empyreal skies.

See! fainter lustres gild each shrinking spire.
Mountains subside, and regal domes retire.
Your circling bound, prolific haunts of Man,
And Earth's proud cities, dwindle to a speck.

Sublimar rising—from the ethereal way
Wide and more wide, the Nations I survey:
O Sons of Frailty! doom'd to toil in vain,
The unhappy slaves of Fortune's fickle reign!

There—measured fields aspiring walls surround,
And a new City rises from the ground.
There—monkling piles, and once fam'd tow'rs arise,
And scatter'd fragments scarce the site betray.

Lo! there—salubrious ether smiles serene,
But War and Tumult riot o'er the scene.
There—olive Peace her placid sway maintains,
But dire Contagion desolates the plain.

There—ferce Dissension half a world divides,
And Earth's discordant children shine in arms.
There—hesitating hooves survey the foe,
And dubious Fate awhile suspends the blow:

Whilst there—conflicting ranks with intercessing
Rush on the foe;—and furious battle wage:
Even now! wild Frenzy deals the mutual wound:
Earth teems with blood, and dying groans resound!

But what the imperious cause?—'Tis to reclaim
A vile adulteress! 'tis a speck,—a speck!
'Tis even for this—perverted Reason pleads;
While Discord rages—and while Fly Words!

Behold where Commerce spreads her swelling sails
And full-fruited vessels woo the favouring gales.
Teem the full ports you distant shores along,
And busy murmurs animate the throng.

On labouring waves there threatening bulwarks ride,
And stem with haughty prow the yielding tide;
Thunders the floating war! the echoing sound
Strikes the rent rocks, and cleaves the deep profound!

Forth from the green wave turbid smoke aspires,
And death-fraught engines vomit missile fires:
Ocean indignant frowns—that Man should vie
With storms and rocks—his fellows to destroy!

There Realms are tottering: In you treacherous ground
Mansions and Lords a common grave have found.
For you lone plain the pensive traveller sighs:
'Here Empire stood:—here prostrate Glory lies.'

There—Inundations roar—and widely sweep
The pride of Ages to the oblivious deep:
What once were Cities—whelming billows lave,
And Wealth unheeded floats upon the wave!

Man, man destroys! with wild conflicting rage
The Elements in mutual war engage:
Howls o'er the scene with desolating ire
The fierce Tornado! Sea and Air conspire

Their own destruction! Hastes the fatal day
When self-devoted Nature sinks, a prey!
Enough.—Beyond this sublimity scene,
Waft me, ye Breezes! through the blue serene.

Hounds! on your shadowy Car, the rapt bard hear
Through azure fields, and trackless wilds of Air,
Far as yon Orbs of silver light, that roll
With mild effulgence round the steadfast pole!

Or I dream! or through the yielding skies
Driven by obsequious gales, again I rise!
Earth's frail domains, Ambition's empty boast,
And the vain Glories of the World are lost!

Diminish'd to a point—its scanty round
See!—now floating mists my sight confound.—
Fain Earth adieu! thy form no more I trace,
Lost in the undistinguish'd name of Space.

Infinity! how wide thy realms extend,
What, less than Thought Divine can comprehend!
Ocean interminate! the Bard receive,—
As trembling, he explores thy everlasting wave!

REPARTEE.

A certain poet, who has written some of the best
poesies, and some of the worst lines of any American
poet; and who, for some peculiar eccentricities, (which
as at length thrown aside), has been reputed mad,
some time since, in the assembly room, at the
Hotel, was interrupted in his "dreams of fiction"
by a stranger, who thus accosted him:

"Is your name C—e?"

"C—e, sir, is my name."

"I have come a great distance, sir, for the express
purpose of seeing you."

"Indeed! And do you consider yourself amply re-
served for the trouble and fatigue of a long journey,
to view of my delectable person?"

"Yes; you are a strange looking creature. I have
heard much of you. Some people say you are mad;
I have heard a number of ladies assert, that if you
proper attention to your dress, you would be a
pretty man."

"A pretty man! Now, by Heavens, sir, I consider
as one of the most rascally compliments they could
pay me. A pretty man, sir, (like yourself, for
instance,) is, in my opinion, one of the most com-
plicable objects that ever came from the manufactory
heaven!"

"Why so, sir?"

"Because, sir, the epithet implies the absence of
that is manly. They might as well apply the term
to ocean in a storm, an eruption of Mount Etna, or
Falls of Niagara."

"Well, you are really a strange fellow; and, in my
opinion, more knave than fool."

"Do you think so, sir? I really wish that I could
procure the compliment. But I am certain that no
one in your character will bear any comparison with
my silliness, which like Aaron's rod, or Pharaoh's
kine, swallows up all the rest."

"You are severe."

"You say that you have come a great distance for
the express purpose of seeing me, as you would go to
see a bear, an elephant, or a Hottentot Venus?"

"Yes."

"Now, sir, comply with the terms—fifty cents a
sight."

"Indeed! Well, there." (Gives him money)

"Stay, sir, take back twenty-five cents—Children
half-price!"

"Again!—Why you show no mercy to one who is
anxious to serve you."

"To serve me? Then unite your fortunes with mine.
Every wild beast that is exhibited in this city, is ac-
companied with a monkey."

The stranger finding the Poet rather "too much for
him," as the pugilists say, and perceiving that he was
no more deficient in feeling than in wit and talents,
begged his pardon for having so rudely intruded upon
his meditations, and was about retiring, when the Poet
returned the rest of his money, and taking him by the
hand, assured him, that as impudence and ignorance
are always united, he could very safely pardon his pre-
sumption.

The above dialogue reminds us of the following anec-
dote:—

A pretty Man.—In speaking of the Duke of Marl-
borough, after the battle of Ramillies, a puny officer
said he was a pretty man. The father of the young
officer, who was present, turned to him, with an au-
sterity in his countenance he was little accustomed to
wear—"And you are a pretty fool, thus to characterise
the greatest man in England." The sterling weight of
words is not always known to our juvenile critics.

GEORGE.

THE HURRICANE OF NOVEMBER, 1821.

BY A PASSENGER.

(Written for the Iris.)

As there are few who can, or perhaps few, that from
a recurrence to the event, will write the narrative of this
awful event, I have recorded it for the *Iris*, and I think
the situation I possessed, and the opportunities I had of
observing its desolation on the Welsh Coast and in the
Irish Channel, may prove interesting.

In the afternoon of a gloomy November day, I had
obtained the polite permission of Colonel Woodford of
the guards, to sail in his own packet, that fine body of
men having been detained in Liverpool as well as my-
self, (and business was pressing) for seven weeks, by
contrary winds. The troops embarked in the trans-
ports with great alacrity, and Colonel Woodford and the
staff officers had already entered the cabin he was kind
enough to grant me a shelter in, when suddenly the Co-
lonel was called out, and immediately afterwards an or-
der for disembarkation was issued, and to my sorrow the
vessels were instantly vacated, and the troops sent to
their quarters. At this moment (I will not for reasons
hereafter to be explained, mention the vessel) a sloop
with a part of the 19th regiment of foot, wives, children,
and other passengers, was hauling from the basin for the
port of Dublin. I threw my luggage upon deck, and
springing from the quay on the shrouds, was on board
immediately.

The Captain was strongly advised not to put to sea,
for the commanders of the transports had foreseen the
calamitous consequences which would have attended
their charge, but he was an old, bold, and experienced
navigator, and thirty-five years of discipline had confirm-
ed him in his opinion, and though the wind was at north
west, and fresh, with now and then an indication to the
eastward, which was all he relied upon, he was resolute
in his determination. We soon found ourselves, through
a heavy swell, making our way down the Mersey, and
we turned the Black Rock at about two P. M. The
breeze continued to freshen, and the swell increased
considerably, and this continued without intermission or
variation till five in the afternoon, when we passed the
Floating Light which was heaving heavily at the moor-
ings. We were baffled greatly by the still strong and
contrary wind, and all hope of an eastern breeze van-
ished.

At half past nine when in sight of the Skerries, a sud-
den and terrible gust of wind laid the vessel on her beam
ends, and had it not been for her high bulwarks we
should most of us have been precipitated into the ocean.
Fortunately the steersman, obliged to keep a strong hold
of the pulley which directs the helm, preserved his sta-
tion. Gust preceded gust in a stunning and deafening
manner, and from this moment the hurricane began, and
with it the horror of the night. In a short time the sea was
frightfully agitated, the topsail threatened our immediate
destruction, and by signs, the captain who had come
on deck on the first calm, intimated to one of the crew
to secure it—for the speaking trumpet was useless—
with an intrepidity rarely witnessed did this brave Cam-
brian tar, crawl on his hands and knees, to the foot of
the shrouds, and taking advantage of a momentary
steadiness of the vessel, seized hold of the ropes, and
mounted to the astonishment of the few of us who were
on deck, accomplished his arduous duty, and descend-
ed! I blush to add, that, with many opulent cabin pas-
sengers, the poor fellow's heroism went unrewarded.

By this time it was evident that to stand out to sea
was our only chance of salvation; two traders had struck
on the coast only half a league from us, before day light
had closed, and we wore the vessel accordingly,—in
doing this, we shipped the first heavy sea, which comple-
tely satisfied us of the state we must be content to remain
in, even if it pleased God we reached our destination;
but from the poor wretches in the steerage, which the sea
had half filled, the most horrible shriek arose which
pierced through the howling of the wind; let what
would have happened them no help could be afforded,
and the pumps, as circumstances would allow, relieved
them. The hatchway was now put over the covering to
prevent a similar accident, and it was well, for every
minute afterwards had we to take breath for the coming
deluge. We passed Holyhead Light House, and still
the fury of the elements increased occasionally with vivid
flashes of lightning,—the thunder was inaudible,—the
moon, which now rose, dispelled in some measure
the cheerless monotony which had been observed, and
which could now only be relieved by looks, and those
—looks of despair! The whole ocean, as far as the eye
could reach presented a white surface, and the approach-
ing waves seemed like a mountain of solid snow; with
great hazard and difficulty, the mainsail was lowered
and secured, leaving as much in the reefs, only, as serv-
ed to answer the helm. Two vessels on our starboard
side were firing constantly, guns of distress, which we
could often discern only by the flashes, and at the best,
the report was feeble; as the moon brightened we ob-
served one having lost her mainmast, and in half an hour
afterwards we saw her no more!

Holyhead was a tempting refuge, but nothing of our
pantomimic wishes, could induce the Captain to alter his
resolution, he stood out to sea, in spite of the immer-
sions we were constantly experiencing, and I could trace
on the faces of my prostrate companions on deck, as I
inwardly felt myself, a total indifference to death fast
prevailing,—they, almost worn out with cold and wear-
iness, scarcely could cling to the ropes, now as wet as
themselves, but I more fortunately had my hands
through two rings which by cleaving my fists prevent-
ed the possibility of being detached from the vessel,
unless my shoulders were torn from my body; in this
situation I often thought of that truly sublime senti-
ment of the Psalmist—

"The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high."

and without any variation than that of the smothered
shrieks below, we continued, till the Wexford moun-
tains appeared in sight.

Mean while I had observed that the pitching of the
vessel grew less and less, and in a little while after I
was able to address my nearest companion, who was un-
able to return it, beyond a shake of the head. As no
sea had broken over us for nearly ten minutes, the
hatches were now taken off the poor sufferers, and to the
term of my days I shall never forget the vapour which
arose; disengaging my hands, I resolved to crawl to
the steerage which with difficulty I accomplished,—
a sergeant came up the ladder and lay down by me,
smoking as if he had been on fire, he could not speak
but pointed to a bottle in his breast, I took it out, and
it was nearly full of brandy, I poured a little into his
mouth, and he intimated I should perform the same of-

see myself, which I did most gladly and liberally; as soon as he could speak he informed me, that when the storm was at its height, the men grown selfish from despair, applied the spirits they had brought with them to their own purposes, and lay like pigs amongst the straw, and would have been suffocated but for the timely cover of the hatchway, which would have proved as fatal if it had not been partially opened; as for their poor wives and children I could not persuade myself, looking from deck, that they were *alive*,—a spectacle of greater horror I never beheld. We were fast approaching the Light House, and though in rough water, were now perfectly assured; the first object that met our sight was, the *mast* of a vessel in the bay, *above water*!

We landed, in fine, at the Pidgeon House Battery, amidst the congratulations of the people, who informed us that the damage done in, and about the city was incalculable, and expressing their astonishment at our miraculous arrival. An officer of the service, a cabin passenger, was delicious when landed; one lady from the same part, a mute statue of despair. I have thus narrated the leading instances of a voyage, which, as the veteran Captain said, had not been equalled in the period of his service.

The English newspapers received subsequently furnished the most appalling proofs of the tempest's devastation, and we afterwards learned that on the coast of Sussex alone, upwards of two hundred sail of craft of different magnitude had been wrecked—the loss on the whole can never be estimated. G.

ORAISON.

He comes, he comes, arrayed in glitt'ring vest,
Bright Phoebus, shedding beams of orient gold;
Responsive beats my sympathetic breast
As Memnon's once, in classic legends told.
Father of merries!—Thou, alone, whose hand
Doth guide yon planet on its reflux way,
Teach me to bow beneath thy dread command,
That calm may be the setting of my day.
Shouldst Thou afflict me with thy chast'ning hand
For misdemeanour—Oh! may it be mine
To breathe the submission to thy rod divine;—
Should life's short hour be fraught with pleasure bland
Luring, seductive:—still, this truth I know,
The arm that lifts—in vengeance can o'erthrow!
Liverpool. *.*

SINGULAR BIOGRAPHY.

The Reverend Mr. Mattinson was minister of Pattersdale for sixty years, and died January 31, 1766. His stipend was only £12 *per annum*, till within twenty years of his death; and though it was augmented from Queen Anne's bounty, it never exceeded eighteen pounds. On this slender income he married, and brought up four children; and when he died, at the advanced age of eighty-three, he left £1000 to his family.—With that singular simplicity and inattention to forms which characterise a country like this, he read the burial service himself over his own mother; he married his father to a second wife, and afterwards buried him. The first infant whom he baptized was nineteen years old, and she agreed to marry him. He published the banns of marriage in the church. He married his four children, from whom he saw seventeen grand-children spring before his death.

With so small a stipend as the above, it appears scarcely credible, even that a miser should be able to accumulate such a sum. But it should seem that Mr. Mattinson had one or two other resources, which essentially aided his purse; though even with these additions, it is sufficiently extraordinary that he should have left so large an amount behind him. He and his wife carded and spun that portion of tithe wool which fell to his share, namely, one-third; and from a school that he taught, he added

about £5 to his yearly income. His wife was expert as a midwife, performing her operations in that way for the small sum of *one shilling*! Her profits, however, on these occasions, were further increased by some culinary perquisites; as, in compliance with an ancient custom, she invariably officiated as cook, at the christening dinner. On the day of her nuptials with Mr. Mattinson, her father is said to have boasted, that his two daughters were married to two of the best men in Pattersdale—the priest and the bag-piper!

The property that was thus amassed by Mr. Mattinson, proved of little benefit to his successors; after his death it was soon squandered by his widow and children, and she was obliged to seek an asylum in the college of matrons, at Wigton, for the widows of indigent protestant clergy, Episcopally ordained.

ASSOCIATIONS.

There is scarcely any thing, from "the chaste cold moon," (that wins its way, in undisturbed serenity, through interminable space,) to the most common article of our good world, but that, when attentively observed by the mind of man, awakens remembrance in it of past times. When we look into the evening sky, when the moon is still smiling upon the beautiful world below, we can recollect the time when we used to sport with our young companions upon the green meadow, or wander with some pretty girl as youthful, as innocent, and as happy as ourselves. Now conversing on the past, now anticipating the future; dwelling upon the joys and sorrows of this varied world, and often pausing to look upon and admire some bright cloud that was floating silently on through the mellow light, like a fairy island that, guided by angel hands, was just crossing our sphere—revelling a few moments in the golden beams, and then passing away. As for me, when I gaze upon the moon, it always reminds me of past times. Rosy cheeks and laughing lips come across my fancy; and I can almost hear the silver voice of many a loved one who has long, long since mouldered in the tomb. I remember the stories of the poets—the fabled sports of those happy spirits who dance in the moonlight, and wanton on every breeze. Such are the *associations* that mingle with the pensive beauties of the silver moon.

A few weeks ago, I visited the scene where I had been educated—the spot where the first fleeting years of my boyhood had fled like a dream. It was a beautiful afternoon in summer, when I arrived at my hotel; the same house around which I had often played, and watched each successive carriage that rolled by. When I looked around me, every tree brought to mind some incident that would otherwise have been forgotten. I stood upon the meadow of my gay sports, and I could almost recognise the voices of my companions as they shouted in their play, "every man to his own den." The brook where I used to drop my line, and triumphantly draw my struggling victims to land, was still rippling in the breeze, and reflecting in its bosom the fairy world around. The old forest yet waved its rustling branches in the air; and I heard the same sounds as I was wont to, when, years and years ago, I rambled, a mere boy, through the same beautiful scenes, and leaned my young ear to catch the mingled music of the murmuring brook—the rustling branches—and the clear silver warbling of the nightingale. I almost imagined I was yet a

boy, and that all the busy, stormy incidents of my past life were but a dark confused dream—it seemed like stepping back from the misty tunes and sad realities of my present situation, and revelling in the happiness of my youthful days. The whole vision (for it may be called one) was created by the *associations* that crowded around every object that met my view.

In our course through life, as in a journey of a day, we often behold scenes that we love to look back upon and contemplate. When, after riding through a beautiful country, we find ourselves far away from the object of our admiration—travelling, perhaps, over the unvaried surface of a desert, the shadow of a cloud may remind us of the beauties we have passed, and as it darkens for an instant the sunshine around, we can almost imagine it is kissing the same varied loveliness of nature that is, in fact, *blowing* in its summer beauty far away. It is just so in our path through life. We have all, during our existence, met with beings whom we loved, but from whom fate has parted us, and like the meteor in an evening sky, they just glaze in our sight—just brighten for a little while the shadows around, and we see them no more. They are gone, but there are many little objects which will remind us of them, and bring them in all their brightness to our view: again we see sparkling eyes smiling upon us, and happy pictures in life and loveliness, the image that is gone. A song we have heard her sing—a glove she used to wear—is *associated* with the beauty of the first object of our affection; and the very room in which she has moved seems still to echo to the voice of her who is there no more.

I remember, when I was a young man I passed a few weeks in a circle of company, lively, witty, beautiful, and all that could make a heart, young and ardent as mine then was, beat with pleasure. There was one, however, one single being, who still hallows the remembrance, and makes me look back upon the bright scenes that passed so swiftly away, with a feeling of mingled pleasure and pain. The fact is, we loved each other. I shall say nothing of the feelings with which I kissed the lip that told me I was not indifferent to her; but rather it to say, that she is no more! I was, the other day, looking over my drawers, when I saw a neatly folded paper, in which was enclosed a graceful ringlet of silken hair. It was *Mary's*. I looked at it for a few moments without speaking. Yes, it was *Mary's*—dear, dear *Mary's*. There it lay, the same beautiful ringlet that had once rioted in its privilege on her lovely neck. I could almost see her fair figure—her brow—her eye—her lip—seemed for an instant to live before me—and the lock to be re-attached in its former situation. For one fleeting moment, I almost believed that *Mary* was in my presence, and the next I felt a tear start from mine eye—and my lip (unusual as it was to quiver with emotion. I thought of her simple like form, as it was then, so graceful and lovely; and I pictured her as she is now—cold—animate—without life, feeling, or affection, passionless—dead. I recollected the time when I stole the pretty ringlet from her neck, and kissed her into a smile of forgiveness. The smile—her beautiful look—flashed across my mind, and then the stern certainty that all was changed—lost alike in the unthinking cloud that moulders in the grave.

Now why was this? What was there in the lock that could awaken into life emotions that had long slumbered in silence? What was the power that breathed its magic around me, and bore me far back again over the dim lapse of

ears, as though I had been spell-bound by an eastern enchantress? Another might have looked upon it—but no powerful emotion would have started at the sight—he might have vouchsafed a smile at the silken beauty of the curl, but he would have looked in vain for those thousand mysterious associations that crowded round it, invisible to every eye but mine. Such were the feelings that came across my mind as I surveyed the golden relic of my pretty fairy; and small as it was, and insignificant as it would have been to any other eye, to me it was rich with the mellowed associations of past times.—I looked upon it and wept. F.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

In the morn of the year, when a soft-breathing show'r
Effus'd vigour and life on the soil,
Delighted I sought the retreat of my bow'r,
And gaz'd as I sat on each opening flow'r
That rewarded my pains with a smile.

Expand ye sweet nurslings! and riot in joy,
And exult in the genial time;
My Garden's gay bound shall an emblem supply,
And depict the soft season of life to the eye,
Of youth and of Beauty the prime.

But see! in despite of my caution and care,
How yon vile weeds your efforts impede;
When my flowrets expand, sure to vegetate there,
Of the sun's ray benign they usurp a large share,
And envelope your beauties in shade.

Ah! too true the similitude! Man is a flow'r
Whom the rank weed of Sorrow annoys:
And should he survive the rude blasts' chilling pow'r,
'Tis to shed his frail beauties in Autumn's lorn hour;
And ere Winter he withers, and dies.

Φ

THE CLUB.

NO. XXXVII.—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1823.

"Discipulos ad unum interim moneo, ut preceptores suos non minus quam ipsa studia ament, et parentes esse non quidem corporum, sed mentium credant."
Quint de off: discip: Cap. 9.

HAVING an affair of some moment to communicate to the president of our club, I was under the necessity, though aware of his dislike to being interrupted in his professional duties, to call the other day at his school. On ascending the stairs, I was very well pleased to observe the profound silence which reigned in the school; though the number of pupils is by no means considerable. Every one seemed intent on his own particular studies, with the exception of a little urchin who was mounted on a stool, and, under feelings which appeared by no means enviable, was exposed to the derision of his fellows. The countenance of the conductor of these tyros, though "more in sorrow than in anger," displayed a very unusual degree of motion; and formed a singular contrast with the large bronzed owl, bird of Minerva and Wisdom! which, amidst all the vicissitudes of this microcosm, had ever been noted for the profound ravity of his look, and which seemed the tutelary and inspiring deity of the occupant of the arm-chair below it.

On entering the school, my friend arose to meet me, and inquired after the health of my family. After having satisfied him in that particular, and communicated the business which I came upon, I was preparing to go away; and though somewhat curious to know what had interrupted his accustomed tranquillity, I did not venture to make any inquiries. As I was how-

ever turning about to depart, the worthy pedagogue, who had hitherto been silent on the subject, said, "Mr. —, you seem surprised at the discomposure which you have doubtless perceived in my countenance; and I can tell you that I am surprised at it too. Circumstances such as have occurred this morning ought not to disturb one who has been accustomed to the scholastic life, and who therefore should be prepared to meet them with composure."

Pointing to the youngster on the stool, he continued, "You see that child; he is a boy of promising parts, and, had his education been properly conducted, would have done credit to all who have been concerned in it. Owing, however, to the injudicious conduct of his parents, he is more troublesome, and makes a slower progress, than any other pupil in the school."

As I have several children of my own, to whose attainments I am very far from being indifferent, I inquired, with some earnestness, for an explanation. "That boy," answered the teacher, "when first sent hither, was committed to my care by parents who expressed themselves highly gratified by an opportunity of entrusting him to one, who, they were pleased to say, possessed every requisite that would entitle him to their highest confidence. Under these favourable auspices, I commenced the education of this boy; resolving, as I have often resolved, that no confidence in me should be misplaced. But mark the sequel. I classed him with some little fellows whose acquirements were, perhaps, rather above his own, hoping that example, acting upon a sense of inferiority, would be a stimulus to exertion. This stimulus, however, arising from a reciprocity of action, could only exist with a continued attention to study; but in a few days my new comer was absent a whole day, and on inquiring the cause, was informed that his mother gave him a holiday. As his class-mates had made some progress during his absence, I was somewhat inconvenienced by keeping him in his appointed class. Not a week had elapsed before he one morning forgot his task, which act of forgetfulness was soon followed by the loss of his grammar, which his mother sent to inform me had been torn in pieces by the lap-dog. Not long after, this careful parent took it into her head that her darling was too closely plied with his book, and by an act of maternal care, he was allowed to play for about a week, in order, as she said, to brace the nerves, and make him fitter for study. I had scarcely time to wonder at this piece of philosophy, when I was astounded by the intelligence that the father, having occasion to go into Yorkshire, had taken my scholar with him, to see a little of the world. What knowledge of the world my young gentleman acquired while absent I did not inquire; but I soon found his literary acquirements so little advanced, that he was quite unfit for the class to which he belonged, and I was therefore under the necessity of putting him into a lower. This removal made him quite sullen; and some days had passed, before he became so accustomed to his new companions, as to study with any advantage. But enough of this. Maternal tenderness and paternal philosophy, birth-day, slight indispositions, loss of books, neglect of tasks, and other occurrences, in rapid succession, have operated so powerfully, that the youth is now disqualified for studying even with children who are his juniors by four or five years. Yesterday was remarkable: a little girl came to spend her birth-day with her cousin, and as his mother is of opinion that it is proper to observe old cus-

toms, and to promote the social feelings among relatives, my hopeful pupil was detained to observe all the formalities of the day; and he has appeared this morning with the account that he had forgotten to attend to one part of his task, and that a little girl burned his exercises to light the spirits for the game of Snap Dragon. What can I do? The expectations of improvement entertained by his friends are as strong as ever; and I feel myself impelled to adopt measures, which, coercive as they may be, appear absolutely requisite to the boy's advancement in learning."

I left the school wondering at the inconsiderateness of those parents. It is to be feared that the complaints of our worthy president have a much more general application than is commonly imagined. Every degree of relaxation from proper study, has a tendency to give to the mind a vacillating character; one act of indulgence leads to another; on wishes, wishes grow; excessive fondness for play is superinduced; habits of application are eradicated; and he who by ill-timed indulgence has obtained the grant of an hour, seldom rests satisfied with a day or a week; till idleness succeeds to irresolution, disgust to satiety, and the youth of happy promise has dwindled into insignificance and contempt.

But there is another evil of no common magnitude, which invariably results from the practices I have been speaking of, differences in consequence but too frequently arise between teachers and parents. When a scholar discovers a dissimilarity in the directions or views of these, he will naturally tend to those which minister to his indulgences. Hence fretfulness and ill-humour at the commands of his teacher; and imagining the views of the parent to be reasonable and proper, he will be led to consider his master as a tyrant, whose commands are dictated by caprice or unfeelingness. Under the influence of such feelings, what rational hope can be entertained of ultimate success in his education? Where is the scholar who, under such circumstances, will listen to instructions dictated even by experience and skill? Improvement is founded on the esteem and reverence of the scholar arising from the learning and benignity which he discovers in the teacher; but while the precepts of the academy are counteracted by the sensual gratifications of home, disgust at learning, dislike of him by whom it is administered, and neglect and non-improvement, must be the necessary consequences.

To cause the efficient advancement of the pupil, it is evident that a good understanding should constantly exist among teachers and scholars; that the commands of a master ought to be respected by pupils, and furthered by their parents; that thus all who are under the care of others ought to be taught regard and submission to their precepts, and affection for their persons.

→

POLITENESS.

The hues of the rainbow are not more varied than the character of company. I mean those collections of ladies and gentlemen which our good people have denominated parties. Some of them possess the fascinating talent of making time glide instantly away. We sit by them—talk to them—listen to their beautiful conversation—and when we part, are astonished to find that we have spent hours in their company. There are others with whom we cannot be more than five minutes before we feel uneasy; we don't know what to do or say; are either alarmed with some strange piece of rudeness, or dis-

concerted with a copious overflow of politeness; and when at last the interview ends, we feel like some poor fellow who has just been released from the stocks. There are a hundred different sorts of ceremony, all of which go by the name of politeness; but how few persons are there who possess that real politeness—the will and the power to make all happy around them?

I remember once, my pretty reader, I was at a dinner party, where I was almost teased to death by the extreme kindness of an old lady at my right hand, who was continually heaping up my plate with all the delicacies within her reach.

"Do, my dear sir, take a little piece of this duck."

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"But now, my dear sir, you don't eat at all. I must insist on your having this piece of the breast."

"But ma'am—"

"Now you must not refuse—here, Thomas, take the gentleman's plate, and tell Mr. So-and-so, to cut him a bit of the ham."

Upon which an aproned waiter snatched away my plate, and returned it so loaded with victuals that I had not room to eat what I really wanted, and was compelled to leave off altogether.

I once handed a plate of hot buttered muffins to a lady on the other side of the table—the plate was quite heated, and I could hardly hold it; the lady, with one of her very sweetest smiles, begged me to help myself first.

"Oh no, ma'am," said I.

"Oh yes, sir," said she.

"Do take one, ma'am."

"Well, help Mrs. Blue first."

My hand had by this time become quite painful, and I therefore handed the plate to Mrs. Blue, who, determined not to be outdone in courtesy, "beseeched" her antagonist to be helped first; and they were carrying the controversy to the most laudable lengths, when I found it absolutely necessary to withdraw my services; in the attempt the plate fell—dashed into a cup of coffee—away went one muffin, and off rolled another—and one in particular bounced into the lady's bosom, upon which she managed to scream in a most bewitching manner; and to my infinite mortification declared "that I had spoiled one of the most valuable gowns she ever wore."

F.

THE SWALLOWS.

By the REV. ROBERT JAGO, Author of "Edge-Hill," and various other Poems.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
The Swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a large assembly sat;
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind!
With serious look, he marked the grave debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind:—

Observe yon twittering flock, my gentle maid,
Observe, and read the wondrous ways of heaven!
With us, through summer's genial reign they staid,
And food and sunshine to their wants were given.

But now, by secret instinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
Of blust'ring tempest, and of chilling snow,
With every pang and scourge of tender life.

Thus warn'd, they meditate a speedy flight;
For these, e'en now, they prune their vigorous wing;
For these, each other to the toil excite;
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home;
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a power, no impulse all divine!

That warns them hence; they feel it and obey:
To this direction all their cares resign,

Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

And does no friendly power to man dispense

The joyful tidings of some happier clime?

Find we no guide in gracious Providence,

Beyond the gloomy grave, and fleeting time?

Oh! yes; the sacred oracles we hear,

That point the path to realms of endless joy;

That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,

Though clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,

Nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode;

Obey the call, and trust our Leader's care,

To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

Let no fond love for earth excite a sigh;

No doubts divert our steady steps aside;

Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:

Heaven is our hope, and Providence our guide.

* * * An incorrect and very inferior copy of the above poem is inserted in Mr. Lindley Murray's Introduction to the English Reader, at p. 243. Readers of taste will be gratified by comparing together these two editions of one and the same Poem.

HORTICULTURE.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT TREES.

Extracted from "A Treatise on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees." By Charles Harrison, F.H.S.

ON THE GOOSEBERRY TREE.—Gooseberry trees like a good, deep, strong, rich, loamy soil, and almost any airy situation is suitable for them, but the crop is most abundant when the situation is favourable to their protection, in spring, from the cold east winds, which are frequently destructive to the blossom of those trees. Trees of this kind may be planted in quarters by themselves, in borders round the garden, or so as to train them against a trellis. In planting them in quarters, they ought to be six feet apart in the rows, and eight feet between the rows, and when it is designed to plant them against a trellis, they must be planted nearer or farther apart, according to the height of the trellis. A trellis of five feet high is what I prefer, for, when it is higher, it will shade the next row of trees behind, unless the trellis be fixed so as to point from south to north, but they are best when constructed from east to west, as the trees have the full advantage of the sun. Trees planted against a trellis, as described, should be set four feet apart in the rows, and six feet betwixt the rows. In planting the trees always spread the roots regularly round the bole, and at four inches from the surface; let the tree be mulched and watered immediately after being planted.

The trees, afterwards, require a summer and winter regulation. In furnishing the trees with wood, let the bearing shoots be six inches apart. The summer regulation must be performed about the end of June or early in July, in doing which, let any strong luxuriant shoots be taken away, also all suckers which may be arising. It is a practice with some persons, at this season of the year, to pinch off the ends of all shoots upon the tree, but I disapprove of it as a general practice, because I have had ample proof that it causes the tree to send forth a greater number of useless shoots, and thus its strength is thrown away.

There is also another injury done to the tree at the early part of the season, by the gathering of the fruit when it is green, and before it has attained half the size it would have done. In doing this, some persons clear whole trees of the berries which were upon them; the effect of which is, that the trees being so suddenly deprived of their produce, receive a very severe check, and the superabundance of sap is expended in a great

production of suckers and luxuriant shoots, thus their strength is thrown away and the trees greatly injured. Instead of this, I always thin off the berries from every tree, and thus the fruit which remains is improved in size; and the object of a supply of green gooseberries is obtained, whilst a proper reserve is left for ripening. If it be desired to have very large fruit, it may be obtained by a judicious thinning, shading of the fruit from hot sun, and, when the fruit approaches maturity, from rain; also by watering the roots with manure water. The water which I use is, three quarts of drainings from a dung-hill, to one quart drained from fowls' or pigeons' dung, soaked for the purpose, which must be applied so as to keep the soil in a moist condition. Let manure water be used twice, and pure water once, in regular succession.

The winter pruning must be performed as early in the season as possible. A proper distribution of shoots must be left throughout the tree, so that the bearing shoots be six inches apart. In shortening the shoots of a good healthy tree, cut them to twelve buds, and reserve one lateral shoot as near to the origin of each main branch or shoot as possible. Cut clean every ill shoots or branches not wanted, and let all suckers be pulled or grubbed up. As soon as the trees are pruned, let the mixture for the destruction of insects be applied.

When winter has set in, let a quantity of well rotted manure be spread upon the soil to the extent that the roots reach to. The strength of this will be washed down into the ground, and will enrich the soil, also be destructive of the larvae of any insects which may be in the ground. At the following spring, the best rotted part of the manure may be just turned under the soil, but not to dig deeper than three inches, as far as the roots extend, but the other part of the soil must be dug a spit deep. Where there is the convenience of having well rotted tanner's bark, I should recommend that it be occasionally used instead of manure.

ON THE CURRANT TREE.—The treatment of the currant tree is the same as that directed for the gooseberry, with the exception of pruning. In pruning the currant tree, always endeavour to keep a plentiful supply of young vigorous wood, as the fruit is much better when produced from such, than from short spurs. In order to obtain suitable wood, it is necessary to cut out a certain quantity of the old wood every year, and, with the exception of the main limbs, let no wood be retained that is more than four years old. The main limbs of the tree must always be disposed at a proper distance from each other, so that the bearing wood may not be crowded. The shoots retained must be left about four inches apart, and their ends be cut off; strong vigorous shoots must have about three inches cut off at the end and less vigorous ones in proportion. Always use a knife for pruning the trees, and not a pair of garden shears, as is generally practiced.

As connected with the subject, we add the method of destroying the caterpillar:—

The most formidable of this species are those which attack gooseberry and currant trees. The following is the practice I have adopted for many years, with very great success, upon trees of those kinds under my care.

During the winter season, the eggs of the insects are deposited in crevices and joints of the tree, also in the ground. It is whilst they are in this state that my applications are directed. As soon as the pruning of the trees is completed, I have all the refuse shoots, &c. raked clean away and burnt: the trees are then washed over with the following mixture. A good portion of quick lime is put into a tub with some water. In three or four days afterwards, this is sprinkled over the trees. When it is taken out of the tub, it is well stirred up, so that a portion of the lime is taken with the water. Immediately after this has been done, a quantity of powdered quick lime is cast in amongst the branches.—Instead of this, the trees may be washed with the following composition: to twelve gallons of water, add half a pound of tobacco and six ounces of black pepper; these must be boiled together for half an hour, and when cold, be used.

At the following spring, just before the trees come into bloom, I have all the trees sprinkled over with lime water, and whilst in a wet state, I have a quantity of fine powdered quick lime thrown amongst them, taking care to apply it at the under side of the foliage.

and that no part of the trees is omitted. Also, a little quick lime is spread over the roots of the tree, or some of the mixture as directed in the treatment of the American bug. Soon after the berries are set, I smoke the rees well by burning some moist straw near them, taking the advantage of a favourable day, so that the smoke will be conveyed to the trees. If the practice were laid down be fully attended to, it will be very rare that the trees will be attacked later in the season providing that there are no other trees in the neighbourhood, which are omitted. For when this is the case, the flies, during summer, will very probably visit the trees that have been treated as directed, and numerous progeny will be the consequence. When this occurs, let the trees be looked over immediately for it is discovered that the insects have begun their leprodeations, and all that can be found, be picked off. This is readily done, and is very effectual. If the insects increase very rapidly, let the trees be sprinkled over with lime water and powdered quick lime, as directed to be used in spring, also some lime be spread over the roots.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE HOTTENTOT WOMEN.

(From Burchell's Travels in Southern Africa.)

Their mothers allowed themselves more privileges, and felt no hesitation in answering my questions relative to their *marriage customs*. Such characters as men and women passing their lives in a state of celibacy do not exist among the wild nations of Southern Africa; and, in this particular, savages hold a superiority over the most polished nations in Europe. The women informed me, that girls are most commonly betrothed when not older than a child whom they pointed out to me, and whose age appeared to be about seven years; that is the husband early bespeaks her, in order to preclude, every other man, in the meanwhile, from all pretensions, and from all hope of gaining her; and, as these men generally take a second wife as soon as the first becomes somewhat advanced in years, this custom of securing mother beforehand is perhaps necessary, in order to avoid those contentions which might otherwise arise in cases of this nature, and where the girl herself is seldom allowed a voice in choosing her husband. In two or three years, or less, according to circumstance, after being thus betrothed, the girl changes her abode from her mother's hut to that of the bridegroom. These bargains are made with her parents only, and without ever consulting the wishes (even if she had any) of the daughter. They are made by offering them a leathern bag, or some similar article, which, if accepted, ratifies the match. I saw at this time several mothers who could not have been more than ten or twelve years old.

When it happens, which is not often the case, that a girl has grown up to womanhood without having previously been betrothed, her lover must gain her own approbation, as well as that of her parents; and on this occasion his attentions are received with an affection of great alarm and disinclination on her part, and with some squabbling on the part of her friends.

Several of these girls might be said to be pretty, more in account of their youth and the pleasing expression of their countenances, than of any beauty of features; but it is doubtful whether, throughout the whole nation, one could be found whom a European could deem handsome. When, in the morning, they came to the general distribution of tobacco, they had not yet performed the duties of their toilet; but I now had the pleasure of beholding them as fine and as captivating as *duks* and red-ochre could make them. The former, a green powder, was sprinkled over their head and neck, and the latter, mixed with grease, was applied in dabs or streaks over or along the nose, and across the cheek-bones; and what was thought by these simple Africans to be the most graceful and fascinating style of adorning themselves was precisely the same as that which the clowns and ruffians at our fairs have adopted in order to render their appearance absurd and ridiculous.

Many of the women were distinguished by having the hair of the forehead, by the constant accumulation of grease and red-ochre, clotted into large red lumps like stone: this was not through neglect of cleaning it away, but from a fancy that it added greatly to their charms. Some had the crown of their heads shaved,

or, rather, scraped bald, and a row of buttons fastened round the remaining hair which had been left in its natural state. All of them wore bracelets, either of leather, or of twisted straw, or copper; and most of them were decorated with some kind of ornament hanging from the ear. Their stature was extremely small, and their figure in general delicate; their height being universally less than five feet.

I noticed a singularity of figure, which I had not hitherto observed among Hottentots; nor was it since found to be, in any tribe, so remarkable as in Bushwomen. The thigh-bones of those who were above the middle age appeared bowed outwards in an unusual degree, or rather, the outer part of them was exceedingly protuberant. As to the cause of this deformity, I can only venture a supposition, that it may be an enlargement of that process of the bone called *trochanter major*. But in this I do not pretend to any positive opinion; and leave it to be determined by those who may hereafter have an opportunity of examining the skeleton of a Bushwoman of this conformation.

With regard to *polygamy*, I was told that a second wife is never taken, until the first, as before stated, has become old, not in years, but in constitution; and sometimes, though rarely, a third supplies, in like manner, the place of the second. This was generally the greatest extent of their polygamy; nor were the old wives, on that account, neglected or left unprovided for by their husbands; but constantly remained with him on the same terms as before. I could not learn that any nice feelings of jealousy between these wives ever disturbed the harmony of the family.

Some men passing by, seemed much amused at my questions, and joined us: on which I inquired of the women if their husbands ever beat them; well knowing that this subject was one of great importance in their domestic arrangements. The men laughed, and quickly replied, "No, no." The women as loudly cried, "Yes, yes; they beat us on the head—so." And sufficiently proved the truth of their assertion, by the ready and natural manner in which they imitated this act of conjugal discipline.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

"And justly the Wise-man thus preach'd to us all,—
"Despise not the value of things that are small."—
Old Ballad.

ORIGINAL.

CHARADE.—BY A LAD.

My First, a boon from nature's bounteous store,
Is freely given alike, to rich and poor;
Lightly regarded, where most useful found,
And wanted most where most it does abound.

My Second is the world's epitome,
Where all are striving for the mastery;
Where conquest does not always crown the brave,
And he thrives best, who most can play the knave.

My Whole was once the scene of glorious deeds,
And he who with a patriot's ardent reads
England's proud history, o'er those deeds of fame,
Will pause, exulting, as he marks my name.

ENIGMA.—BY THE SAME.

Down in a prison dark and deep,
Where Sorrow sits forlorn,
Where Misery and Misfortune weep,—
There was I bred and born.

Yet through the child of grief and woe,
Love oft employs my aid,
When his warm melt the breast of snow,
Thus guards some cruel maid.

And even in his deep design,
And every hostile plan,
When all his forces he combines,
I mostly lead the van.

Yet oft am I a prisoner held,
But struggle to be free;
Until my keeper is compell'd
To grant me liberty.

When, in revenge for this abuse,
What he would fain conceal,
The secrets of my prison-house,
I instantly reveal.

But vain for freedom all my care,
So soon my life is past,
For when I breathe the vital air,
That moment is my last.

ANOTHER.—BY THE SAME.

I, who am constantly in love,
Am sure in piteous case,
Yet this I hope you ne'er can prove
A crime or a disgrace.

In lonely groves I take my seat,
And sigh in mournful mood,
While echo does the sound repeat,
In many a rock and wood.

With the cold moon I love to stray,
And haunt the lover's bower;
But hide me from the light of day,
In some old fort or tower.

You'll deem this folly, and 'tis true
To folly I incline;
Yet, lovely maids, 'tis seen in you,
I most conspicuous shine.

Though from the great I turn my face,
Yet history records,
At court I always hold a place,
And in the House of Lords.

ANOTHER.—BY THE SAME.

My friends and patronesses true,
Accept from Me the homage due;
Since man with Me claims no alliance,
And boldly sets me at defiance;
His own proud character exalts,
And finds with Me a thousand faults;—
Says I am peevish, I am proud,
Nay, passionate, though never loud.
That I have faults there is no doubt,
And pray what mortal is without?
Yet of my failings I repent,
And oft am truly penitent.
Yet even then man's tyrant spirit,
Will not allow Me any merit,
Do what I will, I cannot please him,
He says that I was born to tease him;
And often with indignant spite,
He brands Me as a hypocrite!
Thus stigmatis'd, what can I do,
But for redress appeal to you?
Who still my injuries resent,
And give me due encouragement.

But take a gentle blot from Me,
Nor of your favours be too free;
For much indulgence makes me proud,
And then I'm follow'd by a crowd
Of Miscreants, who forget their duty,
And spoil your temper and your beauty.
Then, if I'm troublesome, refuse Me,
Only on great occasions use Me;
So may I come in time of need,
And prove myself a friend indeed.

ANSWERS

to all the *Enigmas* and *Charades* that have been proposed in this work, without Solutions, including those which are inserted in the present number.

Bedfellow.—Butterfly.—Comfort.—Corn-wall.—Glove.—Hand-Cuff.—Heart-Ease.—How-Old.—Kiss.—Letter D.—Letter G.—Letter M.—Letter O.—Lover's Leap.—Mail.—News, or E. W. N. and S.—Muffin.—Night.—Nothing.—Pill-Lion.—R, a, d, i, c, a, l.—Secret.—Sigh.—Tear.—Tongue.—Water-Loo.—Weather-House.—Woe-Man.—Wood-en leg.

VARIETIES.

SON NET.

A gentleman, in conversation, was railing at the present race of raffish Dandies rolling and swaggering about in their shaggy white great-coats; upon which J— observed, that their appearance in this very way proved them to be the most liberal and charitable race of puppies which had ever sprung up in society. "How so?" said their antagonist. "Why (was the reply) because their hands are never out of their pockets."

ANOTHER.

The same parties carrying on the keen encounter of wit, the first observed, "But there is — (one of these Dandies;) can you deary that he is utterly insignificant?" "On the contrary, he appears to me to be all Soul."—"All soul! the coxcomb?"—"Yes, for you yourself acknowledge that he is so insignificant as to be Nobody."

QUOTATION.

"Ah, (exclaimed the same jocular companion, looking at a fine turkey garnished with sausages,) how much that bird reminds me of Milton's beautiful description of Lydian music, with its

In knots, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

A few days back, as Lord S— was preparing to attend his parliamentary duties, he requested his servant to procure some of *Crabb's* different degrees of pencils; the man forgetting the latter word, went round to all the fishmongers, and inquired for some of the different degrees of *Crabs*!

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

People who are resolved to please always at all events, frequently overshoot themselves, and render themselves ridiculous by being too good. A lady going to eat plum-cake and candy at a friend's house one morning, ran to the cradle to see the *fine boy*, as soon as she came in: unfortunately the cat had taken up the *baby's* place; but before she could give herself time to see her mistake, she exclaimed, with up-lifted eyes and hands, "Oh what a sweet child, the *very picture of its father*!"

BRITANNIA.

To Charles the Second's partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin. His admiration of this celebrated beauty, induced him to assail her with compliments of various kinds, but in vain; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his high opinion of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our half-pence and farthings.

HUMBUG.

The learned Dr. Waterhouse, justly denominated the "American Jenner," while professor of Natural History in Harvard University, some years ago, made an artificial insect, to the limbs of which he could communicate motion, while he held it in his hand. After exhibiting it to the class he was lecturing, and permitting every pupil to inspect it, none of whom could tell to what class of insects it belonged, though they all believed it to be a real living creature, the Doctor thus addressed them:—"I suppose, young gentlemen, you wish to be informed of the name of this bug; had you examined it more attentively, you would have all perceived that it was a *humbug*!"

NOVEL MODE OF PUFFING A FACT.

A certain clerk, residing within a little space of a learned University, lately built some houses which he called "Mount Zion"—first cousin no doubt to the "Paradise Rows" and "Mount Pleasants" so humourously described in Canto VII. of *Don Juan*—Well, this clerk, finding that "Mount Zion" was at a discount, and that his houses would not let, took the opportunity which his office gave him, of giving out every Sunday, as one of the hymns to be sung, that beginning, "*Mount Zion is a pleasant place*," which he dwelt upon with great emphasis.

OLD FRIENDS.

The very ingenious and amiable Bishop Berkely, of Cloyne in Ireland, was so entirely contented with his income in that diocese, that when offered by the Earl of Chenterfield (then Lord Lieutenant) a bishopric much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words, "I love my neighbours, and they love me: why then should I begin in my old days to form new connexions, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I enjoy?" Acting in this instance like the celebrated Plutarch, who being asked why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little—"I stay," said he, "lest it should grow less."

A FREE TRANSLATION.

A certain Noble Lord, who resides not far from Aylesbury, lately sent the venerable Corporation of that town a buck, and divers large quantities of game, for their corporation dinner—and the Mayor, as in gratitude bound, requested the honour of the Noble Donor's presence to partake thereof. This worthy head of the corporation (glad, doubtless, of the opportunity of securing the interests of "the Family") shortly before the important meal, begged leave to present his son—a likely lad of ten years' growth—to his future patron, as he then fondly hoped. Fatal request! as

the sequel will shew. The lad was introduced, and the Noble Guest asked him, amongst other questions, where he went to school, what he was learning, &c.; and was told that he was at the Grammar School, and "in *Sallust*."—Now it so chanced, that the *family-arms* of the Noble Lord decorated the wall of the room in which they were talking,—on which was displayed the *family motto*, *FUTIMUS* (alluding to the tradition of their descent from the "King of the East Angles," or some other such potentate.) This motto was painted, half on one corner, and half on another, of the escutcheon, and stood therefore thus: *FUTIMUS*.—The Mayor, proud of the opportunity of displaying to his Lordship the boy's abilities, and desirous of impressing on the mind of his son, the dignity of the great Man's family, told the lad to construe this unlucky heraldic inscription: which he immediately did, thus—"FUT, I have been, MUS, a Mouse!"

ADDRESS.

THE Proprietor of the Manchester Iris respectfully announces to his Friends that they have now the last number of that work before them.—The active management of an extensive business, in which he has gratefully to acknowledge the most flattering support, together with a series of ill health, renders it impossible for him longer to continue the additional discharge of editorial duty; requiring, it is obvious, the devotion of much time and attention, united with a very great degree of anxiety.

He returns his warmest acknowledgements for the obliging assistance which he has experienced in the prosecution of his undertaking. Many of the original papers in the Iris possess considerable merit, and have been freely copied into other publications. The contributions from the Green Dragon, which will shortly be published in a separate form, have been supplied to him, with few intermissions, during the whole period of his literary career. There are numerous other Correspondents whose labours he shall always gratefully remember. Many other parts of the work, which he conceives to be interesting, have been selected with every possible care, and at considerable expense.

The Proprietor must be permitted to say, that he looks with some complacency upon his publication.—With the assistance of his correspondents, he has, he believes, produced the best periodical work that has ever emanated from his native town, and has no hesitation in courting a comparison of the two volumes of the Iris with any work on a similar plan which has existed, even in the Metropolis, in the course of the same period.

Something might be said respecting personalities.—The Conductor of this work can truly affirm that no one can be more guiltless of that charge than himself. At the commencement of his undertaking he formed the determination not to interfere with private character, and, notwithstanding a false impression to the contrary, he has the pride and pleasure to aver, that in no one instance has he inserted an article, which, in his own judgment, was calculated to wound the feelings of an inoffensive individual.

It is at the expense of much sacrifice of feeling that he severs the thread which connects him with those persons from whom he has received the most friendly assistance. He assures them that he will carry with him into private life, and ever retain, the kindest recollection of the valuable services they conferred upon him in the course of his public capacity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STENOGRAPHY.

This Day is Published, price 6s.

A NEW EDITION, with ADDITIONAL PLATES, of MR. MOLINEUX'S STENOGRAPHICAL COPY-BOOK, and is now ready for delivery at the shop of Messrs. W. and W. Clarke, Booksellers, Market-Place, Manchester.

LECTURES on ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and PATHOLOGY.

MR. T. TURNER, SURGEON, will commence the SECOND PART of his COURSE, consisting of the APPLICATION of ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY, to MEDICINE and SURGERY, at the LECTURE ROOM of the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, GEORGE-STREET, on Monday, the 5th of January, at Half-past two o'clock, P. M.
22, Piccadilly, Manchester. Dec. 27, 1823.

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The Course will comprise about TWENTY LECTURES, illustrated by an extensive Apparatus, and by a variety of striking and interesting experiments. The Lectures will be delivered twice a week, at seven o'clock, on Monday and Thursday evenings, if those times be convenient to the majority of the Subscribers. Terms: One Guinea and a Half for Gentlemen, and One Guinea for Ladies and for Young Persons under the age of fourteen.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We entirely approve of the manner in which our friend, S. S., has arranged the answers to the different Enigmas and Charades which have been given without the solutions.—Those who are desirous of finding out the answer to any particular Enigma, Rebuz, or Charade, will find this alphabetical list abundantly sufficient.—If they diligently seek, they will most infallibly find.

An Ancient Briton's very interesting communication, should have had insertion in our present number, had it been received sooner.—Our columns were made up when it came to hand.

We are sorry that we cannot insert in the present number the Iris, several of the articles which we have received of late this week.

Several numbers of the Iris having been Re-printed, the two Volumes may now be had complete, price £1 15s. boards.—The TITLE-PAGE and INDEX of the present Volume are preparing and will be delivered to Subscribers on Saturday next, GRATIS.

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